On Top of the Bone Pile

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On Top of the Bone Pile

by Lyrjok

Summary

You are a college drop out, band member, and bar tender in Ebott city. It has been five years since the monsters first emerged from the mountain and now you can't imagine a life without your skele boys.

But wait, how are more monsters coming out of the mountain? And why are all of these new skeletons suddenly nice to you?

Notes

Hey guys! This work is inspired by MsMK's Six Skeletons in Your Closet and Tyrant_Tortoise's Skeleton Squatters and the Landlady. This is my first ever fanfic so I hope it turns out readable!

I Like the Bartender

“I need a Firefly, a New England Sour, and three shots of Fireball for table five.” You nod and pull down the vodka for the first drink.

“make that a ketchup instead.” You grin to yourself pretending to ignore the second order as you start assembling drinks. Right… Firefly, vodka and grapefruit juice into a mixing glass with ice, stir that baby up! Now strain into a highball glass with ice, flip the grenadine around first for flare before…

“looks like sobriety isn’t gonna be in their *vodka*bulary tonight.” Nope, don’t laugh, don’t laugh… grenadine in; allow it to float up from the bottom aaand, first drink done!

“don’t forget the ketchup, they may go *bar*serk.” Haaa nope you’re not smiling… you’re assembling drinks. Quickly putting together the New England Sour you pull out four shot glasses. Fireball in three and on the tray with the other drinks.

“Table five ready!” You call, then pausing, you slowly reach under the bar and finally turn to your punny patron. “And what can I get for you bones?” The blue hoodied skeleton sitting in front of you grins wider somehow and his eye lights drift to the bottle of ketchup you just brought out from under the bar.

“what, don’t remember my order princess? i *booze*ically gave it to you twice.”

“Ooh riiiight” You drawled back as you lean slowly over the bar top. Cradling your head in your free hand and bringing that elbow to a rest right in front of the skeleton; you extend the hand holding the ketchup straight past his skull and into the waiting hands of one of your other servers who had signaled you for the condiment a minute before. “Remind me of what *drink* you wanted and I’ll get right on it Sansy.”

His victorious smirk had turned to confusion briefly before settling into an evil grin as you pulled yourself upright. “oh i have a bone to pick with you now girlie.”

“I thought nothing got under your skin.” You shot back rummaging under the bar again.

“heh, usually things go right through me but i drink you know how to

rattle me too well." You burst out laughing and squirted some ketchup into the shot glass still sitting on the bar and slid it over to Sans.

"I'm off in an hour numbskull, don't go too crazy." You set the bottle of ketchup down near his shot and sauntered off down the bar to fill another patron's order.

Sans chuckled as you moved away, it had been about five years since monster kind had emerged from the mountain, which meant it had been about four years since he had met you. After discovering the vast amounts of gold the monsters had, the government was pretty quick to allow them to buy/rent homes, and integrate with the towns surrounding Mt. Ebott while the royal family and their child ambassador hashed out legal rights for the future. Of course there were some groups that weren't exactly pleased with the new citizens, but their complaints were generally drowned out by the sudden boom in the economy. Sans and Papyrus had been looking for a place to live and (at Papyrus's insistence) had started answering want ads for roommates.

"JUST THINK OF THE GREAT HUMAN/MONSTER RELATIONS WE CAN START IF WE DON'T INSIST ON LIVING SEPARATELY!" Papyrus heroically posed in front of the third doorstep that day.

"i'm sure that rings true with someone bro." Sans said as he rang the doorbell and checked the address one last time. The door swung open to reveal a human girl whose smile turned to concern at the angry stomping tall skeleton in a white armor like top, red boots, and gloves shouting at a shorter grinning skeleton in black basketball shorts, white shirt, blue hoodie, and pink house slippers to 'STOP', and that 'THEY WERE HERE TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION'. Sans fully expected to have the door slammed in their faces, again. But instead the girl tentatively introduced herself and asked if they were here because of the want ad.

"YES WE ARE!" Papyrus boomed "I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS AND THIS IS MY BROTHER SANS! I SINCERELY HOPE WE CAN BE ROOMMATES AND WE CAN MAKE MY SPECIAL FRIENDSHIP SPAGHETTI AND BE GREAT FRIENDS, AND WE CAN DO PUZZLES AND…" You had stepped back Sans assumed either because you were trying to escape the volume of Papyrus's voice or to slam the door, but instead you gestured that they were welcome to come in as Papyrus

continued to list off the things they would do together if they were roommates.

“Well umm, you should probably see the place first.” You say as they entered, a smile softening your face as Papyrus paused his friendship rant to start loudly gesturing at, and complimenting all of your furniture and belongings. Sans had only come in far enough for you to close the door, he chuckled at his brother before giving you a sidelong glance.

“you’re okay with us being monsters?”

“As long as you don’t hang out under my bed or in my closet I think we’ll be fine.” You say, a smile once again pulling at the corners of your lips as you tuck a stray piece of your long hair behind your ear. Sans feels that he is missing a joke there somewhere so he just continues to stare at you, which you notice and quickly follow up with “No, I don’t mind.” Before moving off to give them the tour.

“What are you giggling about numbskull?” You ask as you walk arm in arm with Sans down the winding streets of your neighborhood. Sans had gotten into the habit of walking you home after your late bar shift after one night he had received a panicked text for backup because a group of drunks had wanted to get handsy with you when you attempted to leave the bar. You could usually take care of yourself but five grown drunkards were way to many for you to scare off with the small bowie knife you kept on you when in town.

“s’nothin, and i don’t giggle.”

“Alright then, keep your secrets.” You attempt a British accent and Sans laughs at how bad it is then bumps you with his hip.

“how’re you doin’ in the new place?” You had moved in with one of your band mates after he and Papyrus had bought a large house a few months back. They had offered you a room but you declined saying your friend needed the rent money more than they did.

“Just got the last of my stuff unpacked a few days ago, still feels a bit weird not living with you guys after so long but… you know.”

Sans did know, he would have happily continued living with you but he needed a place to spread out doing his research and Papyrus

needed to be closer to the college he was attending so… they bought a house and moved away from their human.

He glanced over at you, dark brown eyes shining as you searched the night sky for constellations. You really had become his and Pap' s human. You had welcomed them into your home, helped them to understand human culture, and even defended them against the few angry neighbors that yelled insults at them when they discovered they had monsters next door. There had obviously been some bumps along the way as they got used to living together, most notably that humans have rooms call bathrooms, and that it was frowned upon to have company in them for pretty much all activities that occurred within.

They had reached your front door and stood staring at each other for a second before you pulled him into a hug.

“See you Sunday numbskull.” you whispered before pulling away “And let me know that you get home safely, you had a lot to drink tonight.” Your voice was light and teasing so Sans shoots you finger guns.

“i promise not to drunk text you, but alcohol you later.” You laugh as he teleports to his room and sends you a confirmation text that he can in fact still teleport under the influence of ketchup.

Flopping down on his mattress he frowns rubbing his sternum, his soul had made a weird tugging sensation again. This was the third time it had happened since moving out of your place. Maybe he would talk to Alphys about it if it happened again… maybe.

Today I Don't Feel Like Doing Anything

Chapter Summary

> You spend some quality time with your favorite lazy bones and his not so lazy brother.

Chapter Notes

> Oh wow! I wasn't expecting to have people read this so quickly after posting! So here's another chapter for you lovely people ;)
>
> I'll work on setting an upload schedule up soon. This story is pretty much taking over all of my free time because I have so many ideas for it, so settle in boys, girls, and others.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ahh Sundays, that sacred day of the week where you get up early to do exactly nothing the entire day. You do decide to change into more hang out friendly pajamas though, mmm fuzzy ninja turtle pj pants and one of Sans's old t-shirts you had stolen, perfect. The boys usually didn't care what you had on, they both had unfortunately received a few eye-socket fulls of you undressed during the whole 'bathrooms are private' learning curve. But for as much as you and they had flirted with and teased each other over the years, nothing had gone past close friendship cuddles and platonic smooches.

Heading into the kitchen you shared with your band mate Blaire; you started stuffing random snacks into a backpack. Popcorn packets, box of pizza bites… oh sweet, Oreos! That should hold you guys over until someone ordered something deliverable.

"Hey B, heading over to the skele place for the day; should be home late… or tomorrow depending on if we find something good to marathon!" you call down the hallway leading to you and your roommate's rooms. A faint "Have fun" came from Blaire's closed door, oops hopefully you didn't wake her up, if you were doing nothing today; you didn't want to break into her nothing time either.

Opening the front door you smiled as you heard your name being called from the driver's side of a red Chevy Camaro convertible with the top down. Running across the lawn you vaulted over the passenger door and landed fairly smoothly in the front seat next to Papyrus.

“Morning Papaya!” you said planting a light kiss on his skull then tossed the backpack in the back seat before buckling in.

“It is a good morning! I saw some peonies starting to bloom on my way into class the other day! That means the summer months are almost upon us!” Paps exclaimed as he pulled onto the road. He had gotten much better at his volume control over the years. You absently agree and relax into the leather seat as Papyrus enthusiastically began to fill you in on his college courses with excruciating detail. Most of it went right over your head as he was most of the way through a legal degree and was preparing to take the bar exam, you made little interested noises as he talked anyway.

The skeleton brother’s household (if you could call a gargantuan 10 bedroom manor a household) was not actually that far away from where you lived, but walking or riding your motorcycle cut into your ‘do nothing on Sundays’ rule so Papyrus offered to pick you up when it was your turn to go to them for said nothing day.

The tradition kind of started on accident when you had gotten sick one weekend a few years back and you ended up laying on the couch marathoning Dr. Who with Sans until you got better. It ended up being really fun and so you suggested you and him should put aside time more often to just hang out and not really do anything in particular together. Sans agreed to the dismay of Papyrus who scolded you for encouraging Sans’s slovenly ways until you said you would train with him.

Once securely parked in the garage you quickly thanked Papyrus and bolted through the mud room and kitchen to the stairs leading to the second floor where the bedrooms were located. Taking the first door on the right at the top of the staircase you dropped the backpack and plopped yourself down on the snoring form under the blankets.

“Happy Sunday sleepyhead!” you crowed. Two skeletal hands emerged from the blanket ball and attempted to move you off of the groaning figure underneath.

“you’re supposed to be lazy with me today princess, not make an attempt to crush me with your ass.” Came a grumble. He was still trying to relocate said ass by now starting to poke at your sides hoping you would be ticklish enough to move.

“At least I have an ass.” You tease pushing his hands away and finally shifting your weight to burrow under the tangle of blankets to get to

your friend. Sans chuckled but ceased to move now that he was no longer being sat on.

“you could have *ass* assinated me.”

“Don’t get cheeky with me mr.”

“heh, calm down sweet cheeks, we have a lot of bumming around to get to today.”

“I kinda already used that first one, but I’ll let it slide as we have a *hole* lot of nothing to do.”

“i guess i’ll butt to the chase then.”

“I can get behind that.”

Sans let out a low rumbling laugh and pulled you to him “i’d rather get to the bottom of you.” He murmured into your hair. You laughed wriggling around a bit to get comfortable.

“I got nothing else, you win again.” You sighed, it was nearly impossible to out pun Sans. The only time he had stopped first was because Papyrus had literally removed him from the conversation by marching him out of the room before he could respond to you.

The two of you laid together for a while dozing in and out of sleep until your stomach made a loud gurgling sound reminding you that you had failed to feed it before you left your house earlier.

“Need food.” You mumbled into Sans’s clavicle. He grunted and loosened his hold so you could make your way out of the sea of blankets and out of the room.

You made your way back down stairs and into the kitchen where you proceeded to blankly stare into the skeleton brother’s pantry. Toast, buttered toast was what you wanted. Like ten slices of buttered toast would satiate you for the rest of the morning.

“Nyeh!” Papyrus had come into the kitchen to find you just hanging out in the pantry; “Do you require my assistance?”

“I want toast.” You mumbled. Papyrus sighed and reached around you to fish out the bread then proceeded to feed slices into the toaster to make your food. “Thanks Papaya, I was worried I would have to stop doing nothing for a second.” You said as you leaned against the

counter to watch the preparations. Papyrus just rolled his eye lights and jabbed his gloved finger at you.

“I do not approve of you and my brother encouraging each other to be lazy!” He huffed, stacking buttered slices on a plate and handing them over. “Now I need to get back to studying so I bid you farewell for now my dear!” He struck a heroic pose then marched out of the kitchen, through the grand entrance, and into the library. You ended up trailing after munching on a piece of toast.

The next hour or so consisted of you mildly annoying Papyrus by attempting to use him as a pillow or napping spot while he tried to work through his case study. You knew he didn’t mind too much, you would occasionally murmur words of encouragement or feed him some of your snack so win win. Sans eventually made his way down rubbing his sternum until he saw the two of you and the three of you retired to the lounge to watch the newest episode of whatever drama Mettaton was starring in currently.

That evening the three of you were still bundled together on the couch watching cheesy old Star Trek episodes.

“Oh hey,” you said nudging the pair. “I forgot to mention, the band’s play time got bumped a bit this Wednesday. We’re at 9pm instead of 7.” Papyrus pulled out his phone to move the event in his calendar, Sans just grunted an acknowledgment.

Your band, called No Time for Tomorrow, played every Wednesday at the Twisted Crown, which was the bar you worked at. There was an open mic night every Friday as well. You worked four tens: Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday 2pm to midnight occasionally picking up extra shifts on Saturdays. It was decent money there considering you were a certified mixologist, plus you made some extra tips when playing gigs.

“Do I need to take you home?” Papyrus asked tapping your forehead gently. He was sitting diagonally leaning partially against the arm and back of the couch. You were sprawled on your back across his lap using the couch arm as a head rest, and Sans was laying partially on you using your stomach as his pillow.

“Mmm too warm and comfy.” You whined “‘Sides, if I stay it’ll save us the hassle of taking two vehicles to ballroom in the morning.” As a way of appeasing Papyrus for your laziness, the two of you had signed up for dance lessons that met every other Monday morning, the

current class was ballroom.

“You’re right!” Papyrus exclaimed. “I’ll forgive your laziness today my dear as the great Papyrus is always in favor of economical ways to travel Nyeh heh heh!” You giggled and nodded turning back to the TV to watch the crew go boldly where no man has gone before. You loved Sundays, that sacred day of the week where you got up early to do exactly nothing the entire day.

Chapter End Notes

> I love Sundays, I get most of my writing done then :) Anyways I hope to post again sometime this week to finish up the current character intros then things are going to pick up as our reader hits the floor - literally.

Get The Party Started

Chapter Summary

It's time for you to spend some time with your band mates and put on a show.

Chapter Notes

Let's try to relax while our life is still normal yea?

The songs in this chapter are both by P!nk:
Get the Party Started
Leave Me Alone (I'm Lonely)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning you woke up with a slight crick in your neck but managed to remove yourself from the pile of blankets and bones to shower and change for the day. You kept a small stash of clothes at their house just for this reason.

Papyrus met you in the kitchen for a quick breakfast before you were off to ballroom, then home, band practice, and finally work. That was your life really, skele bros, band, and the Twisted Crown. It wasn't bad considering you had friends, a stable job, and a hobby. You occasionally went on a date, but working at a bar kind of ruined your opinion of the majority of the dating pool. You liked to think you weren't even that picky! Humans just got kind of gross once they got one too many drinks in them.

Wednesday rolled around quickly and before you knew it, you were backstage hanging out with your band mates Blaire, Jack, and Hayden. Jack and Hayden were identical twins and were the guitar and bass players. Blaire was on drums. You sang and played the keyboard when it was needed. The twins were sitting as far away from each other as they could get trying to throw popcorn and pretzels into the other's mouth. Blaire and you were chatting, though she had seemed a bit off all day.

"You sure you're okay B?" You asked for the nth time. She shot you a look only to get one back. The two of you glared at each other for a second before she sighed.

"Yea, I just got some news this morning and I'm a bit nervous to talk

about it yet."

"News? Ow." Jack said turning to her just as a pretzel bounced off the side of his nose.

"Good or bad news?" Hayden asked.

"Um, well it depends on who you are; look can we talk about it after we play?" Blaire begged.

"As long as you aren't dying on us, I guess that's cool." Jack said. The twins resumed throwing food. You had been watching Blaire through the conversation and asked.

"Is it because of that letter you got this morning?" She nodded and you smiled, Blaire had been super happy after reading that letter so it couldn't be too bad.

"Show time in five!" The bar owner Oliver called. The four of you nodded and prepared to go on stage.

"Hey! How is everyone doing this fine evening?" You called out as the band situated themselves. Cheers were the response. Being the regular band to play, there was quite a following. "Alright, let's get this party started!" You yelled, then took up your position on the keyboard and began to play.

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

Get this party started on a Saturday night

Everybody's waitin' for me to arrive

Sendin' out the message to all of my friends

We'll be lookin' flashy in my Mercedes Benz

I got lotsa style, got my gold diamond rings

I can go for miles if you know what I mean!

You scanned the faces in the crowd, where were Sans and Papyrus?

They always came to your shows. Come to think of it, you hadn't seen or heard from either skeleton since Monday morning.

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

Pumpin up the volume, breaking down to the beat

Cruisin' through the west side

We'll be checkin' the scene

Boulevard is freakin' as I'm comin' up fast

I'll be burnin' rubber, you'll be kissin' my ass

Pull up the to bumper, get out of the car

License plate says Stunner number one Superstar

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

Get this party started

Makin' my connection as I enter the room

Everybody's chillin' as I set up the groove

Pumpin' up the volume with the brand new beat

Everybody's dancin' and their dancin' for me

I'm your operator, you can call anytime

I'll be your connection to the party line

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

Get this party started

Get this party started right now

Get this party started

Get this party started

Get this party started right now

The crowd cheers loudly. You step away from the keyboard to take up the microphone and signaled to Jack to start the next song.

Go away, give me a chance to miss you

Say goodbye, it'll make me wanna kiss you

I love you so much more when you're not here

Watching all the bad shows, drinking all of my beer

I don't believe Adam and Eve

Spent every goddamn day together

If you give me some room, there will be room enough for two

You swayed and moved to the beat, leaning on Hayden as he played. As much as you loved playing the keyboard, you would rather just sing. It gave you a chance to dance around more and interact with the audience.

Blaire **(Tonight)**

Leave me alone, I'm lonely

Alone, I'm lonely

Blaire **(I'm tired)**

Leave me alone, I'm lonely

Alone, I'm lonely tonight

The tables nearest the stage were just a few inches shorter than the stage floor. Feeling a bit bold, you stepped onto the nearest table top so you could crouch down to flirt and sing directly to the occupants, human and monster alike.

I don't wanna, wake up with another

But I don't wanna always wake up with you either

No you can't, hop into my shower

All I ask for is one fuckin' hour

You taste so sweet

But I can't eat the same thing every day

Cutting off the phone

Leave me the fuck alone

Tomorrow, I'll be begging you to come home

Blaire **(Tonight)**

Leave me alone, I'm lonely

Alone, I'm lonely

Blaire **(I'm tired)**

Leave me alone, I'm lonely

Alone, I'm lonely tonight

Go away, come back

Go away, come back

Why can't I just have it both ways?

Go away, come back

Go away, come back

I wish you knew the difference

Go away, come back

You returned to the stage for the final few rounds of the chorus and to dance with your band mates.

Go away, give me a chance to miss you

Say goodbye, it'll make me wanna kiss you

Go away, give me a chance to miss you

Say goodbye, it'll make me wanna kiss you

Go away, give me a chance to miss you

Say goodbye, it'll make me wanna kiss you

Blaire **(Tonight)**

Leave me alone, I'm lonely

Alone, I'm lonely

Blaire **(I'm tired)**

Leave me alone, I'm lonely

Alone, I'm lonely tonight

Blaire **(Tonight)**

Leave me alone, I'm lonely

Alone, I'm lonely

Blaire **(I'm tired)**

Leave me alone, I'm lonely

Alone, I'm lonely tonight

And so the concert went for a few more songs. Bowing off of the stage the four of you retired to the back room once again. The twins had to leave almost immediately so they passed out their hugs and snuck out the back door. You and Blaire joined the crowd for a few drinks. You missed your skeletons though… where were they?

Later that evening there was a soft knock at your door. “Come in!” you called and Blaire stepped in carrying an envelope. “Hey you, what’s goin’ on?” You patted the spot on the mattress beside you.

“Um, remember that thing I was going to tell you after the concert?” she asked. Oh yea, that was a point of concern that had managed to move to the back of your brain. Nodding she sighed and handed you the envelope and motioned for you to read the contents. It was an acceptance letter, to the engineering college Blaire had been trying to get into for the past two years.

“Ohmygod Blaire! You got in! You’re going to be a fancy college student! Well, fancier than you already are but still!” You hugged your friend tightly. She smiled and returned the hug.

“Thanks love.” she murmured

“Why were you so nervous to share this information? This is awesome, this is what you wanted... this means... you’re moving to the other side of the country huh.” Oh, that’s why. Blaire nodded and rested her head on your shoulder. The two of you sat in silence for a moment. “Have you told the twins yet?” She shook her head.

“They left so quickly after the concert I didn’t get a chance.”

“Damn, when will you talk to them?”

“We’re getting lunch on Friday.”

“Gotcha.”

You sat in silence for a while before you shook yourself and pulled Blaire into another hug. “Hey, I’m proud of you love.” You said “You’ve worked your ass off to get into this college and I’ll be damned

if I don't do everything in my power to support you from here."

"Thanks, I promise I'll come back for plan B if everything falls apart." You giggle and flop backwards on your back pulling her with you.

"I'm holding you to that" You say.

Neither of you had much preference in a romantic partner and you had been best friends since middle school. After you had dropped out of a business degree to become a certified mixologist the two of you agreed that if the both of you were single and not really going anywhere in life by the age of thirty; you would run away together to chase UFOs across the country.

"Looks like I'm going to need to find a new roommate huh?"

"That eager to get rid of me? I don't have to leave just yet, we have a month or so left."

"I must move on now, it figures that you would conveniently get into your dream college and need to leave when I just settle in here." You jokingly throw your arm over your face and push Blaire away from you with the other. The two of you dissolve into giggles.

"Stay with me tonight?" you plead. Blaire nods and you get comfortable under the covers, holding each other close. Looks like you'll need to hunt for a new roomie soon, just not too soon.

Chapter End Notes

Hoo boy, who is ready for more skeletons?

The next update should be this Sunday, I plan on uploading every Sunday from then on out. Unless I get super excited about the next chapter then there may be a rando upload in between :P

Also thank you to everyone who have left kudos and comments, I really do appreciate any critiques. I can't become a better writer for you guys without it xoxo.

When I Get Back on My Feet

Chapter Summary

You go looking for your skeleboys.

Chapter Notes

Sorry that this chapter is short. It sounded weird to me to keep it with the next chapter.

Please keep your arms and legs inside this ride at all times.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the week continued to be off. Sans didn't come by to walk you home Thursday night and Papyrus hadn't been answering any of your texts. Of course, you didn't have a monopoly on their time so you tried to shrug it off and spent your free moments writing some new songs for the final concert you were planning with Blaire, and designing an ad for the soon to be open room.

You didn't start to get worried until Friday night when Sans didn't show again and there were suddenly whispers around the bar about strange things happening in the monster community. Maybe you would give them a call in the morning.

You - Hey, everything alright?

You - I'm getting a bit worried with this radio silence, everything okay?

You - Dude, Papyrus isn't even answering me, are you alive? I'm beginning to freak out here

Sansy - sorry just busy

Sansy - should still be free sunday

Well that was vague but at least they were alive, and Sunday wasn't canceled, that would have been a nightmare having to think of something to do on your do nothing day.

Saturday was rather uneventful. You puttered around the house doing some chores since it was the boy's turn to come to you to do nothing.

You even went for a run, wow, things were really weird if you stooped to exercise without Paps there to cheer you along.

Sunday couldn't come soon enough.

Sunday morning and no skeletons. Wait, that wasn't right. Even Sans got out of bed to come over early on Sundays.

You called Sans.

No response.

Okay, you knew Papyrus would be awake now so you called him.

No response.

Would it be bad to go over there? Should you try calling again? Papyrus always has his phone on him and Sans rarely misses your calls. Would it be bad to stay here and think yourself into a panic attack over this?

...

You gathered up your riding gear and sped off down the road on your 201X Yamaha Bolt.

Well the house looks okay you thought as you parked in the driveway and let yourself in the front door. Everything was quiet inside, you peeked into the kitchen and the library, but no one was around. Walking into the lounge you saw the back of Papyrus's head over the top of one of the couches. You almost collapsed in relief in the doorway.

"Oh Papaya, I was really freaking out there for a minute." you whined making your way over to the couch, basically crumpling into his lap.

"Where is your phone? I've been messaging yooowhat are you wearing?" You had wrapped your arms around his rib cage but pulled away slightly when your eyes caught up with your brain. You were staring at an orange hoodie and green cargo shorts.

"Dude, did you lose a bet or somth… You're not Papyrus." You had finally looked up at the face belonging to the clothes to find a close look alike but not completely familiar face.

They were a skeleton, but not one of your skeletons. Aside from the different choice in clothing, this one also had a sucker stem poking out

from between their teeth and a look of surprise on their face that started to turn into a lazy grin as they gazed back down at you, a hand began to graze lightly along your arm.

He opened his mouth to speak just when a familiar voice said your name from behind you. Looking around you cried out in relief at the sight of Papyrus, even if he was giving you a strange look, probably because you were snuggled on the lap of a stranger in his house.

“I see you’ve met Stretch.” he said

“Paps! Oh my god Papaya, what is going on? I’ve been trying to reach you and when you guys didn’t show up this morning I just…” You scrambled out of orange hoodie’s (Stretch’s?) lap and stumbled over to Papyrus clinging on to him and letting your sentence trail off. Papyrus hugged you close and patted your back.

“I’m sorry my dear for not reaching out. We’ve just had so much to do with more monsters coming out of the mountain and now we have guests and-”

“Wait, I thought everyone made it out okay when you guys surfaced.” you said cutting him off.

“I thought so too my dear but have you not been watching the news? There erm… was another barrier elsewhere and these monsters have finally broken through!” You looked over at the skeleton on the couch who gave you a casual wave, then up at Papyrus who was staring rather intensely at him.

“Okay well um, should I go?”

“No!” His eyes snapped back to you.

“Oh we have many new friends that you can meet! Wait here and I’ll go get them!” Papyrus released you and charged out of the room. You stood blinking into the space he had previously occupied and let out the breath containing the protest you were going to say before he raced off.

Guess you’re meeting new people.

Looking back over at orange hoodie again you felt a blush heating your face. How do you go about introducing yourself to someone you had accidentally snuggled up to? You had been close enough to his face to see how long he had been working on that sucker for when he

opened his mouth the first time.

“Uh, hey.” Wow, how eloquent of you, try again.

“Stretch right? Sorry about uh, before. The back of your skull looks like, well umm…” You trail off rocking awkwardly on your heels. Thankfully Stretch starts to chuckle and waves his hands at you dismissively.

“don’t worry about it honey, was just surprised to have something sweet fall into my lap so quickly after surfacing.”

Did he just?

There were footsteps coming into the lounge along with low conversation announcing the arrival of others. Taking a deep breath you put on a smile and turned towards the new comers.

“HUMAN!” Two different voices shouted at once.

One came from the smallish blue blur barreling at you at breakneck speed. The other from a tall, dark, and pointy skeleton reaching towards you from across the room. You however didn’t get much chance to react as the blue blur connected with your solar plexus sending your body to the floor while your soul was simultaneously ripped from your chest and pulled in the other direction.

Chapter End Notes

Here we go, buckle up!

Impolite Would Only be Beneath Us

Chapter Summary

> You encounter a skeleton, and you learn that not all monsters are nice.

Chapter Notes

> I love you guys so much, we've barely introduced some of the bois and there are over 100 Kudos. That my friends is a mile stone to me so here is another chapter early!
>
> There is a brief loss of control here, mild panic attack.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“when a monster begins a battle with another monster or human it’s called an encounter. you have the option to FIGHT, ACT, or show MERCY during an encounter.” Sans was explaining.

“ there is also a rule where you have to take turns, it’s really a bad idea to not let the other person take their turn before you go. you’re a human so your soul would be pulled out for any encounter if you were to have one.” You and Sans were watching Papyrus and their friend Undyne spar in the backyard.

“Huh, monster fights are weird. Up here if you want to get into a fight you just kinda go for it.” You say. Sans gives you a sidelong look.

“Plus I thought you said souls were special and should only be brought out for… you know… special, monster, soul stuff.”

Sans’s low rumbling laugh makes you turn to look at him. “having your soul out in a fight is different, but yea, ‘monster soul stuff’ is special.” He made air quotes around monster soul stuff and you both laugh turning back to the match in front of you.

Someone was calling your name, there were skeletons swimming in your line of vision, why were you on the floor? Why did it look like the world had been mostly drained of color? Groaning you sat up and hands on either side of you helped you to stand.

Blinking furiously in the hopes that the world would return to normal

you glanced at Stretch who was on your right looking worried, on your left was a short skeleton in faded blue pants, a grey shirt, blue gloves, and blue bandana around their neck. They looked to be on the verge of tears.

Your name was called again, turning toward the sound you gasped. The scene before you was… intense.

Papyrus was standing with his back to you but you could see that in each hand he held massive bones that were crossed in front of him in a defensive position. Just beyond him was the only vibrantly colored skeleton in the room. He was just a few inches taller than Papyrus's 6'1" and looked like he just came from Hot Topic, or a punk concert, or, something.

Long crimson heeled boots layered over the top of black leather pants. The black armored top he was sporting had sharp spikes coming off of the shoulders. The outfit was topped off with a long red scarf, elbow length crimson gloves, and sharp facial features that looked incapable of any emotion but rage. The scars crossing his right eye socket only served to accentuate that observation. Though the most impressive part was the weapon in his hand.

Papyrus fought with large bones that he would occasionally put together to make words or structures but nothing super fancy. You had never seen Sans spar anyone and he always refused any offers so you had no idea how he fought but you assumed the whole bone weapon thing was universal with skeletons, not entirely so with this one.

He was holding what looked like a bone handled rapier, the cross and knuckle guards were also bone but thinner and more elegant as they curved around the grip. Dangling from the pommel was a small scrap of what looked like fur. The blade was long, thin, and looked incredibly sharp.

You heard your name for the third time and realized that Papyrus was desperately trying to get your attention.

"Please back out of the room! Your soul will follow and you can end the encounter!" You finally noticed the little green soul laced through with small blue and orange swirls floating between yourself and your would-be attacker.

"THEY WERE OBVIOUSLY PLANNING ON ATTACKING ME THE SECOND WE MET OR THEY WOULDN'T BE SO CASUALLY

CARRYING THAT WEAPON AROUND!”

Okay, add doesn’t have an indoor voice to the list. The angry one had pulled your soul out, he had forced you into an encounter all because you carried a small knife?

You were tired, you had been worrying about your boys all week, your Sunday had been interrupted by this pointy skeleton and he thought you were going to attack him on sight?

You were starting to consider it.

“I think you may have gotten the wrong impression here friend, I only carry for self defense. And even-”

“THEN DEFEND YOURSELF WHELP!” The angry skeleton made an attempt to step around Papyrus, who stubbornly blocked his path.

Screw it, this guy wanted a fight, he was going to get a fight. He must have seen your facial expression harden, because he grinned victoriously back before making another attempt to get around Papyrus.

You wrenched your arms free from the skeletons beside you and made a dash for tall and pointy over there.

You only made it about halfway across the lounge before there was a crackle of magic in the air and suddenly a pair of arms wrapped around your waist halting your advance.

“’m gonna stop ya righ' there doll face.” a deep voice tickled your ear and the smell of smoke and mustard assaulted your nose.

“SA-RED! UNHAND THE WHELP IMMEDIATELY! WE WERE ABOUT TO DO BATTLE!”

“but boss-”

“**l e t g o o f h e r**”

It seemed like the temperature in the room had suddenly dropped. Sans was standing in the doorway to the lounge, eye lights missing, and were those... animal skulls just casually floating over his shoulders?

The arms around you let go as if you had burned them and you stumble forward a bit at their absence. Sans was suddenly at your

side, and a wall of sharpened bones erupted from the floor obscuring the two of you from the rest of the room.

“S-sans?”

“i’m here princess.” Sans reached out to you blinking away the blue magic that was igniting this left eye socket.

“i believe you can end the encounter now.” He then almost reluctantly but gently ushered your soul back into your chest. You gave a small sigh of relief and blinked in wonder as the colors of the world seemed to return along with your soul.

“you mind hanging out in here a bit longer? i wanna make sure we don’t have another ah, issue.” You nodded and Sans disappeared.

Okay, adrenaline rush gone. You sat on the floor rubbing your temples and trying to get your breathing under control by observing the bones around you, they all seemed to glow a soft blue. Sans popped back into existence next to you and the walls began to recede.

“you okay?” You nod then shake your head. Sans helps you to stand and leads you to one of the couches in the now empty lounge. “you weren’t hurt were you?” You shake your head again.

“I’ve been so worried about you guys.” you blurt.

“I haven’t seen you since last Monday, everyone at the bar is saying that weird stuff is happening with the monsters, Blaire is moving across the country, I was tackled, I was pulled into an encounter for the first time and then I thought it was a good idea to rush a guy with a freaking sword and” You’re rambling now, “someone grabbed me Sans and... I don’t know... there are strangers here and I *know* Papyrus isn’t telling me everything about how they got here and… and…” You’re going to hyperventilate, shit.

“breath princess, um, tell me five things you can see right now.” Sans’s soft voice asking you to start grounding yourself is breaking through the fog building up in your brain.

Okay, okay, you list off five things you see ending with him so you could stare pleadingly into his eyelights willing him to keep talking. Sans leads you through the rest of the exercise.

Five things you see, four things you feel, three things you hear, two things you smell, and one thing you taste. By the end of it you are at

least breathing okay and are able to accept a hug from your friend.

“are you ready to go see the others?” he asks after a minute.

Were you? You decide you were but you let Sans know he owed you another nothing day. He let out a chuckle then gently lead you from the room.

Time to see if you can start over with the group that had so far tackled, restrained, and pulled you into an encounter. At least your skeletons were okay, everything would be fine now.

Right?

Chapter End Notes

> This is how people normally introduce themselves right? No? Okay.

Honey, I'm Good

Chapter Summary

> Formal introductions are made. You find out not all monsters are subtle.

Chapter Notes

> Let put some names to these faces yea? As much fun as it would be to refer to everyone as tall and pointy, short one, orange hoodie, and razor face... Well, I may actually use these from time to time moving forward, it irks them some.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were sitting at the dining room table with a large mug of tea as Papyrus quickly gave you an abridged version of how two very different groups of monsters suddenly exited the mountain just days apart from each other. Sans said he would explain the details later but now you had new friends to make. Sans sat next to you and Papyrus stood in between you and the other skeletons in the room.

The short blue clad skeleton stepped forward first dragging Stretch with him.

"HELLO HUMAN!" Great, also no volume control.

"I AM THE MAGNIFICENT BLUEBERRY, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME BLUE! AND THIS IS MY NOT AS MAGNIFICENT BUT STILL COOL BROTHER STRETCH! WE ARE FROM THE SWAP CLAN!" He struck a pose and Stretch shot you finger guns. Blue's expression dropped a bit.

"I'M SORRY FOR KNOCKING YOU DOWN BEFORE HUMAN, I DIDN'T REALIZE MY MAGNIFICENCE WAS GOING TO BE TOO MUCH FOR YOU."

Oh my, you couldn't help but smile at that. The little blueberry reminded you so much of Papyrus when you had first met him that you couldn't be mad at the cutie.

"Hey, it's okay Blue. Um, let's just reel in that magnificence a bit until I can handle it kay?" You looked up at Stretch who was smiling lazily back, he winked at you then turned his attention back to his brother.

“I UNDERSTAND HUMAN FEAR NOT! I WILL HELP YOU ADJUST, BUT FIRST! WE MUST MAKE THE FRIENDSHIP TACOS MWEH HEH HEH!”

Oh boy, Papyrus had also wanted to make a friendship food when you first met him. That meal was… less than kind on your digestive tract. You forced a smile on your face anyway.

“Sounds great Blue, erm, mind if we make it together?” Maybe you could control some of the damage if you were there. Blue’s eye lights became literal stars.

“OF COURSE HUMAN! OUR FRIENDSHIP TACOS SHOULD BE MADE WITH OUR BLOOMING FRIENDSHIP AND NOTHING ELSE!” Blue posed again then dashed off to the kitchen, Stretch ambled along behind. Papyrus watched them go nervously before ushering the other two skeletons forward.

Rapier boy had his arms crossed and was looking everywhere but at you. The other skeleton you hadn’t seen before.

He was about Sans’s height but appeared to be bulkier. He had a similar clothing style to your friend as well. He was wearing black gym shorts with a yellow stripe down the sides, sneakers, a blood red turtleneck under a large black parka and, was that a collar?

The fur lining of his hood looked to be the same fur that had been attached to the taller one’s rapier from before. This skeleton also had sharp teeth, one of which was golden, and smoldering red eye lights. He had begun to sweat under your scrutiny as he looked back and forth between you and his taller counterpart.

After a few awkward seconds Papyrus sighed and gestured at the duo. “This is Edge and his brother Red. They are from the Fell clan and Edge is very sorry for pulling you into an encounter.”

“I MOST CERTAINLY AM NOT YOU CRETIN! HOW DARE YOU PLACE WORDS IN THE TERRIBLE EDGE’S MOUTH!” Edge stomped then pointed a finger at you.

“I DEMAND A PROPER DUEL WHELP! NO MORE HIDING BEHIND THIS CREAM PUFF LIKE A COWARD!”

“Hard pass.”

“WHAT?!”

“I said hard pass dude.”

“YOU CANNOT REFUSE A CHALLENGE FROM A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GUARD!”

“Think I just did.” You stood and smiled sweetly at the pair. “Now this has been fun but I have some friendship tacos to make so I’mma go do that.”

And with that you swept out of the room leaving Edge to scream and stomp. You felt a little bad leaving Sans and Papyrus with those two but you were done with the whole situation and you could already smell something burning from the kitchen.

You were just in time to stop Blue from dumping an entire bottle of craft glitter into the meat.

“Whoa there Blue, glitter?”

“BUT OF COURSE! IT SHOWS THE MANY COLORS OF OUR FRIENDSHIP!”

“The many- Blue I can’t eat that.” Silence, oh no his eyes were starting to water up, how does that happen, he doesn’t have tear ducts? You desperately looked over to Stretch who was casually leaning against the counter giving you an unreadable look. No help there obviously.

Okay teacher mode go.

“Look Blue um, that kind of glitter would make humans… me, very sick if I ate it.” Blue’s eye sockets widened. “But don’t worry.” You added before he could say anything. “We humans found a way to make an edible version so we could have it in our friendship foods.”

You lead Blue into the pantry and began rummaging around Papyrus’s baking section. Ahh there it is, you turned back to Blue and victoriously handed him the bottle of edible glitter. He thoroughly inspected it before ‘Mweh hehing’ his way back to the stove to dump the entire bottle over the now charred meat.

You attempted to guide Blue through the rest of the meal prep but the taco shells ended up crispy and burnt but also weirdly limp and the glittery meat became a oozing mess when you tried to melt some cheese on it to hide the charred taste. At least everything was an actual food item and not some of the more creative ingredients Blue had attempted to add.

Stretch had settled himself at the breakfast bar and made puns at the two of you as you cooked. To Blue's horror you punned back making you both laugh more.

"HUMAN! THERE WILL BE NO PUNS WHILE WE ARE MAKING OUR FRIENDSHIP TACOS! I WILL NOT HAVE YOU ENCOURAGING MY BROTHER!"

"aww bro, we're having so much pun." Stretch said, shooting you a wink when Blue threw his hands in the air and announced he was going to collect the rest of the household for dinner. You giggled and began to half heartedly scrub at the prep dishes in the sink.

Stretch stood and wandered up behind you taking your shoulder and turning you so you were trapped against the counter.

"Hey, wh-" you began before he stuck one of his suckers in your mouth.

"just wanted to say thank you for helping out my bro honey, it was really sweet of you." You tried to grab the sucker stem but he snagged your wrist with the hand not holding onto your shoulder and leaned in to whisper in your ear.

"and you were wrong before, on the couch." His breath was sweet and smoky as it fanned across your cheek and you could feel a blush creeping onto your face. He then released your shoulder and plucked the sucker from your lips before disappearing with another wink.

"HUMAN! ARE YOU READY TO FEAST?"

Blue was back.

"I KNOW YOU ARE IN AWE OF MY MAGNIFICENCE, BUT CAN YOU HELP ME GET THESE PLATES TO THE TABLE?" Your mouth closed with a click as you went to pick up a platter.

Oh boy, and you thought Edge was going to be the dangerous one.

Chapter End Notes

Danger is everywhere!

From Fable to Fumble

Chapter Summary

Edge tests the waters.

Chapter Notes

If you're not watching the Super Bowl, here's a chapter!

Warning! Fight incoming! Nothing gory yet but if you know anything about the Fell boys, well ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I can’t go any longer, we have to take a break.” You groaned. Papyrus made the bone he was holding disappear and helped you up.

“You can usually go for much longer my dear is something wrong?” You were in one of the local gym’s sparing rooms training with Papyrus. Since ballroom was every other Monday, you would train on the weeks there was no dance.

“Blue’s tacos are what’s wrong.” You groaned again leaning on the staff you had been using. Papyrus sympathetically rubbed your back.

“I’m gonna go get something to drink, then I think we can keep going.” You push yourself upright and hand the staff to Papyrus as you walk out in search of a vending machine.

“I DEMAND THE USE OF A TRAINING ROOM!” Oh boy, sir yells a lot was verbally assaulting the poor receptionist near the machine you had procured water from.

“hey there doll face, fancy seein' ya here.” Red was suddenly leaning on the vending machine. His eye lights traced over the tight workout outfit you had on.

“Hey Red, didn’t take you for a gym enthusiast.” You attempted to divert his attention from you.

“heh, 'f ya wanna real workout, i c'n give ya a private lesson 'n bed. teach ya 'ow it works with a monster.” Admittedly, you had always wondered what it was like with a monster, but you had basically just met this guy. You smiled and leaned close to his face.

“How do you know I don’t already know that hmm? You may have just surfaced but it’s been five years for many.” The grin on Red’s face faltered for a second before growing wider.

“experienced huh? trus' me doll i 'ave much more ta offer than vanilla.”

Vanilla? Was he talking about Sans? Sure you had considered it several times but you had no idea if it was even possible. You were a human, he was a skeleton, last time you checked skeletons didn’t have the equipment required for that kind of party.

You cocked an eyebrow. “You keep telling yourself that Red, I’m sure someone will believe it eventually.” And with that you turned and sauntered over to Edge who was still bothering the poor woman trying to explain the training room schedules.

“Hey Teresa, this guy is with me. I’m sorry I forgot to add him to my slot.” Both Edge and the receptionist Teresa turned to you with equally shocked expressions. Before either could recover, you grabbed Edge’s hand and pulled him after you back towards the room you had reserved with Papyrus.

“UNHAND ME WHELP!” Edge recovered halfway down the hall and wrenched his hand free. You paused for a second then continued on with a shrug.

“Thought you wanted a rematch Edge.” You tossed over your shoulder.

“A REMATCH?! BAH! I CAN BEST YOU IN TWO SECONDS FLAT. WHY WOULD I WASTE MY TIME WITH THE LIKES OF YOU?”

“Two seconds huh? Wanna put your money where your mouth is or are you gonna sulk in the hallway?” You had stopped outside of your sparring room to look back at him. Edge crossed his arms and looked away. Okay fine by you, you shrugged again and left him to it.

Papyrus looked up and smiled brightly as you entered.

“Feeling better?” He asked. You took a sip of your water, and nodded. Red may be gross, but he was a great distraction, and having to haul Edge away from the front desk spiked your adrenaline enough to make your brain forget about your gastric issues.

Papyrus tossed the training staff back to you and summoned his

weapon. You caught the staff and settled back into a fighting stance. You circled each other a few times before you leapt forward bringing your staff up in a diagonal cutting motion hoping to knock the bone from Papyrus's hands.

Instead Papyrus opened his hands allowing the weapon to dematerialize causing your staff to pass harmlessly between them. Your momentum brought the staff above your head just as he lunged forward, his shoulder connecting with your chest.

Both of you tumbled backwards, Papyrus braced himself with one hand and tried to roll away from you as you hit the padded floor but you had brought the staff down behind him during the fall repositioning your hands to pin him against your chest so his roll brought you up and on top of him.

The only problem now was he was now laying on your weapon. You let go and rolled off of him standing up only to turn and charge back at the skeleton.

Papyrus had not fully regained his feet but from his crouched position he used one of his long legs to make a sweeping motion at your feet. Jumping over the attempt to trip you, you had just a second to remember that once air born you didn't have much control over your trajectory.

Papyrus leapt to his feet and effortlessly caught you by the shoulders while spinning around and pinned you against the wall. You let out a gasp as the wind was temporarily knocked from your lungs.

"Do you yield?" Papyrus asked pressing your shoulders back and into the padded wall.

Grunting with the effort, you curled your body in on itself so you could get your legs up and wrapped around Papyrus's ribs. Grabbing his arms that were holding you to the wall you twisted your hips violently to the right while pulling down with your right hand and pushing up with your left.

It was just enough to pitch his center of gravity to the side and you pulled yourself in close so he would take the impact of the fall. Papyrus took the hit and layed on the floor smiling proudly up at you from between your knees. You leaned forward and gently tapped his mandible with your fist.

"Do you yield Papyrus?" He reached up and tapped your leg twice

signaling the end of the round. As you went to stand up, a sudden weight shoved you to the side.

“Ow! What the-”

“YOU GAVE UP TO THAT PATHETIC ATTACK!?”

“Edge!?” Papyrus began to get to his feet. “This is a private training room, what are you doing here?”

“SILENCE! YOU CALL YOURSELF A GUARD MEMBER WITH A PATHETIC SHOW LIKE THAT?! I WILL SHOW YOU HOW IT IS DONE. WHELP! WE WILL DUEL. NOW!” Both skeletons turned to you.

“Um, okay. But it’s gonna be a short one. I need to get home sometime before my shift.”

“My dear you can’t be serious, Edge is. Well he.” You placed a consoling hand on his humerus.

“I’ll be okay Papaya, besides I kinda brought him back here.” Papyrus raised a brow bone.

“Well he was yelling at poor Teresa and I thought it would be nicer to just bring him back than make her deal with him.” Papyrus closed his eyes for a second before sighing and stepping back.

You and Edge moved to the center of the room and you automatically dropped into your fighting stance. You had been training with Papyrus for almost three years now, you were fairly confident in your ability to defend yourself considering Papyrus tended to change up his fighting style every few months and the fact that he could summon and dismiss weapons at will made you fairly quick on your reflexes.

Edge advanced towards you, you backed up dancing just out of his reach. In your peripheral, you noticed the training staff you had abandoned in your match with Papyrus. Excellent, you led Edge around the room, both of you testing out the other with feints and quick jabs.

Almost there.

The second you took your eyes off of Edge to grab the staff, he shot forward swinging his fist at the side of your head. You barely moved out of the way in time, but now he was within your striking range. Twirling the staff around you slammed it into the side of his ribs.

He stumbled sideways slightly before grabbing the end of the staff closest to him and pulled you in. At the same time he brought his knee up and planted it squarely in your gut. You let go of the staff and crumpled to the floor.

Edge tossed your weapon aside and turned to glare over at Papyrus. Wrong move buddy, you had recovered quickly and the second he was looking away you grabbed his leg and yanked it out from under him.

Edge crashed forward. You dove at him as he went down grasping his arm and twisting it behind his back. He was forced to try to catch himself with the one hand. He did so pretty impressively before rolling over pinning you under him but also firmly pinning his other arm as well.

“Two seconds huh?” You grunted. Edge growled and flipped over again. You lost your grip on his arm but you had the chance to get to your feet and took a swing at his pelvis with your foot. He spun away quickly coming around with a punch of his own which you just barely got your arm up in time to take and deflect the hit. You lunged forward and tried out Papyrus’s move by slamming your shoulder into Edge’s sternum.

He was quite solid, but he still went down. As you fell, his arms came up around you bracing you against him for the impact. When he hit the ground he rolled to the side and pushed you away from him sending you sliding across the floor and into Papyrus’s legs. Papyrus did his best to not directly land on you but in the end the two of you had to painfully disentangle yourselves from each other.

Once free you looked over at Edge who was smirking back at you. “I BELIEVE I WON HUMAN.”

“Believe what you want man, that was awesome.” You were tired yes, but you appreciated that Edge didn’t pull any punches with you. Papyrus had a habit of allowing you to get away with certain moves that wouldn’t fly in a real fight but Edge, he forced you to fall back to the more basic punches and kicks instead of showy moves.

“O-OF COURSE IT WAS! IT IS A GREAT HONOR TO GO HAND TO HAND WITH THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE EDGE!” His cheekbones were dusted a light red as he turned and stocked off. You exchanged a look with Papyrus before picking up your things, you needed to get home soon if you wanted to shower before work.

“Hey great and terrible Edge.” You called running to catch up with

Edge and Red as they were walking out of the gym. “Look, Monday mornings is when I spar with Paps but if you wanted a sparring buddy I can reserve a room for Thursdays.” Red looked at you as if you had grown a second head and Edge regarded you cooly before scoffing.

“WITH YOUR PATHETIC FIGHTING SKILLS IT WOULDN’T BE MUCH OF A CHALLENGE FOR ONE SUCH AS I!” You rolled your eyes and slipped a card into his hand.

“Well if you change your mind here is the time and room number. Just show the card to Teresa up front and she’ll let you back no problem.”

And with that you put on your helmet and jumped onto your motorcycle. If sparring was the way to make nice with the prickly skeleton, you were up for it, you think.

Chapter End Notes

I love writing fight scenes. Please let me know if you liked it or not.

As always thank you guys for reading my totally self indulgent fic. I kid you not when I say this has taken over all of my free time. I may be just uploading chapter 7, but I'm currently working through chapter 29. So the uploads should stay consistent.

xoxo

I’m at the Bar With Her

Chapter Summary

You spend some time with a few skele boys at work.

Chapter Notes

I present you with another chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There were quite a few new faces at the bar that day. After a quick shower you had walked over to the Twisted Crown to find the parking lot to be more full than usual considering it was a Monday afternoon.

With the two new clans needing places to stay, your part of town had opened up many of the nearby apartments for temporary housing and the Crown’s reputation for being a monster friendly bar was drawing many of the new population in.

Not five minutes into your shift had gone by when you heard the smoky smooth voice of Stretch and the deep belly laugh of Red enter your vicinity. Both paused upon seeing you then took the open stools in front of your area.

“fancy seein’ ya here doll face.”

“You seem to think it’s fancy seeing me anywhere but this is my job Red.”

“i 'ave a job fer ya if you’re willin’ ta put in some overtime after hours.” Red ran a bright red magical tongue along his teeth grinning widely at you. Yea, you’re not encouraging that any further.

“Did you boys want something to drink ooor?” You let your sentence trail off inviting them to at least let you do your job if they were going to hang out.

“mustard.”

“honey.”

More condiments huh? Skeletons are weird.

“Tell you what boys, let me make you something special with those

things yea? This is a bar after all." Stretch gave you a thumbs up and Red's grin grew as he nodded.

Okay a drink with honey would be easy; gin, honey, and lemon juice into a cocktail shaker with ice. Shake it and keep it sexy until chilled. Pour into a coupe glass with a lemon wedge on the rim.

"A Bee's Knees Honey cocktail for you sweet tooth." You say setting the beverage in front of Stretch. He just chuckled and inspected the glass.

You needed to pause for a moment, a drink with mustard was not unheard of but definitely not ordered often. You rummaged around in bar stock considering your options before it hit you.

You pulled out your shaker again, filled it with ice and started measuring in ingredients. One spoon of Quince mustard jam, Patron Reposado, Triple sec, a squeeze of lime juice, and some sugar syrup on top. Shake it up! You flipped the shaker a few times. Showing off just a bit was okay right?

Finally you placed an old-fashioned glass in front of Red and poured the mixed concoction in letting a few of the ice cubes fall into the glass as well. Before Red could reach for it you shook your finger in his face, you weren't done. You placed a lime wedge on the edge then cracked some black pepper over the entire drink.

"I give you the Quince mustard margarita!" You say proudly.

Red regarded the beverage for a moment before clinking it against Stretch's glass and downed it, ice and all. Stretch sipped at his cocktail contentedly watching Red for a reaction. He slammed the glass back down on the bar top, his eye lights were bright and his sharp grin even broader.

"well damn doll face, ya may jus' give chillby a run fer 'is money with a drink like that." You blinked at him then smiled, you had no idea who Chillby was but you guess your drink was better than his so that's a win in your book.

"it really is a good drink honey," Stretch smiled at you over the rim of his glass.

Was it warm in the bar? No? Just you?

Thanking him you turned away attempting to hide the blush creeping

onto your face. One of the servers rattled off a table order giving you an excuse to busy yourself and calm down.

Red and Stretch hung out for your entire shift, though they would step out every so often to smoke. Once Red tried to take his drink out with him, that was a no.

“Red.” He turned to look at you as Stretch walked out the door. Crooking your finger you made a ‘come here’ motion. Red’s permagrin grew as he swayed back over to the bar.

“gonna miss me doll?”

“You can’t take your drink out, hand it over.” He looks down at the glass in his hand, appearing surprised that it was there.

Well he had been downing them like water for the past two hours, you were going to have to cut him off soon. Red continued to look at the drink in his hand before turning from you and tried to leave the bar again. Luckily he wasn’t that fast in his current state and you could snag his arm.

“Red, give it to me.”

“heh, you’re gonna be screamin’ tha' later doll face.” You internally roll your eyes but your unintended innuendo had gotten him to turn back to you so you decide to play along.

“Really?” you coo, “Because I would rather hear you scream it instead.” You allowed your fingers to run up the arm you had a hold of and hooked them into the collar around his neck. Red chuckled nervously at your sudden change in attitude and tried to escape into his parka.

“Red.” Your voice lowered and you pulled him closer.

“Give.” He began to sweat but obediently placed his glass into your open hand.

“Good boy.” you released his collar and patted his cheek bone. To your surprise he practically melted at your praise and made a strange noise that sounded suspiciously like a cat’s purr.

Huh, well that was. Different.

Red passed out on the bar top sometime around 11pm after one too many of your margaritas leaving you and Stretch to converse and take turns stacking coasters on the back of Red's head. Monday nights weren't usually that busy, even with the new patrons, so you could get away with spending more time on one customer. You were currently in the middle of a knock knock joke war with the lanky skeleton.

"Knock Knock."

"who's there?"

"Yah."

"yah who?"

"Hey, I didn't know you were a cowboy!"

"not bad, knock knock."

"Who's there?"

"honey bee."

"Honey bee who?"

"honey bee a dear and give me your number."

You burst out laughing. "Knock knock joke pick up lines? Really Stretch? I thought you had more class." You feigned a hurt expression before swapping phones.

Once you got yours back you change his name to The Bee's Knees.

Satisfied, you excused yourself to start closing down the bar. By the time you had circled back around to your spot, Sans had arrived and was helping Stretch stack an impressive amount of coasters on Red.

"You do know he needs to move so I can close up right?"

"i guess forty coasters would be a bit excessive." Sans jokes. Stretch nodded sagely as if there was some rule book somewhere saying how many things should be stacked on other things. You rolled your eyes as you carefully removed the stack and jostled Red's shoulder.

"Closing time sleepy head." He grumbled in his stupor but didn't wake up. You looked up at the other two skeletons then shook Red again. He absently swatted at your hand but refused to wake up. Stretch

sighed and grabbed a hold of Red's hood.

"I'll get him home honey." You mouthed a 'thank you' at him as he waved then blipped out of existence with Red.

"Magic must be so convenient." You muttered to yourself wiping down the bar and collecting your things.

"how do you think I get away with being so lazy?" Sans asked.

"Because your brother and I love you enough to shore up your slack." You tease. Linking your arm with Sans's you miss the light blue blush on his face and the way he snatched his fingers away from his chest.

"so, you gettin' on okay with the others now?" He asked as the two of you closed in on your house.

"Yea, I think we are." You smiled over at him. "I mean all I had to do was eat horrible tacos, get into a fight, and serve a few drinks. We're as thick as thieves now." Sans's permanent grin faltered a little.

"oh." Was all he said. You frowned but continued walking until you reached your doorstep.

"Are you okay sugar skull?" You placed a hand under his chin trying to get him to meet your eyes. He looked tired, more tired than usual. "Are you having nightmares again?" He shook his head and sighed.

"m sorry." He mumbled.

"What for? You haven't done anything to me." He opened his mouth only to let out an exasperated breath.

"have you ever felt a tugging here?" He gently tapped your sternum just above your breasts. You raised your eyebrows at the question but considered it carefully.

Thinking back you had felt the described sensation before, you had just assumed it was part of whatever emotion was happening at the moment and didn't think anything of it.

"Yea I have," Sans's eye sockets widened, "the last time was this morning during training with Paps, and the time before that was just after you helped me out of that encounter." Several emotions passed over Sans's face before he settled on a tentative smile.

"paps too huh?" He rubbed the back of his skull.

“Why are you asking, is that tugging bad?”

“um no, it’s your soul." He mumbled looking anywhere but at your face.

“Okay, why is my soul doing that?” You were starting to get a bit frustrated, Sans was usually so up front about any questions you had.

“that sensation is your soul calling out,” You nod and gesture for him to go on. “a-and if it’s calling out around uh, paps and i. that means that there is a bo-” The front door suddenly bangs open revealing a very sleep rumpled Blaire.

“Either come in or take your conversation elsewhere.” She grumbled.

“Oh damn, the motion lights, sorry B.” You said.

The front of your house had motion lights on each street facing corner and one on the front porch. One of the corner lights would shine light directly into Blaire’s room when activated. You turned back to Sans,

“Do you wanna come in?” He looked at Blaire then back to you before shaking his head.

“i wouldn’t dream of keeping you guys up any longer.” The smile was back as he pulled you into a hug. “sleep tight princess.” Then he was gone.

Shutting the door behind you, Blaire shuffled back to her room. You layed in bed for a while that night mulling over your conversation with Sans. Your soul was calling out? For what? Sans and Papyrus were your closest friends after Blaire, but you never had that sensation around her. Was it because they are monsters? You were so confused.

Chapter End Notes

The plot thickens...ish.

I have a Tumblr now! Come talk to me about our favorite bone boys https://lady-lyrjok.tumblr.com/

Don't Mean to Tease Ya

Chapter Summary

You go on a brunch outing.

Chapter Notes

I'm in love with everyone's reactions to the story so far. You guys give me life!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Where are we going?”

“We thought it would be fun to go visit grandpa this week. Doesn’t that sound like a good idea?”

“Yay Grandpa! Can we stay up all night like last time?”

“You’ll have to take that up with him, daddy and I have to go on a little trip while you’re there.”

“Oh…okay.”

“Now don’t make that face young lady, daddy and I need this trip.”

“Can I bring my memory box?”

“If you can fit it in with your clothes.”

“Thanks mommy! I lov… y….”

You woke up to the sound of your phone buzzing. Rolling over you squinted down at the screen, it looked like you had a text from Stretch and several from an unknown number.

TheBee’sKnees - knock knock

Unknown - GOOD MORNING! THIS IS THE MAGNIFICENT BLUE!

Unknown - ARE YOU AWAKE HUMAN?

Unknown - STRETCH AND I ARE GOING OUT FOR BREAKFAST! YOU SHOULD JOIN US!

You immediately added Blue's number as Lil' Blue then sent a quick 'who's there' to Stretch before responding to him.

You - I'm awake, breakfast sounds great!

Yawning you rolled out of bed and shuffled to your closet. Right, clothes for a breakfast outing. As you rummaged around your phone buzzed again.

Lil' Blue - I HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT IT IS TECHNICALLY PAST BREAKFAST TIME BUT THERE IS A MEAL CALLED BRUNCH THAT WE SHOULD PARTAKE IN!

Ohh brunch, that sounded amazing. You sent an affirmative just to have your phone buzz again.

TheBee'sKnees - stopwatch

You - Stopwatch who?

TheBee'sKnees - stopwatch you're doin' and answer the door

The door? Just then, there was a loud energetic knock coming from the front door. You heard Blaire answer, then there came a knock at your bedroom door.

"You have some guests." She said through the wood.

Smoothing down your hair you opened your door to find Blaire flanked by none other than Stretch and Blue. Stretch's eye sockets widened when he saw you for a second before he settled back into his neutral face, a light orange dusting his cheek bones. Blue placed his hands on his hips.

"HUMAN! I MAY NOT KNOW MUCH ABOUT YOUR CULTURE BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT YOUR ATTIRE IS BRUNCH APPROPRIATE!"

Blaire smirked at you before excusing herself back to her room. You looked down at yourself and remembered that you had in fact just rolled out of bed.

You were wearing a tank top and a pair of spandex shorts… Ah, yea, clothes were what you were looking for. Feeling your face heat up you quickly turned and went back to your closet.

“Sorry guys, I kinda just woke up. Give me a minute and I’ll be ready to go.”

Okay cut off jeans and an off-shoulder band t-shirt should be fine. You slipped into the bathroom to change and brush your teeth and hair.

Much better, you exited the bathroom to find Stretch sitting on your bed while Blue inspected some of the knick knacks on your bedside table, both looked up as you re-entered the room.

“YOU LOOK MUCH BETTER! ARE YOU READY TO GO?”

“Thanks Blue. So uh, where are we going?” You ask putting on a pair of flip flops and picking up your purse.

“THERE IS A CAFE DOWNTOWN THAT SERVES BRUNCH FOODS! PAPYRUS GAVE ME THE ADDRESS.” Blue grabbed your hand and dragged you over to Stretch who took Blue’s other hand.

“have you ever traveled by shortcut?” Stretch asked standing.

You nod and the three of you walk out your bedroom door. The world shifted, and suddenly you were walking down the street several miles from your house. You scrunched your eyes closed and let out the breath you had been holding. Blue paused and grabbed a hold of your other hand looking up at you, worry on his face.

“ARE YOU OKAY HUMAN? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAVE TAKEN SHORTCUTS BEFORE!” You nod and squeeze his hands.

“I have, it’s just always a bit disorienting.” You open your eyes and smile down at him. “Thank you for being concerned though.” Blue’s eye lights turn into stars and he releases your hands to strike a pose.

“MWEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE FAIR MAIDEN I WILL ALWAYS BE LOOKING OUT FOR YOU!” You smiled at the nick name.

“My hero.”

The café turned out to be Muffet’s. A spider monster run restaurant. In the five years since the first monsters emerged from the mountain, you had never been in her cafe, just had take out brought to you by one of the boys. You weren’t afraid of spiders per say, they just gave you the shivers when they surprised you in corners or suddenly ran across

your arm.

The cafe's employees were also spiders, they scuttled along on the webbed tracks on the ceiling and walls carrying menus, various drinks, and food to the tables below.

Once seated, a spider descended and deposited a menu in front of each of you. Having only had a few of the items from the selection you looked uncertainty at the other two seated across from you. Stretch hadn't even looked at the menu, he asked the dangling spider for a bottle of honey then slouched down in his seat. Blue ordered a hot chocolate then looked at you expectantly.

"Caramel chai tea please." The spider nodded and climbed up their web and off to the order window. You still had no idea what to get for food.

"Hey Blue, what looks good to you?" Blue scrutinized the menu seriously for a while before pointing out a few pastries that looked good.

"I can't choose just one, can we get a sample platter?" The spider was back with some friends lowering your drinks to you. They nodded and you listed off the sweets Blue showed you as well as a few savory crepes.

You and Blue chatted idly as you waited for your food, Stretch appeared to have fallen asleep in his seat. You learned that they knew another spider monster named Missy that had run a bar in their part of the underground. Stretch apparently frequented this bar during their time trapped and Blue would have to haul him home more often that not after he drank too much of Missy's special honey.

"Here you are dearies!" You look up to find none other than Muffet holding a large platter with your ordered treats. You smile and move your tea out of the way so she could set the assortment of foods down.

"Enjoy dearies, Ahuhuhu!" Blue thanked her and she moved away, picking up dishes from tables with her many arms on her way back.

You nudge Stretch under the table with your foot. "Do you want any of this? 'Cuz Blue and I may eat all of it." He shifts a bit but doesn't wake up. You shrug, his loss.

"OH MAIDEN, YOU NEED TO TRY THIS MUFFIN! IT HAS LITTLE BLUEBERRIES IN IT!" Of course he would go for the blueberry pastry

first. You reach over to take a some but Blue moves the muffin away and holds out a piece. Did he want you take that from him or was he trying to feed you? You blink at the chunk of muffin being held out to you and try to pretend that your face is warm because of the hot tea, leaning forward you let Blue gently feed you.

One of his phalanges brushes against your bottom lip as you close your mouth. He snatches his hand back and a light blue blush appears on his cheek bones. You decide to spare him the embarrassment and quickly spear a piece of the savory crepe you had started to cut up earlier with your fork.

“My turn, try this!” You hold the fork out to him inviting him to either take the fork, or just eat directly from it. Blue stares at you for a second before allowing you to feed the bite to him.

“How is it?” you ask before spearing a piece for yourself. Blue’s blush deepens.

“It’s Good.” Whoa, he used an indoor voice! You smile and munch on your own bite of the crepe. The two of you work your way through each of the treats occasionally feeding the other something they hadn’t tried yet.

“Oooh I’m so full.” You sit back and stare at the leftover bits of pastry on the platter. Your eyes drift over to the still napping Stretch and you grin. He had shifted while you and Blue had been eating so he was sitting up with his head back, mouth open.

Plucking up a half eaten donut, you bring your legs up so you were kneeling on your side of the booth leaning over the table. As gently as you could, you place the donut just below his nasal ridge so it looked kind of like a purple lopsided mustache.

He doesn’t move.

You look at Blue who was doing his best to hold in his laughter. Your smile widens and you gesture at him to hand you something else. He picks up a small muffin and passes it to you. You start to place it on Stretch’s forehead when his eyes crack open.

You don’t notice at first as you are concentrating on balancing the muffin but your eyes drift down to meet his once it stays. He smiles up at you dreamily. You scrunch up your nose and stick your tongue out at him.

“You snooze at brunch, you become brunch.” You say as you sit back down on your side. He chuckles and sits up allowing the muffin and donut to fall into his lap. He picks up the bottle of untouched honey and rests his elbows on the table before taking a drink.

“didn’t know you found me so appetizing.” He grinned and winked lazily at you. You raise an eyebrow. You were not going to let him fluster you again, game on. Mimicking his pose you smiled sweetly.

“Didn’t you know sweet tooth? I like my meals with a bit of meat on them.” You poke his nasal bridge and wink back. Stretch blinks at you then his grin widens.

“what, you don’t like to try new things honey? you never know, it could be quite a ride.” Ha, of course you liked to explore new things, but he didn’t need to know that.

“Naw, I like to stick with the meals I know can fill me up.” Wow, this went off the deep end quick. Oh well no backing down now.

Stretch’s grin vanished. He leaned further over the table until he was inches from your face.

“liar.” He whispered. You inhaled to deliver a retort but Stretch had leaned back and had began asking Blue about what his favorite brunch item was. Damn, you weren’t sure who won that round.

Checking your phone you reluctantly informed them that you had to get home soon so you could get ready for work. You stood thanking the spider after paying, then apologizing because Stretch stood up and the food on his lap crumbled on the floor. Blue helped clean up chastising his brother the entire time. When had your life become so weird?

Chapter End Notes

> Heehee! I have a tumblr now https://lady-lyrjok.tumblr.com/! Come talk about our boys, share your thoughts, share your art, and I'll share the drinks!

I’m Trouble

Chapter Summary

It's show time at the Twisted Crown. You perform with the band and end up pushing it a bit with someone.

Chapter Notes

An early update yay! Here's a fun chapter with music and skelebois before we dive back into plot land.

The song in this chapter is:
Trouble by P!nk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Is that a for hire sign out front?” You looked up from your keyboard as Jack and Hayden walked back stage.

“Yup, with all of the new monsters in town, we’re looking for another bartender and server.” You reply. “Why, do you want to work with me now?” Jack starts laughing and Hayden just shakes his head before pulling out his guitar. “What working in a bar isn’t bad!”

“Haha I bet it isn’t, I just thought about being a server, then thought about wearing a frilly server uniform and I just…” Jack dissolves into giggles again.

“We don’t have a server uniform here Jack, but if you really wanted to I’m sure Oli wouldn’t care too much.” Jack just shakes his head at you as he tries to calm himself down. Blaire walks in twirling her drumsticks around.

“I see you have all of the bone boys out there waiting to hear us.” She bumps your hip with hers in greeting and takes a seat.

“Yea, they’re a regular skeleton crew.” You joke. “Paps told them about the band so here they are.”

“Aww, you didn’t tell them about us yourself? I’m hurt.”

“Dude, we literally have one more concert after this before you leave. Plus they just got here and there ah, has just been a lot going on with them.” You finish kind of lamely. Blaire raises an eyebrow, and the

twins smirk at you.

“What.”

“Which one has tried to get you to jump their bones?” Hayden asks coyly. You gave them a blank look.

Red and Stretch had both flirted with you sure, Edge had you pinned to the floor briefly during your spar, Blue had basically insisted on hand feeding you the other day, and you were always pretty cuddly with Sans and Papyrus but did that mean any of them wanted to go further?

“Ha, I’m not even sure that would be anatomically possible.” You say quickly. Your friends give each other meaningful looks before going to set up on stage.

“You guys are awful.” You mutter following suit.

The band was getting close to the end of their set. There was a good group of people and monsters in tonight so the place was high energy. You pause at the end of your song and take a drink from the water you kept nearby, eyes sweeping over the skeletons seated at one of the tables next to the stage. They all seemed to enjoy the songs, well except Edge, who sat with his arms crossed the entire concert glaring at everything around him. Inwardly shrugging you set your water down and address the audience.

“It’s good to see so many new faces! How are you enjoying the show?” There was a round of cheers.

“Oh good! Well I should warn you, we are quite a group of troublemakers here so watch out.” Some of your regulars laughed or called out at that. You winked and waved at a few before signaling the band to start the next song.

No attorneys

To plead my case

No orbits

To send me into outta space

And my fingers

Are bejeweled

With diamonds and gold

But that ain't gonna help me now

The boys had missed your last concert so you felt it was okay to pull the same thing you did last time and you stepped off of the stage onto their table.

I'm trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I disturb my town

I'm trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I got trouble in my town

You think you're right

But you were wrong

You tried to take me

But I knew all along

You can take me

For a ride

I'm not a fool out

So you better run and hide

Kneeling down you sang directly to the boys, drawing a finger along a jaw line here, lifting a chin to your face there. You even pulled

Papyrus forward by his scarf as you sang the last line before standing and dancing around the table top to the chorus.

I'm trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I got trouble in my town

I'm trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I got trouble in my town

Blaire **(If you see me coming**

Down the street then

You know it's time to go)

And you know it's time to go

'Cause here comes trouble

Hmm. Edge looked like he was trying too hard to hate the concert. Smirking to yourself you danced around the table making sure you ended up in front of him.

No attorneys

To plead my case

No orbits

To send me into outta space

And my fingers

Are bejeweled

With diamonds and gold

But that ain't gonna help me now

You swayed your hips back and forth as you worked your way back down into a kneeling position in front of Edge.

You think your right

But you were wrong

You tried to take me

But I knew all along

You can take me

For a ride

'Cause I'm not a fool out

So you better run and hide

At that you snatched up the wine glass Edge had been nursing and spun out of your crouch to hop back on stage.

I'm trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I disturb my town

I'm trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I got trouble in my town

So if you see me coming

Down the street then

You know it's time to

Go

Blaire **(go-oh-oh..I got)**

Trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I got trouble in my town

I'm trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I got trouble in my town

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I got trouble in my town

I'm trouble

Yeah trouble now

I'm trouble ya'll

I got trouble in my town

I got trouble in my town

I got trouble in my town

You raise Edge's wine glass to the crowd, then drained it.

After your set, the band and you joined the crowd. More than one patron bought everyone drinks and a half an hour later, you were feeling fine. Currently you were sitting on the edge of the skeleton's table in between Sans's and Red's seats trading puns and bad pick up

lines. Stretch had moved over to join. Their brothers had all shuffled over to the other side of the table trying to ignore the jokes.

“RED YOU ARE ACTING REPULSIVE!” Edge had lost it at the last pick up line Red had just delivered.

“Awww Edgy,” Wow you did have quite a bit to drink if that’s what came out of your mouth. “We’re just joking around, come joke with uuus!” You leaned all the way back so you were stretched out across the table on your back looking at the disgruntled three upside down.

“I DO NOT JOKE! IT IS UNCOUTH AND BELOW ME!” You smiled sleepily up at him.

“‘s no problem boss, we’re jus’ jokin’.” Red mumbled.

“WHAT WAS THAT YOU-!” Edge jerked backwards when you tried to poke at his face.

“But Edge, I’m below you right now, s’come have fuuuun.” You slur a bit and reach up, snagging his scarf. Papyrus spoke your name looking worried but the alcohol was clouding your judgment. You tugged on Edge’s scarf trying to get him closer to the group.

Magic sparked around him and you were yanked out of the way of his fist coming down onto the table where your head had previously been.

“what’r ya doin’ doll?” Your head lolled forward. Red had grabbed your leg and pulled you into his lap, away from his brother’s ire. Blinking down at your new position you grinned and poked his cheek bone.

“Geez pointy, if you wanted attention you could’ve just asked.” You vaguely heard an argument starting somewhere behind you and there was a tugging at your sleeve.

“i think it’s time to get you home princess.” Sans spoke in your ear pulling you towards him. You nod and let him pull you from Red’s lap before the world shifted and you were in your room.

Swaying slightly you sat on the edge of your bed. Sans pulled out some pajamas and set them on your lap. He stood with his back to you as you changed and jumped a little when you drape your arms over his shoulders.

“Waz wrong Sansy.” You didn’t like how quiet and unhappy he was

looking

“nothin’s wrong princess, just surprised.”

“‘Bout what?” He sighed.

“‘s nothin’ we can’t talk about when you’re sober.” He turned and helped you settle in bed.

“Then stay with me until I am.” Sans closed his eyes, when he opened them again, you were still looking at him pleadingly. Stars help him.

“ok.”

Chapter End Notes

Sigh drunken reader doesn't make the best decisions. Hopefully that won't come back to bite her.

Have questions or suggestions? Let me know! https://lady-lyrjok.tumblr.com/

Just Can't Get Away From Myself

Chapter Summary

There are cuddles, the boys fiddle, and the machine ends up in the middle.

Chapter Notes

Okay so kind of a short chapter but look! Plot!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans did not sleep that night. Sharing a bed with you was by no means a new thing for him, but the sudden strengthening of your bond over the past week had him fighting to keep his soul from jumping out to you every time you shifted in your sleep.

Stars you were soft, your cheek on his clavicle, face in his neck, legs wound together, your wandering fingers had also found their way under his shirt and latched around his floating ribs. It was going to be a long night.

His phone went off in the early hours of the morning.

carrot stick - some of the machine's display lights have turned on

carrot stick - texted red too

Sans frowned, the machine shouldn't be doing anything. They should have disconnected all power to it after the Swap and Fell clans emerged.

Glancing down he started to disentangle himself from you. Okay, legs free, now just need to pry your hand from his ribs. Your eyes fluttered open as he worked on your grip.

"Sans." your voice is soft and husky with sleep. Sweat starts to run down his face at the sound and his hands fumble with your fingers. Surprisingly you let go and he quickly sits up only to freeze when you tug on his hoodie.

"Don't go… don't... Don't leave me too." Stars that pleading tone sent shivers down his spine. Sans sighed and pulled off his hoodie.

“go back to sleep princess, i’m not goin’ anywhere.” You sighed and curled around his garment, murmuring to yourself. Sans relaxed, apparently you weren’t fully awake.

Pulling out his phone he checked the time and told Stretch that he was on his way. Casting you a regretful look, he teleported to the lab.

Red was already there, pouring over notes and tinkering with wires.

“what’s goin’ on, thought we shut this down.” Sans grumbled shuffling over to inspect the lit display. Stretch cast him a sidelong look before returning to his notes. Red poked his head around the panel he had open.

“well gee classic, did we pull ya away from somethin’ important?” Sans growled and knuckled his eye sockets. He was not in the mood to deal with this. Muttering something about coffee he trudged from the lab. Stretch and Red exchanged looks.

“'e smells like ‘er.” Red grumbled. Stretch shrugged.

“they’ve known each other for years red, what were you expecting?”

“shut it ashtray, jus’ makin’ an observation.”

“it’s affecting you that bad huh.”

“i said shut it.”

Red reached back into the panel and finished gently unscrewing the components holding the disconnect switch. The display light went out once it was free.

“we’re gonna need a new one 'f these.” he said handing the part to Stretch.

“is the plc still working?” Stretch asked before frowning at the switch. “there must have been a huge surge to scorch this the way it is, better check the circuit breaker while you’re in there.” Red nodded and started shuffling wires out of the way.

Some time later Sans had returned with coffee and was looking over his old notes. Stretch and Red just finished putting the replacement switch in.

“plug ‘er in ashtray, we should be good now- shit!” The machine hummed to life and Red snatched his hand from the inside shooting

Stretch a dirty look. He was staring at one of the displays and just pointed to the generator the machine was attached to.

“it was never unplugged red. and you call yourself an engineer.” Red growled but joined him at the displays and began to check functions. They worked in silence for a few minutes before Sans sighed and threw down his notes.

“shut it down guys, we’re off the trail here and i don’t wanna risk another universe.”

“eager ta get back 'n bed with doll face?” Red sneered.

“said i wouldn’t leave is all.” He mumbled fidgeting with his coffee cup. “she doesn’t like being alone if she doesn’t have ta be.”

Red scoffed. “'ow convenient for you.” They glared at each other for a moment. Red’s eyes sockets widened, “ya haven’t done shit with ‘er 'ave ya?” Sans looked away. “ya guys ‘ve been formin’ a bond fer the past two years an' ya ain’t done anythin’?”

“shedoesn’tknowthatthereisabond.”

“come again?” Sans pinched the ridge in between his eye sockets.

“she doesn’t know we have a bond, ‘sides she apparently has one with paps too and… i…” Stretch looked up.

“you know this affects us too right?” He asked, Sans nodded, “and our brothers?” Sans nodded again and let out a tired breath.

“just… lemme explain things to her before you ah, pursue anything.”

“i ain’t waitin’ another two years fer ya ta sack up classic.”

“i’ll talk to her this weekend.”

“you do that.”

“just shut the damn machine down red.”

The second Red disconnected the switch a flash of electricity arced out of the open panel and struck the generator causing the entire room to go black. Three sets of eye lights stared at the machine for a moment before finding each other.

“think we figured out how the switch was damaged.” Stretch

muttered. The distant humming of the back up generator started and the emergency lights blinked on. Sans groaned and pulled out his phone. There was no way he was going to get back to you today now.

Chapter End Notes

Murphy's Law back at it again my dears. o.o

Wanna talk failed engineering? (I don't think Red checked the PLC like requested) there's a tumblr for that https://lady-lyrjok.tumblr.com/

xoxo

From Stable to Stumble

Chapter Summary

It comes back to bite you.

Chapter Notes

I promised more fight scenes, so I wrote another fight scene, did I do a good?

Warning! mild gore near the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You woke up to a slight hangover and an apologetic text from Sans explaining that he had to take off early because of a work emergency. You don't remember everything from the previous evening, but you're pretty sure you had pushed it with one of the boys and Sans had taken you home.

Knuckling your eyes, you squinted at your phone. Why were you awake early on a Thursday again? Oh right, you had reserved a sparring room for you and Edge.

Grand.

A quick breakfast and a fifteen minute ride later, you were stretching in an empty sparring room. Would he even show? Sure he seemed to enjoy the last match, but he had been rather sour towards you at all other times this week. Oh well, you guessed you could text one or both of the twins to come join you for a yoga session or something if he didn't show up in the next few minutes.

Someone please show up.

You started to cross the room for your phone just as the door was slammed open and Edge strode in. Oh thank the stars. Altering your course, you went to greet him only to swerve awkwardly to the left to avoid the bone flying towards you.

"What the hell dude!"

"DRAW YOUR WEAPON WHELP! THERE IS NO ONE HERE TO GET IN OUR WAY THIS TIME!" The rapier was in his hand, shit he wanted

a real fight.

You looked around frantically, the weapon he was referring to was probably your knife but that was in your gym bag in a locker. Plus he had a freaking sword, your little knife wasn't going to help you any against that.

"Edge this is a training room, there are no magical weapons allowed here."

"BAH! I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER THE CREAM PUFF SUMMONING HIS PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A WEAPON AGAINST YOU LAST TIME!" Damn, he's got you there.

"You have a sword dude, anything I use is gonna get damaged."

"CEASE YOUR EXCUSES! DRAW YOUR WEAPON OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!"

He began to advance.

You bolted for the door.

Unfortunately you had to get around him in order to get there. Edge seemed to effortlessly intercept your path, rapier extended to the side so you couldn't side step him. You ducked in the other direction. He grabbed your wrist and twisted.

Ow, fuck.

With your arm now behind your back, you were facing away from Edge. His voice was suddenly in your ear, low and predatory.

"I Wouldn't Suggest Running Kitten." You sucked in a breath and something other than fear ran down your spine.

"Now," His breath was hot against your neck.

"Draw." The rapier was gone, his hand was on your back.

"Your." He released your wrist.

"Weapon." He pushed you hard, and you stumbled forward into the training weapons rack.

You fumbled around for a moment before seizing the closest item and pulled it free of the racking. Huh, a wooden training sword, how

fitting. Grasping it with two hands you spun around.

Edge was standing in the middle of the room smirking at you. Afraid to take your eyes off of him, you began to inch away from the wall in a diagonal direction towards the exit. Edge watched your slow progress until you were about halfway there.

In a flourish he summoned his rapier and launched himself at you. Damn he was fast, much faster than the last time the two of you fought, had he been going easy on you?

Bringing your sword up you deflected the attack. Adrenaline roaring in your ears you swung for his shoulder. He batted away your attack and lashed out with his foot. You ducked.

Thrust.

Parry.

Your fist connected with his chest. Ow, that is real armor. You dropped and rolled away from him, just barely managing to regain your feet before his weapon could skewer your calf.

The next few seconds seemed to last an eternity. You had regained your balance and started to turn back to Edge. He was much closer than you had anticipated. Reaching out, his hand collided with your chest pushing you away. As your momentum carried you backward he made a grasping motion. There was a slight tugging sensation then your soul left your chest without much fuss. Your eyes widened as the training room faded into pale tones.

Hitting the ground you rolled into a crouch and looked up at the vibrant, almost ethereal giant of a skeleton. His eye lights were bright, almost manic, cheek bones flushed a light red, his grin was almost gleeful. His body language was still highly predatory as he stalked back and forth in front of your soul, completely ignoring it. His eye lights instead bored into yours.

He had pulled you into another encounter, why wasn't he attacking? Oh right, taking turns and all that.

ACT: Talk

"You've made your point Edge, you're better than me. Can we just, I don't know, have a regular non-lethal sparring match?"

You were breathing heavily and this brief pause made you realize how much your wrist was hurting from before. Edge scoffed then lunged forward swinging his weapon in a series of strikes and jabs. Luckily you were far enough away to just dodge most of them without needing to block with your training sword.

ACT: Talk

“What are you trying to prove man? I get it, you’re big and scary! Let’s move on!” More jabs and strikes.

ACT: Talk

“What do you want Edge?!” This time a fist came flying for your face. You leaned to the side only to have his other fist bury itself in your gut.

Oof. Crumpling, you rolled onto your side unintentionally avoiding having his foot pin you to the matted floor.

It appears that talking will do you no good here

You groaned and retrieved the training sword you had dropped when you fell. Okay, fine.

FIGHT

Regaining your breath, you attacked. Edge had apparently expected you to ACT again and didn’t get his weapon up in time to deflect your sword from colliding with his sternum.

There was no real damage as you were using a wooden training sword and it wasn’t actually sharp, but it was fairly hefty and you managed to push him back a bit. He looked at you in shock for a second. Then his sharp mouth twisted into a vicious grin.

High swing, block.

Thrust, parry.

Diagonal swing, dodge.

Right strike, parry.

FIGHT

FIGHT

FIGHT

Your arms ached, sweat beaded at your forehead, and your legs were starting to resent supporting your weight.

Edge's rapier sliced downward diagonally. You stepped back and weakly prevented the blade from cutting through your workout top. He spun and struck from the other direction, you stepped back again.

Pain ripped across your left shoulder. Crying out, you dropped your sword and clutched at the deep laceration as you fell back against the wall. Blood seeped between your fingers and ran down your arm as you blindly attempted to hold the separated skin and muscle together.

ACT: Plead

"Edge!! Please… please stop! You win. Just. Please, I'm done." You cringed away from his raised rapier, releasing your wound to cover your face as you curled in on yourself.

Nothing happened.

Peeking out from behind your fingers, Edge was frozen. His eye lights were locked on your soul which had come in close to you in your defensive position. You returned pressure to the oozing gash in your shoulder and his gaze moved to your face, then your injury.

The rapier disappeared. Edge tentatively reached for you but stopped short before contact was made.

"E-edge?" His face turned to you but his eye lights had moved back to your soul.

Edge is sparing you

Tears pricked at the corners of your eyes as your soul returned and color bled back into the world, you were weak with exhaustion and relief. Sharp fingers prodded at the pain in your shoulder but you pushed them away. Everything hurt, maybe you could just rest for a bit.

Someone was lifting you, applying pressure to your arm and murmuring your name and apologies. Resting your head against your captor's shoulder you allowed yourself to be moved. You had no mental power to process what just happened, so you closed your eyes and curled into the warmth that was holding you.

Chapter End Notes

My brain: Write a fluffy story! Cuddles and kisses for everyone!
Also my brain: Make it hurt. Break them and make them bleed.

Guess we're gonna do a bit of both in this fic.

xoxo

You Say I Would Make a Better Liar

Chapter Summary

> You try to make sense of what just happened without drawing too much attention to yourself

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Soft sunlight bathed your cheek and silky sheets wrapped around your form, that's pleasant. You attempted to roll over, that was unpleasant. Your muscles protested the movement and there was a twinge in your shoulder. Groaning you blindly assessed your most painful spots.

A large bandage wrapped around your upper arm and over your shoulder. Your wrist was tender, probably bruised, everything else just hurt from exertion. Something shifted to your right. Cracking an eye open you found yourself not in your room. Opening both eyes you took a quick survey of the surroundings.

The room was sparse, you recognized it as one of the spare rooms in Sans and Papyrus's house. There was a chest at the foot of the bed you were in, a few posters of a four armed robot on the walls, a small bookshelf, dark curtains partially closed over the window, Edge sitting at a neat desk reading a book...

EDGE.

A wave of adrenaline hit you and you subtly checked yourself again. You weren't tied down or restrained in any other way, that's good. The door leading out was closed, you stared at it, willing it to tell you if it was locked or not.

You tensed up at the sound of a book closing and being set down. Edge's form appeared in your peripheral. Heart hammering in your chest, you turned your head to look at him. His face was unreadable, he just stared down at you, hands balled into fists at his sides.

"I'M… NOT ACCUSTOMED TO YOUR SURFACE SPARRING." You sat up ignoring your sore muscles. There was some pulling in your injury, where those stitches?! Anger began taking over where your fear had been.

“Not accustomed?! Do you even hear yourself?! In what world does sparring mean life and death!” His face twisted into something between anger and guilt as you continued. “You didn’t try that in the match we had before, what the fuck happened?”

“I DIDN’T WANT THE CREAM PUFF TO INTERFERE! AND YOU WERE THE ONE PUSHING ME LAST NIGHT SO YOU SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED RETALIATION!”

You had what... Oooh, so he was the one you had pissed off after your show last night. You rub your temples, a headache was starting to brew. Did you do something that bad to make him want to kill you? The first match had been a breeze compared to what just happened.

“So you held back because you knew if you fought like you just did, Papyrus would jump in?” That was a start.

“YES! DID YOU NOT PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT I JUST SAID!”

“And the fact that I apparently ticked you off yesterday has nothing to do with why there are now stitches in me?”

“I DIDN-... INJURY IS ALWAYS A POSSIBILITY HUMAN.” Wow, okay that didn’t really answer your question but what the actual fuck?

“So you were aware that you could have killed me, but did it anyway because no one was watching you!?” Edge was silent for a moment.

“I WILL ADMIT, I GOT CARRIED AWAY. HOWEVER, OUR DUEL WAS RATHER TAME BY MY STANDARDS.”

Carried away?

Tame?!

You wanted to slap that sharp face if you could get away with it.

“You. Assaulted. Me.” You punctuated each word by jabbing your finger at him then yourself.

“You pulled me into an encounter. AGAIN. And all you say is ‘it could have been worse for you’? What twisted world do you live in that that is okay?!” Edge tensed up. You scooted back slightly as he marched up to the bed and bent down so he was right in your face.

“YOU KNOW NOTHING OF MY WORLD HUMAN, FELL CLAN DOESN’T HAIL FROM SOME SOFT UNDERGROUND LIKE THE

OTHERS. ANY WEAKNESS SHOWN IS EXPLOITED! EXTORTION IS A WAY OF LIFE! IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED!" That was... new information.

"But you're not there anymore Edge, w-"

"WE'VE BEEN HERE TWO WEEKS!" Edge straitened and returned to the chair he had been sitting in earlier, crossing his arms and glaring at you.

Shit, he was right. You had grown so used to the constant company of skeletons over the years that it seemed like Edge and the others had only moved in from another part of town, not just surfacing from the underground. Thinking back you recalled many things that Sans and Papyrus had thought of as normal or okay until you had helped them to adjust.

Not that you were going to pretend like Edge didn't slice you open or anything, but being mad and pushing him away was not going to teach him to not do it again. Taking a deep breath you worked on calming yourself.

"You're right, adjusting to life up here can be difficult. That being said. Lesson number one, sparring is just practice, not life and death. It's a teaching tool, not a battle ground." Edge's glare softened but didn't completely go. You climbed out of the bed and tentatively approached him.

"Hey, let's call a mulligan okay?" He just stared.

"Um, do over?" Comprehension crossed his face before returning to his resting scowl, eye lights searching your face for a trick or sign of a lie. Not finding any he shut his eyes and extended a hand. There was only a moment of hesitation in you before accepting it.

More gently that you thought him capable of, Edge pulled you forward and inspected your bruised wrist in his grasp. Nodding to himself he dropped it and delicately placed his hands on your wrapped arm and shoulder, a soft green glow emanated from his palms. You recognized this as healing magic. Papyrus had healed many minor injuries of yours over the years after all.

Edge's healing was different though, it was tingly and warm like Papyrus's but more tentative and uncertain. The effect didn't feel immediate either, more exploratory as his magic encased your injury and sunk in.

Once it faded, he pulled away the bandage. It wasn't completely healed, the cut was still there just more closed and older looking as if the injury happened a while ago. Next he pulled a monster candy out of his pocket and handed it to you.

You wordlessly popped it into your mouth and let the sweet do it's work. The tingling sensation returned and you sighed as the aches faded some. Edge had opened up a first aid kit and proceeded to remove the stitches. His hands were deft as they tended to you.

Finishing his task, he took up your bruised hand again in both of his. His eye lights remained on your shoulder for a moment. His face was a tangle of emotions that you had no idea how to interpret. You wanted to say something, anything. Before you could formulate words, there was a knock at the door.

"'ey boss, ya comin' down fer dinner?" Dinner? How long had you been passed out in his bed?

"Edge, what time is it? I have work tonight!"

"boss?"

"RELAX, I TOLD YOUR MANAGER THAT WERE GOING TO BE ABSENT."

Edge had spoken to your boss, he *told* Oliver that you were not coming in. That was going to be an interesting conversation to hear about.

"boss who're ya-" Red had opened the door to find you standing very close to his brother who was holding one of your hands with both of his. Edge dropped your hand like a hot iron and shoved you backwards as he stood.

"DO NOT EXPECT THIS TO HAPPEN AGAIN WHELP!" You blinked at his one-eighty and fumbled as he tossed your phone and keys at you. "NOW GET OUT OF MY ROOM!"

"Is my motorcy-"

"I SAID GET OUT!" Okay then.

You made your way past a frozen Red and hurried down the hall. Halfway down the stairs you bumped into Blue.

“MAIDEN! I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE HERE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN US FOR DINNER?” Oh sweet Blue, you wanted to say yes but you needed to figure out if your motorcycle was here or still at the gym with the rest of your stuff. Or at least that’s where you thought your stuff was, Edge had only given you back your phone and keys.

“Uh, sorry Blue I actually need to get going.” Oh no, he’s giving you puppy eyes. “Next time okay? I promise.” He nods sadly but lets you by, good.

“MAIDEN?”

“Hmm?” You turn around with a smile.

“WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHOULDER?” Your smile becomes forced.

“Oh, this? I’ve had it for a while. Uh got cut working on my bike last week.” Blue’s eyes flicked past you before staring at you a moment longer, thankfully he nodded.

“AS LONG AS YOU’RE OKAY.” He abruptly turned and continued up the stairs. Cool, motorcycle injury was plausible. Reaching the bottom of the stairs you collided with an orange wall.

“what day did you say you got that?”

Stretch? Were you going to run into every skeleton on earth before getting home?

“It just happened last week, I work on my bike a lot.”

“cuz i don’t recall you being injured when we went out to brunch honey.” You narrowed your eyes at his casual stare.

“Must have happened yesterday then.”

“who hurt you.” That was not a question.

“Why are you assuming someone hurt me? I said I got it working on my bike.” Stretch snagged your arm and held your partially healed wrist in front of your face.

“funny injury for working on a bike.” Footsteps could be heard coming down the stairs. Stretch’s gaze passed over whoever was behind you before dropping your arm.

“Stretch, I’m okay.”

“red or edge.” Again, not a question.

“Neither.” His eye sockets narrowed slightly. You stared back. He turned his gaze to just over your head. Curious, you turned and followed his line of sight.

Red, Edge, and Blue were all at the base of the stairs. Red was sweating awkwardly into his parka, Edge was casting you furtive glances in between giving Red angry looks, and Blue was wringing his hands looking between you and the dark duo. Great, they both looked guilty.

Shaking your head you turned away from them. Stretch was gone, oh well, must have bought your excuse too. Quickly making your way outside before you encountered any more skeletons, you surmised your bike was most likely still at the gym.

Did that mean Edge had carried your passed out bleeding body back to the house in the middle of the day? How did he get past the front desk? Questions for another day.

You started walking into town, it wasn’t too far, only a ten minute walk from the skele household and it was staying light out longer as summer had just started.

Halfway through the walk your muscles decided to remind you that you had in fact been in an intense fight that morning and one stress induced nap and a single monster candy wasn’t going to fix it. Groaning you paused at a stop sign and attempted to stretch out your legs.

“what’s got you all bent out of shape honey?” You almost fell over at the voice next to you.

“Stars, Stretch! You scared me!” Placing your hand on your chest you tried to ease your breathing. “Shouldn’t you be at dinner?”

Stretch shrugged. “not hungry.” He pulled out a sucker and placed it between his teeth. You rolled your eyes and started back down the road.

“No wonder you’re all bone sweet tooth, I’ve only ever seen you eat suckers and drink honey.” He chuckled at that and fell in step beside you.

“believe me honey, i have quite an appetite.” You cast him a sideways glance. “like right now i have a hankerin’ to figure out why you were lying to me about who hurt you.” You stumbled a bit in your surprise, Stretch casually watched you recover.

“Gee Marston, could you be more pushy?” He stared at you, not getting the nickname. You shook your head and kept walking. Thankfully he stayed quiet and didn’t press the issue.

Stretch accompanied you all the way back to the gym. You even had to shoo him out to wait by your bike while you went to retrieve your belongings from your locker and change into your riding gear.

“you okay to ride?” he was hovering nearby as you stowed your belongings in the saddlebags. You nod and pull out your helmet.

“hey,” a gentle hand touched your arm.

“look honey, whatever is going on just know that you can come to me, with anything.” Setting your helmet down you turned and looked into his anxious eyes. A small smile tugged at the edges of your mouth and you pulled him into a hug.

“Thank you.” You murmur into his hoodie. Slowly his arms wrap around you until you are completely enveloped in his smoky sweet embrace. You feel him nod against the top of your head.

After a few moments you pull away and Stretch allows you to put on your helmet and get on your bike. He raises a hand in farewell as you take off down the road on your way to a hot bath and bed.

Chapter End Notes

> Soo progress with Edge? Maybe? We'll see if you ever decide you want to spar with him again.
>
> Tell me if you want that!
>
> Also Stretch is my boi, my worried protective boi.
>
> Anyone who can tell me what the Marston nickname is all about will earn an early chapter release for everyone! https://lady-lyrjok.tumblr.com/

Shooting Star

Chapter Summary

Some sweet skeletons try their hand at performing.

Chapter Notes

This early chapter is brought to you by LDAS. Who identified the man behind the Marston nickname!

Dr. William Marston is who we were looking for. In short he was the guy who constructed the first polygraph (lie detector). Our tall orange boy is basically a walking polygraph, lies can't get by him.

Now! Onwards to a fun music chapter.
Song is: Shooting Star by Owl City

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So he *calls* Oliver and just demands that I have the night off.”

You were sitting at your kitchen table eating breakfast with Blaire recounting most of yesterday’s events. Omitting the injury inducing parts of your sparring with Edge of course, you decided longer sleeved shirts were going to be a thing until your shoulder injury faded. Blaire shakes her head laughing.

“Sounds like I’m leaving you in some relatively capable hands.” You roll your eyes and sip at your coffee.

“I don’t know B, I feel like I need you around to balance out the sheer amount of skeletal malarkey I put up with.” You grin at each other and finish eating. Blaire had taken the day off of work and the two of you had planned to spend time together at the mall before your shift.

Perusing through a rack of graphic tees, the two of you were choosing out some new clothes to go with her to college. Pulling out a ‘Crit happens’ fitted tee and adding it to the others hanging along your arm you look around searching for your friend. You found her looking at the jewelry.

“Find anything?” You ask.

“Mmm, not for me love. But!” She held out a necklace to you. Raising an eyebrow you looked at the pendant. It was a silver heart outline with five black stones going up the left side. The right half of the heart was partially made from the profile of a skull, the cheekbone extended into the heart’s center.

“Skull jewelry B?”

“What. I’m leaving you with a half-dozen skeletons, all of whom I’m pretty sure would like to jump *your* bones.” You roll your eyes, “Oh come on love, you can’t say you haven’t thought about it.” She wagged her eyebrows at you and held up the necklace again. “My treat ~.” You let out a laugh and swatted at her hand.

“Only because you’re buying babe.” She pumped her fist victoriously. You rolled your eyes and dropped the shirts you were carrying into her arms. “Anyhoo, I have a bunch of stuff for you to try, now get your ass into those changing rooms.”

The rest of the morning was spent cuddling together on your couch altering some of the clothes and watching some romcom Blaire was into. Stars you were going to miss her.

Two o’clock rolled around too soon and you had to start your shift at the Crown. It wasn’t all bad though, it was open mic night. Some people sang, some played an instrument, others used the bar’s speakers to sing karaoke, it was always a good time.

As the evening rolled around you helped set up the stage and put out the sign up list for performers. Stretch stopped in early on and sat quietly at the bar texting. Blue and Papyrus arrived closer to performance time and signed their names on the sheet. Looks like they will be performing together! Sans had texted you saying that he was working late and both Red and Edge seemed to have decided they didn’t want to come tonight.

“Good evening everyone! Are you ready for some music?” A round of applause and cheers came from the crowd. “Alright! Looks like our first performance is from a David Healy.” More applause as you hopped off of the stage and a young man with a guitar walked on waving. As he started playing you stopped by your sweet skeleton’s table.

“Hey guys!”

“HELLO MAIDEN! I AM EXCITED FOR YOU TO SEE OUR SONG!” He

had stars in his eyes, how cute.

“Can’t wait to hear it Blue.” You gave him a side hug then reached for Papyrus.

“Hey sugar skull, if feels like I haven’t seen you in ages.” Papyrus returned your hug from his seat and you gave him a quick peck on top of his skull.

“We saw each other on Wednesday my dear.”

“I know, it just feels longer.” Briefly resting your cheek on his skull you listen to the acoustic music. “I gotta get back to work, but let me know if you guys need something.” You gave Papyrus another squeeze and rubbed the top of Blue’s head on your way back to the bar.

“You doing okay there sweet tooth?” You slid a bottle of honey to Stretch who was frowning at his phone. He didn’t respond, just continued to tap away.

“Stretch?” Still no response. Frowning slightly you left him to it to go announce the next performer.

After five songs, it was finally Blue and Papyrus’s turn. Papyrus set up his keyboard and Blue took up the microphone. The shorter skeleton was practically vibrating in excitement to sing. You quickly introduced them and the cover song then hopped down to join Stretch who had finally looked up from his phone to give his brother his undivided attention. Papyrus made a few adjustments to his keyboard and began to play. Once he started up the beat, Blue began to sing.

Close your tired eyes, relax and then

Count from 1 to 10 and open them

All these heavy thoughts will try to weigh you down, but not this time

Way up in the air, you're finally free

And you can stay up there, right next to me

All this gravity will try to pull you down, but not this time

As the chorus started, Blue’s eye lights shifted into large blue stars that glowed joyously as he sang.

When the sun goes down, and the lights burn out

Then it's time for you to shine

Brighter than a shooting star, so shine no matter where you are

Fill the darkest night, with a brilliant light

cuz it's time for you to shine

Brighter than a shooting star, so shine no matter where you are tonight

Woah, woah, woah

Brighter than a shooting star

Shine no matter where you are, tonight

Blinking quickly his eye lights returned to little pin pricks, though they were just as bright.

Gaze into my eyes, when the fire starts

And fan the flame so hot, it melts our hearts

All the pouring rain, will try to put it out, but not this time

Let your colors burn, and brightly burst

Into a million sparks, but all dispersed

And illuminate a world that'll try to bring you down, but not this time

When the sun goes down, and the lights burn out

Then it's time for you to shine

Brighter than a shooting star, so shine no matter where you are

Fill the darkest night, with a brilliant light

cuz it's time for you to shine

Brighter than a shooting star, so shine no matter where you are

tonight

Woah, woah, woah

Brighter than a shooting star

Shine no matter where you are, tonight

A thousand heartbeats beat in time

And makes this dark planet come alive

So when the lights flicker out tonight, you gotta shine

When the sun goes down, and the lights burn out

Then it's time for you to shine

Brighter than a shooting star, so shine no matter where you are

Fill the darkest night, with a brilliant light

cuz it's time for you to shine

Brighter than a shooting star, so shine no matter where you are tonight

Woah, woah, woah

Brighter than a shooting star

Shine no matter where you are, tonight!

You clapped and whistled along with the rest of the bar. Papyrus broke down his instrument and they both came bouncing over to you and Stretch.

“You guys sounded so good! Blue I didn’t know you sang!” You hugged the both of them placing kisses on their skulls making them glow softly at your affection and praise. Stretch chuckled and draped his arms around your shoulders when you let go of his brother.

“sounded good bro.” Blue puffed out his chest and posed.

“MWEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE THE MAGNIFICENT BLUE HAS MANY TALENTS!” You smiled and patted at Stretch’s arms. You needed to go announce the next performer.

“I’ll get you boys something special to drink here in a minute.” The next performer was a bunny monster from the Swap clan.

Rounding the bar you pulled out your shaker and raised your eyebrows at your friends. “What’ll it be boys, first drink on me!” Stretch picked up his honey and took a sip.

“i’m not sure you want this on you honey, but if you insist.” He pointed the tip of the bottle at you and winked. Laughing you pushed the bottle away and turned your attention to his brother and Papyrus.

“I’ll have my usual my dear.”

“AND I WOULD LIKE ANYTHING WITH YOUR HUMAN ALCOHOL IN IT!” You glance over at Stretch who shrugs and pulls out his phone again. Okay, bartender’s choice then.

Papyrus’s drink was simple. Pulling out a rocks glass you filled it with ice cubes, then did the same with your shaker. Filling it with orange juice and a double shot of Admiral Nelson’s 101 proof Spiced rum, you shook it up and strained the mixture into the rocks glass. Orange slice for garnish and you slid it over to Papyrus. He raised it in thanks and took a sip.

You just shook your head, that was a strong drink. The ones you mixed for Papyrus actually had one more part rum than the original recipe called for, but alcohol seemed to not affect your tall friend. Sans also had a relatively high alcohol tolerance but he at least got drunk, Papyrus didn’t even get tipsy and you had tried everything you could think of to find his limit.

Turning to Blue you regarded him for a moment. You wanted to make him something sweet like he was but not too much because he already had so much energy. And blue, it had to be a blue drink.

Pulling out a highball glass you filled it with ice. One part vodka, one part blue curacao. Stirring it you filled the rest of the glass with lemonade. Finally you dropped a cherry in and placed a lemon slice on the rim.

“I give you a Blue Lagoon!” Blue took the drink and sipped it. His eye lights turned back into stars and looked up at you.

“IT’S DELICIOUS MAIDEN!” You smiled and nodded.

“Glad you approve. Next time I’ll have to make you a Shooting Star.” He nodded enthusiastically and turned to his brother to show him his drink. Stretch was once again distracted by his phone but he paused to comment on the drink before standing.

“sorry guys, but i gotta run.” You snag his honey bottle from him.

“I don’t think you have run a day in your life Stretch.” That got him to smile.

“lucky for me, i know some great shortcuts.” Blue and Papyrus both roll their eye lights and pretended to not be listening.

“That must be a *run* derful life.” The eye rolling turned into grumbles.

“i take it in stride.”

“MWEH!”

“NYEH!” Both Papyrus and Blue glare over at you and Stretch before picking up their drinks and going back to their table. You start to laugh and wave off a snickering Stretch.

“Get out of here sweet tooth.” He sent you a lazy salute then blipped out of existence. Smiling softly to yourself you went about your job.

One of the servers had taken over announcing the rest of the performers so you could focus on getting drinks out to the sizable crowd. Open mic night was always a good time.

Chapter End Notes

Who's ready?

I'm the Queen of Second Chancin'

Chapter Summary

You have been summoned to the skele household for reasons.

Chapter Notes

Gah! Posting a bit late but here is the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansy - knock knock

You - Who's there?

Sansy - norma-lee

You - Norma-lee who?

Sansy - norma-lee i wouldn't ask but can you come to the house

You - Of course! lemme get dressed.

Sansy - heh, probably a good idea

Throwing on a loose t-shirt, a pair of shorts, and your flip flops, you donned the hoodie Sans had left with you earlier in the week.

"Blaire?!" Her response came from her room. Peeking in you found her sitting on the floor surrounded by half full moving boxes. "Hey love, I've been summoned to the skele house, will you be okay packing by yourself?" She nods and reached over to her bedside table.

"You gotta wear this if you're going to see your skelebeas." Ah. The heart necklace from your shopping trip yesterday. You sighed but turned around to let Blaire clasp it around your neck. "There, now you can watch them squirm as they try to figure out why you are wearing this." You turn back around and laugh at her evil grin.

"You're terrible."

"I know. Now go get 'em." She drew you into a hug then shooed you out the door.

It was a nice day out so you decide to walk. Arriving at the skeleton's

front door only slightly sweaty from wearing a hoodie in summer, you were wholly unprepared to be tackled by Blue the second you opened the door. Luckily you weren't sent to the hard concrete, just weirdly hoisted into the air by the shorter skeleton and toted inside.

"I HAVE CAPTURED THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN! MWEH HEH HEH!" Blue was charging through the house at a terrifying speed considering you were awkwardly folded over his shoulder. Skidding to a halt in the lounge you were suddenly lifted again and deposited on one of the couches next to Red. Stretch settled on your other side, apparently he was the one to remove you from Blue's clutches.

"sorry bro, looks like the maiden has been brought to another castle." Red leaned his head against your shoulder and Stretch draped his arm behind your head. Blue stomped his foot and opened his mouth to yell but was cut off by Edge and Papyrus walking in.

Edge sat in an armchair folding his arms over his chest and glaring towards the doorway. Papyrus gently urged Blue to take a seat then turned to you.

"Thank you for coming over my dear we all agreed that you should be here for this." You blinked at him.

"I should be here for what?" The boys on either side of you shifted.

"Well you see, considering how last time was rather ah, unexpected," Papyrus's eye lights cut to Edge who humphed. "We thought it would be better to prepare you to be introduced to new guests."

New guests? Who were you meeting that everyone was either looking angry or tense about? Curiosity piqued, you simply nod at Papyrus who turns and marches out of the room. It was quiet except for the steady thump of Edge's foot on the carpet.

Well this was less than fun, and very quickly becoming suffocating. You suck in a breath to break the silence when Papyrus returned followed by two skeletons you had never seen before and Sans bringing up the rear.

He looked like he hadn't slept in a while and without his hoodie he just looked smaller than usual. Your heart went out to him. Papyrus cleared his non existent throat and said your name drawing your attention back to him and the newcomers.

"As you can see another clan has emerged from the mountain. This is

Black and his brother Mutt." Your eyes follow Papyrus's gestures.

The shorter one who was referred to as Black raised his chin so he could look as if he was looking down at you. He reminded you very much of Edge down to the scars crossing his eye. The only differences in appearance was his height, his facial structure was closer to Blue's, and he wore black shorts instead of long leather pants in the purple and black ensemble he was sporting.

His brother, who stood stoically behind him, wore faded jeans over trainers, an orange turtle neck under a collar, an open black zip up duster with fluffy fur around the hood and fingerless gloves. Similar to Red he had a gold tooth. His piercing blood orange eye lights were boring into you. You tried to stare back but quickly broke eye contact.

"THIS IS THE WENCH YOU SEQUESTERED US AWAY FOR!?"

Okay one: wench? And two: damn his voice was loud.

One of Red's arms snaked around yours and squeezed. You squeezed back as Black marched forward and leaned over you, vibrant purple eye lights tracing over your body. Both Stretch and Red leaned in thoroughly squishing you between them. Black straightened and turned back to Papyrus and Sans.

"I WILL ACCEPT IT. MUTT! FETCH!"

Mutt moved towards you. Edge sprang to his feet putting himself in between your couch and Mutt.

"ABSOLUTELY NOT!" More than one set of brow bones raised at his sudden protective demeanor.

"she doesn' belong to ya man." Red growled from your side. Black scoffed as he looked over Red skeptically.

"WELL SHE OBVIOUSLY CAN'T BELONG TO YOU." You open your mouth to speak only to have Blue jump in.

"MAIDEN IS ALL OF OURS!" You gape at him.

"What-"

Black burst out laughing. Mutt's eyes drift down to your collar bones, then back up to your face from around Edge's shoulder. His staring was starting to weird you out. Sans stepped up looking incredibly

uncomfortable.

“uh, she doesn’t belong to anybody blue.”

“BUT WHAT ABOUT OU-”

“**b l u e.**”

Stretch tensed up beside you “don’t talk to my bro like that classic.”

“we’re not discussing this right now stretch.”

“it’s the weekend. you said-”

“i know what i said. just, not this second.” Sans and Stretch glared daggers at the other. Red was sweating nervously beside you and Black was still laughing.

Untangling yourself from the others you stand and walk up behind Edge. He glances down at you then smirks at Mutt when you don’t move out from behind him.

Not that you didn’t think anyone else in the room would attempt to help if the newcomers decided to grab you, you just had experienced Edge’s fighting first hand and was confident in his ability to fend off the tiny tyrant and mr-stares-a-lot over there.

“Look guys, I don’t know what is happening right now but I don’t belong to anyone. Um, I’m flattered? But here on the surface ownership of another person is kind of illegal.” Black stopped laughing and closed the distance between you and him.

“OH REALLY? THEN WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT CRUDE COLLAR?” He reached up and plucked the chain holding your necklace up so he could hold the heart in his palm. “THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A MARK OF OWNERSHIP WENCH.”

The sudden magic in the air was so thick you felt like you were about to be struck by lightning. Hoo boy, Blaire had wanted them to squirm, but this was over the top.

“Uh, it’s just a necklace Black.”

“REALLY? THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT COMING WITH ME AND BEING MY SLAVE!” He dropped the chain and stepped back smiling like that was the most sane and logical conclusion.

“Again, ownership is illegal here Black. And even if it wasn’t, I’d pass.” Black smirked at you.

“YOU WILL COME AROUND WENCH.” His eye lights traveled over you again then he abruptly turned and swept out of the room calling for his brother to follow. Mutt cast you one last look as well before slouching out. The hum of magic in the air lessened but did not completely dissipate.

You looked at Papyrus who was wringing his hands and gazing through the doorway the other two had left through.

“Well I for one think that went miles better than when I met you lot.” All eyes were on you. “I mean for one I wasn’t knocked to the floor or pulled into an encounter.”

Silence.

“What, that’s not funny yet? Yeesh okay well, I’ma go, you guys seem to have a handful here and I don’t really want to get in your way.” Sans stepped forward and spoke your name. Oh thank the stars, someone other than you was talking.

“could ya actually come with me for a minute?” Stretch and Red both shifted behind you. “i know we’ve already sprung a bunch of stuff on you but there’s something I’ve been meanin’ to talk to you about.”

“we’re all 'ere classic, we should *all* talk now.” Red’s gruff voice sounded much closer behind you, he must have stood up

“no red, we’re going to have this conversation separately.”

A growl began to build in Red’s chest. Making a quick decision, you slipped out from behind Edge and joined Sans. You missed the grateful look on his face as well as the hurt one on Red’s.

“Hopefully this will be fast so, we’ll go talk,” you gestured between yourself and Sans, “Then we can all order a pizza and watch a movie or something yea?”

Blue and Papyrus nodded happily, Edge let out a loud breath and walked out. Red had sat back down and was refusing to make eye contact, and Stretch was staring hard at you. He nodded though and fished out his cigarettes.

Okay, that’s settled. Looking at Sans he looped his arm through yours

and you were suddenly in his room. Sans immediately let go of you and stepped away, that was weird.

“Sans? What did you need to talk to me about?”

Chapter End Notes

Yay! All of our skeletons are here now!
Well the main ones at least, more on that later.

Sideish note: I will be writing POV shorts for this story and posting them to my Tumblr for now, possibly here as well if there is enough interest in them.
So if you have been interested in what is going through any of our boy's skulls in any chapter, let me know and I'll do my best to enlighten everyone.
Look for Buried in Bones shorts! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

xoxo

Don't Pull Away From Me Now

Chapter Summary

Sans reveals some things about your soul.

Chapter Notes

I just have to say that I absolutely adore each and every one of you.

Work has gone from 0 to 100 in a matter of weeks but reading your comments and seeing everyone enjoying my little story genuinely makes it easier to bust everything out everyday. ^_^

Stay shiny friends!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sans?” He wasn’t looking at you. Why wasn’t he looking at you? “What did you need to talk to me about?” Sans shuffled over to his mess of a bed and sat down with a sigh. Quickly crossing the room you knelt down in front of him placing your hands on either side of his skull trying to get eye contact.

“What’s wrong? Are you having nightmares again? Is it because of all the guys in the house? Please talk to me.” Warm phalanges curl around your fingers pulling them away from his face. He clasped your hands in his and looked at you with a strained smile.

“s’just things are getting more complicated every day.”

“Things?”

“world things, house things, us things.” Sans began to gesture vaguely around him and you frowned.

“Wait, us things? Did I-?” He looked up at you suddenly.

“no! you haven't done anything princess.”

“Then what’s bothering you?” He squeezed your hands and took a deep breath.

“do you remember a while ago when i was askin’ about your soul tuggin’?” You nod. “i never got to tell you why that is.” Another deep

breath.

“see, we have what’s called a soul bond.” You just stared for a second.

“Okaaay.”

“okay?”

“... Yea, you’re gonna need to expand on that statement.” Sans let out a bark of laughter.

“stars princess, i thought you were just acceptin’ this without any explanation or anything.” You smiled weakly.

“Are you going to explain though? Because from what I understand of monster culture, souls are a big deal and a soul bond sounds serious.” He nods and pulls you around to sit next to him on the mattress.

“it may be easier to show you what it is but…” he rubs at the back of his skull. “i’ll um, need to pull your soul out.”

You hesitated, your soul had been pulled from you twice already these past few weeks. Though neither occasions were for friendly reasons. What Sans was asking you for was extremely intimate, he wasn’t asking to pull you into an encounter.

However, you had known Sans for a long time and he had always been upfront with your questions and concerns, and whatever he was talking about right now was obviously extremely important to him. Taking a deep breath you nod slowly. He looked surprised for a second, then also nodded.

Sans made a gentle ‘come here’ motion with his hand and after a slight tugging sensation, your soul popped out of your chest to float serenely between you two. You noticed that the colors around you didn’t fade this time but Sans still became more vibrant to your eyes. He picked up your hands and cupped them closer to your body, the little green heart floated to your hands and stayed just above your palms.

“kindness.” he murmured, and a soft smile grew on his face. “i knew it was kindness.”

“Sans?” he hummed softly at your question. “Explanation?” He blinked then shook himself slightly. With his hands still cupped around yours, he raised them and your soul up so they were closer to

your faces.

“right. so as ya know human souls are colored with their strongest trait.” You nod then frown a bit. Your soul was mostly green yes, but there were two rivers of color snaking through it as well. Sans seemed to notice your concern over them.

“those other colors are our bond. see, this blue one is for you an’ me.” The ribbon of deep blue was the same color as Sans’s magic. But if that one was for you and him, what was the other one? Voicing this to him he seemed to hesitate a second before responding.

“that one is um, well it’s your bond with paps.”

Come again?

“How do I have bonds with both of you? Isn’t soulmate stuff for only two people?” Rubbing the back of his skull Sans shook his head, his cheekbones were flushed blue and he was beginning to sweat.

“n-no, the concept of monogamy is largely a human construct. though sharin’ a soul bond with a sibling is uh, interesting.” You quirked an eyebrow at his phrasing.

“so no, it’s not just for two people.” The last several words left his mouth in a rush. Contemplating your soul for a moment you had to ask.

“How did the bonds get there, I’ve never had my soul out before this week so how did you guys get your magic on it?” He looked up surprised.

“we didn’t *put* our magic there.”

“Then how..?” You let your question trail off and Sans screwed his eyes shut as he tried to figure out how to explain. As he gathered his thoughts you examined your soul.

The magic running through the sea of green was really pretty. Bringing your soul to your face you observed other colors trailing through the ribbons of orange and blue. A deep red and two differently shaded orange strands of magic streaked through Papyrus’s bond and a lighter red, baby blue, and purple strands flowed in Sans’s. Weird, you thought they only used one color of magic.

Other than the magic curling throughout it, you noticed that there

were four lines marring the surface. Two were roughly the same length and cut an X shape on one side. Another similar in length ran diagonally down the other side of your soul. The fourth one was shorter running upwards from the heart's base, and for some reason you knew that it was a newer mark. Sans cleared his non-existent throat drawing your attention away from your study.

"do you know what the concept of social propinquity is?" You shook your head. "okay, so basically it's an effect where people tend ta form friendships or...romantic bonds with those who they're around often. humans experience this all the time, people tend to date someone they know or 've seen more than once over a complete stranger. the more you see 'em, the higher your propinquity, and the more likely there's a chance for a relationship to form." Nodding slowly you sift through the information.

"So… you didn't put the bond there." He shook his head and you relaxed, "We lived together for so long, I thought we were just comfortable around each other." Sans let out a soft chuckle.

"me too princess, didn't think there was a bond 'til we moved out." You looked at him quizzically and he tapped his sternum.

"tuggin'." Oh yea. You giggled and nudged him with your shoulder.

"Soo what? Are we dating in monster terms now?" Good his natural grin was back.

"only if you want to princess, just because our souls are compatible doesn't mean we are stuck together." His grin fell slightly. "you can break the bond if you really want to."

What... No.

Just thinking about hurting him like that made your heart ache. You knew that pain. But were you ready to be in that kind of relationship with Sans? With Papyrus? You contemplated your soul again, it was so pretty with their magic in it, more complete, making it more than just a scared green heart.

"I don't want to break it." Sans stared at you in shock. "I… I would like to try…" Your voice was so quiet you weren't sure he even heard you.

"really?" Stars he sounded vulnerable, like he wanted to believe you but was also terrified of the concept. Nodding you smiled at him.

“You two have put up with me for so long, I honestly couldn’t imagine being without either of you ever again.” His smile grew as you spoke and he brought a hand up to stroke your cheek.

“oh princess.” His eye lights traveled around your face then down to your soul floating above your hands in your lap.

Your eyebrows knitted together as his expression hardened slightly. Did he not feel the same way? Was he going to ask to break the bond? Oh gods you didn’t think you could handle that. Tears threatened to form when his hand fell from your face.

“there um. there is something else that you should know about the bonds.” That didn’t sound like a rejection. You nervously motioned for him to continue.

“it’s about the others. they… well… can ya see the other colors in our magic?” He motioned at your soul. Looking down at it, you observed the smaller but still visible strands of magic flowing within the blue and orange and nodded.

“those colors are their magic signatures. they also have a bond with you. blue, stretch, red, edge, even black and mutt are in there.” His voice almost sounded defeated. You were thoroughly confused.

“But.” You started, looking between the swirls of color in your soul and Sans’s face. “They’ve only been here a few weeks and Black and Mutt just got here. How?” Sans shook his head running a hand down his face. The bone on bone scraping sound made you grimace.

“that’s a much bigger topic that i don’t think we should get into now.” You opened your mouth to protest. “you’re just gonna to have to believe me when i say that it’s because of our bond, they have one too. can you accept that for now?

No “Yea.” He let out a breath.

“Do they know? That we have, uh, this?” As Sans nodded you took a deep breath only to let it back out. Was that why they had all been so nice to you right off the bat? Well except Edge but you distinctly remember how gentle he was with you after your sparring earlier this week. He had stopped attacking after he saw your soul. Would they all have treated you differently if the bonds didn’t exist?

“hey.” Sans’s hand was on your shoulder, his other was lifting your hands to guide your soul back into your chest. “are you gonna be

okay?" You nod slowly.

"It's just a lot to take in."

"heh, yea but to be honest you're takin' it a lot better than i thought you would."

"Thanks?"

"i know it's your soul's color but don't look so green princess." That got you to smile. Shaking your head you pulled him into a hug.

"Thank you for talking to me about this." Chuckling, Sans flopped back pulling you down on top of him. The two of you stayed like that for a while. Enjoying the other's company until there was a knock at the door. Sitting up Sans called out.

"come on in paps." Sure enough Papyrus was the one to open the door, he didn't cross the threshold though. He simply stood in the doorway wringing his hands and searching your face. You glanced over at Sans who just layed back down making shooing motions in your direction.

You jumped up and ran into Papyrus's arms. He swept you up joyously spinning you around. When he finally set you down he clasped your hands together.

"Did you two talk about our-" You smile and nod before he could finish. "And you don't want to-" You shook your head and he swept you up again cradling you to his chest. "Oh my dear, we must go tell the others! They will be just as thrilled that you have accepted our bonds!"

Your smile faltered a little as the two of you made your way down stairs, you were definitely fine with Sans and Paps, the whole propinqu-whatever made sense. The others can't have been around you long enough to form a bond though. Sans said that they only had one with you because of him and Paps. Did that mean that their feelings may only be present because of them too? That didn't seem fair.

Your steps slowed and you halted in the lounge doorway. Everyone but Stretch and Red was present. Blue bounced up to you.

"DO YOU TRULY WANT TO BE OUR BOND MATE?" Oh no, his large blue eye lights peered excitedly up at you.

“OF COURSE SHE DOES, WHO COULD PASS UP THE CHANCE TO BE BONDED WITH THE MALEVOLENT BLACK!” The little skeleton was sprawled across one of the couches smirking at you. Mutt was sitting on the floor in front of him just staring. Even Edge was pretending not to be regarding you in anticipation.

“MAIDEN IS ALL OF OURS!”

“look honey, whatever is going on just know that you can come to me, with anything.”

“heh, you’re gonna be screamin' that later doll face.”

“I Wouldn’t Suggest Running Kitten.”

“YOU WILL COME AROUND WENCH.”

Nope, this was too much right now. You tugged urgently on Papyrus’s sleeve.

“Please take me home.” He looked at you, concern written on his face but he nodded anyway and went to start his car. It took all of your willpower to calmly walk away and not flee from the suffocating silence permeating the lounge.

Stepping outside you ran into Stretch and Red smoking on the front porch. Neither could get a full greeting out before you walked purposefully by to get into Pap’s convertible. He was mercifully quiet on the drive back, simply kissing the top of your head before you got out.

You made it to your room and sunk to the floor leaning against your door. How were you going to deal with this? You were bonded to eight skeletons, six of which you weren’t even sure had any choice in the matter. Letting your head thump softly against the door you closed your eyes. How were you going to climb your way out of the bone pile you had suddenly found yourself in?

Chapter End Notes

> We're in it now!
>
> I have seen a few people reading the Buried in Bones shorts on my tumblr page (thank you!). Let me know how you like them and if there are any POVs or early surfacing situations you would like to hear about. I hope to post a short every Wednesday.

xoxo

Who Do You Love?

Chapter Summary

Your newly aware mind works with your soul.

Chapter Notes

Dreams can tell you things...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were in a bedroom swaying gently to some song on your phone, arms up in a ballroom closed dance position. Eventually a pair of hands clasped yours and a red scarf joined the dance. Your partner lead you expertly around the room bringing you in close to whisper things in your ear, things you couldn't quite grasp but you found yourself responding to anyway. The dance became closer, more intimate as the guiding hand on your shoulder blade dropped to your waist to pull you flush against them.

"...omise m..." A familiar voice whispered. You nod and there was a sigh before fingers started to glide up the bare skin on your back. Before you could react, your dance partner suddenly sent you into a twirl but instead of holding on, you went spinning away.

Your moving feet caught on something and you sprawled across a blanket. When the world finally settled you opened your eyes. The milky way was spread out above you and a deep comforting voice was explaining something nearby. Rolling onto your side there was a blue hoodie pointing at something in the night sky. When they noticed you weren't looking, they rolled toward you pulling you to their chest and murmuring into your hair. Again, you responded to words you couldn't hear with phrases you didn't understand. Fingers ran through your hair and a hand traveled up under your shirt. Then you were falling, the familiar disorientation of a shortcut making you dizzy.

You landed on a warm and soft surface, but when you opened your eyes you couldn't see. Something moved off to the side and you gasped as the leather tassels of a flogger were dragged across your bare breasts and sharp fingers trailed up your leg to play at the lingerie covering your sex. You attempted to reach out to them but you found that your wrists were bound above your head. The toy and hand disappeared then the cover on your eyes started to loosen. The red scarf that was your blindfold was pulled away to reveal sharp armor and a dimly lit room. A shiver ran up your

spine when the flogger returned, tassels trailing around your navel and traveling agonizingly slow up your torso. A voice spoke almost too low for you to hear but it prompted you to hiss out a response. The second the words left your lips, the scent of cinnamon and cherries enveloped your senses and darkness once again covered your eyes.

In the next breath you were being gently nudged and a teasing voice roused you from comfort. Rubbing your eyes you blinked at the soft orange garment completely swamping your frame. A laptop was resting on your knees playing some show and long legs extended out on either side of you. Laughter bubbled up from inside your chest at something the smoky rich voice was saying and you tilted your head back to rest on the body behind you. A hand snaked around your waist and another tilted your chin to the side. Their mouth met yours and you couldn't breath, the kiss was slow, sweet, and seeking. You couldn't tell how long it lasted but their hands were everywhere on you and you felt dizzy from their mouth on yours. They pulled away and shifted to reposition, you were laid down and as you rolled over to meet them again, you just kept rolling.

You brought yourself to a halt and clamored to your feet. A chair was pulled up behind you and you sat down. Hands slid up your legs coming to a rest on your hips and a black parka pressed itself in between your knees. Gravely words pleaded with you and you leaned down murmuring things to them while pushing the parka off. The hands were back to running up and down your legs, you caught their wrists and pressed them back until you slid off of your seat and down on top of them. The body beneath you shivered and pushed back against you. Smirking you allowed them to sit up and pull you close. Sharp teeth pricked at your neck until you shoved them back. Laughing you stood and went to go pick something up, you kept walking.

A tingle ran down your spine as you traversed a dark path. It was only a game, a game you never won but continued to play. A twig snapped to your left, turning towards the noise a hand clamped over your mouth and a voice growled in your ear. Shivering with delight at being caught, you turn and pull your playmate into a hug. Suddenly you were by a fire, a fur lined duster was draped around your shoulders and a pair of smoldering eyes offered you a meal. After eating you stood and tossed a challenge over your shoulder. Your playmate appeared in front of you growling prizes against your lips and negotiating terms of the game against your neck. You only smiled and pulled away running off into the woods reviling in the feeling of being hunted.

Slowing to a walk you found yourself in front of a door. Looking down at yourself you smoothed the carefully picked outfit down and knocked

daintily. The second it was open you swept in demanding to check on them. Pressing your hands to their face you huffed and tugged at the blue bandana and armor covering your patient. They complied happily, only complaining slightly at the pains they had. Every ache was soothed, every complaint was addressed, and every demand was fulfilled. You could play a part, and so could they. You gently asked if there was anything else you could help them with and a surprisingly strong arm pulled you down to your patient while another hand worked at the zipper on the back of your outfit. There was indeed a place of discomfort that only you could find a cure for. They suddenly released you, and you fell back and down.

Landing on the floor, your arms fell around a body sitting stiffly in front of you. Leaning down you spoke softly turning the black and purple clad person around so they could face you. Almost immediately their arms wrapped around your waist and pulled you forward mouth and hands exploring you. Shifting into a more comfortable position, you allowed them to experiment. Sharp fingers traced your ribs through your skin and ran down the length of your spine. Suddenly you were tugged forward by the leash attached to the collar on your neck. The uncertain hands turned confident and a single command was purred into your ear. Their grip on the leash disappeared before you could respond and you fell to the side.

You jolted awake as you hit the floor on your side. Apparently you decided that sleeping slumped against your door was a great idea. Sitting up, you pressed a hand to your chest willing your rapidly beating heart to chill out. The dream was quickly fading from your memory but you could still feel the touch many hands tracing your skin, some sharp, some soft, some curious. Was it hot in your room? You struggle briefly with the warm garment only to stare at it once it was off. Fuck, you had forgotten to give Sans his hoodie back.

Stumbling into bed you kicked off your shorts and practically ripped your shirt off. Why were you so hot right now? Laying down you could practically feel the touches still, what had you dreamed about to carry these sensations over? Whatever your dream was, it apparently had been fun, sighing you let the sensations roll over you until you couldn't help it and slid a hand under your panties. If dreamland was going to get you all hot and bothered you might as well finish the job where phantom hands couldn't.

Chapter End Notes

...if only you could remember them ^_^

Come look into the minds of our skeleboys on my tumblr! https://

www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok.

Buried in Bones shorts posted on Wednesdays when I have inspiration from you guys!

xoxo

Last Call Casualty

Chapter Summary

> It's hard to get your mind off of your situation. Especially when you have to interact with them on a semi professional level at work.

Chapter Notes

> I wanted to get a bit of interaction between Mutt and reader in before stuff starts happening again.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz!

Your phone vibrated persistently at you from the floor of Jack's room.

You had texted Sans Sunday morning telling him you wanted to spend your day with Blaire and that you were still processing the whole bonded to eight thing. He sounded understanding but not fifteen minutes later your phone had started blowing up with texts from the others.

Red had apparently swiped your number from Stretch and shared it with Edge. Blue had just given your number to Mutt who gave it to his brother.

Most of the texts were concerned skeles asking why you had left so suddenly, however some were rather forward messages from Red and Black regarding your bond with them. You had ended up leaving your phone in your room and went to help Blaire pack.

Monday started the same, more texts, you threw yourself into your ballroom class with Papyrus who was thankfully treating you the same as before. You had asked him if he knew if other's feelings could be manipulated because of a bond. Not knowing the answer, the two of you parted ways with him promising to find out for you. Now you were sitting on Jack's floor after band practice pretending your phone didn't exist.

"Are you gonna answer any of them anytime soon?" He inquired from his desk. You shrugged.

“And say what exactly? I’ve already told them I’ll talk to them later.” Hayden rolled over from his spot on the floor nearby and snatched up your phone.

“If you won’t I will.”

“No! Hayden give it!” You scrambled forward trying to wrestle the phone from his grasp. Unfortunately his long arms were able to hold it out of your reach while he scrolled through a few of the messages.

“Uh hey, not all of these are from your skeleton crew.” He said. “Oli messaged you a half an hour ago asking you something about a returning interview coming in today?”

“Shit really?” He handed your phone back. “Crap, I gotta go, it must be for the bartender position.” Gathering up your riding gear you quickly texted your boss that you were on your way.

As the bar was not open for the afternoon yet you let yourself in the back door and checked around until you found Oliver and the interviewee in the main area. It turns out he was a purple fire elemental named Chillby from the Fell clan. The name sounded vaguely familiar but you shook it off and apologized about you lateness.

“So Chillby, do you have any experience with human alcohol?”

“…Some. We had very little access to it underground.” His voice was low and it crackled as he spoke.

“That’s okay, we can always train you in our most popular drinks.” You glanced over his resume. “Um forgive me if this is insensitive, but you’re a fire elemental, will that be a problem with our flammable human alcohols?” A smirk formed on his face and he reached out to pluck the resume from your hands.

“Paper is flammable too yes?” He held up the document. It was definitely not on fire. You nod dumbly and quietly apologize.

Oliver asked a few other questions and you ran a quick working interview behind the bar to test what drinks he knew and went over any questions he had about the position. In the end you felt that even though he could be pretty abrasive at times he picked up the few drink mixes you showed him quickly and was not afraid to banter with you.

Added bonus, he was suave as hell with just enough gruffness underneath. Oliver agreed that he was the best fit and the two disappeared in the back to draw up the job paperwork and to work out a schedule.

Just as you flipped on the open sign and unlocked the doors, two golden toothed faces popped into existence and strode in. Red made a beeline for his stool at the bar, Mutt started to follow but paused next to you. Smiling awkwardly up at him you welcomed him in then turned to the bar. As you turned Mutt reached down and slid your phone from your pocket.

“ya do have it.” You whirled around, shocked at first because this was the first time he had spoken to you then angry because he just pickpocketed you.

“Give me my phone.” He regarded you smugly waving it just out of your reach tapping idly at the screen attempting to unlock it.

“Mutt.” You tried to put as much authority in your tone as you could while not shouting. To your surprise he paused and looked at you, a wicked grin growing on his face.

“are you giving me an order?”

“What if I am?”

“mmm, i may be tempted ta obey, but ya haven’t earned it little duchess.” You fought down a blush at the nickname and the very pleasant growl in his voice.

Pursing your lips into a thin line you made a swipe for your phone but he was too fast. Raising it above his head he shook a finger in your face.

Ooh he was going to play this game huh? Unfortunately for him you were accustomed to getting things out of tall skele hands. He was taller than Papyrus but the same tactic should still work.

Stepping back you pouted at him, nothing, you turned and took a few steps away then whirling back you used the distance you had created to take the running steps needed to launch yourself upwards. Planting a knee on his hip bone and a hand on his opposite shoulder for balance you stretched your free hand up to wrestle your phone out of Mutt’s grasp.

Having not expected to be climbed Mutt staggered backwards one hand bracing himself against a table the other automatically gripped your hip after your phone was taken from it. Once still, he snatched his hand away and you slid off of him shaking your phone in his bewildered face.

“Should have listened to me Mutt. I know how to deal with all of your skeleton shenanigans.” A blood orange blush bloomed on his cheekbones as he nodded staring at you with new eyes. “Good.” You sauntered off to your spot behind the bar.

Apparently Chillby was willing to start work that day, which was good because you were pretty sure you had made things more weird between yourself and Mutt. Training the fire elemental was a great way to avoid Red as well. Sort of, those two apparently knew each other so you had to occasionally nudge Chillby off to serve another patron when Red talked to him too long.

Mutt thankfully sat quietly next to Red sipping on a bottle of barbeque sauce he brought in himself, his gaze never left you, kind of creepy. Though neither of them tried to talk to you about last weekend and the fact that their magic was in your soul, so that was a plus.

Halfway through your shift Red passed out. Chillby laughed at him and offered to call his brother to come fetch his sorry ass. Assuring him you would handle the situation you poked him.

“Red, you should go home.” No response. Great.

Reluctantly you turned to Mutt. “Would you take him?”

To your surprise he stood and tucked Red securely under his arm. You stuttered out a thanks and went to take Red’s empty glass. Mutt caught up your hand before it got there.

“it’s not wise ta play with a monster’s soul.” You blinked up and him.

“I’m not-”

“you’re bonded ta us jus' as much as the original models, take care with your actions an’ words.” Oh. You nod and bite your lip. Mutt brings your hand to his teeth and a spark of magic jolts up your arm upon connection.

“until next time, duchess.” Then he was gone and you were holding your hand up in the air like a weirdo.

The rest of the evening was thankfully skeleton free and you only had to deal with Chillby's relentless teasing as he had witnessed the entire exchange. Luckily you could give as good as you got and the shift flew by.

You had just locked the doors and said goodbye to your new fire friend when the familiar smell of honey and smoke washed around you.

Chapter End Notes

> You just can't get away from them can you?
>
> Wanna see any specific tropes in this story? Wanna hear some anecdotes from when it was just reader and the originals living together? Drop me a suggestion https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Testing, Testing, I'm just Suggesting

Chapter Summary

You and I might (not/just) be the best thing.
Stretch takes a swing at being accepted.

Chapter Notes

I had a mighty need for some fluffish fun.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“walk with me?” Stretch was leaning against the outside of the bar with a cigarette hanging from his teeth. You looked down at the riding gear in your arms. You were not prepared for this conversation.

“I rode in today Stretch. Um another time?” He took a long drag then stubbed out his cigarette on the bottom of his shoe.

“guess i’ll go with.” Smoke curled lazily out of his mouth as he spoke. Shoving his hands in his pockets he followed you to to your bike and watched you nervously put on your riding jacket and gloves.

“why do you wear so much to ride?” You looked up surprised.

“Uh, if I crash the gear helps keep me from getting hurt to bad.” Stretch frowned and warily regarded your bike.

“and you still ride it?”

“Well. Yea, anything anyone does can be dangerous. I could just as easily choke and die drinking water as I could in a bike crash.” That did not seem to make him feel better at all, his eye sockets widened and he tried to take your keys.

“I’m not leaving my bike here Stretch.” You moved your keys away and secured your helmet.

“Are you riding with me or are we gonna talk later?” He contemplated you for a second then carefully swung a leg over the back of your bike. You popped open one of your saddlebags and handed him a spare helmet then settled in front of the lanky skeleton once it was secured.

The second you fired up the engine, you felt him jump and his long arms wrapped around your torso as he pulled himself as close to you as possible. You were thankful for the protective plate in the back of your jacket, riding with ribs digging into you would not have been fun.

You really hoped he rode backseat okay. If he didn't lean when you did during the ride it would make steering more difficult. Luckily, he was holding onto you so tightly that whenever you leaned he just went along with your movements.

He obviously wanted to talk to you about the bond. It shouldn't be too bad right? Stretch was nice, he wouldn't *make* you accept anything from him right?

RIGHT?

Bringing the bike to a halt in your garage you patted at his arms.

"You may not need to breath bone boy but I do. You can let go now." His fingers twitched and he very slowly withdrew his touch.

"Let me put this stuff away and we can walk that off yea?" He nodded and you left him to dismount and remove his helmet.

After tossing your stuff on your bed and convincing yourself that he just wanted to talk, you went back outside to find Stretch sitting on the curb smoking. Noticing you, he stood and the two of you set off down the road at a leisurely pace. He didn't speak for a while, just seemed content to walk. It wasn't until he finished a second cigarette that he grabbed your hand and set off purposefully.

"Where are we going?" He seemed to be taking deliberate but random turns through your neighborhood. Eventually his steps slowed and you found yourself looking at a small playground. Releasing your hand he casually walked over to the swings calling over his shoulder.

"i went on your ride, now come on mine."

Swings? You tried to not laugh but the line was so cheesy. Deciding to humor him, you went to sit on a swing grinning. You sat next to him and swung gently back and forth enjoying the night air. Stretch just sat on his swing watching you.

It wasn't...uncomfortable per say. The night air was cool but not chilly, the playground setting was definitely more comfortable than

staring at each other in front of the Crown or your house but...you still felt increasingly awkward the longer he just sat and stared.

“honey?” Oh good, he was talking first.

“Hmm?”

“why did you run out last weekend?”

There it is.

Dragging your feet on the ground you slowed your swinging to a gentle rocking and tried to formulate words.

“Can I ask you something?”

“sure.”

“Do you… Are you nice to me because we have this…” You waved your hand between him and you.

“bond?” He supplied. You nod.

“It’s not that I don’t want to be...uh, bonded.” you blurt, “I just don’t know if you guys are only being nice to me because of it. It doesn’t sound like you had a choice in being bonded and it… doesn’t seem fair to you guys.” Stretch stared at you.

“nyeh heh heh heh!” You looked at him in shock, his laugh sounded so much like Papyrus’s that for a second you could almost believe you were sitting here with him instead of Stretch.

“you’re worried that we are forced to like you because we have a bond? nyeh heh, humans don’t even experience relationships at this level and you’re worried about *us* ?”

Amber magic ignited in his right eye socket and there was a pressure in your chest that felt suspiciously like Sans’s gravity magic. Your suspicion was confirmed when you were lifted from the swing and lightly deposited on the chuckling skeleton’s lap.

“oh honey, even if that were true the fact that you even care would be enough reason for me to want to be yours.” An arm wrapped around your stomach securing you on his lap. He pushed with his feet and began to swing gently. You shifted a bit so you weren't trying to look at him over your shoulder.

“But, you hardly know me, what if-”

“then let’s get to know each other.” His voice dropped and he tilted his face to gaze directly into yours.

“this is how humans form relationships yea?” Red alert! How did he go from casual to sexy so fast?

“they see each other, talk to each other... touch each other.” For a split second you thought we was actually going to kiss you, his mouth moved towards yours as he spoke and his sockets shuttered.

Oh boy, you were not ready for this. Your eyes darted between his advancing teeth and any possible escape route from his lap. Squeezing your eyes shut you braced yourself to bail off the side of the swing.

Nothing happened.

His breath was on your face then the warmth of his closeness lessened. Your eyes flew open to find him looking up at the stars.

He...he didn’t push it. He wanted to get to know you. He may be a huge flirt and a tease, but he didn’t just kiss you when you were so confused about this whole situation. You could work with that, you would have to get him back for that bit of flirting right then, but you could definitely work with that. Smiling to yourself you swatted his chest.

“Tease.” He chuckles but doesn’t try to defend himself. Leaning your head on his clavicle, you let his gentle swinging calm your heart rate. The combined warmth from Stretch and the swinging sensation was very quickly starting to put you to sleep. Straightening up you shook yourself and poked at Stretch’s face.

“Hey, you said.” He looked at you quizzically.

“i said what?”

“That since you went on my ride, I would have to go on yours. I don’t know what your idea of a ride is sweet tooth but this isn’t it.” You let a bit of annoyance creep into your voice.

“you wanna ride?” You nod and give him your best pleading face. His confused look turned into a grin.

“then let’s go for a ride.” The rocking motion stopped and Stretch

nodded over your head. Looking around, you gasped.

Both of you were still seated on the swing, but it was frozen in the air parallel to the top of the swing set. Suddenly, gravity started working and you both plunged downwards. You let out a surprised scream and flung your arms around his neck. The swing flew down and under the top bar, then the sensation of fighting gravity flattened your hair to your head.

The stall at the top took your breath and you started to giggle just to have it torn from your lips as gravity once again took over and Stretch was falling backwards with you holding on for dear life, hair streaming behind you. At the top of the backswing, he let go of the chain completely so he could hold on to you with both arms using only his magic to keep you both seated.

“ready?” He asked.

You could only laugh in response because you were already plummeting down and forward. As you rose up, his right eye sparked amber again and he slid off of the seat. You held your breath for a moment, waiting to be sent crashing into the playground sand, but gravity seemed to have other ideas.

Peeking over Stretch’s shoulder you let out an excited squeal. You were falling sideways over the neighborhood’s rooftops. You stretched one arm out to the side and fluttered it up and down pretending to fly like a bird. Stretch chuckled and spun himself so he was vertical and adjusted you so he could hold you bridal style.

All too soon gravity began to right itself and Stretch touched down gracefully in your driveway. You squealed again hugging him tightly. All previous awkwardness gone.

“Holyshitwewereactuallyflying!” Stretch laughed and set you down.

“shush honey, you’ll wake your roommate.” You giggled and looked up at him from under you eyelashes.

“You shouldn’t be worrying about that just yet sweet tooth.” Sliding your hands up the front of his hoodie you toyed with the hood strings in one hand and laced your fingers through the protruding bones of his cervical vertebrae with the other. Stretch shuddered and you were able to press him back against the side of the house.

“w-why’s that?” He was desperately trying to stay calm but your

fingers rubbing against his bones and your flushed face begging to connect with his was too much. Slow. He reminded himself, you wanted to take it slow. He wrapped his arms around you again and tried to play cool.

“Well you said it yourself sweet tooth, if we are going to get to know each other, we need to see, talk, and touch.”

“mhmm.”

“We’ve done a lot of touching tonight Stretch so I think it would be in our best interest to see and talk to each other too.” He nods mutely and you yank on his hoodie strings pulling him down so you could whisper into where an ear would have been.

“But I’m a bit tired from your ride so I’ll see and talk to you later.” Letting go you slipped from his arms and skipped through the front door. Pulling out your phone you sent him a quick text.

You - Don’t tease a tease sweety I got you out matched.

TheBee’sKnees - heh challenge accepted honey

Ooh this was going to be interesting, he wanted to get to know you first? Fine by you. At least that was one less bond to worry about.

Chapter End Notes

Forward progress?

I need your opinions!
I'm over halfway finished writing this story(writing not posting). When it's done would you prefer twice a week updates or once a week updates of this story and once a week updates of a new one?

Check out my tumbler for the stories I'm considering writing when this one is complete. https://lady-lyrjok.tumblr.com/

xoxo

Is this a New Beginning or the Start of Another End?

Chapter Summary

You jam with a hopeful skeleton, things go a bit differently.

Chapter Notes

I'm so happy you guys want to have more updates of this fic! I'll post twice a week when it's been completed or close enough to it whenever that may be. It'll be a good buffer for the next story :p

There's a bit of a panic attack near the end just warning.

Song reference is by P!nk
God is a DJ

See the end of the chapter for more notes

RedDead - really

RedDead - you accepted ashtray's bond?

RedDead - what'd he promise

You shook your head and rolled your eyes at your phone.

You - He didn't promise me anything

You- We just talked

RedDead - the hell you did

You - Believe what you want Red, that's what happend

RedDead - then let's talk too

You - I'm busy right now

RedDead - course ya are

RedDead - see ya in a sec dollface

You - Red I'm busy

“don’ look busy ta me.” You jumped and let out a strangled yelp at Red’s rumbling voice in your room.

“Shit Red! Do you have *any* concept of privacy?”

“nope.”

“Leave.”

“heh, nope.”

You let out an exasperated breath and turned back to the papers spread out before you on your bed. Maybe if you ignore him, he’ll get bored and leave. You resettled your guitar in your lap and began to pick out chords humming softly to yourself.

“so wha’d you an’ ashtray talk about?” You hummed a little louder. He scowled but didn’t say anything else.

He sat quietly for the next few minutes looking through the papers on your desk and listening to you pick out notes and write on your song pages.

“these yer songs?” He asked when you paused playing to jot down the notes you liked. Glancing at the folder in his hand you nod.

“Mostly older stuff, when it was just Blaire and I.” You squint at the folder. “Those are our non-performance songs.”

“non-performance?” He regarded the folder with more interest.

“Mhmm, just stuff we wrote but never planned on sharing on a stage or anything.” Red flipped open the folder and you started playing again. Several more minutes went by and you almost forgot that he was even in the room with you.

Another guitar started playing and you jumped. Apparently Red had left while you worked because the instrument in his hands was not one of yours. He had your song folder open and was deftly picking through the chords. You had to admit it was fairly impressive. It wasn’t like you wrote music that was difficult to play. You were just surprised that he was playing it perfectly considering there was no way he had seen it before.

A smile tugged at your lips and you picked up the harmony with your guitar. Red didn’t look up but his grin got wider. You played through

the first chorus without words, as the second verse started you began to sing softly as well.

I've been a girl with her finger in the air

Unaffected by rumors the truth I don't care

So open your mouth, stick out your tongue

Might as well let go, you can't take back what you've done

Just find a new life style, reason to smile

Look for nirvana, under the strobe lights

Sequins and sex strings

You whisper to me

There's no reason to cry

Red was grinning like the cheshire cat as he played. His eye lights never left the page so he wouldn't miss a chord but his head was angled towards you so he could hear your quiet singing. When the song ended he set his instrument aside and turned to look at you.

"looks like ya had enough free time ta jam with me doll."

"We had a moment going Red, and you just ruined it." Red reached for the guitar again.

"so's all i gotta do is play ya somthin' an' we can talk?" You watched him start to flip through the folder again. A part of you wanted to play more music with Red, he was a good musician from what you had seen so far.

But.

You looked down at the mostly written song in front of you.

"Sorry Red, I really need to work on this right now." He eyed the papers on your bed.

"come on doll, ya can write when we're done."

"No, I need to get this done before work." Red's scowl was back.

“need?”

“Yes.” You could practically feel his glare from your spot on the bed.

Choosing to ignore it, you re-read over some of the song and began picking at chords. Your mattress shifted as Red crawled on to begin reading over your shoulder.

“wha’s so important ‘bout this song anyways?”

“It’s a gift for Blaire.”

“yer writin' a song fer that girl ya live with?”

“She’s my best friend, and I want her to have something special from me when…” Your throat tightens and you have to take a breath, “She leaves.”

“people come an’ go doll face, no need ta get all choked up 'bout it.” You grit your teeth at his dismissive tone.

“‘sides, ya have us now. ya know, the ones you’re actually bonded to.” Your eyes felt hot.

“Please go.” The mattress shifted again and Red came into your steadily blurring line of sight. He stood there watching your attempt to not break down in front of him.

“geez doll, there’s really no reason ta be so upse-”

“Get. Out!”

Tears started to fall and your hands shook as you set aside your guitar. Red took a step back as you advanced on him.

“Just because you don’t care about anyone other than yourself doesn’t mean that everyone else is the same way!”

“hey now-”

“Blaire has been my best friend since way before the first monsters surfaced! She has helped me through so much and now she is going to the other side of the country and… and.”

She’s abandoning you.

She’s leaving just like they did.

There's no reason for her to hang around with someone like you.

Shit, you were finding it hard to formulate words. Your hands shook and an image of a gravestone flashed through the fog in your brain. Air was not getting to your lungs easily. You gasp and try to keep talking.

"I've… I've never been able to say goodbye… to anyone before… before they…" You bury your head in your hands and sink to the floor sobs wracking your body as you gulp for air.

Red kneels awkwardly down next to you. He was not good at comforting people. Needing to comfort or be comforted was a sign of weakness. Was it different with bond mates? Hesitantly he pats your shoulder and growls slightly when you shrink away from his touch. This wasn't how he pictured this afternoon going. Letting out a frustrated breath, he stood and grabbed his guitar.

"lemme play ya somethin'." You shook your head.

"Please just go." Your voice was so quiet he almost didn't catch your words.

But he did.

Chapter End Notes

So that happened.

Acceptance won't come easy for everyone poor Red?

Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

I’m Not Dead

Chapter Summary

It's your final concert at the Crown before Blaire leaves.

Chapter Notes

Oh damn guys, there are 100 of you who bookmarked this. That's a lot of people that keep coming back to this story. I love you guys!

In honor of passing 100 bookmarks, here's an early update!

Song references in the end notes.

xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I think we have it down now, let’s take a break before B gets here and wonders why we’re too tired to play.” Jack set down the drum sticks and stretched. You nod and return his guitar to its cradle.

After last night’s shift you had distracted your mind enough to finish Blaire’s song and sent copies to the twins who begrudgingly agreed that they needed to get together early this morning to practice it before Blaire came over for regular practice.

Because Blaire would not be playing with you guys for this song, Jack had taken her position on the drums and you took lead guitar.

Hayden set his bass down and placed his hand on your shoulder.

“She’ll love it.” Plastering a smile on your face you nod and follow the boys into the kitchen where Jack was prepping the oven to heat up mozzarella sticks. Blaire showed up just as they were cooked looking a little tired but ready to practice.

“I can’t believe this is going to be our last gig together.” She groaned.

“Don’t start B, I don’t think I could perform if we started the water works now.” You poked at her with your motz stick. Dodging it she stuck out her tongue.

“Just going to miss it is all.” She said quietly before addressing the

twins.

“Are you guys coming over after we play tonight?” Jack nods and points at the sticks.

“Why do you think I’m testing these on you guys right now? Gotta have quality snacks for our post gig party.” Hayden snorts.

“It’s not a party dude, it’s gonna be these two getting wine drunk on the kitchen floor crying about how much they love each other again.” You and Blaire look at each other and shrug.

“Exactly, and I need good snackage for that.” Jack says. Hayden nods in understanding while you laugh and Blaire fakes a hurt expression.

“So my tearful departure from your lives is just entertainment? I see how it is.” She attempts to huff angrily while swiping another motz stick. Laughing the four of you finish the snack before heading back out to practice the set.

Red sat at the table with his brother and the other versions of himself listening to you sing about clowns in your house or something.

I’m gonna burn it down down down

I’m gonna burn it down

Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, fun

You were tearing it up on the keyboard, one of the guys playing the guitar standing near you was grinning as you leaned into each other, slowing the beat for the bridge. He grit his teeth and took another drink.

Why did he get your attention? Why did you make time for them? You weren’t bonded to either of them, that connection was strictly platonic, neither of the boys or you were remotely interested in the other past making music.

Oh, I’m crawling through the doggy door

My key don’t fit my lock no more

I’ll change the drapes

I'll break the plates

I'll find a new place

Burn this fucker down

Red looked around at the other skeletons at the table. They all seemed relaxed and enjoying the music, even the ones who didn't have your acceptance yet. Hell, even his brother was drumming his fingers along to each song. How was this okay to them?

Grumbling to himself Red glared daggers at your band mates on stage. It should be him you were leaning on, him you dedicated your time to. Not these weak human boys. He highly doubted that they could hold their own in a fight.

Papyrus-no Edge. Edge, Edge, Edge, he repeated to himself.

Edge had told him briefly about your sparring match with him last Thursday. Apparently you weren't the best fighter but you were still in once piece afterwards so that had to say *something* about you.

Gah! This stupid world with its stupid soft people. Expecting him and his bro to just, 'stop looking over your shoulder all the time' or 'stop conjuring a weapon every time someone annoys you'... what else.

Someone nudged his elbow. Growling, Red looked up at Stretch who was slipping a Marlboro his way.

"sounds like they have one more song in this set, wanna step out after?"

As annoyed as Red was at Stretch for winning your acceptance with seemingly no effort. He always had the good smokes, and Red was not about to turn down a smoke break because Stretch was temporarily ahead of him with you. Oh he would even the playing field soon he thought slipping the cigarette into his pocket.

Taking a deep breath you pulled the microphone from its stand and walked out from behind your keyboard.

"Before we play our final song, I have an announcement." The crowd quieted down quickly and you motioned for Blaire and the twins to come forward with you.

“Our beloved Blaire has been accepted to the college of her dreams recently!” Cheers followed your words. “Yes, we are very excited to watch her become the best civil engineer known to man, however.” You had to pause and take a breath. Blaire’s arm wrapped around your waist giving you an encouraging squeeze and you smiled over at her.

“In order for her to achieve those dreams, we must send her away for her degree.” You pause again looking at the crowd.

You were going to really miss being on stage with your friends. Bringing music and fun to this little part of your town. Oh no, don’t start crying now. You blink rapidly willing the tears away.

“So this next song will be our last on this stage for you.” You turn to Blaire. “And we have a special song for you after that but you have to go sit out there to hear it.” Blaire placed her hand on her chest then pulled you in for a hug. The twins joined and the crowd applauded and cheered. Pulling away Blaire took the mic from you.

“Don’t worry guys, I’ll be sure to come back for a reunion concert when I’m done.” She winked at the crowd and handed the mic back returning to her place at the drums. You shook yourself and smiled out at everyone.

“Okay! Chillby I’m gonna need to see everyone in here with a full cup of something because I need everyone to raise your glasses with me to Blaire!” The cheer went up again and Jack started playing.

Right Right, turn off the lights,

We gonna lose our minds tonight

What’s the dealio?

I love when it’s all too much

Five a.m. turn the radio up

Where’s the rock and roll?

Party crasher

Panty snatcher

Call me up if you a gangsta

Don't be fancy, just get dancy

Why so serious?

So raise your glass if you are wrong

In all the right ways

All my underdogs

We will never be never be anything but loud

And nitty gritty, dirty little freaks

Won't you come on and come on and raise your glass

Just come on and come on and raise your glass

There were only a few moments that you could ever remember being on stage where you didn't think you could keep singing. This was one of them. Sure the energy was high, and you were physically fine to keep going but… When would you be able to play with this specific group of friends again?

You powered through the next verse trying to keep your mind on the performance. One more, you just needed to keep it together for one more song.

Oh shit my glass is empty, that sucks!

So if you're too school for cool

And you're treated like a fool

Blaire **(Treated like a fool)**

You can choose to let it go

We can always, we can always

Party on our own

So raise your - Ah fuck

So raise your glass if you are wrong

In all the right ways

All my underdogs

We will never be never be anything but loud

And nitty gritty, dirty little freaks

Blaire **(So raise your!)**

So raise your glass if you are wrong

In all the right ways

All my underdogs

We will never be never be anything but loud

And nitty gritty, dirty little freaks

Won't you come on and come on and raise your glass

Just come on and come on and raise your glass

Won't you come on and come on and raise your glass (for me)

Just come on and come on and raise your glass for me!

The crowd went wild as everyone cheered and clinked their drinks together. Grinning you pulled Blaire up from her seat and hugged her tight. Then walking to the front of the stage with the whole band the four of you bowed.

"Go get comfy B." Jack said slipping the drum sticks from her hands and gently guiding her off stage.

You picked up Jack's guitar and idly fiddled as the boys got into place. You really wished you had pulled Papyrus or someone in to play keyboard for this song but you had finished it so late that you didn't have time. Oh well, you could always add in the keyboard when you record the song so Blaire could take it with her.

"This is for you B, good luck in your college career and don't worry

too much about us back home, we aren't dead yet without you." Stepping back and letting out a breath you begin playing.

There's all these cracks

Crack of sunlight

Crack in the mirror, on your lips

It's the moment of a sunset, Friday

When our conversations twist

It's the fifth day of ice on a new tattoo

But the ice should be on our heads

We only spun a web to catch ourselves

So we weren't left for death

"...It's probably not my place but I can see that you're not okay."

And I was never looking for approval from anyone but you

And though this journey is over, I'll go back if you ask me to

"Name's Blaire by the way, what's yours?"

I'm not dead, just floating

Right between the ink of your tattoo

In the belly of the beast we turned into

I'm not scared, just changing

Right beyond the cigarette and the devilish smile

You're my crack of sunlight

"This is Jack and Hayden, they play guitar and bass. We can be a real band now!"

You can do the math a thousand ways, but you can't erase the facts

That others come, and others go, but you always come back

I'm a winter flower underground, always thirsty for summer rain

And just like the change of seasons

I know you'll be back again

"We're your family now...you don't have to wait anymore kay?"

I'm not dead, just floating

Underneath the ink on my tattoo

I've tried to hide my scars from you

I'm not scared, just changing

Right beyond the cigarette and the devilish smile

You're my crack of sunlight

"I wanna be a civil engineer. Could really make a difference with a degree like that."

I'm not dead just yet

Jack/Hayden **(I'm not dead, I'm just floating, Doesn't matter where I'm going, I'll find you)**

I'm not scared at all

Jack/Hayden **(Underneath the cuts and bruises, finally gained what no one loses, I'll find you)**

I will find you

"Um, remember that thing I was going to tell you after the concert?"

I'm not dead, just floating

I'm not scared, just changing

You're my crack of sunlight, yeah.

Chapter End Notes

We're getting close to read losing her best friend! If only there were skeletons around to help her out! Oh wait...

All songs by P!nk
Funhouse
Raise Your Glass
I'm not Dead

Seriously though guys thank you so much for your continued interest in my self indulgent fic.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

We just got the Start Wrong

Chapter Summary

He hurt you before, is he trying to make up for it?

Chapter Notes

This is how you get someone to accept you right? Eh, it only works from the right person.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were so warm.

Bzzz

Uugh.

Bzzz

Maybe if you pretend you didn't have a phone, it will stop yelling at you.

Bzzz

"Mmph I think someone's phone is ringing." Blaire's sleepy voice drifted up from under your chin.

"No it's not, go back to sleep." You mumble back. But she was already disentangling herself from you and sluggishly rolling over Jack to rummage around on your bed stand.

After the bar, the band had returned to your place and proceeded to drink far too much wine reminiscing and tearfully telling each other how much you were going to miss each other. Eventually all four of you had ended up in your room and passed out squished together on your queen bed.

"Whoever RazorEdge is, really wants to get a hold of you." Blaire said handing your phone over and heading to the bathroom.

RazorEdge - WHERE ARE YOU?

RazorEdge - YOUR POOR EXCUSE FOR FIGHTING SKILLS MUST BE HONED!

RazorEdge - YOU ARE TO BE IN THE TRAINING ROOM IN FIVE MINUTES!

Groaning you flopped back laying your head on Hayden's shoulder. It's Thursday, and Edge wants to fight again.

You - Uh rain check? I kinda had a late one with the band

He immediately texted back.

RazorEdge - IT IS NOT RAINING HUMAN, YOU NEED TO TRAIN

Right, he wouldn't know terms like that yet. Why were you always hungover when he wanted to fight? Oh maybe because you played Wednesday nights and usually had a few. You really didn't want to 'spar' with Edge again, the last time was bad enough. As if he had heard you, you received another text.

RazorEdge - THERE WILL BE NO WEAPONS, WE HAVE OTHER THINGS TO WORK ON.

Wow that wasn't ominous at all. Blaire returned from the bathroom.

"You gonna go see him?" She yawned and sat on the edge of the bed poking at Jack's face.

"I don't really want to, he's ah, not the easiest person to spar with." She made a face and went to your closet.

"You said something similar when you started sparring with Papyrus and look where you guys are at now." Scrunching your eyes closed you rolled over and messaged Edge that you were on your way. Blaire tossed some work out clothes at you then took your spot on the bed as you went to change.

You paused outside the sparring room door. He wouldn't just attack you again would he? At least this time you would be right next to the door. If that even mattered. Edge was freaky fast. Taking a deep breath you pushed open the door and entered.

Edge stood in the middle of the room glaring daggers at his phone. You could have sworn he looked relieved when you came in but his resting scowl returned so quickly you could have just imagined it.

He strode over plucking up your wrist to check for any remaining bruises then ran a sharp finger along the healing cut on your shoulder. Nodding to himself he pulled you to the center of the room where he released your arm and stepped away.

“ATTACK ME.”

“Sorry what?”

“I SAID ATTACK ME!”

“No, you’re gonna kick my ass.” Edge stomped his foot and opened his mouth to shout but promptly shut it when you backed away from him. Instead he clenched his fists and set his jaw.

“I WILL NOT RETALIATE.” The words sounded painful as he ground them out. You regarded him for a minute then cautiously approached. Clenching a fist you hit him in the shoulder.

Yup, that is still armor. Ow.

Edge raised a brow bone but didn’t move. “I KNOW YOU CAN HIT HARDER HUMAN. AGAIN!”

“Why do you want me to hit you in the first place?” The look you were getting right now made you feel like you should already know that answer but you were at a loss.

“YOU ARE MY BOND MATE HUMAN.” Your eyes snapped to his. Edge was the last person you expected to confront you about the bond.

“RED SAYS YOU HAVEN’T ACCEPTED IT YET, BUT YOU HAVE ALSO LET IT REMAIN INTACT.” He placed his hand over his chest.

“IT IS A GREAT HONOR TO BE BONDED TO ONE SUCH AS I, AND I WOULD EXPECT MY MATE TO MATCH MY PROWESS IN BATTLE.” You didn’t know how to react to that.

“You do know that the others have a bond with me too right?” Edge scoffed and waved at you dismissively.

“ALL THE MORE REASON FOR YOU TO BE A COMPETENT WARRIOR.”

“And that's… all you want?” Light red dusted his cheeks and he turned from you.

“I-I KNOW YOU HAVE FALLEN FOR ME ALREADY HUMAN BUT YOU MUST PROVE YOURSELF FIRST!” Ah so he didn’t want to jump into anything right away. You could live with that.

A smile pulled at the corners of your lips and you planted a foot so you could roundhouse kick his profile. To your surprise he blocked the swing pushing your leg back, sending you to the floor.

“I thought you weren’t going to retaliate.” You grumbled. Edge just smirked but held out a hand to help you up.

“WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?” He was trying to make you feel better.

You grin and go to shove him but end up stumbling across the room as Edge moves to the side and pushes you along past him.

“YOUR STANCE IS WEAK.” He comments, and after you attempt to hit him a few more times you need to stop.

“Okay fine, what about my stance is weak oh master Edge?” The blush was back, but he didn’t turn away this time as he demonstrated a few different fighting stances that would help you keep your balance.

As you settled into one, Edge picked up a padded training bat and casually slammed it into your abdomen. You wobbled in your stance flailing your arms in surprise.

“What the hell? A little more warning next time!” He simply rolled his eyes and moved behind you.

“YOU MUST ALWAYS BE PREPARED.” He tutted then and proceeded to nudge your feet with his until he was satisfied with their position.

You were so wrapped up in trying to set the pose to memory that you squeaked a bit when he placed his claws on your hips turning them so they naturally sank into your stance. A blush crawled up your face as his sharp fingers ghosted up your back to your shoulders adjusting their position as well.

“BRING UP YOUR ARMS TO BLOCK.” He instructed.

You complied and almost missed the contact as his touch slid from your shoulders. Retrieving the bat he swung at you from several different angles. You were pleasantly surprised to find you could block everything from your pose and not fall over.

Edge was actually an exceptional teacher. He had no problem correcting you whenever your stance or form was off. Not to say that Papyrus didn't teach you anything over the years, he was just more into friendly freestyle sparring instead of the structured forms and poses Edge was having you work through. Plus you think he just liked to be able to boss you around.

"I need to head out." You grunted from your spot on the floor.

"YOU'LL HAVE TO ESCAPE FIRST." Edge was looming over you pinning your hands to the floor on either side of your head. You had ended up under him after attempting a surprise attack when he had turned to put away the bat.

Pushing against his hands you pouted up at him. "You and I both know I can't. Come on I need to get ready for work."

"YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT THAT BEFORE ATTACKING ME." He was enjoying this. You wriggled a bit more in vain before going limp and looking into his eyes sweetly.

"Will you let me go if I say please~?" You batted your eyelashes for good measure.

"NO." Welp that plan went out the window.

"HOWEVER." He rocked back onto his heels pulling you up with him so you were in his lap, knees on either side of his hips, one hand released your wrist to support your back.

"However?" You squeaked. That predatory tone was back in his voice.

"I Might Be Persuaded, If You Call Me Master Again."

Chapter End Notes

I love interacting with Edge, he's a big softy on the inside.

Come say hi! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Ask the boys or read anything.

Xoxo

I’m Awake and Trying

Chapter Summary

> It is time, Blaire moves out. A pair of skeletons seem to be helping?

Chapter Notes

> I hope this uploads okay. I'm currently in another state seeing a friend of mine who, like B, moved away for college. Except they just graduated with two bachelors and a masters so they can come home for a while!
>
> Anyhoo different state, different time zone. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was the worst. The last time you had to say a goodbye that felt this final was after your grandpa died six years ago.

There was a moving truck sitting in your driveway ready to take your friend’s things to the airport. All of Blaire’s belongings were steadily disappearing into it. Oddly enough Black and Mutt were the ones doing the loading. Well...Mutt was loading the truck. Black was...directing?

They had shown up unexpectedly on your doorstep this morning with demands on the tip of Black’s teeth. His words had died quickly after one look at your puffy eyes, tear streaked cheeks, and disheveled pajamas. After about fifteen minutes of you ignoring the pair following you around the kitchen, Blaire set them to work.

You were currently sitting on your couch with her trying to convince yourself that you were going to be okay.

“Remember, I’m not going for good.” Blaire was doing her best to ease her departure. She had been with you at your grandpa’s funeral. She had also been the one to befriend you and pull you out of your depression after learning about the crap that went down with your parents earlier in your life.

“I’ll text you before I take off and call when I land kay?” You nod and squeeze her hands in yours. “You’re going to be okay. You have Sans and his brother, and now you also have all these other guys who are

GOING TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!" She raised her voice and gave the skeletons passing by a hard look.

Black raised a brow bone, but didn't say anything as he marched back into Blaire's room. Mutt simply nodded as he trailed after his brother.

"There, see?" That got a small laugh out of you.

"Ugh, I'm sorry B. I really am happy for you. I just… You know I've never been good with people leaving." She nods and stands up pulling you with her.

"Don't say goodbye then."

"But you're actually going somewhere."

"I know, but I can come back so. Say see you later instead."

"Okay." You let her pull you into a tight hug.

"this is the last thing." Mutt was standing in the entryway holding Blaire's carry on backpack. Stepping away from you she accepted it and everyone filed out to watch her climb into the moving truck with a bored driver and disappear down the road.

Once it was out of sight Black turned to you.

"RIGHT! GET DRESSED, WE HAVE PLACES TO BE!" Clenching your jaw you shot him a withering look. You wanted nothing more than to sit on the couch for the rest of the day eating ice cream. Not go traipsing off to whatever thing Black had in mind.

Turning on your heel you went back inside slamming the door to your room and collapsing on your bed.

It wasn't a goodbye, it was a see you later. It wasn't a goodbye, it was a see-

"you should really get dressed duchess." Mutt's voice coming from nearby made you jump. Looking around wildly you found him sitting at your desk twirling a dog treat in between his long phalanges. You sucked in a breath to yell at him, but then your closet door banged open to reveal Black with an armful of your clothes.

"WEAR THESE." He dropped the pile in your lap and stepped back expectantly. Your eyes darted back and forth between the pair in disbelief.

“What. No. I.” Words were failing you at this point.

“THAT HUMAN GIRL WAS IMPORTANT TO YOU YES?” Now you were more confused.

“She’s my best friend.” Black nodded seeming satisfied.

“THEN DRESS YOURSELF HUMAN.” You didn’t have the brain power to deal with this.

Mutt burst out laughing at your absolutely gobsmacked expression. Scooping up the clothes his brother had chosen, he pulled you up and lead you into your bathroom placing the garments on the counter.

“i would change b’fore he does it for you.” That shook you out of your state and he laughed again at the look on your face as he shut the door.

You had to admit, Black had a good eye for your fashion. His choices were a pair of thigh high dark purple stockings, black cut off jean short shorts with a simple silver chain belt, and a loose modified white t-shirt with your favorite band’s logo on the front. Casual but cute.

Exiting the bathroom you found a pair of black canvas shoes on your bed next to a purple and black plaid button down. There was some commotion coming from your closet telling you at least one skeleton was still around.

“Geez what is he doing in there?” You say to yourself rolling up the open button down's sleeves to your elbows.

“lookin’ fer accessories.” A pair of hands came to rest on your shoulders making you jump again at the voice and contact. “but i think this’ll do jus’ fine.” The hands disappeared only for a second before the heart skull Blaire had bought you was lowered past your face.

A tingle ran down your spine as Mutt gently moved your hair to the side so he could clasp the necklace in place. Then again as he pulled your hair off of your shoulder smoothing it down your back and coming to a rest on your hips. You could feel his fingers press experimentally into you through your clothes.

Black came striding out of the closet looking annoyed and Mutt withdrew his touch.

“DON’T YOU OWN ANY JEWELRY? YOU WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING OUT WITH A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GUARD, YOU SHOULD LOOK-.” He stopped as he appraised your outfit, a gentle lavender gracing his cheeks.

“IT IS ACCEPTABLE.” Black held out a hand and Mutt handed him the end of a leash that had apparently been attached to him the entire time. Mutt turned and wrapped an arm around you as well. Before you could ask, your bedroom disappeared and the three of you were standing on the sidewalk downtown.

Black yanked on the leash pulling Mutt and you into

…an arcade?

“Why are we here?” You asked as Black loaded three cards with tokens.

“I CAME TO YOUR PLACE OF RESIDENCE TODAY WITH THE INTENTION OF MAKING YOU MY SLAVE.” You made a face as he handed you and Mutt a card. “HOWEVER, THE HUMAN GIRL THAT YOU HAVE NAMED YOUR BEST FRIEND ENTRUSTED YOUR EMOTIONAL CARE TO ME. SO!” He lifted his chin looking you in the eye.

“I WILL MAKE YOU MY PET INSTEAD.”

That didn’t sound any better.

“Black.” you started, but he waved a hand at you.

“NO NEED TO THANK ME PET.”

You weren’t going to but whatever. All you wanted was to be at home with your favorite ice cream waiting to hear from Blaire.

“NOW! I HEAR THAT THESE MACHINES ALL CONTAIN CHALLENGES OF INTELLECT AND REFLEX! LET US BEST THEM!”

Black was pretty good at arcade games, the sheer amount of excitement and energy rolling off of his small frame made you think of Blue when you had cooked friendship tacos with him. Mutt very rarely played, instead he used his tokens to keep Black going if he ever hit a game over screen.

You begrudgingly played a few rounds of Pac Man and helped Black

with some of the multiplayer games but you spent most of your tokens on skee ball. At least until you found out that Mutt was guiding your balls into the high score holes.

“That’s cheating!” You scolded once you caught sight of his magic pushing your throw into the one hundred point hole.

Looking around you saw him leaning against a Dig Dug machine intently watching his brother scream at the Fygar chasing his character.

“Mutt.” You poked at his arm. His eye lights flicked to you then back to the game. The small grin making its way onto his face told you he knew exactly why you were annoyed with him. You tugged at his sleeve but he didn’t budge.

“Black, I’m borrowing your brother.” Black nodded absently as he was pumping up the errant Fygar to the bursting point. Taking that as a go ahead, you grabbed the leash hanging from Mutt’s collar and tugged. To your surprise he turned and followed obediently the few steps you had gone.

Okay then.

“Mutt you can’t cheat at games for me.” He raised a brow bone.

“ya don’ wanna win?” It was your turn to raise a brow.

“It’s skee ball, you play against yourself.” Sighing you waved your token card in front of his face. “I don’t want points I didn’t earn.” He was still just staring at you like you were speaking another language.

“Whatever, you can have the points. I’m going to sit down.” Flicking the card over your shoulder you began to head to the food court. As you rounded a corner, a squeak escaped your lips when Mutt appeared holding your card out to you.

Taking it you looked him the face and tossed it past his head. He narrowed his sockets but didn’t say anything as you turned and headed back into the game area. Maybe you could convince Black to take you home.

There weren’t many people in the arcade for it being a Saturday afternoon but that may be because Black screamed like a banshee at every game or it might be Mutt’s stoic stares.

Speaking of.

He was in front of you again, card in hand.

“I’m not taking it.” You say and turn on your heel only to bump into him again. Before you could say anything else he slid the card into your pocket and strode away.

“Mutt!” You ran after him but he always seemed to stay aggravatingly just out of reach. For a guy who didn’t seem to run he was quick.

“givin’ up already?” You were leaning on an air hockey table trying to catch your breath. Thirty minutes of chasing him around was equal parts frustrating and oddly fun.

“Fuck. You.” You weezed throwing the card at him. He chuckled catching it easily.

“that an insult 'r invitation duchess?” You couldn’t tell if the heat on your face was from exertion or a blush. Straightening up you pointed at the card in his hand.

“You caught it, that’s yours now.” And off you went.

When he appeared in front of you again, you swerved in between two arcades grinning when you heard him laugh. The chase was back on, though this time there was less running and more trying to dodge Mutt’s teleportation.

It took only five minutes for him to catch and pin you against the back of a machine. One hand holding your arm and the other trying to get the card back in your pocket.

“Mutt stop!” You tried to sound serious around your giggles to no avail.

“why?” The growl in his voice was playful and he poked your side. Squeaking, you jumped.

Oh no.

You stared up at him with wide eyes. He looked like he just won the lottery.

The card disappeared and both of his hands came down on your sides tickling furiously. You screamed and laughed flailing helplessly causing him to laugh and attack your sides harder. Your weak

attempts to push him off only seemed to egg him on.

“WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?” Black came around the corner hands on hips.

“Help me BlaACK!”

Mutt had dug his fingers into a very sensitive spot along your rib cage making you grab onto him as your knees buckled. Unfortunately, one of your hands had grabbed his leash again and in your panic, pulled him forward causing his skull to bounce off the back of the machine.

He let go of you immediately and fell back.

“Oh shit are you okay?” You gasp, trying to regain your breath and scramble to your feet. He only nods rubbing at his skull. There is a hint of that burnt orange on his cheek bones and his grin returns.

Black observed his brother for a moment then stepped up to you taking your chin in his hands tilting it down so he could look at your face.

“YOU ARE FEELING BETTER.” He stated looking at your bright eyes and flushed cheeks. You look between him and Mutt then nod. Smirking, Black taps your chin twice then releases you to address Mutt.

“WE HAVE BEEN ISSUED A CHALLENGE TO MEET THE OTHERS AT SOMETHING CALLED KARAOKE.” They both turned to you questioningly.

“Uh sure, sounds fun.” Nodding, Black heads off to the prize corner to spend his tickets. Mutt holds up your point card and quirks a brow bone. Your eyes swept over the prizes on the wall but you only shake your head smiling.

“I really don’t want anything.” The two of you sit on a bench to wait for Black. You lean your head on his shoulder and pluck the card out of his hand.

“Caught you.” You say quietly. The soft growl of his laugh makes you smile.

“ARE YOU READY PET?” You look up to find Black holding out a plush dog and a wave of emotion washed over you.

These two barely knew you and they had helped to get your mind off of Blaire leaving all afternoon. Taking the plush you stood and wrapped Black in a hug.

“Thank you.” you whisper.

Black tentatively placed his hands on your back, unsure why you were so emotional over a stuffed animal.

Mutt snapped a picture with his phone then stood and placed one hand on your shoulder, the other on his brother’s, and took the three of you into the void.

Chapter End Notes

> All aboard the fluff train! Swapfells to the rescue! No matter what their original intentions were, they're good bois in the end.
>
> Come see me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok
>
> xoxo

Sing Me Something I Need

Chapter Summary

It's a night at the karaoke bar.

Chapter Notes

Prepare yourselves for a ton of music friends.

See the end notes for titles and artists.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After arriving at the karaoke bar, Blue had pulled you aside apologizing profusely about saying that you were a belonging to him and the others. The poor thing was in tears and practically begged you to let him make it up to you before you could accept his bond. You couldn't be mad at him.

At first, no one wanted to get up and sing. Papyrus, Stretch, and Blue had been furtively whispering in the corner for the past few minutes, Mutt and Black had joined Edge at the bar, and Red was steadily drowning himself in whatever drink he had ordered. You had plopped down next to Sans to look at the food menu.

"how're you holdin' up princess?"

"Better than I thought I would. Black and Mutt are great distractions." Sans's head snapped up.

"distractions how." You gave him a sidelong look before returning your attention to the menu.

"They took me to the arcade." Sans visibly relaxed.

"Are *you* okay?" You set the menu down and tossed an arm around his shoulders. He gives you a sheepish look and pats your thigh.

"ya know that ya don't have ta do anything ya don't want to just because we're all bonded."

"Yea, I figured."

"just, lemme know if anyone tries anything ya don't like." You blink at him. Sans had a protective streak a mile long but he usually wasn't

so...vocal about it.

“Where’s this coming from Sans?”

“please? just promise you’ll call for me if ya need anything.” You frown slightly and search his face for a moment.

“Yea, I will.”

“promise.”

“... I promise Sans.” He closed his sockets and pulled you onto his lap. Well that was weird. Shaking it off you sink into his familiar embrace.

Food was ordered and eaten before anyone even approached the stage. To your surprise Edge was the first to go up and search through the song book.

“Didn’t take him for a singer.” You say feeding a fry to Sans who had basically glued you to his lap. He made a sound of agreement but didn’t say anything else.

Edge selected a song and took up the mic. A part of you was expecting My Chemical Romance or something but you were pleasantly surprised when he opened his mouth.

It’s been a long bumpy ride sittin’ back in the saddle

It’s time to get down, dirty up our knees in the battle

Come on, round up the boys, gonna make the walls rattle

Oh our flag is tattered and our bones are shattered

But it doesn’t matter ‘cause we’re movin forward

Round ‘em up, round ‘em up, let’s go

Round ‘em up, let’s go

Oh, my eyes are seein’ red

Double vision from the blood we’ve shed

The only way I'm leavin' is dead

That's the state of my, state of my, state of my head.

Edge had very little stage presence. He stood in front of the mic stand taping his foot to the beat. Occasionally his hands would move to imitate the drumming but he mostly stood stock still.

This song was perfect for him though. You were happy to hear how much emotion he could put into his singing even though his body was mostly still. As he started on the second verse you cheered and clapped. He shot you a look but kept singing.

We've been shot up, beat up by the fallin' of the arrows

Yea, I'm full of deep cuts right down to the marrow

But there's no doubt we'll get out from the bottom of the barrel

Oh our flag is tattered and our bones are shattered

But it doesn't matter 'cause we're movin forward

At the start of the second chorus he raised his hands to clasp the microphone stand singing louder. You laughed and clapped some more as it seemed to get him to loosen up. Papyrus and Blue joined you, cheering encouragement until the song ended. Edge nodded curtly at everyone then stepped down heading right back to the bar.

Papyrus snagged Blue's arm and started towards Stretch but stopped when a crash came from behind you. Turning in Sans's lap you saw Red brushing himself off shooting looks back at his brother.

Swaying a little bit, he shrugged off his parka and stumbled up to the stage. Blinking blurrily down at the song book, he kept looking up around you and Sans then back down mumbling to himself.

"JUST SING SOMETHING YOU LAZY EXCUSE OF A SKELETON!" Edge shouted from his seat. You frowned but kept your eyes on Red. You couldn't help but think that the last time you had spent time with him, you had been crying and trying to make him leave. You really should have reached out after you calmed down. Shit.

Eventually he chose a song and took up the mic.

I don't know where you're going,

But do you got room for one more troubled soul

I don't know where I'm going,

But I don't think I'm coming home

And I said, I'll check in tomorrow if I don't wake up dead

This is the road to ruin and we're starting at the end

Say, yeah

Let's be alone together

We could stay young forever

Scream it from the top of your lungs, lungs, lungs

Fall Out Boy was definitely not what you were expecting from him. Red's voice was so much deeper than the lead singer's. He at least moved around the stage a bit. And when you say move you mean more of a wobbling sway. His eye lights were on a metronome from the lyrics in front of him to your face and back.

Cut me off, I lost my track

It's not my fault, I'm a maniac

It's not funny anymore, no it's not

My heart is like a stallion, they love it more when it's broken

Do you wanna feel beautiful, do you wanna, yeah.

Damn, both Edge and Red had chosen pretty heavy songs to start off karaoke tonight. You desperately hoped that the next few were happier. You yelled and clapped when he was done anyways, wondering if you should try to help him off stage. The choice was taken from you when you stood up and an arm wrapped around your waist.

"come sit front and center honey. this'll be a treat."

Blue and Papyrus were both on stage setting up more mics. You were sat down in a chair right in front and Stretch joined them, taking up a

mic and running a sound test as if he was professional. Satisfied, he nodded and Blue started an upbeat song.

Even though they all held mics, Stretch was the only one to raise it to his mouth when the first lyrics popped up. Papyrus and Blue apparently had a simple dance that they did while he sang.

And sing he did, his honey-smooth voice belted out the lyrics sweetly as he winked and flirted at you from center stage.

I get such a thrill when you look in my eyes

My heart skips a beat, girl I feel so alive

Please tell me baby if all this is true

Cause deep down inside all I wanted was you

Papyrus and Blue joined in on the chorus clapping to the beat. Oh stars, it was adorable. Your cheeks started to hurt from smiling.

Oh, makes me want to dance

Oh, it's a new romance

Oh, I look into your eyes

Oh, best years of our lives!

Stretch and Papyrus switched places. Blue continued the dance as Paps sang. Stretch did a few moves loosely but mostly just grinned and swayed back and forth.

When we first met I could hardly believe

The things that would happen, that we could achieve

So let's be together for all of our time

We'll go out so thankful that you are still mine

On the last line of his verse, Papyrus stepped off of the stage and held a hand out to you. Giggling you accepted it and he pulled you up with them leading you around in a modified salsa singing the chorus with the others.

Oh, makes me want to dance

Oh, it's a new romance

Oh, I look into your eyes

Oh, best years of our lives!

Twirling you around you were caught by Stretch and he winked at you with a hand on your hip. He swayed you back and forth as he took up the next verse.

My world's a better place cause I know you're mine

This love is so real and it's no surprise.

Come on and say

(Blue) **Yeah!**

I got a song

(Blue) **Yeah!**

Cause through the years I'll be right by your side

Oh, makes me want to dance

Oh, it's a new romance

Oh, I look into your eyes

Oh, best years of our lives!

Stretch turned you but kept you so your back was against his chest, his arms casually draped around your shoulders. Blue came sliding up to you on his knees, popping up at the last second to rap out the bridge.

See you always consider me like a ogre, nothing

And treat me like a Notre Dame

I says why I helped you keep my shine on

A perky little something to keep my mind on

Cause you had my mind gone

Ah, ah, ah

Turn the lights on

Come on baby, let's just rewind the song

Cause all I want to do is make the rest years the best years

All night long

Blue took your hand pulling you away from his brother, twirling and pulling you around the stage for the last few rounds of the chorus. You laughed following him around and let out a startled squeal when Blue spun you into a low dip on the last line.

Oh, makes me want to dance

Oh, it's a new romance

Oh, I look into your eyes

Oh, best years of our lives!

Oh, makes me want to dance

Oh, it's a new romance

Oh, I look into your eyes

Oh, best years of our lives!

You were pretty sure your face was beet red at this point. Blue lifted you out of the dip and guided you off of the stage with the biggest smile you had ever seen on his face. To be fair, you were also grinning like an idiot.

The other two put away the extra mics and joined you as you made your way over to the bar. You were going to need a drink or three if you hoped to sing something to rival that performance.

Red and Edge had both vacated the bar area. Come to think of it, Red seemed to have vacated the entire venue. You were about to ask about him when a song started to play. Turning to the stage you were happy you hadn't taken a drink yet.

Mutt stood with the mic in one hand and your dog plush clutched to his chest in the other. He slouched down more than usual and stared hard at the lyric screen. His nervous appearance was deceiving though, his voice held the same confident growl you had become accustomed to this afternoon.

Similar to Edge, he didn't move around as he sang, simply swaying to the tune. Unlike Edge, Mutt's voice sounded practiced. Like he sang on a regular basis. At the chorus he winked and wiggled the plush at you making you giggle.

Hey what you wanna do today

What you really wanna say

Show me what you're made of

Hey you know you can have it all

Pick it up and throw the ball

All you gotta do is play the game

Play the game

Got a backstage pass in my pocket

It's yours if you want it

The whole wide world is on your side

Come on and, stop freakin' no sense in over thinkin'

You gotta walk before you fly

When the song ended Black jumped on stage snatching the microphone from Mutt and quickly put on his song. Which turned out to be Eminem's Lose Yourself. A part of you wasn't surprised.

Black was all over the stage rapping his heart out. It was actually rather cute seeing him so animated, enjoying every beat, not missing a word. Mutt sat by the stage bobbing his head rhythmically. Edge had also looked up in interest at the song then proceeded to look up Eminem's other music on his phone.

When Black, was done he jumped down from the stage looking very self satisfied. It was between you and Sans now. He turned to look at you asking silently with his eyes.

Oh boy, he looked far to excited to get up and sing. He avoided getting up at all other times, what was he planning? You gave him a small nod and Sans made his way up to the stage picking out his song quickly.

At first it sounded like he was going to sing the same song Black did. That is until the words started to actually come out of his mouth and you couldn't stop the loud bark of laughter from escaping your chest.

Sans was rapping Weird Al's version of the song Black had just done. It took the others a moment to realize it was a parody though. Stretch started laughing halfway through while Papyrus just rolled his eye lights taking a drink. Black had stood up and was yelling at Sans to 'CEASE MOCKING HIM.'

Sans ignored everyone and just kept going. He didn't put much emotion or movement into any of it but the giant grin on his face told you he was having way to much fun. When the song stopped, Sans stepped off of the stage and walked the mic over to you.

"show us how it's done princess." He said pressing the mic into your hands.

Hoo boy okay. Taking one last long gulp of your drink you got up on stage. You took your sweet time searching for the perfect song. You weren't really nervous, you performed on stage all the time after all. You just didn't know what to sing for everyone.

Ah, this would work just fine. You queued up the song and stepped to the front of the stage waiting for the intro to finish.

Things are shaping up to be pretty odd

Little deaths in musical beds

So it seems I'm someone I've never met

You will only hear these elegant crimes

Fall on your ears from criminal dimes

They spill unfound from a pretty mouth

And everybody gets their, everybody gets their

And everybody gets their way

You walked around the stage singing lines to each skeleton you made eye contact with, smiling and waving as you went.

I never said I missed her when everybody kissed her

Now I'm the only one to blame

Things have changed for me and that's okay

I feel the same, I'm on my way and I say

Things have changed for me and that's okay

I want to go where everyone goes

I want to know what everyone knows

I want to go where everyone feels the same

I never said I'd leave the city

I never said I'd leave this town

A falling out we won't tiptoe about

And everybody gets their, everybody gets their

And everybody gets their way

I never said I missed her when everybody kissed her

Now I'm the only one to blame

There were plenty of pauses featuring music that you enthusiastically played out on your air guitar.

Things have changed for me and that's okay

I feel the same, I'm on my way and I say

Things have changed for me and that's okay

I feel the same and I say

Oh well things have changed for me

Come on everybody let's dance and sing

I'm singin it all night long

Come on everybody and join along!

(Things have changed for me and that's okay

I feel the same and I say)

I'm sayin' well things have changed for me

Come on everybody let's dance and sing

I'm singin' it all night long

Come on everybody just sing along

(Things have changed for me and that's okay

I feel the same and I say)

Things have changed for me and that's okay

I'm on my way and I say

Things have changed for me!

Cheers and applause erupted from your small audience as you placed the microphone back on the stand. Stepping down you accepted a

drink from Sans. Blue had rushed on stage again and was queuing up another song.

There were more drinks.

There were more songs.

Time began to blur as the music and alcohol flowed through your veins pulling you to the dance floor.

Blue stars made you laugh as you twirled around. An easy grin pulled you in close. You sang a duet at some point wrapped in a red scarf.

Soft orange fabric held you tight as you cried when Blaire called announcing her arrival in her new home. A dog plush was pressed into your hands as deep purple and orange blurs wiped your tears.

And finally, when exhaustion began to overwhelm your senses. Strong arms took you away and a sense of deja vu reminded you of swords and murmured apologies.

Chapter End Notes

> Things are all fluffy and nice! What other tropes do you want to see? Let me know. https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok
>
> All of the songs mentioned in this chapter!
> Shinedown - State of my Head
> Fall Out Boy - Alone Together
> Baha Men - Best Years of Our Lives
> Smash Mouth - The Game
> Eminem - Lose Yourself
> Weird Al - Couch Potato
> Panic! At the Disco - That Green Gentleman

In This Life it's Okay to Cry Sometimes

Chapter Summary

Hangovers are never fun, especially when you remember why you drank so much.

Chapter Notes

Come on this feel trip with me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"When was the last time you talked to mom and dad?"

"What brought this on Blossom?"

"…"

"Come now child I can't help you if you don't explain what's wrong."

"I just want to know where they are, mommy said that they were just taking a little trip."

"Oh Blossom, your parents. They… are still on that trip, it's just taking longer than expected."

"But…"

"Please child, don't worry yourself over them."

"Can I see their pictures again?"

"Of course."

"This is dad right? His name is .."

Your eyes fluttered open ushering in a headache. It had been quite a while since you had drank that much in one evening. Squinting around the darkened room you surmised that you were not at home. Stars you needed water, and something high in calories to fill your stomach.

Something grazed along your leg making you twitch. The movement caused someone nearby to grumble and what felt like an arm repositioned itself around your hips. The sensation made you freeze. You glanced down towards where there was contact, skulls and various bones obscured your body.

Turning your head, you found that your pillow was actually Edge as he slept perpendicular to you. His legs were up on a couch also serving as a pillow for Mutt's sleeping form. Your right hand was hopelessly tangled in his scarf. One of Mutt's arms was dangling down and holding onto you left hand.

As your eyes traveled closer to yourself again, you recognized the small figure of Blue pressed in between the base of the couch and your side. His head was one of the ones resting on your torso and had an arm draped across your chest.

On your right side you connected the skull on your stomach to Stretch's hoodie clad arm gripping your hip.

You almost missed the hand curled around the crook of your right arm leading you to find Black sleeping at an angle. Your dog plush was being used as his pillow. Sans was in a sitting position slouched against the couch with your legs in his lap. Everyone was fast asleep.

Well, almost everyone.

Slow movement caught your eye. Your hung-over brain attempted to focus in on the small red twin lights in the corner of the room but the soft sound of a door opening and closing drew you attention away.

Papyrus was padding softly up to your skele pile with a mug in his hand. You smiled and blinked up at him before looking back to the corner. Whatever was there was now gone.

"Good morning my dear." Papyrus whispered, setting down the mug and collecting some pillows from another couch.

"Wha time izzit?" You mumble back.

"Six thirty." Ugh, why were you up at this hour?

"I felt that you would need something to help your head so I made you some Golden Flower tea." He was subtly shifting the bones off of you and onto pillows. You must be in the lounge.

Standing was a mistake. The room spun dangerously, your head started to pound worse than before, and your stomach threatened to empty itself on Pap's shirt. Luckily it didn't and with Papyrus's help you wobbled to the empty couch where he settled you on his lap.

The warm mug was pressed to your lips and you eagerly gulped at the bitter tea. You sighed as your pounding head dulled to a tolerable ache and your stomach stopped turning.

"Thank you." You whisper taking the mug from him and humming at the tingle running through your body telling you that he had infused some of his healing magic in with the already potent tea.

"Feeling better?" He asked when you handed the empty mug back to him.

"Mmhmm, just hungry now." Papyrus's soft laugh made you smile and you wrapped your arms around his neck as he stood bundling you to his chest so he could take you with him to the kitchen.

"Now." He said setting a plate with bagels and cream cheese next to your seat on the counter. "How are you really holding up?"

Oh Papyrus, he was always too perceptive of your feelings. You stalled a bit by devouring the first bagel half. As you nibbled at the second, he gently brushed at the crumbs in your lap then moved in to tilt your face up to his.

"Blaire isn't gone, you know that right?" You nod blinking at the tears threatening to blind you. "She's going to school just like I do, it won't be forever." You nod again setting the half eaten bagel aside to wrap your legs around his hips and bury your face in his shirt.

"What if she doesn't want to come back though?" Your voice was shaky and a bit muffled from speaking into his shoulder. "What if she likes it better there? I could never see her again… I don't… I don't know if I could handle not seeing her ever again."

Papyrus wrapped his long arms around you rubbing small circles on your back as you clung to him.

"What if she finds better friends to be with and forgets about me here or...or if she gets hurt and can't recover and I don't know until too late and she's just gone." You are shaking now.

"Oh gods Papyrus, I don't want to forget what she looks like. I can't

remember my parents and sometimes I forget about grandpa… I… what if she forgets *me* ? What if I'm the one who leaves?"

You had twisted Papyrus's shirt into little balls of fabric in your hands. You could no longer find a dry spot on the shoulder you had been hiding in. The familiar fog was starting to overwhelm your mind until Papyrus's voice drifted in.

"Oh dearest, you are her best friend. You two built a band together. You have supported each other for longer than I've known you. For longer than your parents knew you." Grasping your shoulders he pushed you away just enough so he could look down into your face.

"I *know* you, and I know Blaire. She would never just walk away from your friendship. This is only temporary. Both of your standards are far too high to forget the other."

You inhale to protest but he silences you by covering your mouth with his.

Magic danced across your lips and rolled through your body in calming waves making your mind go blank as you clung to him. All to soon, the contact lessened.

"Don't *ever* think that you are forgettable." His teeth moved against your mouth as he spoke and the scent of tangerines hangs around you as he pulls away.

Releasing his shirt, you reach up to pull him back to you but he catches your hands.

"Why don't you go take a shower and get into comfortable clothes? I'll be here when you're done and we can make breakfast together like old times." There was a bright orange blush lighting up his cheek bones and he wouldn't quite meet your shocked expression.

He stepped back allowing you to slide off of the counter and walk out of the kitchen in a daze.

Stretch stirs from sleep searching for your soft warmth. Finding nothing but the floor and a pillow in the immediate vicinity, he cracks open his sockets.

The light streaming through a window somewhere made him groan and roll over. Magic pulsed uncomfortably through his skull protesting the amount of alcohol he had consumed the night before.

Eventually he managed to become vertical and slowly made his way out of the empty lounge. The second the door opened he had to pause and rub at his skull. Music was drifting out of the kitchen. From across the entryway, he could see Red leaning against the wall looking into where the music was coming from.

“what’s goin’ on?” He asked yawning. Red’s eye lights scrolled over his face.

“ya look like shit ashtray.” Welp, someone was in a mood. Shrugging, Stretch moved into the kitchen.

Almost immediately he needed to step back to avoid being ran over by your spinning form making its way to the pantry. Apparently you had changed sometime this morning as you were now sporting a white tank top and grey yoga pants, not bad.

He was relieved to see that the cut on your shoulder had noticeably shrunk so it actually looked like you had just lightly scraped it against something instead of… whatever really happened. You must have had someone do a healing on you, or you were consistently eating monster food.

A quick glance around told him that he was the last one up. Sans and Black were sitting at the breakfast bar. Mutt stood behind his brother, tracking your every move with his eyes. Edge was leaning against the side of the bar staring at this phone, and Blue was standing next to a swaying Papyrus at the stove top.

As you came out of the pantry your eyes locked with his. You smiled and called over the music to him.

“Good morning sweet tooth, how’s your head?”

“‘S been better, though you look like you didn’t drink the entire bar last night.” Your giggle was music to his metaphorical ears. You danced over to the counter and fixed something into a mug

“Here.” You pressed the tea into his hands. “This will help.” Under the heavy scent of honey coming from the mug, he could make out the smell of Golden Flower tea. Ahh so that’s why you were gliding around like you got a full night's rest. Grinning he let his hand capture

yours before you could move off again.

“I tea-lieve I need to thank you honey.” The light flush on your cheeks was because of him, he knew and loved it. But when you look up at him there was a glint of mischief in your eyes.

“I see you Stretch.”

Well, yea. You were looking at him. His face must have looked as confused as he felt because you laughed and winked, stuck out your tongue, then poked his cheek bone.

See, talk, touch. Clever.

“i see you too.” He responded giving your hand a squeeze before letting go. You smile again and move off to help Papyrus at the stove.

Breakfast was a full meal and show apparently. You and Papyrus sang and danced around the kitchen cooking sausages, pancakes, and scrambled eggs. You even pulled Blue around and let him plate the dishes to serve to everyone.

“Okay!” you sighed after the table was cleared. “Who wants to watch a movie? Or take a nap, I’m really not picky.” Stretch chuckled, where ever you were sounded good to him.

Chapter End Notes

> Hey so I need your help. I can't decide on which skeleboy gets to...help read with not...dying. At some point. I guess.
>
> *Cough* I mean come visit me on Tumblr! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok
>
> xoxo

Sweatin' Waterfalls

Chapter Summary

Too many skeletons makes for an eventful nothing Sunday.

Chapter Notes

Heh, you guys seem to really want Red to be a hero, I hope you feel the same way when the time finally comes ^_^ he's still got some growing to do.

Anyhoo, this is kind of a set up chapter so enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Having a successful nothing Sunday with this group was nearly impossible. You should have known.

Right after breakfast you had crashed on the couch to watch a movie with Mutt, Black, and Stretch. Inevitably you passed out fifteen minutes in squished between the latter two. They had let you sleep through the film but you were woken up by Black and Blue arguing over what to watch next.

Leaving them to it you wandered off to find Papyrus studying in the library. And by studying you mean trying to explain surface law to Edge. Before either could notice you, you backed out and headed for the backyard.

If everyone was inside being noisy, maybe you could relax outside for a bit. The sun was pleasantly warm as you lounged back in a lawn chair.

Just as you began to doze, a shadow covered your face. Opening your eyes you squint at the silhouette blocking out the sun.

“doll.”

Red? You couldn't help the pang of guilt in your gut. Ever since you had broken down in front of him, you had kind of avoided the bulky skeleton.

“Hey.”

“hey.”

… What a meaningful conversation.

“MAIDEN! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A BATTLE OF THE WATER GUNS!” Blue came bounding over, arms full of dripping squirt guns.

“Uh, sure Blue just hold on a sec…ond.” You turned back to Red only to find that he was no longer there. Should you go find him? Biting your lip you looked at Blue who was excitedly laying out what looked like every squirt gun Papyrus had ever collected next to your chair.

“READY?”

You couldn’t say no to him. Scooping up your favorite weapon you rolled out of the lawn chair shooting water at him as you went.

The laughter and screams of your game drew Sans, Papyrus, and Stretch out to the yard. Papyrus immediately took up arms and joined the free-for-all hitting you right in the face as he raced past. Stretch also picked up a gun but only shot at you or Papyrus whenever one of you went for his brother.

This caused you and Papyrus to turn on him. Both of you firing at the same time.

MISS

Unperturbed, Papyrus circled around to the right. Shrugging you went along with it going left.

MISS

MISS

Damn, for a lazy guy, he was fast. Blue quickly joined in trying to corner and soak his brother. Stretch moved around the yard easily dodging anything and everything you three threw at him.

Eventually Blue and Papyrus managed to back him up against the side of the house. You were hiding around the corner waiting for them to push him closer.

“Ha!” You yelled firing your gun when he was in range.

The water ended up hitting Blue in the chest. Stretch had teleported away when you had rounded the corner. Your friends were looking at

you annoyed and both raised their weapons to aim your way.

“Whoa guys.” You start backing up only to bump into a very dry Stretch. An arm snaked around your shoulders pinning you to his chest, squirt gun aimed over your shoulder at your teammates.

“PAPY! TELEPORTING IS CHEATING!” Blue yelled stomping his foot.

“It really is cheating.” You say pressing your head back into his sweatshirt to get water on it. He only shrugged and began moving around the others taking you with him.

“HE’S CAPTURED THE MAIDEN!” Blue hollered to the small crowd that had assembled on the porch during your little war. Black was inspecting a squirt gun but headed over at Blue’s call. Edge settled in a lawn chair near Sans to observe.

Stretch was moving at a diagonal towards a tree in the corner of the yard, keeping his gun trained on the other three. Suddenly a powerful stream of water exploded on the side of his skull covering both of you.

Squealing you dropped to the ground as Stretch stumbles back. Whipping your head around you laughed out loud at the sight of Mutt standing with the hose kinked but still aimed at you two.

“duchess doesn’ like cheaters.” He growled. His tone was serious but the glint in his eye told you that he wasn’t angry.

“i would say using a hose is cheating.” Stretch shot back pulling off his now dripping hoodie and tossing it towards the porch. You blinked up at him. You don’t think you had ever seen him without that hoodie on.

A black tank top clung to his his ribs and hung down just over his hips. Most of his scapulas and some of the upper ribs just under his arms were on full display making you stare.

Why were they attractive? You had seen Sans and Papyrus shirtless many times, why was this a big deal now? Stretch had noticed your staring and leaned over to help you up.

“see something you like?”

Yes. “I’ve just never seen you without your hoodie.” You try to play it off. Unfortunately your red face was betraying you. Tearing your eyes away, you pretended to check how much water you had left in your

gun. Stretch chuckles and saunters off, but remains in your peripheral.

Sighing you approach Mutt.

“Hey, can you top me off so I can shoot him?” He wordlessly hands over the hose.

As you fill your reservoir, Mutt’s thick duster settles around your shoulders. Looking up confused, your face heated up anew. He was tugging off his sleeveless turtleneck leaving only his collar on his upper body.

Your embarrassment began to turn to concern upon seeing the shape his ribs were in. There were many deep looking nicks and ossifications littering his torso. The most alarming part was one of his false ribs was broken off, coming to a sharp point on his side instead of connecting where it should.

“go change.” You blinked at the command then at him as he extended his shirt to you. Frowning you looked down.

Oh.

You forgot that you had put on a white tank top this morning. Your bra was showing proudly through the wet garment. Dropping the hose and your gun you ignored the offered shirt in favor of drawing the long duster around you and made a beeline for the house.

Shutting the door to one of the empty guest rooms you shrug off the duster and go to look through the closet that contained your clothes stash for this house. Only to find that you had nothing left. Everything must be in the hamper downstairs.

Looks like you were going to need to steal something from Sans again. Leaving the closet you stopped short to find Red standing in the middle of the room holding Mutt’s duster.

“hey there doll face.”

Chapter End Notes

Has he figured out how to communicate?

Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

I’m well Acquainted with Villains that Live in my Bed

Chapter Summary

Red wants to talk, not everyone is happy with this.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Warning!

Non-con and panic

There are *** before and after the non-con section if you would like to skip over it. And please skip over it if that kind of stuff bothers you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey Red.” You crossed your arms trying to cover yourself as he took a few steps towards you.

“we need ta have a little chat.” He took a few more steps.

“Um, sure. Let me just change first.”

“n o w” You freeze in your attempt to sidestep him.

“Red what-” He throws down the duster and slams his hands into the wall on either side of your head.

“make time now doll, ’m done waitin’” Eyes wide you can only nod. His strained grin widens but remains tense.

“ya make time fer everyone else.” His growl was low. “y’ve even accepted all of ‘em.” He slides his hands down the wall and they come to a rest on your shoulders.

“now yer gonna accept me.”

*** **Non-con scene, please skip if this kinda stuff bothers you** ***

The world shifted and he pitched his weight forward making you fall back onto a bed with him on top.

“Wait, Red!” Magic sparks from his left socket and your hands are pulled up and what felt like chains held them to the pillows above your head. Sharp fingers grasp the hem of your still damp shirt as he looms over you.

Kicking up your legs you slam your knees into his back. He growls and you feel an invisible force and more chains flatten your legs down.

“lemme jus’ show ya.” The sharp fingers gripped the bottom of your shirt and pulled.

Rriiiiiiiip.

A gasp escaped you as the fabric tore all the way up leaving only your bra to cover your front.

“Red please. I’m here, you wanted to talk, let’s talk!” You wriggled as his eye lights roamed over you.

“why won’t ya jus’ accept me?” His voice had softened a bit and he sunk his weight onto you, his skull coming to a rest in the crook of your neck. You fought to ease your breathing as your eyes darted around the dark room.

“i can be whatever ya need.” A purr crept into his voice as he took a deep breath.

“mmm… ya smell so good doll.” Something hot and wet ran over your collarbone and up to your pulse point making you whimper and squirm. A heady scent of burning pine rolled off of him in waves accompanied by the tang of mustard as his breath fanned across your face.

“i could just eatcha right now.” Sharp teeth pricked at your neck and shoulder followed by what you could only assume was a magical tongue.

You couldn’t help but arch your back and press into him. It’s not the response you wanted to give. But your traitorous body responded eagerly to his touch as your mind desperately searched for a way out.

“R-red, this is...ahhh~!” One of his hands had pushed up your bra and roughly pinched one of your nipples. His growl became louder as he

nipped along your jawline up to your ear.

“i can smell it on ya. jus’ accept me an’ i can fill that need.” Shuddering at his voice, you let out a small moan as he ran his hand down your bare stomach to play with your waist band.

“Th-this isn’t right.” You panted. His hands, tongue, and teeth were setting every part of you they touched on fire.

“then let’s be wrong.” He murmured.

“No…mn...w-we need to talk about this b-bonahh!” Red had worked his way back down your neck to your breasts, nipping at and lathing his tongue over your nipples until they grew hard. He growled at your words sending pleasant vibrations through your chest.

Straining against the magic holding you down you squeezed your thighs together in an attempt to keep his wandering fingers from traveling too far south.

“i know yer enjoyin’ this doll.” He tilted his skull up enough so he could watch your flushed face.

“And I said no.” You whimpered as you stared back down at him.

***

As if on cue, the door burst open and Edge stormed in. Red sat up snarling at the intrusion only to be ripped off of you by the collar and hurled into the closet. Finding that you were no longer being restrained you quickly sat up and tried to tug your bra back into place.

Before you could utter a word Edge rounded on you, seized your upper arm, and dragged you out the door. Stumbling after him you were pulled across the hall and into Edge’s room where he sent you face first onto his bed.

A part of you was expecting him to attack you in a similar fashion as Red had but you went untouched as you struggled into a sitting position. Looking around, you caught sight of Edge disappearing into his closet. Scrambling to the edge of the bed you stood on wobbly legs

only to sit back down. The adrenaline was wearing off leaving you a shaking confused mess.

Breath, breath. List five things you see, list five things you see. You see...the wall, those posters, the doorway looking into Red's room. Red's room. He… he tried to...

"PUT THIS ON." You jumped at the voice then looked up at Edge. He was staring straight ahead at the wall behind you as he held out a shirt of some kind.

For a moment, all you could do was stare at him. He wasn't trying to touch you. He wasn't even looking at you. That alone helped you breath easier. You gingerly take the neatly folded fabric from him and set it in your lap as he turns around.

You pull off the remaining tatters of your tank top with shaking hands and slip the offered garment over your head. It turned out to be a soft black turtleneck sweater. Edge was much taller than you in both torso and arms so it ended up being a short sweater dress.

"Okay." You say as you work on rolling the sleeves up a few times so your hands were free. Edge turned around and cautiously brought his eye lights down to appraise you.

"Thank you for…" You glance at the door not finding any words, then down at yourself. "And this." you tugged on the hem of the sweater. Edge hadn't moved, so you look back up at him. His jaw was set in an angry fashion and he kept clenching and unclenching his fists.

"MY BROTHER-" He started, but stopped to look towards the door then back. You could almost see the internal war he was waging. He tried to approach you but halted when you shrunk back. Clenching his jaw, he pulled out his phone and swept out of the room tapping away on it.

You heard the door across the hall slam and you wrapped your hands around yourself taking deep breaths. You didn't want to think about what would have happened if Edge hadn't interrupted.

"oh princess." You jumped a little at Sans's voice and looked up to see him tucking his phone into a pocket. Before you could register your own movements, you had rushed into his arms.

"i'm gonna take you outta here kay?" You nod and Edge's room was replaced by Sans's. The two of you sunk down onto his mattress.

Warm phalanges brushed at your cheeks, when had you started crying?

Thankfully, Sans didn't press you to talk, simply holding onto you murmuring nonsense and running his fingers through your still damp hair. Your chest ached. Your head hurt. You were trying to process the entire situation.

You ended up fading in and out of sleep. Most of the time you would wake to find Sans still holding you. A few times you could have sworn there were others around but only briefly. Once you did wake to find yourself alone. Sitting up you squinted around the darkened room looking for any sign of movement.

"Sans?" Your voice sounded rough to you. He appeared just inside the door. The little pin pricks of light that were his eyes finding you.

"i'm here." You relaxed swinging your legs over the edge of his mattress.

"Sorry for snoozing on you." You say trying to lighten the heavy air of the room.

"don't be, seemed like ya needed it after… what happened." He shuffled back and forth a bit then knelt in front of you.

"please call for me next time, just like now, i'll come whenever ya call."

"I know."

"you promised you would." He picked up your hands squeezing gently.

"I know... I just...I can't help but think that this wouldn't have happened if I had just accepted everyone the day you told me about the bonds." His grip on your hands tighten and you look up to find him frowning back.

"don't think that." He let out a breath and closed his eyes for a moment before starting again. "this is not your fault. red is just an idiot." You smiled a little at that but it quickly faded.

"Still, I should have talked to him before we got to his point. There's just… so much has been happening."

“hey, none of this is your fault okay? don’t make excuses for him.”

“I know, I’m not.” He raises a brow at you. “I’m going to need to talk to him eventually Sans.”

“doesn’t mean i’m happy about it.” It was your turn to squeeze his hands.

“We’ll figure this whole, multiple bonds thing out.” He snorted but nods anyway. You sit a little longer with him making light conversation.

At some point his phone buzzes and he teleports away leaving you alone again. Searching around, you realize that your phone was probably out in the house somewhere. Taking a few breaths you open the door and slip into the hallway.

Noise drifted up from downstairs but this level seemed quiet. You wandered down the corridor towards the still open door of the guest room Red had taken you from. Mutt’s duster was still on the floor. Picking it up you hugged it to your chest and left to make your way down stairs.

Following the sounds of life, you peeked into the kitchen. Papyurs was standing over the stove engaged in an argument with Black over the proper way to cook whatever it was he was making. Backing out you head over to the lounge. Stretch and Blue were playing a video game. Blue noticed you and called you over.

“MAIDEN! I’M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU UP AND ABOUT! PAPY SAID YOU HAD FELT FAINT AFTER OUR WAR!” You frowned a bit but stepped all the way into the room anyways.

“Uh sure, I did sleep for a bit there.” Chewing your lip you looked at Stretch. He was still in his black tank top. “Have either of you seen my phone? Or Mutt?” Blue hopped up excited.

“I’LL HELP YOU LOOK!” And he was out the door. You couldn’t help but smile at his enthusiasm. Stretch had also set down his controller and approached you.

“you sure you’re okay? edge told us what happened.”

“That I felt faint or that Red-” You were interrupted by him drawing you to his chest in a tight hug.

“i just wish you had called for help sooner.” You couldn’t help but smile into his shirt. He sounded so much like Sans right now. Pulling away you stood on your tip toes and risked a quick peck on his cheek.

“I will sweet tooth.” You backed out of the room smiling to yourself at the amber blush igniting the lanky skeleton’s face.

Back out in the entrance hall, you could hear Blue as he tore through the upstairs rooms calling for Mutt. Leaving him to the upstairs you randomly choose a direction and took the first door you saw. This tactic brought you into the library.

Papers and books were stacked in random piles on the table in the middle of the room. Huh, Papyrus usually didn’t leave his school stuff out. Drawing closer you determined that these were definitely not Papyrus’s notes. The handwriting was too messy, hell some of it wasn’t even any human language you knew of.

Movement coming from your right drew your attention. A gold tooth flashed in the dim light and a dark collar klinked gently below it. Your whole body went rigid. You were not ready to confront Red again. The figure halted noticing you.

“duchess?”

You blink at the nickname.

“Mutt?” A light clicked on and you let out a breath you didn’t realize you had been holding. Sure enough Mutt stood before you holding a small stack of books. He had put his shirt back on after you left apparently.

“thought you’ere asleep.” He said placing his books on the table. Your eyes traveled over a few of the chips in his arms. Which reminded you.

“I um, have your jacket.” You held it out. He just stood there regarding you.

“Thank you for lending it to me.” You try to get him to take it again but his hands remained on top of his books.

“I’ll just… leave it here for you then.” You quickly drape the duster over the back of the nearest chair and start to leave.

“yer phone’s plugged in in papyrus’s room.” You looked back over

your shoulder, but he was looking through the book on the top of his stack.

“Thanks.” A small smile pulls at your lips. He was definitely one of your more confusing bond mates. You turn to leave only to have the library doors burst open.

“MAIDEN! I HAVE CONFIRMED THAT MUTT IS NOT UPSTAIRS BUT FEAR NOT. I WILL CONTINUE THE- OH.” Blue had finally noticed the target of his search standing in the same room with you.

“I found him but thank you for helping me Blue, now let's go see if Papyrus needs help with dinner.” You link your arm through his and tilt your head in a questioning manner.

“OF COURSE!” He cheered.

It turned out that dinner was mostly done by the time you and Blue entered the kitchen but Blue insisted on helping with something so you were carted off to put out place settings. The others slowly trickled in and Black helped serve the meal. Conversation was light, but you couldn’t help but wince at the growing ache in you chest.

Red did not attend dinner.

Chapter End Notes

Red isn't a hero yet friends.

Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

xoxo

Focus on Me

Chapter Summary

Hormones are great at confusing mates.

Chapter Notes

Last chapter was heavy, I'm sorry about that friends. But do not worry! Red was, properly punished. I may make a Buried in Bones short in the future that details his punishment but it would entail pretty graphic discipline at the hands of Edge so I'm still on the fence about if it'll actually be put to writing.

Yes, both Blue and Black are in the dark about what happened. Both are the type to actually dust Red, or put him in a situation where dusting was inevitable with no further questions asked if they knew.

Anyhoo, less heavy chapters for a while before we dive back into angst land.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The week flew by. You hardly spent any time in your own home anymore, which was fine because a big part of you still seized up at seeing Blaire's empty room. Oliver posted a sign during the week stating that the Twisted Crown would be holding auditions for a new band to play Wednesday nights. Yourself and the twins were going to judge and pick the band.

Red was avoiding you like the plague. When you did happen to be in the same room as him, another skeleton always found a convenient excuse to be there too. That, or he would quickly shuffle away muttering something about going to see a friend.

You really needed to sit down with him and talk about, well, several things actually, but it had to be done. It was just aggravatingly difficult to get the prickly skeleton to stay around you for any length of time.

The others had started to act weird too.

Papyrus_____

Sans had brought you home with him Monday night after your shift. Papyrus had been up late making sure he didn't fall behind on his studies just because of all the excitement that had surrounded his home over the past few weeks. He was a skeleton of standards after all and a few guests were not going to prevent him from studying, even if it was only for one course over the summer.

He found you and his brother standing together in the entrance hall talking in low voices on his way to bed.

"Is everything alright my dear?" He inquired. You looked up and smiled upon seeing him and came over to give him a hug. His brother however appeared somewhat annoyed. Before he could ask, Sans bid both of you goodnight and teleported away.

"Sorry Papaya, I just didn't want to be by myself in that house tonight." You rub your hands over your face as you leaned against his side.

"It's no problem at all, did you want to go to bed or shall we watch something?"

"Mmmm, X-Files."

"Sounds delightful, why don't you go collect some blankets and get set up? I want to put away my things." You nod and move off to raid the linen closet.

On his way back down, he had run into Blue who enthusiastically joined him upon hearing the words 'blanket fort' and 'binge watching'. Black also joined the construction when he came down to complain about the noise, but was now trying to direct everyone else in the best way to make a comfortable fort that would also not be in the way of the TV.

Eventually Papyrus was able to settle down next to you in a pile of pillows. He was on your right, Blue on your left. Black had taken up your lap and tugged a large blanket over everyone. About two episodes in and you were fast asleep.

Soft morning light woke Papyrus. At least that was what he originally thought had pulled him from slumber. You were still slumped against his side and the others were asleep on you. He cautiously detached himself from the pile and slipped out of the fort.

He blinked several times at the air in the room, it was vastly different

from the atmosphere in their little cave. Ducking back in, the sweet scent of fresh picked summer apples hit him like a truck.

Never in his time living with you had you smelled so appetizing. Sure he and Sans both knew when you were most fit for mating before, but it was always a small signal, just like the rest of your cycle.

But this, this was like when he had kissed you over the weekend. You radiated softness, a sweet need that called so desperately to be taken care of. You needed to be gently held, to be laid down tenderly and-.

Papyrus snatched his hand back to his chest. He hadn't even registered that he had reached out for you. Uncertainty took over and he hastily exited the fort. Just like when you had tried to pull him back for another kiss, he retreated. Terrified that it would change the relationship he had worked so hard to forge all these years.

Black and Blue_____

Rustling noises pulled Blue from sleep. Sitting up he listened to footsteps leave the room. His sudden movement caused someone else to shift next to him and a warm hand curled around his wrist. Peering down he found you still wrapped in their shared blanket, propped up against the couch, fast asleep.

Blue smiled to himself and settled back down tugging your shoulder so you would lean on him more. Ahh sweet maiden, you didn't treat him like a child like most people tended to do. Instead you partook in water wars and cooked human food with him. You even let him feed you and you fed him in return on your brunch date, like true bondmates.

Everything about you was sweet. Your eyes, your words, even your smell. Especially your smell. Which was curiously stronger than before.

He couldn't help himself, he turned his head so he could bury it in your hair. The mouth-watering scent of pressed apple cider wafted through his nasal cavity making his mind reel.

Just as his grip tightened on your sleeping form, an aggressive growl rumbled from your chest. Blinking away the hearts in his eyes, Blue pulled away to find a pair of purple eyelights glaring up at him from your breasts.

Black was not exactly happy about being awoken by the overly

enthusiastic skeleton, whose fingers were trying to worm their way in between him and his very soft and very warm bed that was you.

He had purposefully allowed the softer skeletons to claim seats by your sides so he could ensure the spot in your lap was uncontested. This allowed him the most contact with you, thus enabling him to inevitably receive more cuddles than the others as you slept.

What he didn't anticipate was the burning desire to devour you as he regained consciousness. The smell of candy apples completely surrounded him from his place between your breasts.

When Blue's fingers began to encroach on his space he lifted his head just enough to lock eyes and growl. You were his pet, and he protected what was his.

The two of them stared at each other, neither willing to let go of you to remove the other. Instead they waged a silent war with their eyes which eventually turned into hissed threats or warnings and small hand jabs or gestures.

When you eventually yawned and opened your eyes they both froze and stared at you. You greeted both of them affectionately before removing yourself from the blankets and pillows to hunt around for your phone.

"MAIDEN?" Blue prodded. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME DO SOME PUZZLES WITH ME TODAY?" Black shot him an annoyed look but returned his attention to you as you hummed.

"We'll have to see Blue, I gotta get something in me first." They both went ridged at your words and the silent war reignited. They almost didn't notice you as you slipped out of the fort. Almost.

Following you to the kitchen, they were met with a frowning Papyrus. You greeted him on your way into the pantry. The tall skeleton fixed the two of them with a look.

"Hey Papaya, do we have anymore strawberry oatmeal?" You asked leaning out. Papyrus's head snapped to you then back to him and Blue.

Giving some vague answer, he quickly made an excuse and pulled him and Blue out of the kitchen.

Stretch_____

Checking his phone, Stretch took a shortcut to the Twisted Crown. You had about three hours left on your shift. He was here for two reasons. One was that you made fantastic drinks and would joke with him throughout your shift. And two, he wanted to make sure Red wasn't trying anything while you were at work.

His shoulders relaxed when he confirmed that Red wasn't anywhere in the bar. Taking his seat in your area, he watched as you finished showing Fell's Grillby how to mix a certain drink. He caught your eye and you came over smiling and leaned on the bar.

"What'll it be Stretch? Feeling a little boozy or just here for the sweets?"

Stretch inhaled to answer but immediately clamped his mouth shut. Stars your hormones were basically screaming right now. Why were they screaming? Glancing around at some of the nearby monsters showed that they were unaffected by the sweet aroma rolling off of you.

A tapping sound brought him back to reality. You had tapped the bar top in front of him and waved a hand in his face.

"You okay?" He blinked, did you not know that you were throwing out every 'fuck me' signal known to monsters? Not that he was complaining too much but damn.

Putting on a smile, he nods at you. "yup."

You looked unconvinced. "Really? Cuz you look like how your brother and Black did this morning." Stretch's eyes snap to yours. You were gesturing vaguely around his face. "You know, all glazed over and flushed. I didn't think monsters could get sick."

When had you seen Sans this morning? And if you were smelling as good as you are now then… is this why he didn't stay around for breakfast? Shaking his head quickly Stretch attempts to sort his thoughts through the onslaught of mating calls.

'naw we don't get sick, uh, just didn't get a lot of sleep."

"Okay, well, you think on that drink and I'll be right back." You move further down the bar to make someone else's order. Stretch let out a long breath, he had so many questions.

When you came back over he managed to act casual in the face of

your sweet aroma. You smelled just like...

“apple cider.”

He hadn’t realized that he had spoken out loud until you had moved away again to make something. You pulled a few ingredients out, stirred together a drink, and slid it into his hands. Automatically taking a sip he almost moaned.

You were already making his head spin, but your scent combined with the apple and cinnamon flavor with a kick of whiskey shooting through his system was making his magic heat up.

He tried to keep up his usual banter as the night progressed but he found himself taking twice as many smoke breaks to clear his head. He knew next to nothing about the human mating cycle and the hurried search on his phone while outside was just confusing, and a little terrifying.

When this timeline’s Sans showed up later that evening, Stretch quickly excused himself and teleported to his room. He needed to research this more. The whiskey buzzed and your smell clung to him. Instead of moving to his computer he sat heavily on the edge of his bed.

He wanted another drink, but he wanted something else more. Kicking off his shoes he layed back and got comfortable. What he really needed was relief.

Sans_____

He couldn’t believe this was happening. First Red attacks you and you didn’t call for him, then you seek out the others for comfort and movies when you can’t stand to be in your own home. What was happening to his relationship with you?

Sans was sitting at his desk glaring angrily at the socks and wadded up papers flying around his trash tornado. It was almost time for him to head to the bar to walk you home. At least that was still fairly consistent. Sighing heavily, he ground his palms into the edges of his sockets. This was not how he thought a bond with you would have gone.

Welp time to put on a face and see who all was surrounding you tonight.

To his surprise, only Stretch was sitting at the bar chatting idly with you. Even more surprising was how he basically fled from you once Stretch caught sight of him. At least it was weird until he took Stretch's seat.

Oh. Wow. That was...strong.

Stronger than any other month that he had known you. Was it because you had a newly accepted bond that your hormones were suddenly begging to be paid attention to? Shaking his head he returned your smile and greeting.

"i think you have to turn the knob to get in." You had been standing on your porch with him for a full minute just staring at your door. At his words you giggle a bit and comply pulling him inside after you.

It was so much easier to be around you outside he found. Inside these closed spaces, your hormones seemed to pile up and amplify. You flop onto the couch and he joins you.

"I should really get that roommate ad out." You grumble.

"why? you only moved in here because of blaire. we have a few extra rooms and my offer still stands."

Sans almost immediately re-thought his words. As much as he loved the idea of living with you again, the others would have more of your time too.

No. It was a good idea. Shut up nonexistent brain.

"I'll think about it." Well that was something at least.

You lapsed into silence, content to just sit. For a minute Sans thought you had nodded off.

"Mn hey, I have your jacket." You say jolting him from his thoughts. Moving from the couch you disappear into your room then return with two things. The first was his jacket, he almost forgot that he had left it with you. Putting it on immediately surrounded him with the scent of fresh picked apples. Humming contently he also took the second item. A black turtleneck.

"This is Edge's, he lent it to me last weekend." Sans didn't miss how you glossed over why but he nodded anyway.

You resettled on the couch, head in his lap. As you dozed, Sans ran his fingers through your hair and tried to keep his mind from running through all the other things he wanted to do with you here.

Edge_____

This was a bad idea. Edge rarely thought he had bad ideas, but this was definitely a bad idea. But here he was pinning you to the floor just days after your...incident with Red.

You made small noises as you moved beneath him. Your grip on yours and his entwined fingers tightens as you lock one leg around his pelvis, planting the other on the floor. He shifts to accommodate the new angle and grunts as you rock your hips hard and up against him pushing to the side as you do. The two of you roll and you end up on top pressing your conjoined hands into the soft floor of the training room.

“I did it!” You release his hands and sat up with a smile.

“ONLY BECAUSE I LET YOU.” He retorts, “NEXT TIME TRY THIS.” Pulling you forward so you were holding him down, he began to instruct you on another technique.

Under normal circumstances, this would be fine. He had planned on teaching you to escape someone who had managed to pin you down anyways after your pathetic attempt to do so at your last training session but it became more urgent after…

No. It was FINE, this was FINE.

He was definitely not enjoying bodily grappling with you. Being able to press into your soft skin in this private room that you had reserved for just him and you. The fact that your hormones were sending off incredibly enticing signals right now was totally not messing with his battle hardened mind.

Okay so maybe it was a little bit. Stupid human cycle, your body’s call to mate was intoxicating.

The two of you rolled again as you tried his suggestions. Your scent swirled around him, warm and sweet. Reminding him of the apple pie one of the others had brought in last week.

“Edge? You okay buddy?” He blinked. You had moved off of him and was waving a hand in front of his face.

“O-OF COURSE!” The look on your face said you didn’t believe him, but you didn’t press it. Mentally shaking himself, he got to his feet and went to check the time as you got a drink.

“I BELIEVE THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR TODAY.” He announced. He had to get out of here, too much longer in this close proximity and he was going to maul you.

He jogged home, hoping the fresh air would clear his head. It didn’t. It wasn’t until he made it up to his room that he realized that your scent was still surrounding him. Tugging his shirt up to his face he inhaled.

Right. He had been rolling on the floor with you for the better part of an hour. Your scent had saturated his clothes. Growling he hastily stripped down, kicking the offending garments away from him. He needed a cold shower.

A long one.

Red_____

He glared down at his phone, scrolling through the few texts you had sent him since last weekend. They had started with a request to talk, but turned to questions about him and where he was the longer he ignored them.

He knew that he was in the wrong, up here on the surface everything was... well it sure as hell didn’t run like back underground. Bond mates were few and far between back then. An unaccepted mate was at risk of being made a target.

Flipping over to the conversation with his Frisk, he re-read the discussion.

Red - ain’t that easy

Red - don’t think you get just how much i fucked it

Kid - Language

Red - fits the situation

Kid - Have you talked to your ST?

Red- have a sesh tomorrow

Red - should i tell em?

Kid - They're there to help you adjust, let them help you

Red - easier said than done kid

Kid - Do you want your bond to work out?

Red - don't play me like that

Kid - It's okay to open up up here

Kid - I'm rooting for you Sans. Talk to the therapist.

He read and re-read the last message. All monsters had what was called Surface Therapists. People who met with the clan members once a week to discuss and assist with the culture transition to surface living. Once a monster was deemed to be safely transitioned, the sessions would be more spaced out or cease to happen at all.

Red hated his sessions. He had an overly enthusiastic ray of sunshine for a ST. The man knew his stuff but Red didn't take to kindly to people who could delve into his psyche and analyze the pain. His progress was slow and his trust slower.

But Frisk trusted the guy so he kept going. Could he really help with this? He was a human, maybe he knew how to fix the utter disaster that was his attempt at being a bond mate to a human.

Sighing, he flipped back to your messages. Would it hurt to respond? You had reached out first after all. Gritting his teeth, he finally sent a text back. How was he going to ever make this up to you?

An hour later he was sitting in the library pretending to care about the book in his lap. He heard your soft footsteps enter the library and make their way over. As you settled into an armchair across from where he sat, he closed the book wincing slightly at the movement. His bones still ached from his brother's rage the other day.

There you were, perched on the edge of your seat gazing questioningly if not a little warily at him. You were too soft, too sweet and gentle for someone like him. You and your agonizingly inviting smell of apple pie that was...wait...were you ready to mate? Sweat started to bead on his forehead.

Nope.

He was already in deep shit with you and Boss, not to mention the

others all seemed to make it their personal goal to keep you away from him. This was not a good time. He needed to make an excuse to leave. Frisk was right, he needed to talk to his ST first. Anything he could say now would sound hollow to him as he would literally say anything to be around that decadent scent just a while longer.

You opened your mouth to speak.

“dinner’s ready.” You both whipped your heads around.

Mutt stood in the doorway looking bored. Though Red noted that he didn’t leave until you had walked out. His eyes following you as you went.

Your scent lingered and Red had to take a few moments to calm himself enough to teleport to the dining room.

There was no way he could talk to you like this, shit, looks like he would have to wait a little longer.

Mutt_____

Dinner was awkward. Not that he cared much, but the usual talk was absent. With you sitting at the table, everyone was pointedly trying to shovel as much food into them as possible.

Mutt was by no means unaffected, candy apples ran through his mind as he tried to concentrate on his plate. He simply knew that his current appetite was for something other than the spaghetti in front of him and therefore ate in the same slow fashion he usually did.

“What the hell happened?” You had broken the silence.

“Everyone looks sick or guilty or something.” Your eyes swept around the table. No one was meeting your gaze. This universe’s brothers were staring at each other deep in a silent debate. Welp, if they weren’t going to say anything.

“ya smell.” All eyes were on him now. You frowned and dipped your head down sniffing your shirt.

“I don’t-” You trailed off looking around again. He could live off that confused look you were sporting.

“very appetizin’.” He continued. You blinked.

“I smell like food.” Your voice was flat, clearly not believing him.

“it’s more than that.” This universe’s Sans had decided to jump in. “you uh, you’re.”

Great, he couldn’t spit it out.

“yer ready ta breed darlin’.” Your eyes widened and a pretty shade of scarlet covered your face.

“It’s called ovulating Mutt.” Papyrus mumbled. Your eyes snapped to him and you slowly pulled your phone out.

From his place, Mutt could see you tap on an app and flip to a calendar.

“Huh. Can you all tell? Wait, did you guys always know?” You looked around before pointing between your old roommates.

Mutt tuned out their stuttered explanations. Apparently you had no idea your cycle affected them so much, or that they could sense it at all. Curious how it was so strong compared to the other human females he had been around so far, but that may be the bond.

“Uhg, okay everyone go to the library when we’re done here. You’re gonna get a crash course in human reproductive systems.”

He followed you to the kitchen when you left to load your empty plate in the dishwasher. You squeaked when he leaned around you to add his to the rack. Stars he loved surprising you.

“what kinda crash course we talkin’ ‘bout duchess?” He hunched over so he could speak closer to your ear, hands tracing small patterns on your upper arms.

“Don’t get too excited now, it’ll be like school.” He laughed and turned you so he could pull you up against him. Reveling in your siren call.

“’m more of a hands on student, how ‘bout a private lesson.”

“Down boy.” You were smiling up at him but your voice sounded serious. Reluctantly, he withdrew his touch. To his surprise, your expression grew warmer and you gently tugged him down by the collar to plant a kiss on his cheek bone.

“Thanks for understanding.” And you were gone.

Candy apples crowded out every other thought as he stood frozen.

Eventually his brother's call prompted him to shuffle to the library.

Class in session.

Chapter End Notes

Heh, confused boys are confused (and horny).

Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

One Little Victory

Chapter Summary

> The Crown needs a new band to perform, it's your job to figure out who that will be.

Chapter Notes

> Hey guys, updating early as I will be in the mountains for the next few days and will not be able to update at my usual time. Comment responses will be delayed because of this too. The mountains call so I must go!
>
> Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You decided it was a good idea to lay low for the last few days of your ovulation. It wasn't too hard, most of the boys were almost as embarrassed as you were. It was a very weird evening giving a group of adult monsters an informal sex education talk covering a human female's menstrual cycle.

Whatever, it was over with now. Plus this gave you a good chance to record some songs with the twins and video chat with Blaire.

Tonight was the first round of band auditions at the Crown so you spent most of your day debating with the twins on exactly what you would be judging each band on. There were quite a few groups so each band would play two songs tonight.

For this first round the contestants could play any songs they wanted, whether they wrote them or not. If they made it to the next round they had to play at least one song that was theirs, and the two that made it to the finals had to play a full set of their own music.

You didn't work Wednesdays, but you had spent the entire day at the bar before opening putting up a few decorations for the main event and checking in instruments from various bands until Oliver took over. The twins showed up after they got off work and shuffled tables around to accommodate the larger crowd that was expected.

"B S." You flipped the top card on the pile over at flicked it back at Hayden. The three of you were clustered around the judge's table

playing cards until show time.

Hayden cursed and picked up the rest of the stack. Jack laughed and put his play down.

“One nine.”

Don’t even try dude, I have all four of them now.” Hayden slid the card back. Jack only shrugged and picked it up. As you went to play, Hayden shook his head again. “Already calling B S on you too.”

“It’s almost no fun when one person has most of the deck.” You pretend to pout and shuffle your cards around.

“Well at least I don’t have to bluff my way to victory anymore. Three jacks.”

“Ha! You could very easily be lying, it’s just more believable because you are holding almost everything. One queen.” Jack quickly dropped his card on the table.

“B S.” You and Hayden both say.

“Damn it.”

You laugh. “Two kings.”

Both boys regard you for a moment and look through their own hands. Hayden narrows his eyes at you but doesn’t say anything as he starts to pick out his play.

“that’s not what you put down.”

You twist around in your chair to find all eight of your skeletons settling at the table next to yours. Stretch and Blue had come over to watch the game.

“Uh, hey guys.”

“I call B S then!” Jack flips your cards and slides the two and seven back to you. Grumbling you pick them back up.

“WHY DID YOU LIE ABOUT WHAT YOU PUT DOWN?” Blue was looking at the cards curiously. Stretch was watching the twins as they took their turns.

“It’s just how the game goes Blue, you have to play the next card in

order no matter what. So if you don't have it, you bluff. If you get caught, you have to take the pile, but sometimes you get away with it. One three." You had kept one eye on the game during your explanation. Luckily you did have a three and tossed it down.

"Beeeeeee S?" Jack was squinting hard at your card on the little pile trying to suddenly develop x-ray vision.

"Eat it Jack-a-boy." Grinning you flipped your card to reveal the three. Jack made a face but took the pile.

"let me join." Stretch pulled up a chair and sat straddling it so he could rest his arms on the back. The twins both shrugged and tossed their hands in the middle to re-shuffle. You added your cards but stood up.

"Do you want to give it a try Blue? I'm gonna go grab a drink and say hi to everyone so no need to deal me in." Blue took your seat bouncing happily. Stretch gave you a weird look, so you bent down to give him a hug. "Have fun Marston." Planting a kiss on the top of his skull you moved off to greet the others.

Black was the only one to return your greeting as the rest of the table seemed occupied. Red sat awkwardly in between Mutt and Edge as they discussed something in low tones and Papyrus had suddenly become very interested in whatever Sans was saying.

"YES, GOOD AFTERNOON MY PET! I HOPE MY BEING ABSENT FROM YOU THESE PAST FEW DAYS HAS STRENGTHENED YOUR DESIRE FOR ME." You bite your lip and tried not to outright laugh at him by rubbing his skull.

"Oh, yea. That's exactly what happened." To your surprise, Black jumped up and grabbed both of your hands in his.

"AS EXPECTED! TO REWARD YOU, I SHALL GIVE YOU THE HONOR OF ACCOMPANYING ME ON A DATE TO MAKE UP LOST TIME!"

A. Date?

The entire table had gone quiet.

You mean, the idea of going on a date with any of them hardly crossed your mind. You were already bonded to them so the idea of going out on scheduled dates kind of got skipped over in your order of romantic operations. But it made sense, they wanted to get to know

you and you them. Dates were the best way to accomplish that.

“Sounds good Black.”

“WHAT?!” Edge had stood up.

“OF COURSE IT DOES! I SHALL SEND YOU THE DETAILS AT A LATER TIME.” He raised your conjoined hands to his teeth and sparks of magic danced over your knuckles briefly before he released you and sat down.

That happened.

You briefly took in the looks of surprise from everyone except Mutt. He just looked slightly irritated at Edge for abandoning their conversation. Saying something about needing a drink you slipped away.

“Hey sparky, Rum and Coke me.” Chillby gave you a withering look but obliged. Thanking him you went to check in on the card game.

Jack and Hayden were both holding a large portion of the deck while Blue and Stretch were down to just a few cards.

“Your orange friend is a walking lie detector.” Hayden grumbled laying down a few cards.

“Why do you think I opted out of this game all of a sudden?” You sipped your drink checking the time. “Better wrap this up, first band is on in five.”

They went around the table a few more times before Blue went out with a triumphant shout. “MWEH! I WIN AT THE LYING GAME BY TELLING THE TRUTH!”

“good job bro.”

The twins toss in their cards, they looked relieved. You scoop Blue up in a hug congratulating him and placing a kiss on his skull.

“hey where’s my hug and kiss?” Stretch stood sliding his seat back to the other table. You stuck out your tongue still holding onto Blue.

“Victory H and Ks go to the winner, but you can have a consolation prize I guess.” Letting go of the softly glowing blue skeleton, you blow a kiss at Stretch. He growls but fakes catching it and takes a seat. You follow suit at the judge's table. It was time to listen to some music.

The first few bands were a mixture of human and monster groups as well as that bunny monster from open mic night singing as a single artist. There were a few groups that played original music but it was mostly cover songs.

For the most part you liked all of the bands, you weren't the best for eliminating people. You really hoped the twins had some ideas on how to widdle this down. When the next band's song sheet was placed in front of you, you blinked at the name then up at the stage.

Your suspicions were confirmed immediately.

All of the taller bone brothers were on stage settling into their instruments. Stretch stood behind the mic with a six string slung over his shoulder. He was idly picking at it making a few adjustments as he went. Mutt also stood behind a mic looking smug with is bass. Edge had settled himself at the drum set straightening his clothes and taking up his sticks. Finally, Papyrus was at his keyboard smiling happily out at the crowd.

Turning in your chair you looked at the skeleton table behind you. All of the boys there only had eyes for their brothers. Exchanging looks with the twins you turned your attention back to the stage.

Stretch introduced the band and their first cover song, then nodded at Papyrus who began to play. When Edge started up the beat Stretch began to sing.

I believe in self-assertion

Destiny or slight diversion

Now it seems I've got my head on straight

I'm a freak, an aberration

Seems I've made the right decision

Try to turn back now, it might be too late

And it's up to the morning then back again

Same old day, same situation

The happiness rears back as if to say

I wanna stay home today

Mutt **(don't want to go out)**

If any one comes to play

Mutt **(gonna get thrown out)**

I wanna stay home today

Mutt **(don't want no company, no way)**

Yeah yeah yeah

Stretch and Mutt stood casually behind their mics, fingers effortlessly flying over the strings as they sang. Their voices were anything but casual though.

A simple life's my cup of tea

I don't need nobody but me

What I wouldn't give just to be left alone

I want to be a millionaire someday

And know what it feels like to give it away

Watch me march to the beat of my own drum

And it's over and over and over again

Same old day, same situation

My happiness rears back as if to say

I wanna stay home today

Mutt **(don't want to go out)**

If any one comes my way

Mutt (gonna get thrown out)

I wanna stay home today

Mutt (don't want no company no way)

Yeah yeah yeah

Rain rain every day now

Everyone just stay away now

Come another day

Mutt (Come another day)

I wanna stay home today

Mutt (I wanna stay home today)

I wanna stay home, (stay home), stay home

I wanna stay home today

Mutt (don't want to go out)

If any one comes to play

Mutt (gonna get thrown out)

I wanna stay home today

Mutt (don't want no company no way)

Yeah yeah yeah

I wanna stay home

Mutt (don't want to go out)

If any one comes my way

***Mutt* (gonna get thrown out)**

I wanna stay home

***Mutt* (don't want no company no way)**

Yeah yeah yeah

Papyrus faded out the keyboard bringing the song to an end. You clapped along with everyone else and made some notes on their sheet. Raising a brow at the second song you returned your attention to the stage.

Mutt and Stretch stepped to the side after introducing the second cover song so Edge could have center stage. Twirling his drum sticks a few times he began his solo.

When the guitars joined and the beat changed you were grinning ear to ear. They were good. This was not an easy song to play for a lot of people. A full minute passed before Stretch approached the mic and began to sing.

A certain measure of innocence

Willing to appear naïve

A certain degree of imagination

A measure of make-believe

A certain degree of surrender

To the forces of light and heat

A shot of satisfaction

In a willingness to risk defeat

Celebrate the moment

As it turns into one more

Another chance at victory

Another chance to score

The measure of the moment

Is a difference of degree

Just one little victory

A spirit breaking free

One little victory

The greatest act can be

One little victory

A certain measure of righteousness

A certain amount of force

A certain degree of determination

Daring on a different course

A certain amount of resistance

To the forces of life and love

A certain measure of tolerance

A willingness to rise above

One little victory

(One little victory)

One little victory

(One little victory)

You loved how their voices echoed back and forth. Edge's face was a mask of concentration as he kept up the merciless beat.

Celebrate the moment

As it turns into one more

Another chance at victory

Another chance to score

The measure of the moment

Is a difference of degree

Just one little victory

A spirit breaking free

The greatest act can be on little victory

The greatest act can be on little victory

One little victory

One little victory

One little victory

One little victory

Just One little victory

Just One little victory

One little victory

One little victory

The crowd erupted in cheers. They were definitely moving onto the next round. Making a note on your paper you shot them a thumbs up. As they filed off the stage Edge tossed a drum stick into the audience. He had broken it finishing up the song apparently.

There were only two other groups after their performance but you could feel a few eye lights boring into the back of your head from their table while you tried to be a fair judge. Eventually Hayden got on stage thanking everyone for coming and stated that the bands moving on would be posted on Friday.

You handed your notes to Jack and stepped outside. It was absolutely oven-like in there and you needed a bit of fresh air away from the smell of sweaty bodies. Twisting your torso this way and that you tried to pop your back, it wasn't cooperating.

"what did you think?" Stretch had also come out and was lighting up a cigarette.

"I think it's hard to be a fair judge when I'm bonded to some of the contestants." You say joining him by the wall. He laughed at that, blowing smoke away from you.

"personally though, what'd you think?" You studied him for a moment, mesmerized by the smoke drifting from his mouth and nasal cavity.

"I think, that you guys are all very talented musicians. I didn't even know any of you played anything. Well, except Paps of course." He gave you a look you couldn't quite interpret as you tried to pop your back again.

"what are you even doing?"

"Trying to pop my back, sitting in those chairs for so long was uncomfortable." Stretch stubbed out his cigarette.

"come here." Pulling you to him, his arms wound around you. Gentle fingers pressed into your neck and worked their way down, inspecting each vertebrae before turning you around. He crossed your arms over your chest and pulled you close.

"breath deep honey." You obliged, and as you exhale, he squeezes you tight, lifting you off the ground a bit. Loud pops ran up the entire length of your spine and could be heard over your involuntary moan. He chuckles as you turn and ragdoll into him, he held you up easily.

“if that’s all it took to get you to moan like that i would have offered sooner.” You lolled your head back smiling loosely up at him.

“You’re just trying to get your touching in, I see you Stretch.” His laugh rumbles pleasantly against you and he tilts his face down close to yours. Damn his ability to fluster you!

“so what if i am.” He murmurs. Someone clears their throat and you both turn to find Edge standing with his arms crossed.

“THE BAND IS CONVENING INSIDE, YOU’RE NEEDED FOR WHATEVER REASON.”

“Welp, duty calls I guess.” You pull away a bit only to have Stretch’s arms tighten. He drags his eye lights back to you.

“whatcha doin’ this weekend honey?” You narrow your eyes at the sudden interest.

“Nothing right now, why?”

“spend it with me.” You hear bones rattling from where Edge was standing before his footsteps quickly fade away.

“Um, like the entire weekend?”

“if you want to, but i’d accept an afternoon.”

“Okaaay, an afternoon sounds good.”

“it’s a date.” He pecks your nose and you fight the urge to sneeze as magic tingles down it. Slipping away from you, Stretch waves and slouches off to find his band members.

Chapter End Notes

Got some dates lined up!

What should their band name be? https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Songs in this chapter:
Self - Stay Home
Rush - One Little Victory (for my husband who wanted to add something to my story)

You Can Say That I Don't Know Romance

Chapter Summary

Edge is not happy about your upcoming dates.

Chapter Notes

Oh boy here we go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waking up early was never your strong suit. It was one of the reasons you chose a career that had you working nights. But the increasing demands for your time during the day from your bond mates had you waking up earlier and earlier. Like today for example.

You had gotten back to the twin's place earlier than your usual bedtime but you had crashed hard on the couch. Bright and early, your alarm dragged you up so you could ride home, change, and ride over to the gym to meet Edge.

"YOU'RE LATE." You yawned and checked your phone.

"I'm actually a few minutes early Edgelord, cool it." Dropping your phone and locker key in the corner you proceeded to stretch out.

"YOU'RE LATE BY MY STANDARDS, NOW SHOW ME YOUR STANCE." Geez, what crawled up his coccyx today? You roll your eyes and make a show of taking your time finishing up your stretches. By the time you approached him and settled into the demanded stance, he looked like he was about to blow a gasket.

"DO NOT TAKE THESE SESSIONS LIGHTLY HUMAN! ESPECIALLY NOW THAT YOU ARE GOING OUT ON A...DATE WITH THAT SPOILED BRAT." You frowned as he circled you.

"I need to know how to fight like you to go on a date?" Edge rounds on you dropping into his own stance.

"YOU NEED TO KNOW HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF!" A fist flew towards you and you immediately bring your arms up to deflect it.

"What kind of date do you think I'm going on?" Edge moves into your space. Your stance was strong but he still unbalanced you pressing you

into the floor with a growl.

“IF YOU CAN’T DEFEND YOURSELF, WHAT WILL STOP THAT TINY TYRANT OR THE CARROT STICK FROM TAKING ADVANTAGE?!” Using one of the techniques from last week, you roll him over and break his hold.

“Because they wouldn’t do that!” Moving out of his reach you wait for him to get to his feet. He looked, conflicted. “What’s going on Edge, why are you so upset about this?”

“I’M NOT.”

“Like that’s convincing.”

Another growl escaped him and he lunged at you again. At least he was moving slower than the first real fight you had with him. Backing up you pushed his attack away. Cocking your own fist back, you swung for his jaw.

Blocked.

“PROVE TO ME YOU CAN HOLD YOUR OWN AND I’LL DROP IT.” Before you could respond he attacked again.

Remembering his stance, you pivot forward on your front leg and delivered a check hook to the side of his skull. He jerks to the side but only takes a second to recover and advance again.

Jab deflected, duck under that sidekick, uppercut dodged. He was definitely moving slower, like he was inspecting every move you made.

As he closed the gap between you, you hopped to the side and pushed him by. You back up again to get out of his reach noting that you would need to either press forward or change direction in your retreat soon. You were getting close to a wall.

“Talk to me Edge.”

He corrects himself and uses his long legs to lash out. You block it but the hit causes you to stumble sideways. He was on you in a flash. Capturing your arm he twisted you around and pressed you into the wall.

To your surprise he only held you there for a moment before letting

go and moving away a step. Turning you searched his troubled face.

“MY BROTHER,” He paused taking a breath. “RESTRAINED YOU WITH HIS MAGIC. STRETCH COULD DO THE SAME.” You made a face.

“He wouldn’t--.”

“AND BLACK, HE… HE COMES FROM A SIMILAR PLACE AS I DO. BUT HE FIGHTS DIRTY TO GET WHAT HE WANTS.” Your frown deepens and you push him away.

“Just because Red attacked me, doesn’t mean everyone else will. Stretch and Black have been nothing but nice to me after I accepted them! You’re the one always asking for fights!”

“I’M TRYING TO TEACH YOU!” He roared. You weren’t even physically fighting anymore, the two of you just stood there screaming at each other.

“You can’t tell me when I can and can’t go out with the others!”

“I CAN IF THEY ARE A DANGER TO YOU!”

“They’re not a danger to me! And even if they were you would still have no say!”

“YOU ARE BONDED TO ME, I HAVE PLENTY OF SAY!”

“The bond doesn’t make me an object Edge, I’m a living fucking being!”

“I KNOW THAT! I JUST…” Both of you were breathing heavily.

“You just what? Think you should be in control anyway?” He shook his head.

“Then what is it Edge?!” You had stepped up to him waving your hands angrily.

Just as the words left your mouth, Edge grabbed your shoulders and his teeth suddenly crashed into your lips. The kiss lasted only a moment. Pulling away he stared into your wide eyes.

“I've...Seen How Easily You Are Injured. And I Wouldn’t Be Able To Bear It If I Had To See You Like That Again.”

“I’ll be okay.” Your voice sounds hoarse to you. He brings up a hand to stroke your cheek.

“I Know You Will, I Just Can’t Help But-”

“Shut up.” You grab his shirt and pull him back to you.

The kiss was tentative at first, slow and seeking. But that only lasted for a heartbeat before it became more. Edge almost seemed desperate as he pulled you flush against him, one hand around your waist, the other threading through your hair.

You gasp as his sharp teeth nipped at you lips. His tongue immediately invaded your mouth and began battling yours for dominance. He tasted like cinnamon and...and something sweet? The flavor burned your mouth making you moan.

Hands travel down your body coming to rest briefly on your ass as he lifted. Your legs came up to settle around his hip bones and he slammed you back into the wall causing your head to be thrown back at the force.

Edge growls as your fingers travel over his scapulas, his spine, his skull. Grasping at any part of him to anchor yourself to. His hand not supporting your ass fisted in your hair forcing your face back down.

“You’re Mine Kitten.” He spoke into your mouth holding you firmly in place.

“Mine To Teach.” His teeth grazed over your pulse point making you shiver.

“Mine To Protect.” That tongue slid up your neck and along your jaw leaving behind a burning sensation.

“Mine To Love.” He rocked his hips forward grinding into you. A whine escapes you before he re-captures your lips.

Magic coursed through you, sparking off his fingertips and dripping from his tongue. It was desperate. Starved for a connection. Demanding every fiber of your being to pay attention to it.

You were more than happy to oblige.

He groaned softly against you as your fingernails scratched over his spine. More, he wanted more. He could feel his magic condensing, feel

your body moving against his, clinging to him, wanting him.

“You Can’t Go.” He murmured as you fervently peppered his teeth with kisses.

“Not your decision Edge.” You shot back.

“I’ll Have To Punish You For Disobeying.”

“Then punish me.”

Sharp fingers raked down your side. You were surprised they didn’t rip right through your shirt. The pain made you jerk into him but you quickly relaxed as the same hand ran back up buzzing with magic.

Once again grabbing your hair, he pulled your head back to give him access to your throat. Small whimpers escaped you as his teeth pricked into your skin. Not enough to break it, but just enough to keep you frozen in anticipation.

As his mouth moved lower and you began to squirm. Moving your hips you tried to create more friction between the two of you. His teeth tugged at your top’s strap as he continued to grind you into the wall.

Your phone began to ring loudly. You twitched in Edge’s grasp looking over to where it sat on the floor.

“Ignore It.” He murmured.

You obeyed. Opting to tug at his shirt instead. Only his hand made it under yours first.

Sharp fingers trailed up your back to blindly inspect your sports bra. You almost giggled at the sensation of him searching for a clasp of some sort but your mouth was still occupied with his.

The phone went off again and you both let out exasperated noises.

He presses is skull into the crook of your neck. Taking a long slow breath he steps back allowing you to slide away from him. Your legs are a bit wobbly but you manage to get to your phone just as it stops ringing.

“Unknown number, huh.” You waited to see if they would leave a voice message.

Taking that time to calm your heart rate and breathing. You were pretty sure most of the blood in your body now resided in your face making you a bit dizzy. Did you have time to take a cold shower before work?

Nothing.

Turning back to Edge you found him standing in the same spot, eye lights fuzzy as he gazed into the space around you.

“You okay there bruiser?” He shook himself and nodded. You glanced back down checking the time. “I um, should probably get going. I gotta meet up with the twins to finalize who’s going on to the next round before my shift.”

“THAT WOULD PROBABLY BE BEST.” You suppress a smile at the red slowly engulfing his face. Picking up your things you place a hand on his arm as you pass.

“I appreciate you worrying about me, but everything will be okay.” He simply nods again so you tug on his shirt and place a kiss on his cheek bone.

“You’re mine to love too Edge.” You say letting go. Now his entire skull was red as you slipped out of the training room, the burn of cinnamon on your lips with just a hint of cherry to sweeten the pain.

Chapter End Notes

Heh, I love Edge.

Empty Memories

Chapter Summary

Memory lane is a bitch, luckily someone is ready to distract you.

Chapter Notes

Got some plot for you, got some fluff for you. I haven't forgotten the angst friends, it's lurking.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Neither Stretch or Black cashed in on that date over the weekend. Half of your boys were called into some work thing with Sans, and the others were scarce. Guess it was time to pay attention to the mess your house had become.You felt bad about bugging the twins every time the skeletons were unavailable so you ended up aggressively cleaning your entire house to fill the time.

Re-organizing your closet was not fun. Black had really torn it apart, you had just procrastinated fixing it until now.

As the piles of clothes slowly got set straight, you found a small toppled wooden box. It had been opened and tossed aside in Black's search for accessories or something. The contents had been spilled over the floor. Kneeling down you gently began to retrieve the items.

A fountain pen was the first thing. You idly pulled off the cap and inspected the tip where there was just a spot of ink still clinging on.

"I'm officially your guardian now Blossom. Isn't that great?"

The cap slid home with a click. You ran your fingers over your name engraved in the side of the pen. Picking up the little bottle of ink that went with it, you carefully placed them back in the box.

Next you found a picture of you and your grandpa sitting on his front porch when you were in high school. You remembered taking this photo. He had just bought a new polaroid camera and the two of you had used up an entire cartridge of photos just taking pictures of things so you could shake them around as they developed. This was the last picture you could take from the film cartridge and you decided to introduce grandpa to the selfie. You had written the year and your grandpa's name on the back.

You stared hard at the name then at your grandpa's face in the photo. At least you had it written down, that way his face would always have a name attached to it.

Unlike…

Your eyes drifted to another photo laying on the floor. It was of two people smiling and waving at whoever was taking their picture. You knew these faces. You had carried this picture around with you for a year and a half hoping the people in it would show up for real.

They didn't. And you stopped carrying it.

"They're not ever coming back though!"

"What makes you think that Blossom?"

"It's been five years grandpa. 'Little trips' don't last for five years."

You quickly scoop up the photo and dropped it in the box underneath the picture of you and grandpa trying to keep the angry tears at bay. Nineteen years and it still stung. You had always hoped that it would stop hurting. Guess that was another thing they were making you wait for.

Shaking your head angrily you began tossing the rest of the items back in the box. Most of them were little mementos. A copy of your first driver's license, the business card from your first job, the tassel from your high school graduation cap, and the extra key to your first car. These were okay things. The other objects were just painful and you dropped them back in as fast as you could.

You closed the box and ran your hands over the lid. It was too much to hope that shoving it in the back of your closet again would keep the loneliness away. But having it out would remind you more often that you had no family, or at least no one that wanted to be your family.

Sighing you set the box on one of the shelves near the back of your closet and dropped an old sweater over it. Not the most ideal, but it would keep you from having to look at it every time you came in for clothes.

Right, you were in here to clean those up. Your eyes swept over the remaining small piles of clothes. They could wait for another day, you felt like you had done enough. Plus you really just wanted to get away from memory lane over there under that sweater. You picked out

some fresher clothes and went to shower off your cleaning frenzy.

Just as you were about to step into the hot water, your phone went off. Leaning over to check the ID you frowned. That unknown number was calling you again. Shaking your head you stepped into the shower. If it was important, whoever they were would leave a message.

Lil' Blue - MAIDEN! ARE YOU BUSY RIGHT NOW?

You smiled at your phone. After your shower, you ended up on the couch re-watching your favorite episodes of Parks and Rec.

You - Nope, just watching TV.

You - Why, what's up?

Lil' Blue - WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A SLEEPOVER?

A sleepover? Like popcorn and pillow fights sleepover ooor… Your thoughts derailed and you mentally shook yourself.

You - Sure! Want me to head over now?

Lil' Blue- I CAN COME TO YOU

You - You sure?

Lil' Blue - YES!

Lil' Blue- THIS HOUSE IS FAR TO BIG WHEN EVERYONE IS OUT

Aww, guess Blue also didn't like being home alone. Smiling to yourself you went and changed into some comfy pajama shorts and a loose t-shirt.

When Blue finally knocked on your door, you had just started to wonder how he was going to get here. As far as you knew he hadn't taken diver's ed yet. Asking him this, he laughed and placed his fists on his hips.

"MWEH HEH HEH! I JOGGED HERE OF COURSE!"

He... jogged.

Here… from their house? Who willingly did that? You didn't jog anywhere, walking was fine but jogging or running was too much.

"Dude, I could have picked you up." The two of you settled on the couch and you let the episode run in the background.

"NONSENSE, IT IS A BEAUTIFUL EVENING." Well whatever got him going you guess. He had much more energy than you anyway. Probably didn't even tire him out.

You fell into a comfortable silence watching the show. At some point you heated up some pizza bites to share and Blue had dug out an old picture puzzle from your hallway closet to put together on the coffee table.

"Ha." You say softly, dropping a piece into its place. The puzzle was an old Halloween picture complete with a black cat sitting on a colorful symbol filled table cloth next to a spell book and candle dripping wax onto its skull holder. It was the only puzzle you owned and you can only remember putting it together once before.

"MAIDEN?" Blue was piecing together the skull and candle. You hum in acknowledgement. "WHY DO HUMANS HAVE SO MUCH SKELETON STUFF? You paused pulling cat pieces. "I MEAN, I KNOW HUMANS ARE BASICALLY SKELETONS WITH STUFF INSIDE AND OVER THEM BUT…" He waved at the picture.

You bit your lip. It was probably really weird to see beheaded or bare skeletons on a lot of clothing and art. Being in the music community, there were countless bands with skulls as their artwork. Hell you owned a lot of clothing with logos depicting bones or skulls wrapped up in flowers or something else. Collecting yourself you tried to explain.

"Well um… humans are kind of fascinated with death? Skulls and skeletons are easily recognisable symbols of what we leave behind when we die. Uh, in some cultures death is kinda taboo to talk about but the symbol of a skull is one way that is socially acceptable to address it…"

Blue's eye lights had shrunk immensely as you spoke and you trailed off. Shit, why did you jump on the death train first?

"B-but a lot of people just really think skulls look cool so they uh, decorate stuff with it."

“WE ARE SYMBOLS OF DEATH TO YOU?” He looked so crestfallen.

“No! Well yea, skeletons in general are, but you personally aren’t. And the others aren’t either.” You take Blues hand.

“You move and talk and wear clothes and eat and do all the things living creatures do so it’s hard to really associate you with something dead.” He nods but still looks down.

“Look, I’m alive. I can move my inner skeleton around.” You wiggle your fingers in his hand a bit making him laugh. “Trust me Blue, I’m one of the many who likes skeleton stuff because it’s cool and not scary.” He nods but doesn’t say anything.

You sit in silence for a while, Blue had been staring at your joined hands and he slowly began to squeeze and move your fingers around, feeling the bones underneath your skin. You sat quietly and let him investigate.

His hands move up to your wrist, running over the small bones connecting your metacarpals to your ulna and radius. As he worked his way up your arm, you pulled up the baggy sleeve of your t-shirt. His touch was curious and gentle, turning you so you were sitting with your back to him.

Just like his brother had done earlier in the week, he inspected each individual vertebrae. You couldn’t hold still when he poked at your ribs though.

“S-sorry, that tickles.” You laugh turning around and pushing his hands away. Blue’s face was a pretty baby blue color. He mumbles an apology and quickly goes back to the puzzle on the coffee table.

A few hours later you find yourself yawning and fighting to keep your eyes open. The puzzle was mostly done, just the all black cat was giving you and Blue trouble.

“Let’s go to bed, we can finish this in the morning.” You sway to your feet tugging at Blue’s arm. He looked up surprised.

“BED? DO YOU HAVE A SPARE FOR ME?” Aww, the sweet skele wasn’t expecting to share a bed at a sleepover.

“Come on Blue, it’s a sleepover. So come *sleep-over* here with me.” He screwed his face up but followed you into your room.

“WAS THAT A SLEEPING PUN? I GET ENOUGH OF THAT FROM MY BROTHER AND THE OTHERS.” You laugh and flop onto your mattress patting the spot next to you. Blue fidgets for a moment before crawling up next to you and laying down on his back. You roll to face him and frown.

“Do you normally sleep with that armor on?” He jumps a bit at your words but shakes his head. “Take it off then. Get comfy.” Blue nods and slowly sits up and just as slowly removed his shoulder and chest plates. The grey shirt underneath clung to his ribs as he settled back down.

The two of you lay there in silence. You tried to keep your eyes open but it felt like huge weights kept tugging them closed. Blue suddenly spoke your name softly and you automatically reached out to find and pull him to your chest.

The smaller skeleton went ridgid against you for a few long moments before pressing harder against your chest. As he slowly relaxed, you began to doze.

“IS THAT NOISE INSIDE YOU YOUR HEART?” His voice was only slightly muffled by your shirt but you twitched awake at it anyway.

“Are you talking about the thumping? Then yea, if it’s anything else that’s probably my stomach taking care of those pizza bites.” He nuzzled into you once again listening to your body work.

“G’night Blue.” you mumble. He didn’t respond but you felt his arms wind around you as sleep took over.

Chapter End Notes

I still need a band name for the skele boys. Think on it while we get some snuggles from Blue <3

Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Now there's Him and Now there's Me

Chapter Summary

> There are bound to be disagreements in any relationship. Here's to hoping that everything works out.

Chapter Notes

> Buckle up friends, we're already on unsteady footing with Red. Who else is gonna join team angst in this relationship?
>
> Just an FYI I may be slower on comment responses and chapter notifications on Tumblr for a while. I need a new power cord for my laptop and I don't like how Tumblr does link posts on my phone. Before I can do that I gotta get me and my family moved into a new home this month. The owner of the house we've been renting wants to move back in so the house search is taking all of our time.
>
> Don't worry too much, I have a huge buffer of chapters ready to go so I should at least be able to keep the story updated each week. Happy reading!
>
> xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your morning started off so nicely. You woke up feeling warm and refreshed. Blue had shifted in the night and ended up on top of you. His hands had made their way up under your shirt to cling to your sides, his head still buried in your chest.

He must have been a light sleeper or something because he lifted his head just enough to blink up at you when you had shifted to rub your eyes. All of his nervousness from the night before was apparently gone because he greeted you cheerfully before planting himself back into your breasts.

Laughing you rubbed the top of his skull idly staring at your ceiling. Blue's phone went off a few times, but he only glanced over the messages without answering. You faintly heard your phone go off from the living room several times but you were too comfy. Ten minutes later you were about to suggest getting up for breakfast when your bedroom door burst open.

Stretch stood in the doorway clutching his phone.

“have you seen ssblue!? he hasn’t been-oh.” He hadn’t noticed his brother until he sat up pulling you with him.

“PAPY! DON’T YOU KNOW IT’S RUDE TO ENTER SOMEONE’S ROOM WITHOUT KNOCKING?” He twisted in your lap so he could scold his brother. Stretch’s eye lights darted from the pile of armor on the floor to Blue’s hand that was still up under your shirt, then to your face.

“i’ll just uh, go then.” He began backing out looking equal parts embarrassed and distraught.

“Stretch wait!” You wriggle your way out from under Blue promising him breakfast after you talked to his brother. Luckily Stretch hadn’t left the house as you had feared. He was standing in your living room staring at the incomplete puzzle.

“Hey, listen. I know what you’re probably thinking and-”

“ **h e ’ s m y b r o t h e r** .” You sucked in a breath and took a small step back at his tone. Never in your life had you felt so threatened by a simple stated fact.

“I know, but look at me. We-” He turned towards you, his face an unreadable mask.

“what happened to getting to know each other first hmm? i swear. if i find out that you were taking advantage...” He lets the sentence hang between you two.

“PAPY!” You jumped at Blue’s voice so close behind you. He strode past you to jab a finger into Stretch’s sternum. “HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE HER!”

“stay out of this.”

“NO! SHE DIDN’T DO ANYTHING! I ASKED HER FOR A SLEEPOVER, I CAME OVER HERE BECAUSE I WANTED TO, AND I CHOSE TO STAY IN BED WITH HER WHEN I COULD HAVE INSISTED ON THE COUCH!”

“Guys, can we-”

“I’M NOT A CHILD PAPYRUS, I CAN MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS REGARDING MY BOND MATE!”

“I’m right here.”

“she’s not just *your* bond mate sans.”

“Hey!” Your raised voice caused them to both turn to you. “Look I’m sorry that this makes you uncomfortable Stretch but if you would - oh don’t you dare!” Stretch had turned away from you and you could feel magic charging in the air for a shortcut. Lunging forward you grabbed his arm and both of you blipped out of existence.

Stretch’s room materialized around you and your knees buckled upon landing. You refused to let go of his arm though, terrified he would teleport again without you.

Fighting the usual wave of dizziness you grope around with your free hand trying to find something to help pull you back up. You could feel him prying at your fingers.

“Stretch please.” You beg, finding purchase on his desk you haul yourself to your feet.

“let go.”

“Not until you promise not to teleport or leave if I do.” He cursed under his breath and tugged at your fingers again. You grab the hand trying to pull yours away. “Just please look at me, I know you can tell when I lie and I want you to see that I’m not.”

His eye lights flick to your face and back to your hands. “he’s my brother.” He repeated, this time it felt less threatening and more defeated.

“I know.” You slowly loosen your grip and let him pull away. To your relief he doesn’t teleport, only sits down in his desk chair, running his hands over his face.

“am i gonna regret asking what happened?” You leaned over him. Gently taking his hands away from his face and tilting it up so he was staring into your eyes.

“Nothing past cuddling in our sleep happened. He asked to come over, we watched some TV, worked on a puzzle, and went to bed.” He searched your face for a minute. Closing his eyes he nods.

“i believe you.” You let out a breath you didn’t know you were holding. “doesn’t make me feel better about finding him in bed with

you, but i believe that nothing… too intimate happened." Reaching up he pulled your hands away so he could clasp them in his.

"i thought sharing a bond with others wouldn't be so hard."

"This is new to me too." You stood next to him in silence for a while.

"Listen, I can't promise to not ever be intimate with Blue but, BUT," Stretch had opened his mouth to interrupt, "I can promise that I won't ever make him do anything he doesn't want to. That goes for everyone. Including you." He looked up at you. "When it happens for us, it'll be because we are both ready and willing."

His eye sockets widen and you purse your lips together. You basically just told him that you were planning on having sex with all of them at some point. You were still not entirely sure how that worked but you were pretty positive it could be done.

He eventually nods and opens his arms inviting you to sit on his lap. Accepting the invitation, you settle down and lay your head on his shoulder.

"you know this won't be the last time i um...get like this."

"Jealous?"

"i prefer the term protective." You snort but agree.

"It's okay, I'm still getting used to the concept of having eight bond mates." Stretch hums in agreement and your mind drifted to your moment with Edge.

If your phone hadn't gone off, you were pretty sure you would have let him get away with more than just dry humping you into the wall. And just a few days later you shared a bed with Blue. It felt kind of cheaty and unfair in retrospect. And now, seeing how Stretch reacted to thinking you had slept with his brother…you hadn't really taken the time to think about how they all felt about this whole situation.

You sat quietly for a while, both of you deep in thought, well you were at least. Stretch's chin bounced lightly on the top of your head at some point making you look up. His eye sockets were closed and his head bobbled again. Suppressing a laugh you poke his face.

"Hey, you should take me home before you go to sleep."

“mm-mmm.”

“I promised Blue breakfast.” He opened a socket just a crack to look at you.

“jus’ breakfast?” You couldn’t help but roll your eyes.

“Yes, just breakfast. Can we get going?” Stretch grumbles a bit but stands up still holding you.

Materializing back in your living room you wriggled out of Stretch’s arms. You checked the kitchen, no one. You checked your room, your bed was neatly made but no skeleton

“Blue?!” You called walking back out into the living room and scooping up your phone. Stretch was still there. Your house wasn’t that big, he was either in Blaire’s old room, the spare bathroom, or not here. Pulling up your contacts you called Blue’s number. He picked up on the second ring.

“MAIDEN? WHERE DID MY BROTHER TAKE YOU? HE IS NOT IN HIS ROOM!” Wait, Blue was back at the skeleton household?

“Uh, we were just there a few minutes ago, we’re back at my place now.”

“DRAT, SHOULD HAVE RUN FASTER, SHALL I COME BACK OVER?” He ran all the way back home and was now offering to make that journey back here? He really liked running. You caught Stretch’s eye before you responded to him.

“Uh no it’s fine, I can come to you a bit quicker if that’s okay.” You were both asking Blue permission to go over for breakfast as well as Stretch for a trip back. Stretch rolled his eyes but gave you a thumbs up.

“THAT IS AN EXCELLENT IDEA! I SHALL START PREPARING OUR MEAL!” He hung up before you could say anything else.

You quickly shot a text to Papyrus warning him that Blue was planning to cook something then looked over yourself. Eh, you were only going over for breakfast, pajamas would be fine. You approached Stretch and tentatively held out your hand.

“We okay?” He took it rubbing the back of his skull with the other hand.

“ i just uh...seven others to compete with ya know?” You made a face stepping closer to him.

“It’s not a competition, it’s um. I care about all of you differently so… yea.” Stretch let out a strained laugh.

“we’re too competitive… too possessive of a group to not to fight over you at times. Monsters love with their whole being, doubly so with a soul bond. This is just something we’re gonna have to figure out.”

You narrowed your eyes at ‘fight over you’ but nodded anyways. His words were even, but the way he wouldn’t hold your gaze and the looseness in his grip on your hand made you uneasy.

“let’s go get you breakfast.” He said finally. You wrapped your free arm around his ribs and held your breath as Stretch took you away.

Chapter End Notes

> All aboard! The feel trip is leaving the station. Today we will be traveling through miscommunication mountain followed by a stop in worry city.
>
> Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Criminal Minds in the Hourglass

Chapter Summary

Round two of the battle of the bands. Who writes these songs anyway?

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys for your love as I figure out how the next few weeks are gonna go for my family it's much appreciated!

I have one suggestion for a band name, if I get anymore, I'll put a pole up on my Tumblr.

Anyhoo, who's ready for more music? Song titles and such at the end.

Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Nine.”

“Wow, you’re being generous. I saaay, three.”

“Harsh, you’re on.” You shook hands with Hayden and the two of you turned your full attention to Jack who had sat down next to a guy at the bar.

The two of you quietly counted roughly how many times they went back and forth. At five, the guy pulled out his phone and excused himself.

“He’s gone, that’s the end of that. Five is closer to three so I win.”

“Damn, fine. I’ll be right back.” You stood and crossed to the bar to sit next to Jack. He was ordering something from Chillby so you took the opportunity to slip your order in too. “Mojito and a Maker’s Mark Sour please Chillby.” The purple fire man nodded and moved away. You turned to Jack.

“What was that man? I know you can be more suave than what just happened.” He just rolled his eyes lightly shoving your elbow. You laughed then put on a mournful face. “It must be hard with your sense

of direction, never being able to find your way to a decent pickup line."

Chillby's crackling laugh cut through whatever retort Jack had. He came back with a tray holding your drinks. You paid for yours and Hayden's then brought all three beverages back to your table with Jack in tow.

"What did I get to?" he sighed snagging his drink from the tray before you set it down.

"Five. I bet three and he bet nine." Hayden took the Mojito raising it to his twin and taking a sip.

"Thought I was getting to nine huh? Didn't know you thought I was so charming." Jack clinked his glass to yours and you both took a drink.

"Well I *had* faith in your flirting abilities but now I'm not so sure." You puckered a bit at your drink. "Hoo, I'll need to tell Chills to ease up on the lemon next time."

You bantered back and forth while the bar filled up and it was time to start the next battle of the bands round. There were four groups left including your skeletons, each had to play two songs, one of which had to be an original by them.

The first group sang two originals. Both were about sarcastically breaking up with significant others. They reminded you heavily of early 200X Bowling For Soup. They would definitely need to expand their song topics if they wanted to win this but they sounded good to you.

The second group was a mix of monsters and humans. They performed a Paramore cover and an original about summer days. It wasn't the most polished song, but it was passable.

Your boys were next. Looking at their songs you saw that both of them were originals. You had insisted that they not give you any sneak peaks or hints as to what they were going to play so you could judge them the same as the other contestants.

You had to say that they all looked rather subdued as they settled on stage. Stretch introduced the first song and stepped back letting Papyrus play the intro.

What a waste, what a waste of energy

To edit memories, and sell them to the needy

Hit the brakes, hit the brakes on planting seeds

To edges of our seats, I guess I should be leaving

This stress eats at my soul

I can't tell if I'm breathing at all

Street drama takes its toll

So hit the road

Criminal minds try to cloud up your thinking

But they're tough to identify

And they cut with precision

These criminal minds

Criminal minds try to cloud up your thinking

But they're tough to identify

And they cut with precision

These criminal minds, oh my

This was definitely not what you were expecting from their first original song. It wasn't bad, in fact it was very well put together but... Not exactly the rock you had been anticipating.

What a waste, what a waste of all our time

To spend it taking sides when both are in denial

In a way, in a way you're always right

By picking every fight to call yourself the hero

This stress eats at my soul

I can't tell if I'm breathing at all

Street drama takes its toll

So hit the road

Criminal minds try to cloud up your thinking

But they're tough to identify

And they cut with precision

These criminal minds

Criminal minds try to cloud up your thinking

But they're tough to identify

And they cut with precision

These criminal minds, oh my

(Mutt/Papyrus) **No, no, no, no more drama**

No, no, no, no more drama

No, no, no, no more drama

These criminal minds, oh my

This stress eats at my soul

I can't tell if I'm breathing at all

Street drama takes its toll

So hit the road

Criminal minds try to cloud up your thinking

But they're tough to identify

And they cut with precision

These criminal minds

Criminal minds try to cloud up your thinking

But they're tough to identify

And they cut with precision

These criminal minds, oh my

When Stretch introduced the second song they didn't start playing immediately. He looked out into the crowd for a moment then he and Mutt shared a look. Finally he signaled to Papyrus who started them off again. You blinked when Stretch began to sing.

When pretending lends a helping hand

We hold it close, so close, and never let it go

Then, the pen begins to write the story

With an end that bends right out of our control

(Mutt) **How did we get so?**

(Stretch) **jaded I don't know**

(Mutt) **Was it the white lies**

(Stretch) **feeding our egos?**

(Mutt) **I never valued**

(Stretch) **minutes I burned through**

(Both) **Is that just how it goes?**

(Mutt) **Seconds I wasted,**

(Stretch) **I was fixated**

(Mutt) **You're devastated,**

(Stretch) **sorry to say**

(Both) **I can't fix it, is this where I give in?**

As Stretch and Mutt echoed back and forth they looked...upset. Like the song was painful somehow. Paps and Edge didn't seem to share that sentiment.

I'm falling through the hourglass

And I don't think I'll ever make it back

So I throw stones at walls I'll never climb

Victim to the sands of time

Falling through the hourglass

The hourglass

Time is strange, it's ever flowing, never going back

It moves, but only in one way

Turn the page, look back at what you wrote

Do you still feel the same?

I'll bet your mind has changed

(Mutt) **How did it get so?**

(Stretch) **scary I don't know**

(Mutt) **Was it the hard life**

(Stretch) **starving our egos?**

(Mutt) **I never valued**

(Stretch) **minutes I burned through**

Both **Is that just how it goes?**

(Mutt) **Seconds I wasted,**

(Stretch) **I was fixated**

(Mutt) **You're devastated,**

(Stretch) **sorry to say**

(Both) **I can't fix it, is this where I give in?**

(Edge) **Let's go!**

I'm falling through the hourglass

And I don't think I'll ever make it back

So I throw stones at walls I'll never climb

Victim to the sands of time

Falling through the hourglass

The hourglass

'Cause that's just how it goes

'Cause that's just how it goes

'Cause that's just how it goes

I'm falling through the hourglass

And I don't think I'll ever make it back

So I throw stones at walls I'll never climb

Victim to the sands of time

Falling through the hourglass

Mutt **(Through the hourglass)**

I'm falling through the hourglass

Mutt **(I'm falling through the hourglass)**

And I don't think I'll ever make it back

Mutt **(make it back)**

So I throw stones at walls I'll never climb

Victim to the sands of time

Falling through the hourglass

The hourglass

You clapped along with the audience but you couldn't help but notice the uncomfortable looks Stretch and Mutt kept shooting each other as they filed off stage. Wonder what that was about, the song was good.

The final group came on, this was another mixed group of humans and monsters. You honestly didn't hear much of what they played because your mind was stuck on your boy's songs.

Why perform a song that made them uncomfortable? You had written plenty of music that made you feel weird too but you generally shelved them with the other non performance songs. You'd have to see if they would explain it to you.

After everyone was off stage, you decided to actually talk to the other bands this time instead of hiding outside until someone took you home. It wasn't until last call that you looked around to find that only Sans was left sitting at the table. Making your way over he stood and held out an arm.

"where to princess?" He asked as you slipped your arm through his.

"Hmm, empty house or not empty house? I'll let you figure out which one I want to be in." He chuckled and lead you from the bar and

around the corner. The dark alley shifted and became the second floor hallway in his house. You smiled and let him lead you down to one of the empty guest rooms.

“you should really just move in princess, you’re here more ‘n your own place anyways.” You stop in front of the door and turn to hug him.

“Still thinking on it, but thank you.” His arms come up around you. The hug was so natural, safe, and inviting. You felt bad, all of the time you usually spent with him was now being dedicated to the others.

“Hey, let me get some pajamas on and I’ll come crash with you. I’ve been missing my Sansy cuddles.” Sans’s deep laugh rumbled against your chest and you felt him nod against your cheek.

“sounds good.” He pulls away from you and you could have sworn you saw relief in his eyes before teleporting to his room.

Quickly changing, you step back out into the hall. Just as your door clicked closed another opened.

Chapter End Notes

Who's there? :)

Songs im this chapter are both by Set it Off:
Criminal Minds
Hourglass

Come talk to me!
https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

We've Been Stuck now So Long

Chapter Summary

Is it finally over? You get to have that 'talk'.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Edge paused in his doorway upon seeing you. He had a deep crimson silky robe wrapped around him.

"Uh, hey."

"ARE YOU STAYING THE NIGHT?" You bit your lip. Your mind immediately conjured up the memory of being held against the wall, cinnamon and cherries...Stop, no, you're staying with Sans tonight. Uhg, that sounded weird. Quick answer him!

"Mmhmm." Those were not words. "I um, was just going to get a drink first." That works.

"I SHALL ACCOMPANY YOU." Okay then. You nod and pad down the hall. The clicking sound of Edge's bare feet on the hardwood follow.

Neither of you said anything as you filled a cup with water. In fact Edge didn't even come into the kitchen with you. He just leaned against the archway and tapped away on his phone. You try to break the silence.

"So, I liked the songs you guys wrote." He didn't look up from his phone.

"I HAD NO HAND IN WRITING THEM."

"Oh. Uh, who did then?"

"..."

"me, ashtray, an' the dog." You jumped at the sound of Red's voice. "classic may 'ave helped a bit but music ain't really his thing." You found yourself just staring wide eyed at him as he scratched the back of his skull.

"Oh." Was all you could say.

Silence stretched out as you stared at each other. An exasperated noise came from the archway and Edge stepped in to grab his brother by the hood. He shoved him out muttering under his breath then turned to you.

“COME.” Turning on his heel, he swept out. You could hear muffled protests coming from Red fading into the entryway. Unsure what was happening but curious, you followed the noise.

Edge was at the front door with his hand on Red’s face trying to push him out. Red was holding onto the door frame.

“OUTSIDE NOW!”

“b-boss, why’d ya-oof!” Edge had let go only to plant his foot on Red’s chest, effectively kicking him onto the porch. There were claw marks in the door jam now. His fierce gaze turned to you.

“YOU TOO, THIS HAS - NO! YOU STAY RIGHT THERE! AND NO TELEPORTING! I’LL KNOW.” As Edge yelled at Red he motioned for you to come closer. Thoroughly confused you moved to the door. Edge put a hand on your back and pushed hard. Red automatically caught you as you stumbled out and the door slammed shut. A clicking sound followed and you froze.

Did he just...lock you out?

“What the hell Edge?!” You straightened up and turned towards the door.

“uh doll?”

“I know you’re just standing on the other side of the door, now open it!”

“doll.”

“We literally just had a conversation about this last week! You can’t control my life!”

“hey!” You whipped around to yell at Red too, but the words died on your lips. You were alone. In the middle of the night. With Red.

“can we uh, jus’ talk a minute?”

“Did you set this up?” Your annoyance had not quite burned out yet.

“n-no, boss said he needed ta see me an’ well, here we are.” Searching his face you decided to be annoyed at Edge later.

Red turned and sat heavily on the front step. You watched him for a moment before slowly following suit leaving a good arms distance between the two of you.

Neither of you said anything. Red fiddled with the zipper of his parka and you covered your face in your hands trying to rub some idea of a conversation into your brain.

You had thought so much about the abstract idea of needing to talk to him that you never actually filled in the actual words needing to be said. Luckily Red seemed to be more prepared than you.

“listen uh, what ‘appened...i shouldn’t ‘ave done that.” You nod but didn’t remove your hands from your face. “i wouldn’t blame ya if ya wanted ta break our bond.” Wait what. “‘m honestly surprised ya haven’t already.”

You raised your head to look at him incredulously. “What, just like that?”

“i mean, ’ve seen monsters dusted fer less.”

“Shit, really?”

“why’d ya think we’re the ‘fell’ clan?” He deadpanned, putting air quotes around the word fell.

You had no response, so you let silence surround the two of you. When Red began to fiddle with his parka again you peeked at his face. Little beads of sweat dotted his skull and his eye lights had shrunk into barely visible pin pricks.

“You really scared me Red.” You started quietly. There was a soft rattling sound from him but he didn’t say anything.

“Do you understand why?” He nodded and shot a quick glance at your face before trying to shrink as far into his parka as possible.

You don’t think you had it in you to forgive him for his actions. Not at this time anyway. But if he worked on being better, and learned from his mistakes then maybe he could earn it. You could at least acknowledge that he knew that he was in the wrong.

Sliding over a bit you nudged his arm to draw his attention back to you. “I am willing to move past this with you but we both need to listen to each other more.” His hands twitched in his lap.

“‘m not good at bein’ gentle an’ comfortin’ ‘n such.”

“Do you think Papyrus was always so soft spoken? Or was able to cook?” Red shot you a look.

“yer comparin’ me ta the cream puff?” You couldn’t help but smile a little at the image of Red dancing around like Papyrus cooking breakfast, all well spoken and polite. “oh my stars ya are.”

“No I’m not.” You try to sound serious but your words come out strained as you fight the giggles trying to escape as your mental image turned from Red acting like Papyrus to dressing like Papyrus. You honestly couldn't tell if he would look like a really mad Blue or a cruder Black.

“’m nothin’ like ‘im!” A few giggles got out and you sucked in a breath trying to hold onto it long enough to calm down. Feeling like you could talk again you risked a pat on his femur.

“No, I know you aren’t. I had a point, but the mental image of you acting like him threw me.”

“geez doll, way ta ruin the mood.”

“What, the sad or angry vibe that we had going?”

“i was workin’ on apologizin’ before-”

“Accepted.” His eye lights expanded a bit and his mouth hung open as the quiet word left you.

“b-but i, i hurt ya an’ tried ta-” You nod and pat his arm.

Tears sprang unbidden to his sockets. You accepted his bond. You accepted him of all monsters as a mate. Why? He fucked up in the worst possible way.

Blinking furiously he searched your face for a catch. There had to be one, he didn’t deserve this, it was too easy.

Instead your hands came up slowly to brush the red tracks or magic from his cheek bones.

“You know that I’m sorry too... for kicking you out of my house and yelling.”

“‘s not yer fault.” He mumbled. You smiled and nudged his shoulder.

“Just, you know...talk to me next time before you try to pin me to the bed, or come into my room.”

He nodded dumbly still in utter disbelief.

“Hug me so we can start over?” You let go of his face and point at him. “One condition though.”

He nods, he would agree to anything at this point.

“Listen.” He blinked.

“that it?”

“It’s important. I say no or stop you have to stop. There has to be trust here or this won’t work.”

He nods. That seemed to be enough because you opened your arms to him in an invitation for a hug. He twisted in his seated position and gave you a quick squeeze before retreating again, still unsure how much touch was okay. You scooted a bit closer and rested your head on his shoulder.

“‘m sorry.”

“I know.”

You stayed like that for who knows how long. Eventually you began to talk about some of the other songs he had looked at in your non-performance folder. The casual conversation helped him to relax and eventually he shared some insight into the songs the band had performed tonight.

Red would occasionally nuzzle your head with his or rub your back. You would always hum appreciatively at the touches. By the time you heard the door open, Red was making you laugh as he tried to convince you how often his favorite pick up line worked.

“I don’t believe that for a second.”

“believe it ‘r not doll face, yer gonna have ta watch out now.” You snorted into the fluff of his hood.

“I TOLD YOU.” Red turns and you peer over his shoulder at the skeletons in the doorway. Edge was standing to the side, arms crossed as he glared at Sans who was staring down at you.

“Hey Sans, sorry I got a bit side tracked.” You stood and looked down at Red. “I expect a decent pick up line next time.” His chuckle rang in your ears as you followed a confused Sans back in.

Edge brushed your arm as you passed. Glancing up at him, he gave you a small nod as he stepped out with his brother. Sneaky devil, planned this whole thing.

Reaching Sans’s room, you easily fell into his mess of a blanket ball with him. Wrapping the two of you up on a comfy burrito. He didn’t say anything until you settled.

“he didn’t do anything to you did he?”

“No, we just talked about everything.” He hummed against your hair.

“as long as you’re okay.”

“I am. Thanks for looking out for me though.” He squeezes you tightly against him.

“any time princess.”

Chapter End Notes

> Not forgiven, but tentatively accepted. If you haven't seen it yet, I posted Red's punishment from chapter 27 on my Tumblr as a Buried in Bones short. It's pretty graphic, but justified.
>
> We're moving forward at least!
> Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Just a Drink away from Honesty

Chapter Summary

It's all fun and games when magic is involved.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The weekend past uneventfully. Red stayed scarce for the most part, but he had stopped fleeing from you whenever he was in the same room as you. It was some progress, you guess.

Monday dragged by after dance class. You ended up picking up the rest of your clothes you had left from your last cleaning spree and managed to connect with Blaire for a little while. She had completely settled in to her new home and enthusiastically filled you in on all of the interesting summer activities her campus offered.

You had to silently remind yourself that you were happy for her still. This is what she wanted to do. Didn't stop you from moping around after you hung up until your shift. You missed her so much.

"And then she called my brother because *apparently* my word isn't good enough for her."

You nod and dutifully re-fill the complaining man's glass. He was the only one currently sitting at the bar so you begrudgingly stood nearby and pretended to care about his woes. You were only half way through your shift, uhhg.

You had just begun to wonder how many hairs could possibly grow out of the mole on his ear when a tall figure passed behind the man and settled at the bar leaving one seat in between the two of them. Quietly thanking whatever powers that be, you turned to serve the new patron.

Mutt sat before you, tiny eye lights studying you as they seemed to always do. They briefly flicked to the man next to him but they quickly returned to your face when you greeted him.

"Hey Mutt, fancy a drink tonight?" You asked. He shrugged.

“got my usual?”

His usual? He’s never ordered anything from you before. You tried to articulate this to him but it came out in a series of confused noises that got him chuckling.

“don’ worry about it darlin’, i got us both covered.” And with that, he pulled a bottle of barbecue sauce from his duster and proceeded to pop the cap and take a swig. You tried to conceal the grossed out face you were inevitably making. Mutt didn’t seem to care, he only grinned and downed more of the condiment.

The man next to him didn’t share the amusement. “Excuse me monster, you can’t bring outside drinks in here!”

Mutt didn’t even spare the man a glance, simply tilting the bottle back once more. You, however, turned your attention back to him and gave him your best customer service smile.

“Thank you for your concern sir, but we do not consider condiments to be drinks.” You smiled again and turned back to your mate.

“He’s not even a paying customer though! I am, so-!!” He began before jumping up when Mutt turned quickly and leaned over the seat separating them.

“then pay.” He growled. The man may have been standing up, but Mutt could still look down at him from his position on the stool. You opened your mouth to defuse the fight before it started but the man moved first yanking his wallet out from a back pocket.

“Don’t want to drink next to a monster anyway,” he mumbled, “close my tab lady.”

You happily ran his card and waved him off. As the door swung closed behind him you picked up his glass and dropped it in the dish tub.

“Really though Mutt, you should order something so I look busy.”

He raised a brow bone and stared at you. You stared back.

Very slowly he placed the bottle of barbecue on the bar top and slid it closer to you.

“word has it ya can make somethin’ good outta anythin’.” You blinked first at him then the sauce. He wanted you to make a drink using that?

Well…

It would pass the time so, what the hell.

Plucking the bottle up you put a small bit of the sauce on you finger tip and tasted it. Tangy, smokey, a bit of sweet underneath, all flavors you could work with. Setting the bottle down you began to rummage through the bar stock. You knew of one drink that used barbecue sauce in it, you just didn't remember all of the ingredients.

Barbecue sauce you had, it needed a bit of lemon juice and some V8. Locating those things you turned to the alcohol lining the wall behind you. The recipe called for whiskey if you remember right. Your fingers brushed over the bottles. Ah yes, Irish whiskey was what you needed for this. There was one other thing...hmm you'll have to think about it while you mix.

Pulling out a highball glass you measured in the Whiskey, juices, and the barbecue sauce. Yea, the drink was definitely missing an ingredient, the glass was only partially full. Your eyes swept around your bar stock as you stirred the parts together. What was the last ingredient?

Your eyes landed on the taps. Beer. You needed a beer to top this off. Not wanting to use tap beer in a mixed drink, you retrieved a can of one of your favorites and filled in the rest of the glass. Stirring gently you dropped a coaster in front of Mutt before placing the finished beverage before him.

"The rare Faith, Hope, and Garrity." You say proudly. You hadn't been sure you could come up with something at first. Hopefully it was decent.

Mutt looked over the drink, mild surprise passed over his features before settling back into his blank expression. Picking up the glass he raised it to his teeth and took the tiniest of sips. Then another, then he tipped the whole glass back and poured the rest of the drink into his mouth all at once. The glass returned to the coaster and he shot you a thumbs up.

"Good?" You asked.

He nods, "good." Relief washed over you.

"Good." Aaaand you had nothing else to say.

Mutt wasn't the most talkative of your mates. Whenever any of the other boys came to hang out while you worked, they were pretty chatty. There were only five other people in the bar tonight aside from your server, you and Mutt. You were not good at starting conversations, you could carry on a conversation, but starting one was awkward. You weren't sure what to talk about with him.

Luckily, your server approached the bar with an empty glass and requested a refill for one of the tables. Nodding you procured a fresh glass and filled the order. Mutt watched in silence, letting the server leave again without so much as looking their way.

"Do you want another?"

"wanna go somewhere after this?"

He spoke at the same time as you so you were slow to register what he had asked.

"Uh, yea! Sure, I mean um… Do you have something in mind? Because I get off at midnight. Not much is open at that time."

A slow grin spread over his skull. "don' worry duchess, i gotta place." And with that he pulled a dog treat from a pocket and left to smoke outside.

He came back in around last call to down one more drink, then pocketed his barbecue sauce as you closed down the bar.

Calling goodbye to your server, you locked the doors and turned to Mutt.

"So, what's this mystery place that's open for a late night date?" He stepped up close to you letting his distles ghost up your arms to your shoulders and back down.

"do ya trust me?" He asked.

You blinked and shivered at the light touches. He hasn't given you a reason not to sooo.

"Yea."

That sly grin returned and he pulled you up against him. The ground dropped out from under you and the chill of the void nipped at your skin. As suddenly as it started, the sensation of a shortcut stopped and

you were left clinging to the front of Mutts turtle neck. Shaking your head to banish the dizziness, you turned to see where he had taken you.

The place was dark. Very dark. You were inside a building, but that was all you could glean from your surroundings.

“Where-?” You began to ask but Mutt took your hand and lead you confidently through the lightless room.

The winding path he pulled you along suggested that there were lots of things in his way or he was purposely keeping you confused as to where you were. When he suddenly halted, you bumped into his back.

“stand ‘ere,” he instructed, “close yer eyes.”

“I can’t see anything anyways but okay.” You laugh closing your eyes. You could hear him shuffling around then the glow of something turning on was made evident behind your eyelids. Mutt’s footsteps returned to you and something small and flat was pressed into your hand.

“okay.” He said.

You blinked open your eyes.

A skee ball arcade stood before you. Blinking at it several times you glanced down at the thing in your hand. It was a token card. Turning around, you could finally see the rest of the arcade from the glow of the one that was turned on.

You let out a small laugh and faced Mutt.

“Is it okay for us to be in here?”

He shrugs and makes a sweeping gesture at the skee ball machine.

“don’tcha wanna get the high score?” You shake a finger in his face.

“No cheating this time?”

He raised a hand. “no cheatin’”

A grin slowly spread over your face, he mirrored your expression. Stepping past him, you approached the machine and slid the card through the reader. There was a clunking sound and five balls rolled down the slot for you to throw.

Picking one up, you glance back at Mutt one more time before bowling it up the lane. It popped up and bounced into the twenty point hole. Reaching for the next ball, you tried again.

Ten points.

Twenty points.

Twenty points.

Thirty points.

Mutt's hand came into view, picking up the next ball as they rolled back down the chute.

"mind if i give it a go?" You shrugged and moved over to give him room.

He rolled the ball around in his palm a few times the sent it flying up the lane. You were thankful for the mesh covering the back board because his ball hit the end and bounced around the cage a few times before falling in the ten point hole.

You had to suppress your laugh at the look on his face. He scooped up another ball and sent that one up the lane as well. This throw was a little more gentle, but it still bounced around too much to score anything but ten points.

The frustrated huff that he tried to hide from you nearly broke you. You could almost see his desire to use his magic to guide the balls into the high scoring holes. But he dutifully bowled ball after ball up the lane without it.

Eventually you could see the frustration turning to anger and you decided to step in. You caught up the last ball as it rolled down the slot.

"Let's play something else okay?" He blinked at the scoreboard, then at the ball in your hand.

"you should have the high score." He reached for the ball but you held it away from him and stepped back. Which gave you an idea.

"Too bad, I have the last ball." You winked and took off into the darkness. He had turned your bad day into a good one by starting a game of chase once. You didn't see why you couldn't do the same.

Mutt watched you disappear into the forest of machines. He cast another confused look at the mediocre score he had managed to produce. He had wanted to win for you. Win without resorting to using his magic to perfect his aim. He was a hunter after all, he relied on his aim and tracking abilities to hunt down his quarry in the underground.

But…

You didn't seem to care too much about the numbers. Why play the game then? He scanned the dim room. You had hidden yourself somewhere amongst the arcades. A grin pulled at the edge of his mouth at the memory of his last experience with you here.

This was a game he was good at. Forget the human ones surrounding him. This, he could win.

You had miscalculated just how quickly the room darkened once you left the little circle of light the skee ball machine produced. Regardless, you pressed forward, making your way as quickly as you could through the silent machines. Finding a photo booth, you slipped inside and tried to ease your breathing so you wouldn't give yourself away.

That turned out to be a very difficult task as you felt like every breath was a shout in the silent room. You strained to listen for any indication of where Mutt was. A few times you heard him chuckle to himself or call out your name but you stayed as quiet as you could be. You were not going to make this easy for him. He was very hard to catch so you were determined to be hard to find.

You felt your heart leap into your throat at the sudden appearance of his boots behind the photo booth curtain.

"duchess~" He called softly. You suppress a shiver at his tone and back quickly out of the other side of the machine. Before you could decide which direction to sneak off in, one of his arms slipped around your waist, the other trailed down your arm to take hold of the ball still clutched in your hand. You squealed and turned in his grasp to face him.

"caught you." He murmured, repeating the words you had said to him last time. You laugh and let him have the ball.

"It seems you have earned a prize for winning this game." The adrenaline from being caught so unexpectedly was making you brave.

His skull dipped down to nuzzle into the top of your head.

“an’ what would that be?” His growl was low and a bit indulgent as he let you string him along in the conversation.
“Hmmm, maybe if you closed your eyes I’ll come up with something.” He laughed but obeyed. The sparks of light burning in his skull disappeared behind the weird boney lids all of the skeleton monsters seemed to possess.

Taking a deep breath, you looked up at him and gathered the last of your adrenaline fueled courage to press your mouth to his. At first it was just your lips on his teeth. But when he registered what was happening, his arms wound more tightly around you and his magic rained countless little sparks over your lips.

His hold was firm, but he allowed you to pull away, even if he whined about it.

“One win, one prize Mutt.” You tease slipping from his embrace and pulling him back towards the only lit machine in the building. “But I think you could earn another if you help me with my game.”

You came to a halt in front of the skee ball machine and opened your hand for the ball still clutched in his possession.

He raised a brow but handed you the ball. “thought you didn’t like cheatin’.” He said.

You roll your eyes. “We won’t be breaking any records with our current score, plus I don’t think we can count this as a legal round seeing as it’s the middle of the night and the place is technically closed.” You wave the ball back and forth as you smile at him.

He shakes his skull but grins as he comes up behind you. Together, you bowl the ball up the lane, it pops up and an unfamiliar floral scent carried by the more familiar smell of Mutt’s dog treat smokes tickles your nose.

One hundred points.

Chapter End Notes

Fluff! Everything is great! Everyone is happy!?

Last chance to suggest band names. All suggestions will be listed on my Tumblr on Sunday for a vote if I manage to get computer

access while we move!

Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Stop Before You Get Me Started

Chapter Summary

If you hold onto your emotions, they are bound to come out all at once.

Chapter Notes

I have computer access yay!

I was finally able to put that poll up on my Tumblr so you guys can vote on what the boy's band name will be. Go vote! I'll close it next Friday.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Wait really?” You were sitting at the breakfast bar with a cup of coffee in hand. Edge stood at the stove burning some eggs.

“OF COURSE. DID YOU REALLY THINK YOUR GOVERNMENT WOULD LET US JUST DO AS WE PLEASED?” A plate of grayish yellow scrambled eggs was placed in front of you.

“I guess not. But, you kinda already do as you please.” Edge snorted as he began washing his cooking dishes.

“AGAIN, I APOLOGIZED FOR LOCKING YOU OUT. I WILL HANDLE IT DIFFERENTLY NEXT TIME.” The eggs jiggled as you poked at them with a fork, was it leaking something? Nope, not eating these. Picking up your coffee you pretended to let them cool.

“Next time?”

“HAVE YOU MET MY IDIOT BROTHER? HE WILL INEVITABLY NEED TO GROVEL BEFORE YOU AGAIN FOR SOME ATROCITY OR ANOTHER.” You roll your eyes and let it go in favor of caffeinating your tired self. You and Edge had already argued this topic to death, you’ll just handle Red yourself in the future...hopefully it wouldn’t be necessary.

You were going to have to find some other way to fill your day now. Edge and Red had to go down to the monster embassy for some post surfacing thing along with the rest of their clan. More than just your boys would be missing some or all of their band members because of

this, so the battle of the bands round would have to be moved to next week.

Crazy to think that they had only been free for about two months. Stretch and Blue would have theirs later considering the Swap clan emerged days after Fell did.

Red shuffled in and poured himself a cup of coffee. Slumping onto the stool next to you he laid his head down and closed his sockets.

“That excited to talk about your time on the surface, huh?” You rub his back sympathetically, trying out your tentative acceptance. He cracks an eye open to gauge how serious your statement was before huffing and flipping his hood up. “Aww come on Red, it could be fun.”

“yea,” came his muffled response “fun with a capital f u.” You roll your eyes but keep rubbing his back.

This was actually pretty nice. Having company in the mornings again. Partaking in the little domestic morning rituals of making coffee for a household instead of just yourself, while someone else made breakfast. Well, they intended to make breakfast. You grimace at the congealed mass of what was originally eggs on your plate.

“S-RED! YOU CAN’T WEAR THOSE FILTHY CLOTHES TO THE EMBASSY!” Well it *was* a peaceful morning.

“don’t think they’re gonna care what i ‘ave on boss.”

“WELL I DO! YOUR ATTIRE REFLECTS ON ME AND I WILL NOT HAVE YOU DRAGGING MY NAME DOWN BECAUSE YOU ARE TOO LAZY TO FIND A DECENT SHIRT! UPSTAIRS NOW!” Red groaned but dragged himself upright. You passed him his coffee as he slouched out grumbling the whole way.

“AND YOU!” You start a bit, whirling around in your stool to face him. “EAT.”

“Yes master.” You say, picking up your fork and poking at the eggs again. A blush lights up his cheek bones as he sweeps out of the kitchen. Heh, got him.

You finish your coffee and scrape the failed science experiment into the garbage. Glancing down at your phone, you noted four missed calls from that unknown number. You were tempted to call them back just to see who it was, but it could very well be just a robot caller

too.

Wandering back upstairs, you poked your head into Sans's room. Still asleep. Turning around you knocked on Papyrus's door.

No response.

Turning the handle you peeked inside. Everything was neat and orderly like usual, the only thing different was the lack of textbooks on his desk. Must have gone into his class this morning. Clicking the door shut you had to flatten yourself against it to avoid being run over by Black and Blue marching down the hall. Mutt trailed tiredly behind.

"Hey guys, whatcha up to?" The trio halted.

"GOOD MORNING MY PET. ARE YOU GOING TO ACCOMPANY ME TO WITNESS MY VICTORY OVER THIS PIP SQUEAK?" Black swept up your hand to press a skele kiss on the back of it making you blush.

"I'M TALLER THAN YOU BLACK! YOU ARE ONLY MY HEIGHT WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR HEELS ON!" Blue huffed.

"Uhhh, so what are you doing exactly?"

"BLACK SAYS HE CAN RUN FARTHER THAN I CAN, HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN HOW TIRELESS THE MAGNIFICENT BLUE TRULY IS!" You had to nod at that. Blue had willingly run to your house and back before. He even offered to do it again. You knew that you would be winded not even halfway to your place if you tried it.

"Are you running too?" You looked over to Mutt. He only shrugged and pulled a dog treat from his pocket. "Ookay, well good luck to all of you."

"THANK YOU MAIDEN!"

"LIKE I EVEN NEED LUCK." They spoke at the same time and Blue launched himself into your arms hugging you tightly. You giggled and kissed the top of his skull, returning the embrace. Black's cheeks lit up lavender at that and stepped forward when Blue released you.

"I SHALL ALSO ACCEPT YOUR FAREWELL." He said. Suppressing a laugh, you leaned down and placed a kiss on his cheek bone.

"Have fun." You said straightening up. The two softly glowing

skeletons nodded and started down the stairs. Mutt paused on his way by. Leaning over so he was level with you and presented his cheek bone. You roll your eyes but go to kiss him as well.

At the last second, he turned his head and captured your lips with his teeth. You squeaked at the bolt of magic that shot through you. It was sharp and fast at first but it turned languid as it curled outwards, thoroughly exploring every inch of you. It was nothing like the little sparks he had peppered you with before.

You didn't even realize he had pulled away until you felt his hands removing yours from his duster. He laughed softly at your expression and pat your head before going down stairs. You shivered a bit as the magic slowly dissipated. Goddammit Mutt.

You stood in the hallway grounding yourself. You didn't notice Stretch standing in his doorway. He watched you for a minute before sliding over and joining you as you stared at the floor.

"anything interesting down there?" You twitched a bit at his voice and heaved a sigh.

"Nope."

"deciding on whether or not you wanna go with the others?" You shot him a look out of the corner of your eye. His face looked carefully neutral.

"Why would I wanna go running?" His eye lights flicked to your face and softened a bit. "You okay there Stretch?" He shrugged and you turned to fully face him.

"If I can't lie to you, then you're not allowed to lie to me either." He stared at you for a bit. There was a tightness in his shoulders. Jerking his head in a signal to follow, he went back to his room.

As the door clicked closed he sat on the edge of his bed. Not knowing exactly what was bothering the lanky skeleton you opted to sit in the desk chair.

"So uh." Stretch raised a hand and you closed your mouth.

"what changed?" He asked. You quickly inhaled to answer only to find that you had no idea what he was referring to.

"I'm not sure I follow." You laugh apologetically and lean forward in

your seat trying to catch his eye. For a long few moments he studied his shoes. Following his example you scrutinized his trainers. Silently asking them for the secret words to fix whatever was eating at your honey loving skele.

Things had been going so well in your opinion. Sure there had been a few hiccups with Edge attacking you, the whole Red debacle, and Stretch getting upset because you had a sleepover with Blue-oooh, was he still upset about that? Was that why he asked if you were thinking of going out with Blue and the others earlier?

Stretch's voice speaking your name accompanied by a light tap on your knee brought you back to reality. The look on his face suggested that he had tried to get your attention a few times before this one. You flushed a little muttering an apology.

"guess i'm wondering what happened between now and a few weeks back. you were so freaked out about this bond that you basically ran from the house. and i know we talked about it and said we would get to know each other before…and now you're... i just wanna know what's real with you."

What's real? Wasn't all of this real? You blinked several times trying to wrap your head around what he was asking.

"Do you think we're going to fast or something? We haven't-. I don't-."

"that's not it." He snapped. You leaned back a bit at his tone. "monsters pour everything they are into a bond. the soul connection offers deeper intimacy and protection than anything humans can even perceive. even in my short time up here, i've seen how flippant humans are about their relationships so tell me *honey* . are you here for the bond you tried to run from, or are you here to just get your kicks with some monsters?"

You stared wide eyed at his intense gaze. He thought you were playing games? A spark of irritation passed over you.

"I'm trying to figure this out just as much as you and the others are. Stars Stretch I thought we had cleared this up!" You stood up waving your arms a bit as you spoke. "I don't know why you're mad, as I recall you're the one that started all this flirting, not me!"

At that, Stretch abruptly stood as well, squaring his shoulders and drawing up to his full height. You unconsciously stepped back placing the desk chair between you and him. He was terrifyingly tall when he

wasn't slouching, you're pretty sure he was taller than Edge even when he was wearing those heeled boots.

"answer the question."

"I-I'm not playing games." He glared down at you but didn't say anything. "I'm not playing games." You repeated quietly.

For a long moment you stared at each other. All of the emotion seemed to leave Stretch at once, his shoulders and spine slumping back into his usual slouch and he shut his sockets. Not knowing if you should go to him or not, your hands fluttered uselessly in front of you.

"please," He rasped. "understand that you have our very souls." His eye lights found yours. "for us it's real, it's everything... i need to know that it's the same for you."

…

……

"Stretch-" You began. But he was already moving towards the door. "W-wait let-"

Click.

Stretch leaned against his door running his hands down his face. Had he taken it to far? What started out as worry over his brother's relationship with you had grown and eaten at him over the week. The way you so casually invited Sans to bed in one hand then shamelessly flirted with him and everyone else in the other was starting to rub him the wrong way.

And when he had opened his door this morning to find you happily kissing both Sans and his double goodbye… it just magnified. Mutt's little stunt, and your reaction to it, well it pushed him over the edge.

Why was he like this? Everything was going great, if his stupid mind would just. Shut. Up. He could, he would… He really needed a cigarette. Except, they were in his room. With you.

Inwardly groaning he slid down the door until he was sitting on the hallway floor. What was he going to do? A soft thunk sounded as his

skull came to a rest on the door.

Just as he made up his mind to just go in and grab them, the soft sounds of his guitar drifted through the wood.

Chapter End Notes

Stretch... use your words better!

Go vote! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

4 Real

Chapter Summary

> Doubt in your relationships has been sown. You're trying your best though.

Chapter Notes

> When your coping mechanism is to make music and hope for the best.
>
> Thank you to everyone who made band name suggestions and to all who voted on them. We have a band name for out skelebois. Punk's Not Dead!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tomato juice, bourbon, horseradish, lemon juice, and ketchup in the shaker with ice. Just keep shaking it, they won't know you're nervous if you shake it with enthusiasm. Strain into a tall glass with ice, swirl in a dash of worcestershire and celery salt. Leave out the peppercorn though, Sans doesn't like the peppercorn.

Placing the finished drink on a tray with several others you smoothed down your shirt before picking it up. Delivery of favorite drinks for your skeletons.

After Stretch had closed you in his room, you had admittedly panicked a bit. To calm yourself you had latched onto the most familiar object nearby, which happened to be his guitar. Playing aimlessly soothed you enough to make you realize that you probably weren't locked in. Stretch had walked out sure, but there was no way to lock the door from the outside without a key.

You were right, opening the door you snuck into the spare room to change out of pajamas then slipped out the front door to walk home. Stretch's words echoed in your ears the entire way.

Home wasn't much better. You paced around mulling over your relationships. This was the first time you had ever experienced a poly relationship. And while you quite enjoyed the attention from everyone, you hadn't really stopped to think about how the boys felt about seeing you with the others. Most of them seemed to begrudgingly accept it but for all you knew, they felt the same as

Stretch.

How could you tell them that you were afraid. So far every relationship you have ever had in your life that you considered close had ended. Be it family, friends, or the occasional partner you had attempted to make a connection with, it just...ended. Tragically or otherwise, someone always left, or died, or simply disappeared from your life.

This bond had given you a slight sense of hope that they would stick around, that you wouldn't end up alone again. Stretch's confrontation had shaken you, he had very easily walked away. You had to prove it to him. You had to prove it to all of them that you were there for the bond. That the closeness and affection you held for each of them was real. So you did what you usually did to express emotion to others, you wrote, and brought it with you to open mic night.

"Bloody Mark for Sans, 101 sherbert for Paps, glass of Syrah for you Black, a FHG for Mutt." You moved quickly around the table, depositing drinks as smoothly as you could without giving away the slight tremor in your hands.

"Here's your Malbec Edge, I promise I won't drink it for you this time." he rolled his eye lights but didn't respond, instead he picked up the wine glass and gave it a swirl. "Red, I'll never understand your love of this mustard margarita but here ya go! Here's that Shooting Star I promised you Blue, I hope you like it. And of course, the Bee's Knees for Stretch."

You set the last drink down and hugged the empty tray to your chest. "Do you guys need anything else before I head back to the bar?" There was a small chorus of no's or thank you's so you nodded and quickly retreated.

A server announced the various performers as you and Chillby served drinks. You had made sure to put your name somewhere in the middle so you didn't look too eager, but also wasn't waiting until the last minute to play. When your name was finally called, you moved to the stage taking up an acoustic guitar and settling on the stool.

"Hey guys, since I can't play with the band anymore I'll just try to entertain you this way." You waited for the laughter to die down and your eyes landed on Stretch for a moment before focusing on your song page.

"This song is an answer, I uh, hope you like it." Resettling the guitar

in your lap you started to sing.

If I show you

Get to know you

If I hold you just for today

I'm not gonna wanna let go

I'm not gonna wanna go home

Tell me you feel the same

'Cause I'm for real

Are you for real?

I can't help myself

It's the way I feel

When you look me in the eyes like you did last night

I can't stand to hear you say goodbye

But it feels so right

'Cause it feels so right just to have you standing by my side

So don't let me go

Cause you have my soul

And I just wanted you to know

I don't wanna look back

Cause I know that we have

Something the past could never change

And I'm stuck in the moment

And my heart is open

Tell me that you feel the same

'Cause I'm for real

Are you for real?

I can't help myself

It's the way I feel

When you look me in the eyes like you did last night

I can't stand to hear you say goodbye

Well it feels so right

'Cause it feels so right just to have you standing by my side

So don't let me go

'Cause you have my soul

And I just wanted you to know

Hold me down

Hold me now

I'm safe, I'm sound

When you're around

Hold me down

Hold me now

I'm safe, I'm sound

When you're around

'Cause I'm for real

Are you for real?

I can't help myself

It's the way I feel

When you look me in the eyes like you did last night

I can't stand to hear you say goodbye

Well it feels so right

'Cause it feels so right just to have you standing by my side

So don't let me go

'Cause you have my soul

And I just wanted you to know

'Cause I'm for real

Are you for real?

I can't help myself

It's the way I feel

When you look me in the eyes like you did last night

I can't stand to hear you say goodbye

Well it feels so right

'Cause it feels so right just to have you standing by my side

So don't let me go

'Cause you have my soul

And I just wanted you to know

There, you were committed now. Not that you weren't before but, basically proclaiming it in a public forum like this made it feel more

official. You quickly put the guitar away and escaped back to your post at the bar with your song sheet, trying not to look at the skeleton's table for fear of their reactions.

Chillby gave you a look and teased you about being all love sick for a while and a few of the patrons sitting at the bar shared their general thoughts about your song but not a single skeleton came your way for the rest of the evening. A part of you was thankful for the brief respite. In theory it gave you a chance to calm your nerves. Sadly, the longer they stayed at their table the more nervous you became.

As the night went on, you watched as your boys slowly trickled out. Papyrus was the first to leave, jingling his car keys and simply waving in your direction as he went. Black and Blue left soon after, from the looks on their faces you surmised that they were going to race each other again. Mutt stood and had disappeared into the bathroom, you assumed he teleported to where ever from there because he had yet to return. Near closing time Edge dragged a stumbling Red out followed by a swaying Stretch.

Huh, out of all of them, you had at least expected a comment from him. But no, you had no idea of what they thought.

"Go home." You jumped at the crackling voice next to you. "You've been wiping down the same spot for five minutes so go home before you rub a hole in a perfectly good bar." Chillby reached down and snatched the bar cloth from your hands.

"Hey! We've only got about twenty minutes left till closing anyways, I can-" You attempted to grab the cloth back. The flamesman simply strode past you to pick up your things, shove them in your arms and usher you out from behind the bar.

"Home." He repeated, jabbing a purple fiery finger in your face.

"Chills, I-" There was a whooshing noise followed by loud pops and crackles as Chillby became brighter. The flames not covered by clothing jumped and grew in his annoyance. Backing up you slung your bag over your shoulder. "Fine, fine, I'll go...hot head." The heat around him diminished a bit as he shook his head at you and went back to closing down.

"everything okay?" You squeaked at Sans's voice by your ear.

"Y-yea, just getting kicked out early by MY EMPLOYEE." You raised your voice to pointedly yell over at said employee. Chillby's back was

to you but you heard him chuckle as he flipped you off over his shoulder. Rolling your eyes you brought your attention back to Sans. “Guess it’s time to head home.”

“which home?” He asked, extending an arm for you to take. Slipping yours around his, the two of you headed out the door.

Uh. UHHH. On one hand you wanted to stay the night at Sans’s place, but on the other… you still had no idea of what Stretch or the others had thought about your proclamation, and you weren’t sure you could handle another confrontation like the other day.

“My place please.” Sans hummed in acknowledgement and let you set the walking pace into your neighborhood.

You slowly relaxed as you went. This was nice. This was normal. Just you and Sans like before heading home after your shift. It was amazing to you how chill he continued to be through this whole situation. His stability was really what you needed right now.

He didn’t complain when you pulled him inside after you. Nor when you tugged off his jacket before pushing him into bed. Stripping down to a tank top and spanks you crawled on and collapsed on top of him wrapping your arms securely around his ribs and tucking your head under his chin.

“that kinda day huh?” He chuckled returning your embrace.

“Mmn.”

“need a metaphorical ear?”

“…Mmmm. Maybe in a bit.” You felt him nod against the top of your head and his hands began slowly rubbing your back.

The familiarity of this helped you melt into his chest. You used to hold him in a similar fashion when he finally admitted to you how bad his nightmares were. After that, you had basically demanded that he wake you if an episode occurred. You even remember camping out in front of his door the first few nights after you found out so you could rush in if it sounded like he needed you.

“Do you remember the first time we did this?” The deep rumble of his laughter rolled through your chest and head.

“ya basically tackled me out of a nightmare. probably wasn’t the

smartest thing ta do considerin' you had no idea how i reacted to 'em."

"It worked though didn't it?"

"heh yea. guess it did."

"... Sans?"

"mmm."

"Do you even want to be bonded to me?"

Chapter End Notes

Music in this chapter.

Avril Lavigne
4 Real

Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

You're Crazy and I'm Crazy About You

Chapter Summary

You and Sans have a heart to heart.

Chapter Notes

Y'all ready for this?

Sorry about the short chapter, didn't think this would transition super smooth with the next batch of shenanigans so... enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Do you even want to be bonded to me?" You asked.

His hands stopped moving on your back. He lay frozen beneath you for a moment before he pulled one of your arms away from his rib cage so he could roll both of you to the side without pinning it under him. Distals hooked under your chin directing your face and eyes up to look into his.

"what're ya talking about? why would i not want to be bonded to ya?" His face wavered in your vision as tears welled up.

"Why me?" The words just barely made it out past your constricted throat. You could feel his grip on you tighten and you were dragged forward so you were as close to him as physically possible while still being able to look into his face. His eye lights searched your face.

"ya took my brother 'n i in, showed us a new life. gave us your shelter, your food, your time. ya taught paps how ta cook and encouraged him ta go ta college when we were granted citizenship... i can't count the times ya pulled me from nightmares to the point that they rarely happen anymore." His voice was low and he pressed his face into the top of your head.

"frisk may have broken the magical barrier so we could physically be on the surface. But you broke down my mental barriers so i could actually *live* on the surface. i couldn't ask for a better bond mate."

Hot tears rolled over your nose and sideways down your cheek to soak your pillow.

“B-but I don’t even know what it really means to be a bond mate. What if I mess it up, what if you find out later that you don’t actually like me.” You hiccup softly as the tears continue to flow. “And the others, what if we can’t work out this multi-bond stuff. I know I’m being selfish but I don’t want to lose anyone.”

Sans let go of your chin so you could bury your face in his shirt. Using his magic, he lifted the pair of you just enough to move the comforter out from under you. As it settled over you two, he spoke.

“i don’t think i could dislike ya princess. as for the others, well, if they can’t figure it out then it’s more of you fer me.” A muffled watery laugh shook his sternum.

You shifted a bit, settling under the blanket with him. The comfortable silence stretched out, broken only by an occasional sniffle from your place buried in his chest. He could feel you fiddling with his shirt, twisting it between your fingers as you mulled over whatever it was you were thinking about.

You were relieved that at least Sans seemed content with this whole multi-bond craziness. You didn’t know who all shared that sentiment, but with him in your corner you think you could bear it easier. He was just so calm, so steady, so safe.

You noticed that he was subtly exaggerating the breathing motions in his ribs for you to match. Dummy, didn’t really need to breath, but did so to remind you to do the same. You wiped your eyes and nose and focused on the movement.

Eventually you removed your face from his chest. Sans’s sockets were half lidded as he stared blankly over your head. A wave of affection washed over you and you wiggled up so you could kiss his cheek bone. He blinked then grinned down at you.

“ya missed.”

“Did not, I got you right where I intended.”

“pretty sure ya missed.”

You giggled and feigned ignorance. “Then where should I have been aiming?”

His grin grew and a hand slid up to cradle the back of your head. “ya gotta ask nicely princess.”

A brow involuntarily quirked at that but you decided to indulge him. “Please enlighten me Sans, where should I kiss you in the future?” He chuckled as he pushed you back until you were laying flat on the bed so he could prop himself up on top of you.

“well. ya could have gotten *a-head* and chosen here.” His teeth brushed against your forehead. You blinked in confusion but he kept moving.

“everyone *nose* about here.” Little tingles ran down your nose making you giggle again.

“i would even accept here.” He nudged your head to the side a bit and trailed a few kisses up your jaw line, the puns had stopped.

“ya see princess, there were many places ya could have chosen from.” His voice rumbled low in your ear and you shivered as he began to move down the side of your neck.

“Sans please.” You slid one hand over his skull trying to pull him back to your face. The other still gripped his shirt.

“please what?” Magic trailed along the top of your shoulder then sparked against your clavicle, slow and cooling upon contact.

“Kiss meeee~.” The words came out as a moan as his teeth parted to clamp down delicately on the muscle connecting your neck and shoulder. His tongue slowly trailed over the flesh held captive in his mouth drawing another moan from your lips. You whimpered at the loss when he released you to nuzzle into your hair.

“thought i was princess.”

“N-no, I mean. Yes you were but.” You tugged on his shirt again but he had gone completely limp on top of you.

“Sans.”

A very loud snore echoed in your ear.

“Sans!”

Fucking tease! You wriggled a bit, rolling him to the side so you could face away from him. His low laugh sounded behind you as an arm snaked around your waist pulling you back against him.

“not sure yer ready for that door ta open yet princess, but lemme

smooch things over." He tilted your head to the side so he could lean over you again completely ignoring your huff.

Cool teeth pressed lightly against your lips. The scent of pine trees and something else settled around you. It was like snow. Or some place that had only ever seen snow, only knew the touch of cold. The sensation of his magic tumbled lazily through you stealing your breath and cooling the fire that had previously started to rise in your core.

When he pulled away you had to pretend you didn't need to gulp for air. Simply nodding in response to his murmured good night.

Long after you were sure he had fallen asleep you lay awake. Hyper aware of every place your body connected to his. Damn these skeletons.

Chapter End Notes

Who was ready? ^_^ We're getting to the good stuff I promise.

xoxo
Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Glitter in the Air

Chapter Summary

You have promises to keep, you can survive them right?

Chapter Notes

I have steady internet and computer access again! Finally got settled in a new place so I'll be around more to talk in comments and such, thank you for sticking with me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You jolted awake at the sound of your alarm. Only to have it turn itself off before you could roll over. Worming your hand out of the tangle of blankets and bones you rubbed at your eyes. Sans had gone full koala on you in the night. Arms and legs wrapped around you, holding you firmly to his chest. His grip was like iron, preventing you from doing anything except move the free arm.

It took a full ten minutes of wriggling around and prodding at him to get his sockets to blink open.

“it’s saturday.” he grumbled, loosening his hold.

“I gotta pee though.” You finally manage to scoot back enough to roll over and stumble out of bed. Only to hop back into it at the sight of Mutt lounging in your desk chair scrolling through your phone.

“Mmwhat the fuck!?”

Sans bolted upright at your tone yanking you back into his lap, left eye light flaring blue. Though he quickly dropped out of high alert upon seeing Mutt ignoring both you and him.

“stars mutt, what are ya doin’ here?” He rubbed his hands over his skull before letting them settle around you.

“gotta pick up duchess is all.” He still wasn’t looking up. How did he get into your phone? Wait, why was he picking you up?

“Uh, did we make plans or something? Not that I’m canceling, it’s just that…” You crane your neck around to look at Sans. He looked just as confused as you felt.

“we don’t,” He finally set your phone down and his gaze turned to take you and your bed mate in. “ya promised my bro a date, ’m here ta get ya to it.”

“What, now?”He checks your phone and shrugs.

“he started gettin’ ready an hour ago. so i’d say ya have another hour ‘r so ‘fore ya have ta be anywhere.”

“He’s taking two hours to get ready? What are we even doing? Wait, how long have you been here?” Your rapid-fire questions made him laugh as he stood to slouch into your closet. Opening your mouth to continue yelling at him, you paused at the even squeeze of Sans’s arms around your middle.

“ya don’t have to go if ya don’t want to.” He mumbled into your shoulder.

“I know. I did promise him a date though.” He was quiet for a moment, then his arms tightened again.

Teeth pressed against the base of your neck making you squeak. It quickly turned into a shocked scream when he blew a loud raspberry into your skin. Mutt poked his head out of the closet at the noise before disappearing again when you started laughing.

“Ahh! Sans don’t! I hafta peeee!” He chuckled but let you scramble off of the bed. You paused in the bathroom doorway at the sound of your name.

“have fun okay?” You smile and nod looking back at him. “remember, just call my name if ya need anything at all. i’ll be there.”

“I will, thank you.” You blow him a kiss before closing the door. Welp, if you were going on a date, you might as well shower.

“wear these.” You jumped as the door opened. You were in nothing but your towel brushing your wet hair out.

“Mutt! You can’t just barge in on people!” He nodded setting some clothes down by the sink but he didn’t leave. Instead, he stared at the brush in your hand and the fist full of hair you were currently trying to detangle.

“does it always hold water?”

“Uh, what?”

“yer hair.”

“Oh uh, yea I guess it does.” He moved to stand behind you so he could gather up your dripping hair.

“may i?” You were staring at him in shock in the mirror and robotically handed him your brush. Ow, okay, nope that was a bad idea.

Your hands flew up to stop his. He had pressed the brush against your scalp and ran it downwards. Only you hadn’t finished detangling everything before, and now he was not so gently tugging at a knot.

“Ow Mutt, don’t...don’t do that!” His hands shot away from you and he muttered an apology. You worked on the knot until it disappeared. He simply hovered behind you, watching the process with interest.

“You don’t want to yank on it, it’s attached to my head after all.” You explained handing the brush back to him.

He silently took it and began to run it through your hair. When he hit a knot again, he set it aside to mimic how you had worked through the last one. Even after the knot was worked out, he continued to just thread his fingers through your damp hair. Scrunching it, flattening it, twirling it around his knuckles. It was absurdly adorable to watch this hulking beast of a skeleton be completely enamored by your wet hair.

Eventually, his eye lights met your smiling face in the mirror. He only held your gaze for a moment, before his eyes wandered downward to inspect the towel still wrapped tightly around you. His fingers twitched against your scalp. Suddenly he released you and strode out of the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Okay, moment over you guessed.

When you finally arrived at your date destination, you were... supremely underwhelmed. Mutt had teleported you into… the skeleton’s kitchen? Black stood by the stove taking stock of the pile of ingredients resting there. At Mutt’s call, he turned.

“AH, IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU MY PET, ARE YOU READY FOR OUR DATE?” He swept up your hand and pressed a kiss on the back of it making you blush.

He had forgone his usual armor and bandana for a pair of dark jeans and a deep violet button-down shirt. The sleeves were rolled up to his elbows and the top two buttons were undone showing off the top of his sternum and clavicles. You felt a bit under dressed but he didn't seem to mind.

"Uh, yea. I guess I am." You glance at Mutt trying to gauge his reaction to Black's affection towards you. He was texting, politely staying out of your interaction with his brother.

"MUTT, LEAVE." Black must have noticed your look.

"m'lord." Mutt made an exaggerated bow, his tone dripping with sarcasm as he teleported away with a wink. Black simply rolled his eye lights and tugged you over to the pile of food on the counter.

"IT IS APPALLING TO THINK THAT WE HAVE NOT SHARED MY SPECIALTY BURRITOS BEFORE. WHAT BETTER WAY TO STRENGTHEN OUR BOND THAN TO CREATE THEM TOGETHER!" You hummed absently as you looked over the ingredients he had out.

Tortillas, beef, cheese, and rice. Huh, seems pretty normal so far. You shifted a few cans of corn aside to find glitter. A tall container of craft glitter. Oh boy, you don't recall if Papyrus had bought a new jar of the edible stuff after Blue's tacos or not. There was some clattering off to the side then a glass of wine was pressed into your hands.

"SHALL WE?" You nod absently taking a sip. Might as well see how this turns out.

Stretch took a long drag from his cigarette. Purple smoke puffed nearby, signaling that Mutt had joined him. It had been an interesting band practice. They had written a few songs for the upcoming finals concert but he was sick of singing about the underground.

He was happy to be on the surface and the seemingly endless resets had so far stopped. But all he could write about right now was from before. Mutt and Red had a similar affliction. None of them had much time to really experience the surface enough to write about it. Only Papyrus could do that, but he didn't seem to have any interest in writing his own music.

He watched the smoke drift up and away. He had written about you too, but it might not be the best idea to perform those with all that had just happened between you and him. The song you sang last night

seemed sincere, so why did he still feel so put off by your attitude towards the bonds? Stubbing out the cigarette, he stood and ambled over to the front door. Mutt appeared in front of him.

“sans’s entertainin’ right now.” He said around the dog treat in his mouth.

“it’s our house too mutt.” He stared his double in the eye sockets. Mutt simply stared back. An argument was not worth it right now. Stretch stepped through the void and into the entryway. A hand clamped onto his shoulder and he was once again in the driveway.

“mutt.”

“stretch.”

He pushed Mutt’s hand off his shoulder and teleported again. This time to his room, then the library to lose him, then the kitchen for good measure. He swayed a bit on his feet from the consecutive jumps through the void but the reason he needed to lean against the island was not from magic consumption.

You were sitting on the floor leaning against the kitchen cabinets. A pair of empty wine glasses were on the counter above your head and you were absolutely covered in glitter.

It wasn’t just you that was sparkling either. His eye lights noticed the stuff all over the floor, the counters, and even the stovetop had a fine layer. A glittering trail lead into the mudroom nearby. Before he could think to say anything Black emerged from the end of the trail, towel in hand.

The tiny tyrant had not escaped the storm of sparkles that had apparently swept through the kitchen. He noted that his armor was missing but there was just as much glitter shimmering on Black as there was on you.

Black knelt down next to you and began to wipe at the glitter on your cheek muttering something to you in a low voice. You giggled and scooped up some of the sparkles next to you and smeared them across his shirt. He dropped the towel snatching up your hand and leaned in.

Stretch had seen enough. Looking away he took a shortcut to his room. Time to revisit those songs.

Everything had started so smoothly. You had prepped the pan and oven for baking and opened the various cans of corn and beans. Black had started on the meat as he retold some victory of his from his time in the royal guard underground.

The water boiled and you added the rice. So far the jar of glitter had been left alone in favor of emptying the wine bottle. You turned away to fill both of your glasses when you heard a jar opening. Twirling around you caught Black's wrist before he could dump the art supplies into the meat.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"I uh, can't eat glitter."

"NONSENSE, THE BLUEBERRY TOLD ME ABOUT THE TACOS YOU TWO MADE." He tried to pour again so you grabbed the jar with your other hand.

"We used edible glitter, this is craft glitter."

"TRUST ME PET, THIS IS MUCH BETTER THAN ANY INGREDIENTS THAT YOU HAD TO STOOP TO LAST TIME."

"No, Black-" He abruptly yanked the jar towards himself, pulling it from your grasp. The quick gesture caused some of the contents to spill over the side and onto his shirt. You both stared in shock at the sparkly spray. He tried to brush it off but he mostly just succeeded in spreading it around and getting it on the floor and his hand. He looked at his hand then locked eyes with you.

"Dude, I'm so sorry." You began.

"YES, THERE ARE SOME MANNERS THAT MUST BE TAUGHT TO YOU." He smirked then reached up to draw his hand down your cheek. Your eyes widened. The sneaky little shit just wiped his glittery hand off on your face!

"Same could be said for you bone boy." You went to grab the jar. He jerked it away from you again making more glitter spill over the sides.

This was where you got to use the rare advantage of being taller than someone. Your longer arms helped you to procure the glitter from Black. Plunging your hand into the mess, you flicked your fingers towards him in your retreat.

And that's when he pounced.

Black may be the shortest of the skeletons but he was by no means weaker because of it. When he hit you, both of you tumbled to the floor, glitter flying everywhere. You tried to roll to the side to reclaim the mostly empty jar but he held you in place grinning evilly as he scooped spilled sparkles up to smear them over your face, into your hair, and over your clothes.

Collecting glitter in each hand you managed to sit up and wrap your arms around the small skeleton in your lap. From there you rubbed as much of it over his skull and clothes as you could, giggling the entire time. A good natured growl erupted from his chest as he wrestled you back onto the floor searching for more ammunition.

The smell of burnt meat reminded you that the stove was still on. Black sprang off of you to pull the skillet off the burner then turned to help you up.

"I HOPE YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON PET!" He crowed as he busied himself combining the ingredients in the tortillas. Glitter obviously got in the food but it wasn't the entire bottle's worth so you didn't say anything. Instead you drained your glass of wine and made an attempt to shake some of the glitter from your clothes and hair.

After Black deposited the burritos in the oven he turned to you. His face softened when you grinned back at him and brushed half heartedly at the mess on his shirt.

"This stuff doesn't clean up easy, I hope you're ready to sparkle for a bit." You say. He scoffed brushing past you to head into the mud room. You snickered at the trail he left in is wake. Sliding back down to sit on the floor you absently played with a shimmering pile.

There was a faint crackle of magic but you ignored it. You were in a house belonging to magical skeletons, one of them probably just came home.

When Black returned he knelt down and made an attempt to wipe the glitter from your face. "I'll Have To Put You In Your Place Next Time." He muttered. You giggled, collecting some sparkles off of the floor. The brightness of his eye lights along with the way he was trying very hard not to smile told you he was teasing.

Bringing your hand up, you wiped it across his chest. He dropped the towel snatching up your hand and leaned forward with a devious grin.

Another crackle of magic nearby caused him to pause, frozen halfway over you. Leaning back slightly he brought your captive hand up to his mouth instead. Little sparks of magic fizzled over your fingers, your palm, your wrist.

You sucked in a breath only to let out a small whine when he dropped your hand in favor of brushing glitter from your shirt. Huffing quietly you did the mature thing and rained glitter down over his head, reigniting the battle that had raged minutes before.

Chapter End Notes

> Heh, glitter is the bane of my life, now it is also the bane of read's and Black's.
>
> Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Baby I just Wanna Dance

Chapter Summary

Dance is a learning activity

Chapter Notes

What do we really know about our current relationship status?

Heey! Almost had to upload late because football is a thing and the fantasy draft season is upon my household. But I commandeered the computer while the husband grabbed snacks so yay!

xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1, 2, 3.

4, 5, 6.

1, 2, 3.

4, 5, 6.

The waltz is simple really, you're just walking around on a square...with another person. Papyrus lead you easily around the studio twirling you around the other dancers. You had to say, the two of you were getting pretty good at this.

At first it had been a bit difficult as his legs were much longer than yours and he had to adjust his pacing so you didn't have to run to keep up with him. But now, with a hand on your shoulder blade, he could whisk both of you around for hours.

The music came to an end and everyone stopped where they were. The instructor called out the next style and a new song started. Ah tango! You like this one more than the box step. More flare. You felt Papyrus perk up too and his hand returned to yours, he tended to like the faster paced dances. Salsa, cha cha, samba, even swing got him going, though he leaned more towards anything latin.

Slow, slow, quick, quick, turn. Kick your leg, he does the same,

remember your posture! Internally you grimace as your heeled feet wobbled a bit. Heels were not shoes you ever wore outside of the dance studio so your ability to function in them was terrible at best. You still relied heavily on Papyrus's quick reflexes to keep you up when you couldn't balance on the torture sticks attached to your feet.

"You've been quiet today my dear." He said dipping you back.

"I don't mean to be." You replied, snapping upright and following him into a promenade. He hummed at your words but didn't press.

The song soon ended and everyone broke apart for a quick water break. You made small talk with the other students in the class as you rested next to your dance partner until everyone was called to go back out for a final number. Music began to play for a slow foxtrot, oh good, something easy to end on.

"Something is bothering you." Papyrus murmured leading you around the room.

"I'm fine."

"Then why do you look so down?" You stayed quiet for a few beats, damn him. He always knew when your emotions were being mean to you. "You don't have to tell me. But you know that I am a very good listener, even though I don't have ears."

You gazed up into his face deep in thought. He stared back at you in between keeping a socket out for the other dancers so he wouldn't run you into anybody.

"Are... you okay with sharing your bond with the others?" You asked. He nodded and twirled both of you around before pausing in your dance position for a beat.

"Sans and I have already discussed our relationship with you." Pressing forward he lead you diagonally across the floor.

"You and Sans sure, but what about everyone else?" You spun away from him as he stood in place. You followed his direction and walked around the posing skeleton until he could claim the lead again.

"Their bonds are the same as ours dearest, I can't be upset at myself for pursuing you." Your ankle wobbled and he subtly lifted you for a few steps until you got your feet back under control.

“That made zero sense to me.” His eye lights darted to you before returning his gaze to the dance space.

“Did Sans not tell you about them?” Papyrus’s pace quickened a bit.

“Yeeeaa? We’re still talking about the crazy eight-way bond right?” The two of you whirled around with the other students in tandem with the music.

“You only have two bonds my dear. One with Sans and one with me, the other’s magic is present because they are us from other universes.” He twirled you around one last time closing out the song with a deep dip.

“They’re what.” In the back of your mind you were relieved that Papyrus was in control, or you would have sent both of you to the floor right then.

He blinked several times at your stunned expression bringing you back upright. “I thought you knew.”

You opened and closed your mouth a few times. You had definitely not known. This was brand new information. Really important information. Different universes? What did he mean by that?

The instructor started talking but you didn’t hear anything they said. You robotically took the piece of paper from them on your way out the door and sat in silence in the front seat of Papyrus’s car.

As your mind sorted itself out, you began piecing together evidence that you should have figured this out by yourself a long time ago.

“you’re just gonna have to believe me when i say that it’s because of our bond, they have one too. can you accept that for now?”

“I’M NOT A CHILD PAPYRUS, I CAN MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS REGARDING MY BOND MATE!”

“and you were wrong before, on the couch.”

Sans did say that this was a much bigger topic. You were going to have to talk to him about it soon but holy shit you were in a relationship with four versions of the same two people. Seeing it like that made a ton of sense in retrospect but still. Questions crowded out all other thought processes. A hand covered yours making you jump.

“I’m sorry dearest I thought Sans had told you.”

“No, no. It’s cool. I um…other universes huh?” You squeezed his hand.

He eased into your driveway and shut off the car. When you made no move to get out, he unbuckled you and lifted you over the middle console to arrange you in his lap. You wound your arms around his neck and leaned your head against his shoulder automatically. His long arms cradled you close, making you feel comfortable, safe, and warm.

“Are you okay with this?” He asked.

You sat up a bit and placed your hands on either side of his skull. “I mean. I should really stop being surprised by you guys. You’re living walking skeletons who crawled out of a mountain with hundreds of other monsters. Oh and don’t forget that you can all do real magic. We’re just continuing to prove fiction stories correct by throwing different universes living together into the mix.”

“Are you sure?”

“Honestly? I’m gonna have a bit of a freak out later, but right now my brain is still turning things over.” He nodded and you let your hands find their way back around him.

“Do…you still want to be with us? Do you still want to be my friend?” The sheer amount of worry in his voice broke your heart.

“Of course I do Papaya. You’re still my big cuddly skeleton.”

“Even though we’re bond mates? And there are other mes wanting to be your cuddly skeletons?” You suppress a laugh at the thought of Edge being cuddly. Stretch definitely seemed the type, maybe Mutt if the conditions were right but Edge? You were getting off track.

“Our friendship has already changed Paps.” He looked at you with a panicked expression. “Are we the same friends that lived together all those years ago?”

“You can still live with us.” He murmured.

“The answer is, we’re not. Our relationship has changed constantly since we’ve met. It will always change, and that’s okay. Yea, we have this bond now, and yea, there are apparently other versions of you

around too but the you and me part." You tapped his sternum, then yours.

"That part that burned spaghetti, and played keyboard, and started dance, and taught each other about each other…that is you and me alone. This friendship that is just us, I hope will always change as long as it's to make us better friends."

He sat, searching your face for a long while. Was that too much? You thought it was a good speech, was it not the right thing to say? Great, this was another thing you were going to freak out about tonight.

"Can…I kiss you?" Or not.

"Of course." You couldn't say no to him.

You half braced for the crash of teeth on your lips, but it never came. Instead he leaned forward but left it up to you to close the gap. So you did.

Calm.

Eager.

Electric.

Uncertain.

All of these things waltzed through your being on the currents of his magic. Last time had been fleeting, a feather touch in a moment of grief. As chaste as this was, it still ignited something deep inside you. Your grip tightened on him and you pressed him back into the seat.

Fingers twitched against you then moved up to hesitantly push you away. Not far. But enough.

Deep breaths.

1, 2, 3 in.

4, 5, 6 out.

Tomorrow you'll deal with the universe stuff.

1, 2, 3 in.

4, 5, 6 out.

Right, let Papyrus take the lead.

Chapter End Notes

Read's had a nice break right? Got to go on a date, got some skele snuggles and smooches in... everything could only go up right? Right?

Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

Fallout

Chapter Summary

The competition is still going strong. Music is totally a way to communicate right?

Chapter Notes

I'm not that mean to read, she's a good girl :)

Songs in this Chapter:

Lonely Dance by Set It Off
Midnight Thoughts by Set It Off
Fallout by Marianas Trench

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This was it. the last day you would have to sit and judge a band competition. You would of course come to see the winner play whenever you could but it would be for fun. Sitting at the judge's table, you looked over the two song lists the finalists had supplied. All of the music was supposed to be originals tonight so you didn't recognize any of the names.

It had been difficult to not be nosy. They boys practiced in Sans's garage but they had sound proofed it enough that you didn't hear them when you were cooking with Black last weekend.

Ugh, speaking of that cooking session. You were still brushing out glitter from your hair and you had seriously contemplated burning the clothes you had worn. They had ended up in a corner of your bathroom. You didn't want to throw them in the wash for fear of contaminating the rest of your wardrobe.

It seemed that Black hadn't thought that far, you noticed that he was definitely more sparkly than normal when he marched in followed by the others.

Well the other Sanses at least. Gah that sounded strange in your head still. You hadn't been able to bring it up to anyone yet so you clamped it down and hoped you would be able to pull Sans aside sooner rather than later.

“hey there campfire.” Red’s gruff voice sounded in your ear and a drink was set in front of you.

“I’m a campfire?” You looked up at him as he leaned against the table. It was getting easier to communicate normally with him.

“‘course ya are. yer super hot n’ i always want s’more.” Welp, it did get a chuckle out of you.

“Do you even know what a s’more is Red?” He shrugged and nudged the drink closer to you. Raising a brow you took it and swirled it around trying to catch a whiff of whatever alcohol was in it. Not finding anything you recognized, you looked questioningly up at Red.

“what, never ‘ad monster alcohol before?”

“Only a bit, Sans had a stash that he let me try a long time ago.” You took a sip. Whoa, yup definitely not human alcohol in there. Whatever it was tingled pleasantly and left a nondescript sweet taste on your tongue. “What is it?” He shrugged again.

“dunno. it’s chillby’s specialty drink. don’ worry though, ’ve had it loads a times so i know it ain't poison.” You snorted and took another sip.

“Good to know. Thanks Red.” He grinned and shuffled off when the lights on stage dimmed.

Because this was the final round, Oliver agreed to let the bands have some fun with the limited lighting effects the bar could offer.

The band that had followed your boys last time filed on. You sat and watched as they belted out their songs. They definitely had talent, you don’t remember what they played last time at all but their entire set screamed well practiced. There was a brief break after their performance so the lights could be reset.

Before any of the skeletons walked on, the rest of the bar lights lowered with the stage’s. You, like the rest of the audience looked around in confusion totally missing them settling in place.

A red strobe had been placed behind the drumset. It flashed in time with the alarm sounds Papyrus was making on his keyboard. Your eyes made it back to the stage just in time for the lights to come up with the music.

(Mutt) **One step forward, one step backwards**

One step forward, one step backwards

(Stretch) **Some days I'm up, some days I'm down**

Some days the world is way too loud

Some days my bed won't let me out

But I'm okay with missin'

Out on the social anxiety

Red had told you about how most of their music was based off of their experiences underground. Your heart went out to them. It must have been awful down there to spark so many songs depicting struggle. At least this time they all seemed a bit more comfortable singing about it on a stage.

So I just, so I just

Do my little lonely dance

Performing for my only fan

'Cause it's my kind of party

My room is where my heart is

I do my little lonely dance

I don't need you to understand

And there's no way I'm stoppin'

It's like nobody's watching

As I do my little lonely dance

As the first song came to an end, they let the last notes fade completely. All four of them were frozen at their instruments. Finally Stretch began to sing, and the others stopped their statuesque act as they added their instruments or voices to the song. By the time they

started on the chorus you concluded that Sans wasn't the only one who had nightmares.

I can't shake these midnight thoughts when I'm alone

Latching to my brain and never letting go

So I'll start making friends with the noise in my head

And all these midnight thoughts when I'm alone

(Ooo)

(Ooo)

Dim the lights, shut the blinds

But I'm counting the time

Am I nervous or am I insane?

Try to turn off the sound, but I can't shut it out

'Cause I'm hearing the pulse in my veins

They definitely rocked the creepy vibe this time around. They carried on with similar tunes for the rest of their set. At least until the last song. Both Stretch and Mutt tweaked their guitar strings and Papyrus made some adjustments to his keyboard before beginning his part followed by a simple beat from Edge.

An empty room,

I'm empty too

And everything reminds me of you

So many things

I shouldn't have missed

The more that I push

And the more you resist

It's easy to say it's for the best

When you want more

While you leave me with less

I know you're fine, but what do I do?

I know you're fine, but what do I do?

Stretch had started the song looking out into the crowd and singing to everyone like he had been for the rest of the set. But once the chorus started, his eye lights found you and wouldn't leave.

I'm awake, and trying

While you're sleeping like a babe

Beside him

I'm on the ledge while you're so

Goddamn polite and composed

And I know you see me,

And you're making it look so easy

(Mutt) **What comes and goes, I'd go without**

(Stretch) **I know you're fine but what about**

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout), fallout

Through the Fallout

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout)

You're the fallout

You were wondering why Edge and Papyrus had microphones this time around. They harmonized with Mutt as Stretch echoed their words.

Well now there's him,

And now there's me

The secrets you give

And the secrets you keep

And nevertheless

It's never you let

The more that I give

And the less that I get

Don't tell me to fight,

To fight for you

After this bond, I shouldn't have to

I know you're fine, but what do I do?

I know you're fine, but what do I do?

I'm awake, and trying

While you're sleeping like a babe

Beside him

I'm on the ledge while you're so

Goddamn polite and composed

And I know you see me,

And you're making it look so easy

(Mutt) **What comes and goes, I'd go without**

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Through the Fallout

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout)

I know you're fine but what about

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout), fallout

Through the Fallout

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout)

You're the fallout

Each of their voices bounced around the bar echoing each other softly. Stretch's eyes had rarely left you the entire time. You had written him a song, and he had apparently written one back.

I know you're fine, but what do I do?

(Mutt) **I know you're fine, but what do I do?**

I know you're fine but what about

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout), fallout

Through the Fallout

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout)

I know you're fine but what if I

(Fallout)

I'm awake, and trying

While you're sleeping like a babe

Beside him (Fallout)

I'm on the ledge while you're so

Goddamn polite and composed

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout), fallout

Through the Fallout

(Fallout), Fallout (fallout), fallout (fallout), fallout

Through the Fallout

(Fallout) Fallout (fallout)

Fallout!

The stage lights dimmed down on the final chord. The four of them quietly exited the stage to the sound of cheers and applause. You stared at the spot Stretch had previously occupied. You had no idea how to process that.

The two bands joined the audience. You quickly shared your thoughts on both before dumping the burden of picking a winner on the twins. Elbowing your way through the throng of people, you made a point to talk to members of both bands. You tried to keep it light and what you hoped was professional as a supposed impartial judge.

The twins eventually climbed onto the stage to announce the winner.

“This has seriously been awesome getting to hear some of the great bands in our area.” Hayden was saying.

“Yea but only one can take over for us.” Jack quipped back. His twin rolled his eyes and turned his attention back to the bar.

“Alright, help us decide!” He called. They broke away from each other to opposite ends of the stage.

“Holler if you vote Midnight Buzz!” Jack called. The first band that played cheered along with many of the people around them.

How about Punk’s Not Dead!” Hayden yelled from his end of the stage. Cheers roared through the bar as people stomped and clapped their approval.

“Sounds like we have a successor. Congratulations to Punk’s Not Dead!” Jack and Hayden jumped down from the stage and went to shake all of the competitor's hands.

You tried to congratulate all of your boys but Stretch was always just out of earshot and never quite looking your way. Eventually you gave up and slipped backstage unlocking your phone.

You - I’m backstage, can you take me home?

It wasn’t long before you felt Sans pop into existence nearby.

“am i your home run service?” He pantomimes hitting a baseball with a bat. You giggle and took his hands in yours. He didn’t say anything else as you squeeze your eyes closed when the backstage room turned into your front porch. You opened your eyes as Sans let go of you.

“were you expectin’ someone today?”

“No?” You followed his gaze to find a piece of paper stuck in the door jam. Who left notes like that anymore? Sharing a brief look with Sans you pulled the scrap out.

Sorry we missed you sweetheart. Been trying to get a hold of you by phone too but you seem to be a busy girl! Anyway, get in touch soon, we would like to go see Grandpa with you while we’re still in town.

Love ya!

(xxx)-xxx-xxxx

Chapter End Notes

Who's that?

Come talk to me!
https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok

My Perfect Rock Bottom

Chapter Summary

One step forward, one step backwards... one step forward?

Chapter Notes

WARNING!
Panic attack and slight injury in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Where the hell did Sans keep his tools? You huffed a little as you dug under the small work bench in the skeleton's garage. You had stayed over the night before. That note had made you extremely uncomfortable. You didn't want to see them, you didn't want to 'get in touch', and you definitely didn't want to go see grandpa with them.

The cupboard door slammed shut in your irritation and you looked around the garage. Standing, you made your way around the band's set up and went to open the house door. Only it opened for you to reveal Red...with glasses on? A wave of apprehension hit you at the thought of being alone with him. Though it was softened by how nonthreatening he looked in those lenses.

He stared at you in surprise for a moment before tearing the large round spectacles from his face and stuffing them in his pocket.

"hey doll, er, whaterya doin' in the garage?" You choke back a laugh at the piece of tape still clinging to the side of his skull.

"Hey Red, could you stick around for a second?" His face flushed as you pulled the offending tape off, but he stepped into the garage with you. "Do you happen to know where the tool box is? It's moved since I was in here last."

He shrugged. "dunno where classic keeps 'is stuff but i got some tools. whatda need?"

"Oh! Uh, a socket and an allen wrench." He nods and disappears.

You assumed he was going to get said tools so you sat next to your bike taking a few breaths. This was good, this was forward movement.

The new gas tank was nearby, all shiny and ready to go. Huh, it suddenly made sense as to why Red called Sans classic. And if Red was a Sans, he could probably explain the whole universe thing to you right?

“whatever yer gonna loosen, this’ll give it a bit of a twist.” A small well cared for tool bag dropped into your lap. “if you were wantin’ to work on somethin’ doll, i’ve got some sockets you could look at.” He continued. You tried to suppress a grin as you dug out what you needed.

“Booo, I said I wanted good ones.” He flinched at your words so you winked at him to show you were joking and started unscrewing the seat bolts.

“i’ve got somethin’ good ‘ere for ya.” He growled trailing a sharp finger across your shoulders as he walked around the bike. You gave him a fake glare to cover up the goose bumps that popped up at his touch before going back to your task. Raising his hands in surrender, Red squatted down opposite you.

“whaterya doin’ with the bike?”

“I got a better gas tank.” With a quick jerk, you removed the seat and set it aside.

“wan’ ‘elp?”

“You know your way around a motorcycle?” You grabbed the other wrench and went to work on the bolts securing the old tank to your bike.

“heh, i don’t ‘ave a phd in mechanical engineering fer nothin’ doll face, i can take apart an’ put together anythin’.” The socket wrench slipped from your hands and clattered to the ground.

“You have a...of course you do.” Red quirked a brow bone, but picked up the dropped wrench and worked on loosening the bolts on his side.

“wha’s that supposed ta mean?”

“Well, Sans has a PhD in quantum physics, so um, I guess it would make sense that you would have a degree too.”

“oh?”

“W-well, you’re…you’re Sans right?” Red’s hands stop working at the bolts.

“he finally tell ya ‘bout that?”

“No. Paps uh, may have mentioned something about different universes and such but um. That’s about it.” Red grunted and finished pulling the bolts on his side. “Your real name *is* Sans though right?”

“at yer service.” He grinned and winked moving back around the bike to squat next to you in order to work at the other bolts. You smirked at that and leaned lightly on his shoulder. When the last of the bolts holding your old gas tank were finally removed you stood to wrestle if free from the frame.

“So,” You grunted. “if you and Sans have degrees, then wouldn’t Blue and Black have one? They’re Sanses too yea?” He moved behind you and reached down to help you slide the gas tank back and up. With his arms on either side of you, he easily held up the tank while you pulled the fuel line off of the valve.

“naw,” He said setting the tank aside. “they don’ ‘ave any degrees i know of. but stretch n’ mutt do.”

“But aren’t they-?”

“think about it doll, where’re they from?” You frowned handing him the new tank to hold steady while you reattached the fuel line. Deep in thought, you and Red finished installing the tank and bolting down the seat.

Stretch, Blue, Black, and Mutt were all from the underground same as all the other monsters right? So why would the Papyrus brothers have a degree like Sans and Red? Sharp fingers smudged dirt and grease from your hands and arms.

“now that ya know ’m good with my hands, got somthin’ else for me ta work on?” Changing the topic was he?

“The only thing I know about you is that you are an ass.” You grinned and poked him in between his eye sockets. It felt good to banter with him, to work on something together. You just realized that all of your apprehension about him had disappeared while he helped you with the bike.

“don’t have an ass darlin’”

“But you wish you did.”

“only if it’s yours.” You squeaked and slapped at his hand when he reached down to pinch said ass.

“Gods you’re awful.”You say but didn’t move away from him. He growled in your ear.

“ya like awful though.” There was a hint of a question in those words.

Not knowing how to articulate an answer, you simply smile and slide your hands around his ribs under his parka for a hug. Almost immediately, his arms surrounded you, squeezing tight as he practically melted into the embrace. You got the feeling that he didn’t get hugs often, or ever. Plus you felt like this was a good step forward for you two. So you let him hold you for a while, at least until his grip got tighter and you sunk further into his incredibly puffy parka.

You gave him another squeeze and tried to pull away. He didn’t budge. Patting at his ribs, you made another attempt to step away. A growl rumbled in his chest.

“Hey-” You began, but he interrupted you.

“ya can’t go.” Why did those words sound so familiar?

“Go where exactly?” You tried to bring your hands up in between the two of you so you could push away but his grip was too tight.

“don’t play dumb with me.” The growl turned into a snarl in your ear and you heaved him away from you enough to see his wide eye sockets devoid of the little red sparks of magic. Your stomach dropped at the sight and you braced your hands against his chest so he couldn’t pull you back in. He started to shake as his sharp fingers dug into your arms trying to drag you back to him.

“You’re hurting me, ple-”

“whatya think the guard is gonna do for ya huh? i can’t protect ya if you’re always out lookin’ fer trouble!” You pressed yourself away from him again. This time he let go and recoiled backwards as if you had struck him.

At that moment your phone started buzzing on the ground where you had left it to work on the bike. You glanced down and just barely made out the number from the note on your door flash on the screen

before several bones stabbed into it shattering the device.

“you’ll be dust!” He yelled. You jumped with a squeak and quickly brought your attention back to find him clutching at the side of his skull with one hand and summoning a barrage of sharpened bone attacks with the other.

Okay, he was obviously not having this conversation with you. He rattled as he stumbled forward bringing the attacks with him. You tried to move away but found the summoned bones behind you as well.

“you’ll be dust.” He repeated falling to his knees. Large red tears ran down his face and he wrapped his hands around himself, dark eye sockets staring into nothing.

“R-red.” You tried shakily as you inched away from the bones. This was not how you wanted to heal things between the two of you. His skull jerked, unseeing sockets passing over you. The bones hovering around you wavered and dissipated as he let out a loud scream.

Adrenaline roared in your ears and your body jumped into action without any prompting from your brain. Dropping onto the floor beside him you turned his skull to face you. He shouted again and tried to escape. You let him retreat.

“Hey, hey...you’re okay Red.” You tried to keep your voice soft and steady. “You’re here with me, you’re not there, you’re okay.” The string of soothing words continued to pour from your mouth as you inched closer to Red. He was still shaking.

You kept talking. This usually worked with Sans to bring him out of a nightmare and it seemed to have the same effect on Red. Very slowly, you reached out again as you talked to him. He flinched when your fingers brushed against the sides of his skull but he didn’t move away again. You rubbed circles over the surface of his skull. There were small cracks present on one side where he had been clutching earlier. He whimpered but leaned into your touches.

“That’s it, you’re safe. You’re here. You’re okay.” Shuffling forward on your knees you drew him to your chest, letting your arms rest loosely over his shoulders. He shuddered against you but slowly returned the embrace. You stiffened for a moment scared that he would panic again, but he didn’t. He held you gently as he sobbed into your shirt

The door leading into the house swung open and Blue poked his head

in questioningly. Before he could say anything, you shake your head at him and attempt a reassuring smile. He stared at the two of you for a moment. His face hardened a bit as he nodded and disappeared back into the house, closing the door quietly behind him.

You knelt there for a long time, occasionally rubbing his back or skull or murmuring encouragement until his cries quieted. Eventually he moved away from you. His face was dusted a light red and he wouldn't make eye contact, but his eye lights were back and he wasn't shaking anymore so you felt like the panic was past.

"How are you feeling?" You asked tentatively. Apparently hugging him had set off whatever just happened so you were a bit nervous about showing too much affection or concern now that he seemed coherent again.

His eye lights passed over you then around the garage. They landed on your shattered phone for a moment before jumping back to you.

"yer still 'ere." He muttered almost to himself.

You nod and try for another reassuring smile. Your nerves were frayed from almost being stabbed by like thirty magical bones so you tried to stick to the minimum amount of words coming out of your mouth for fear of them sounding too shaky.

His eye lights were still looking you over in disbelief. He opened his mouth only to shut it again, then he teleported away.

Slumping down you stared at where he just was. What happened that brought that strong of a reaction from a hug? He had been fine being close to you before. Even Sans with all his nightmares didn't have that violent of a reaction to physical comfort when he had first arrived in your life. You ran a shaking hand down your face and looked over at your broken phone. Better it than you you guessed.

The house door opened again and Edge marched in followed by an angry looking Blue.

"WELL? WHERE IS HE?" Edge glared around with hands on his hip bones.

"I-I don't know...he uh...teleported somewhere." You say dumbly. Edge let out an exasperated breath and turned on Blue.

"THEN WHAT WAS THE POINT OF DRAGGING ME DOWN HERE!?"

Blue's eye sockets narrowed as Edge pushed past him to get back into the house.

"HE'S YOUR BROTHER EDGE! GO FIND HIM AND TALK-! TO HIM." The door clicked closed in his face cutting him off and Blue let out a frustrated noise. Composing himself, he turned and looked you over.

"ARE YOU OKAY?"

You nod as you curl into yourself, resting your forehead on your knees. Blue's footsteps quickly made it to your side and a gloved hand pat at your back.

"THAT DOESN'T LOOK OKAY. WHAT HAPPENED?"

A shudder ran through you and you uncurled enough to turn and cling to a concerned Blue.

"I-I'm sorry." You sobbed. "I triggered a panic attack in Red." You buried your face into his shoulder as he bundled you closer to him.

"YOU'RE HURT!" He exclaimed, examining the marks on your arms from where Red had held onto you. You didn't hear him, you simply pawed at his shirt muttering apologies. "HEY, HEY, IT'S OKAY. LET'S GET YOU FIXED UP THEN WE'LL SEE TO RED."

Blue lifted you easily. He took the time to toss out your broken phone and drop Red's tool kit into an open saddle bag on your bike before carrying you through the mud room and into the kitchen. He tried to set you on the counter but you refused to let go.

"MAIDEN, I NEED TO LOOK AT YOUR ARMS." His tone was firm but gentle and he continued to coo reassurances into your ear until you loosened your death grip and let him set you on the counter. Deft hands inspected the bruises forming in the shape of Reds claws on your forearms. "HE DIDN'T BREAK THE SKIN." He observed, there was some surprise in his voice carried by relief. "I'LL MAKE YOU SOME TEA, IT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THAT."

Blue bustled off to procure a tea cup and put the water on to boil. You sat where you were and stared after him in a daze. He didn't press for details, only finished the tea and encouraged you to drink while he tapped away on his phone. You started to feel calmer with each sip and the bruises slowly faded.

You were feeling okay enough to give Blue a look when a second tea

cup was placed nearby. He didn't notice as he huffed at whatever he was looking at on his screen. He sent a few rapid fire texts then returned his attention to you.

"FEELING BETTER?" You nod and set your empty cup aside to slide off of the counter.

"Thank you." You say holding your arms out for a hug. Blue happily accepted it giving you a quick squeeze.

"NOW, TAKE THAT TO RED." He said nodding at the second tea cup.

"I-I don't think he wants to see me right now." You gave it another look but didn't pick it up. Apprehension filled your chest again but Blue picked up the cup and pressed it into your hands anyways.

"RED...HAS BEEN WORKING HARD WITH HIS ST. I KNOW SOMETHING HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU TWO, PAPY WON'T TELL ME BUT I CAN SEE IT'S HURTING BOTH OF YOU. JUST...JUST START WITH THE TEA...PLEASE."

You stare into his large eye lights trying to come up with some excuse to get out of this. But everything you thought of just made you feel worse. Your fingers tightened around the tea cup and you nod.

"Okay."

Blue's smile returned and he linked arms with you to escort you upstairs. He gave you another tight squeeze in front of Red's door before slipping off to his room with offers to cuddle if you need it later.

Taking a few deep breaths, you knocked on Red's door. "Red? It's uh, it's me..."

No response.

"It's okay if you don't want to talk. I just…" Stars you were bad at this, " I have some tea...if you want."

Still nothing. Maybe he wasn't even in there.

"Look, um, it's okay, you know. I get it…" There was a rustling sound from the other side of the door. "I-I just want you to know that I'm not mad at you. Everyone hurts sometime-"

The door opened, Red stood before you, his parka was missing,

leaving him in a deep red sweater. You stared up at him as his carefully neutral features searched your face then the tea cup clutched in your hands.

“everyone ‘urts huh.” He said. You nod and quickly hand him the tea. He accepts it and a ghost of a grin passed over his features. “sounds like some shitty song lyrics ta me.”

You laugh nervously but an idea comes to you. “What if...they were song lyrics?”

Red quirks a brow at you. “ya quotin’ songs at me now?

“N-no, I uh… just thought that...because you help with the songs for the guy’s band and all…uh, that w-we could… you know…” He stared down at you blankly. Your chest hurt, and you felt like you were going to burst into tears if he didn’t say anything. “I’m sorry.” You blurt. Red’s sockets went wide and he opened his mouth only to look around in panic as tears really did start to fall down your cheeks.

“shit, uh...shit don’ cry...fuck. doll, look i ain’t mad atcha.” He tentatively pats at your shoulder but quickly retracts his hand looking around wildly again. His eye lights fall onto the cup of tea still clutched in his other hand and he awkwardly offers it back to you.

You had been wiping at your face annoyed at yourself for crying when you should be making sure he was okay, not the other way around. You accept the tea back though and take a sip. It calms you immediately.

“I really am sorry though,” you say studying the remaining tea in your cup.

“naw, s’ my fault… uh, got lost in the moment i guess.” He scratched at the back of his skull and shuffled from side to side. “’sides, i coulda hurtcha n’... fuck i don’t know. this is jus’... ‘m fucked up doll.”

You nod. “B-but you’re talking about it so that’s good?” He just stared at you as you fiddle with the cup in your hands. “I used to write songs when I was down or had some stuff to work through. I mean, you saw my non-performance folder.” He nods. “You...I mean, we could always...add to it? If you want.”

He stared down at you for a long while. You watched as several emotions crossed his features. Fear and disbelief came first followed by hope, then caution, he finally settled on something you couldn’t

quite interpret.

“yea...yea we could. ‘f that’s what ya wanna do.” You managed to smile and nod.

“I have work tonight but we can write that crappy song later okay?”

Red cracks a grin and nods. “sure.”

You nod back and retreat down the hall to the spare room to change and head to work. Would things ever get back to how they were before with him?

Chapter End Notes

sigh It's all uphill friends. But first, gotta get a new phone :)

My Beautiful Trauma

Chapter Summary

They've found you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Thank you!” You called over your shoulder as you left the phone store. Stepping out into the mall, you tapped through the new device adjusting settings to your liking. Fortunately, you had been only two months away from an upgrade so there wasn’t much to pay off on your old phone. Unfortunately you had never taken the time to actually back up your stuff so you were missing all of your contacts, photos, and music.

You wandered idly through the mall, downloading your old apps and doing a bit of window shopping. At some point your stomach complained about the lack of food in it so you turned towards the food court. Should you get a burger or one of those pepperoni pretzels? Oooh they have chinese too, mayb- An unfamiliar voice called your name. Turning towards the sound your blood froze.

Waving couple…

Visiting grandpa…

Little trips.

Stretch sat at a table in the mall’s food court staring at the two paragraphs he had managed to type out over the past three days. He had hoped that sitting in a new place would get the creativity going again. He had taken to writing more than just songs after their first performance on stage. But he was stuck.

The jealousy worry over his and everyone else’s relationship with you ate at him. Why was everyone just okay with sharing you? Was it wrong to worry over your sincerity? Why did you look so

uncomfortable with those people over there?

His drifting eye lights had landed on you meekly following two older adult humans towards the food court. You honestly looked about ready to bolt. Your shoulders were tensed, your walk stiff, and your face was set in an uncomfortable grimace. He looked over the people you were with.

The man was tall with tanned skin and cropped brown hair that was starting to show streaks of gray. The woman was also tanned with shorter sandy blonde hair pinned back from her face. They looked old enough to be your parents, but the way they excitedly spoke and gestured at everything around them suggested otherwise. Family friends maybe?

Both of them were smiling and pointing at the various restaurants around, occasionally looking at you for an answer. They either couldn't tell you were that unhappy to be with them. Or they were choosing to ignore it. As they moved closer he could pick out some of their conversation through the dull roar of the food court.

"Oh sweetheart we should have some pretzels! When we were in Philly, the nicest gentleman showed us this little place that had the absolute best soft pretzels I have ever had!"

"Oh." Was your only response. The woman grabbed your hand and pulled you away towards the pretzel shop, the man followed behind chuckeling. Stretch watched as they stood in line but abruptly left before ordering anything. The woman pulled you to a table nearby as the man walked around looking at each restaurant.

"I can't believe they let monsters just work anywhere." She said as the two of you plopped into a seat a few tables away from his. "I mean, it had fur! Isn't that unsanitary? It could get in the food!"

"Monsters are made of magic." You mumbled. "They can't carry illnesses." The woman only waved away your words.

"Well you would think that, having lived at monster ground zero. I'm just happy they haven't spread out too far." You made a face at the lady when she looked around for the man, her eyes briefly locked with Stretch's as she brought her attention back to you. "Let's go get your father and find somewhere else to eat, a literal corpse is staring at us."

You blinked at her before scanning the food court. When your eyes

met his, he honestly couldn't tell if you were scared or relieved. The two of you stared at each other until the woman dragged your attention back to her. She was speaking urgently in a low voice shooting him occasional glances.

Stretch sighed and closed his laptop, stuffed it into its case, and slung the bag over his shoulder. He stood to walk away but paused at the sound of a chair being hurriedly pushed back. You were standing beside your table glaring down at the woman holding onto your wrist.

"Don't you walk away from me young lady." She hissed.

"You're making a scene mom, let go of me." Mom? This woman was your mother? Come to think of it she had referred to the man as your father. Quite a family dynamic you had going on.

Your mom snapped something back at you and he made a decision.

You were not going to sit with her anymore. You were not going to wait around politely for your dad to find a restaurant that didn't employ monsters to order from. And you were certainly not going to listen to your mom insult a bond mate, even if it was one you were pretty sure was mad at you right now.

Grabbing up your things, you quickly stood. Your mom latched onto your wrist. "Don't you walk away from me young lady." Really? She was going to use 'young lady'?

"You're making a scene mom, let go of me." Her cheeks puffed out in anger. You knew you could easily break her hold because of your training with Papyrus and Edge but you didn't know if she would make a bigger scene if you did.

"I did *not* bring you into this world so you could talk back to me missy. I am your mother and you wi-" She froze mid sentence to stare with wide eyes. You sucked in a breath to argue.

"problem here?" Your head snapped around at the familiar voice at your shoulder.

"Stretch... hey." Anything else you were going to say disappeared as your mom yanked on your wrist.

“Stretch? You know this corpse?” He opened his mouth to say something only to be cut off. “No, get away from us you!” She stood and tried to pull you away, but you broke her hold and pressed closer to Stretch. You were shaking, why were you shaking, stop.

“H-he’s my mate.” You stuttered. Stretch went completely still behind you and your mom threw him a look of disgust.

“Mate? What are you an animal?” She turned to your dad who had returned with a tray of burgers. “Paul, she says that that thing is her mate.” He set the tray down eyeing you and the skeleton behind you. Stretch’s arms draped themselves over your shoulders and you let out a breath you didn’t know you were holding. At least he seemed to be backing you up.

“wanna get outta here?” He asked. The question was directed at you, but his eye lights were trained on your parents. All you could do was nod.

Without further prompting he adjusted his hold on you to a single arm around your shoulders so he could steer you away towards the stores. You could hear a scandalized exclamation from your mom that turned nagging as you assumed she started talking to your dad.

“Hey! Stop!” Came his voice.

Stretch picked up the pace and lead the both of you into the nearest store. He wove through aisles moving towards home furnishings. You could hear occasional curses behind you, but they were never super close. Eventually, Stretch ducked into the flooring section and thoroughly lost both of you in the many examples of area rugs hanging from racks.

You tried to get your breathing under control the best you could while also staying quiet. Footsteps could be heard passing by several times. Each time they paused near your hiding spot you held your breath.

Suddenly your new phone started ringing loudly. Plunging your hand into your bag you saw your parent’s number flash on screen before you declined the call and set all noises to silent. Damn it, you should have done that earlier. There was some rustling of someone moving through the rugs and your dad’s voice calling your name.

“time to go.” Stretch commented, wrapping his arm more securely around your shoulders. You looked around just in time to see your dad’s shocked face watch you disappear.

You had assumed you were being taken back to the house so you were thoroughly surprised to end up in the Ebott city park. Stretch had landed just inside the tree line so no one would notice the sudden appearance of a monster and a human.

He leaned you against a tree while you balanced yourself so he could light up a cigarette. Oh gods he was probably more upset with you now. The first people you were actually blood related to show up out of nowhere and they hate on monsters right in front of him.

Why were they here? You didn't want them here dragging you around and wanting to get lunch as if they hadn't just up and disappeared on you nineteen years ago. Shit, did Stretch think you secretly hated monsters too now because of them? You looked over at him calmly smoking a few feet away.

"I'm sorry." You whimper. His eye lights cut to you.

"for?"

"Them...me...I-I didn't know that they were there today. I just froze up a-and went with them...I haven't seen them in... Then they said all those things about monsters…" You ended up sitting at the base of the tree. You knew you were rambling, but you couldn't stop your fragmented babble for fear of what he would say to you in return.

"P-please, don't think I think like that too. Hate me for the bond stuff but know that I do not think like them." You drew your legs to your chest and hid your face in your knees. For a long while all you could hear were the sounds of nature around you and the distant noises of people enjoying the park.

"you claimed me as your mate in front of them." Your head shot up to find him studying his cigarette.

"I mean, you are right?" He took a final drag nodding. The smoke lazily curled out of his nasal cavity as he stubbed out the cigarette on the bottom of his shoe.

"i'm not sure i should be."

You started up at him in utter panic. He turned to face you.

"but i damn sure wanna be."

You couldn't help it, a sob forced its way out. Falling over yourself to

get to your feet, you made the few steps needed to bring you crashing into his side. Long arms made their way around you and you felt his mandible rest against your hair.

“i‘m still not comfortable with the others.”

It’s...it’s okay.” You hiccuped.

He patted your back a bit and told you he was taking you home. You begged him to stay with you for a while longer but he refused. You had definitely showed him that you valued your bond with him today but… he couldn’t just jump back in where he had left off with you before all of this.

It was enough.

For now.

Chapter End Notes

> Well, mayhaps we got some good out of that bad. We'll see if it sticks.
>
> Come talk to me! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/lady-lyrjok
> look I figured out how to add links in the notes :D

Long way Home

Chapter Summary

> You cave.

Chapter Notes

> Short chapter guys sorry. I'm out of state at the moment for a funeral, but things need to be set up here for later chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey! What’s wrong with that one!?” You fumbled to retrieve the shirt from the ever growing pile on the floor.

“WHAT ISN’T WRONG WITH THAT ONE? LOOK AT IT! THERE ARE RIPS EVERYWHERE!” Edge went back to pulling clothes from your closet.

It had been several weeks since you had seen your parents. They had left a few messages on your phone prompting you to block their numbers. Stretch had stayed oddly quiet about the entire scenario which you were secretly thankful for. Both Sans and Papyrus were aware of your strained family ties and would have been up in arms over it if they knew. You had more important things to deal with right now.

Like keeping Edge from throwing out your entire wardrobe in his attempt to ‘help’ you pack. You had finally caved. It was too expensive to live in this house by yourself and you had procrastinated too long to get a new roommate in. So after a late rent payment you submitted your thirty day notice and accepted the room at the skeleton’s house.

“It’s supposed to have rips in it, you layer it with another shirt.”

“IT’S OUT.”

“I’m not going to have any clothes to wear at this rate.”

“don’ see ‘ow that’s a bad thing.” Red came strolling in with another moving box. You roll your eyes and slip the shirt into your suitcase while Edge’s back was turned. Red snickered as he packed away all of the kitchy things you had acquired over the years. He seemed to be pretending that his episode in the garage never happened, but he was

talking to you normally again so you would let it pass.

“You can’t throw out all of my stuff Edgelord, I have veto power.” You warned. A scoff came from the depths of your closet showing he heard. Rolling your eyes again you walk out to inspect the progress in the kitchen.

Papyrus was wrapping the last few fragile things in newspaper and handing them off to Blue to be packed. They also had a pile of items to be discarded nearby. You were a bit more okay with getting rid of most of your kitchenware. You were moving into a fully furnished home after all.

“keep ‘r no?” Turning around at the voice, you found Mutt sprawled over your couch.

“Uh, I don’t think you guys need any more furniture so I’m gonna go with a no.” You received a lazy thumbs up and the couch disappeared along with the occupant.

That was the last thing from the living room. Your TV and other large furniture had already been ported over to your new room where Black was apparently orchestrating the organization. Moving was so much easier when you had teleporting friends to transport your stuff.

A boney hand slid around your waist and you were tugged out of your thoughts.

“time ta leave, we’ll finish up ‘ere.” You glanced up at Red.

“My clothes.” You started. He shook his head and jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

“gonna send in the powderpuffs.”

Powderpuffs? You moved to look around his arm at Papyrus and Blue handing boxes to their brothers who teleported out with full loads. Job done they headed into your old room. Ah that made you feel a bit better.

You made a noise of acknowledgment and leaned into Red’s parka. You were still a little shy about initiating too much contact with him, but you felt this would be okay. His grip on you tightened as your old home blipped out of sight to be replaced by your new room. He released you and flopped backwards landing on your bed.

Black was truly doing a good job of setting everything up. Your TV and game consoles were neatly settled in so you could watch Netflix or play video games in bed without needing to worry about any glare from the large window. Your desk was tucked in a corner in between the still empty closet and your bookshelf. Your instruments were lined up neatly along the other wall.

A lot of your small decorative things were still in boxes but the main setup was pleasing.

“RED! REMOVE YOURSELF FROM HER BED! I JUST PUT THOSE SHEETS ON!” Black huffed stomping his foot. He almost hurled the book in his hand across the room before he caught himself and dropped it back in a box.

“fine fine, just shaddup.” Red grumbled, rolling off of your mattress and shuffling from the room.

“Wow Black, nice job in here.” You stepped over to where he had resumed placing your books in their homes.

“BUT OF COURSE! I HAVE AN IMPECCABLE SENSE OF DESIGN PET.”

The rest of your things slowly trickled in as you helped shelve books and decorate. Mutt made an appearance only to end up falling asleep leaning against your bed. When Red and Edge teleported into your closet, you were happy to see that there were some actual clothes to go in it. Much later, Stretch popped in with Blue just seconds before Sans and Papyrus landed with the last box.

That box.

The one you kept trying to hide, but it continued to crawl to the forefront of your attention.

Not wanting it to be opened, you quickly took the box and slipped it under the bed. There, out of sight out of mind...ish.

Thankfully everyone was preoccupied and didn’t notice to question it. Well, half of them were preoccupied. Sans, Stretch, and Red had joined Mutt around and on your bed for a nap, completely ignoring Black’s annoyed screeching.

As the day went on you found yourself wanting to join them more and more. Moving was exhausting.

“Let’s call it here today guys, this is great for now.” You said pushing an empty box out into the hallway. “Why don’t we get some food and have a movie marathon or something to celebrate?”

Your helpers perked up at that. Snacks and extra pillows were quickly assembled, sleeping brothers were shuffled around, and you found yourself thoroughly bundled onto your bed. Squished in between, on, and under all eight mates to test out the new TV set up.

It was surprisingly comfortable. About halfway through the first movie, you had given up trying to keep your eyes open and happily sank into oblivion.

Chapter End Notes

> Now that that is out of the way, I have plot lines for ya'll :)
>
> It's gonna be another nine hour drive home so come talk to me! Asks are open.

Final Casting Call

Chapter Summary

Time for some promised tunes.

Chapter Notes

I am home, and I have a chapter for you!

xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sooo do you actually sleep in here or is this just a set up to cover the fact that you crash with a skeleton every night?”

You roll your eyes and lightly punch Jack’s arm. The twins had come over a few days after your move for a jam session and to check out your new living arrangements.

“At least I have people who want me to crash with them.” You shot back.

“Ooh ouch.” Hayden called from where he had plopped onto your desk chair to pull his bass guitar from its case.

“I have a date, thank you very much.” Jack said shoving you good naturedly as he went to take your acoustic off of its cradle. You raised a brow and waited for him to continue. When no explanation was given, you looked to his brother.

“Remember the lead guitarist from Midnight Buzz?” He asked.

“Oh ho! Sleeping with the competition huh?”

“Hey, I wasn’t competing with them, plus nothing happened until after the thing was over.” Jack flushed as he spoke. He quickly settled on the floor and pretended to tune the instrument.

“Yea, like ten minutes after the competition.” Hayden laughed and threw a pencil at his twin. Stars you missed these two.

“Well what about you?” Jack prodded, “You getting any action from your bone boys?”

“Or is the conventional way not how they do things?” Hayden chimed in. You flushed and busied yourself with pulling down your song binder from the bookshelf.

“I’m not there yet.” You mutter.

“Don’t know how it works huh?”

“I do… in theory.” You say dropping the folder into Hayden’s lap. “I need a bass line for this song.”

“Don’t change the subject here, I wanna know if it works with a skeleton monster.” Hayden closed the folder and looked at you expectantly. Jack was smirking from his spot on the floor.

“oh it works.” The three of you turned to find Red leaning on your doorway. His eye lights passed over the twins before settling on you. “ya writin’ songs without me?”

You rolled your eyes and motioned for him to come in. “Only the parts you don’t do.”

You had made good on your offer and found time to do some song writing with Red. It turned out that he was amazing at putting lyrics together. You had actually ended up being late for work a few nights because you lost track of time putting music to paper.

He had shuffled over to your desk and reached over Hayden to pick up your folder. Hayden let him take it in favor of plucking at his bass.

“which ‘un ya lookin’ at fer a bass line?” He asked.

“Rock n Roll.” You also picked up a guitar and played out the first verse for the twins to hear while Red left to go get his electric guitar. An hour later the four of you were fine tuning the new lines.

“This part still sounds weird to me,” you grumble, “It needs another word to work with the timing but nothing sounds right.” Red was reading over your shoulder, picking the chords on this instrument while Hayden jotted down his part.

“Change the word then?” Jack suggested, setting aside his lap drum.

“That’s the thing, I can’t find a two syllable word that works here. ‘Some’ is the only thing, but it’s one syllable and we have two beats.” Jack shrugged.

“Can’t help you then. You and Blaire were always the word smiths.” You roll your eyes and mutter a sarcastic ‘thanks’.

Red looked over the lines and sighed, pulling his phone out of his pocket. “mind if i call ‘n another opinion?” You check your own cell.

“How fast could they help? I’ll need to get ready to leave here in like fifteen minutes.” Red chuckled and tapped out a message.

“oh ‘m sure silver tongue down the hall ‘ere’ll be quick.” Making a questioning face, you mouthed ‘silver tongue’ in confusion. Looking to the twins, they both shrugged. At least you weren’t the only one who didn’t understand the nickname.

“you rang?”

Stretch’s voice sounded from your doorway. You turned to see him leaning against the door jam just like Red had an hour or so before. Only he wasn’t looking at you or your guests. He was staring hard at Red next to you.

“listen ta this an’ tell us what’s missin’ will ya?” Red tapped your page at the start of the chorus, not even sparing Stretch a glance. Stretch shut his sockets and sighed.

“red, i’m right in the middle of a chapter, i don-”

“well that’s to damn bad. doll ‘ere needs yer ‘elp. so yer gonna shut it an’ listen.”

Stretch sucked in a breath to argue but let it out again at your pleading look. Instead he made a gesture inviting you to go ahead. Red counted the beat and the four of you launched into the chorus as it was currently written.

Somehow, it's a little different when, I'm with you

You know what I really am, all about

You know how it really goes, oh oh oh oh yeah

Some way,

We'll be getting out of this, town one day

You're the only one that I, want with me

You know how the story goes

You brought the music to a halt and looked hopefully over at your mate in the doorway. He asked to hear it one more time, to which the four of you quickly obliged.

“the syllable count sounds off.” He said.

“I know, that’s what we’re having trouble with.” You sighed staring hard at the song sheet as if it would magically fix itself.

When you look back up, Red and Stretch were staring intently at each other. Stretch looked away first.

“can’t help ya honey, sorry.” His eye lights darted over the instruments, you, and Red before sliding off of the door frame to walk softly down the hall. You looked over at Red. He met your gaze then shrugged.

“thought ‘e’d ‘elp.”

You sigh and set your guitar aside. “Thanks for trying, now I gotta kick you guys out. I need to change and go to work.”

The twins put up their instruments too, Red set his guitar aside but didn’t get up with them. He watched you hug and wave off your friends. It had been nice, working on music with you. The unconscious weariness you had developed around him seemed to only fade when he got you to work on something with him.

“Red?”

He raised his eye lights to your face.

“I need to change.”

He cracked a grin and stood, slinging his guitar across his back. “ya don’ need ta change a thing doll.” Your cheeks turned a pretty shade of pink. He couldn’t help himself. You squeaked and slapped at his hand as he snuck a pat on your butt as he passed.

“You’re awful!” You say pushing him out the door.

“ya like awful.” He retorted. The door shut on him and he laughed.

Worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Things getting better? Things getting worse?

Come talk to me and let me know what you think!

The Beast Inside My Head

Chapter Summary

He needs some time.

Chapter Notes

Picks up a shoe... er chapter and yeets it at ya'll

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The shift had been brutal. You had been so relieved when Sans came to collect your exhausted self at closing. It had felt like the entire city of Ebott had decided to come into the Crown to drink. You were just happy that you didn't have to explain *again* that last call meant last call, and not three more rounds.

Bidding Sans good night at his doorway, you began the trek down the hallway to your room. Only you didn't make it. Halfway down the hall, a light caught you eye. It wasn't a room light, it wasn't bright enough from what you could see coming out from under the door. It flickered occasionally. And it was orange...no...amber. And it was coming from Stretch's room.

You could now recognize the magical flares very similar to Sans's when he was having a nightmare. Instinctively you moved to the door and pressed an ear to it. Sure enough, you could hear soft protests and whimpers over the agitated humming of magic.

Should you go in? Sans was certainly accustomed to you waking him from the hell scape that used to plague his dreams. You had no idea how Stretch would handle you barging into his personal space to rouse him from sleep.

You stood there chewing your lip. A sharp cry accompanied by a bright flash under the doorway made your decision for you.

Pushing the door open, you had to immediately duck under the lamp that was flying through the air. Papers and other belongings were also hovering or floating around the room. The air felt heavy with the panicked skeleton's magic. You could see him tossing and turning on his mattress. His hoodie and shorts were gone, leaving him to sleep in his tank top and boxers.

“Stretch?” You call.

Bad decision, you had to dive forward when his desk chair came careening towards where you had been standing. It crashed to the floor hitting the door closed again. Shit, that was close, You didn’t think that you were awake enough to dance your way through the minefield that was currently his room You ended up having to crawl the rest of the way to his bed to avoid any other flying objects.

Your hand trembled as you reached out to shake his shoulder. Bad decision again. The second your fingers closed around his humerus he rolled to face you. His other hand darted out and seized the collar of your shirt. Then you were in the air. He rolled up into a kneeling position as he swung you around, slamming you up against the wall.

The impact made your already exhausted head pound harder. You were pretty sure your shoulders were going to be bruised in the morning. “Stretch.” You wheezed. His left socket was devoid of its usual light. The right sparked and smoked a deep amber.

“Wake up...please. It’s me!” From his kneeling position you were half squatting against the wall, hands gripping his radius and ulna desperately trying to loosen his hold on you.

“**y o u**.” He growled. The hand not holding you to the wall raised over his head. The weapon that materialized made your blood run cold. The long handled scythe rested easily in his hand. The magical blade protruding from the animal skull curved menacingly down, the point just barely above the top of the mattress where he knelt.

“**d i r t y b r o t h e r k i l l e r**.” His socket flared again. He was dreaming about someone killing his brother?

“N-no, Blue is… he’s in bed. He’s… alive, just across the hall.” You had given up prying at his hand. Instead you attempted to reach for his face. His arm was too long so you ended up just running your fingers along his humerus in an attempt to calm him.

“Blue’s alive...you’re alive…” You whimper as the blade is adjusted in his grip, causing it to swing up close to your cheek. Though confusion started to grow on Stretch’s face.

“W-wake up please...so you can see that he’s safe. So...so I can see that you’re safe.” You were breathing heavily. Keeping your eyes on both Stretch and his weapon was not easy.

“liar.” He growled. The blade inched closer.

“N-no! It’s true!”

“liar!” He dragged you forward swinging the scythe so it circled around behind you, caging you in between it and Stretch’s furious face. You were on your knees bent backwards as he loomed over you. All he had to do was let go and you would fall onto the waiting blade behind you. If it was anything like Edge’s sword then… you didn’t want to think about that.

“Please, Stretch… it’s me. Your mate, your honey… S-see me…please.” Tears rolled down your cheeks. You held onto the hand holding you with one hand while tracing his tense jaw line with the other. “It’s me,” you repeated, “see me like I see you right now.”

He blinked furiously and shook his head in an attempt to dislodge your hand. You let him shake you off briefly, only to cup his skull when he stilled again. The confusion on his face was growing. The single smoldering eye darted to his right arm, then to his left. Not finding what he was looking for he turned his head to scan the room. His hold on your shirt lessened just a bit and you could see that the plumes of magic had ceased to billow from his socket.

“where-” He started bringing his attention back around. Both eye lights were present and his sockets widened to find you in front of him with his scythe in his other hand.

“fuck!” The weapon was flung away from him as he dropped you like a hot iron. It disappeared before it could lodge itself into a wall, and the objects that were previously defying gravity, clattered to the floor. You crumpled to the mattress with a relieved sob.

“w-what’s going on? honey? shit, honey are you okay?” His hands hovered uncertainly around your shoulders and he sunk down to sit on his knees.

“N-nightmare.” Was all you could gasp out as you attempted to collect yourself. You were so tired, your back hurt, your head hurt, you had been so close to seeing what that blade could do to you.

Stretch’s hands were delicately running over your arms and shoulders as he mumbled apologies. “are you hurt? fuck, i-i thought… i’m sorry… darlin’ talk to me here.”

“I’m okay, I’m okay.” You manage after a while. “You just scared me

is all." He looked unconvinced but he quit pawing at you.

This wasn't the first time you had been nearly injured while bringing a skeleton out of a dream. Sans had once thrown you across the room in his panic. You had also learned not to touch any summoned bones while you were trying to wake him.

You winced and felt at your own shoulders. Yup, that's going to be sore in the morning. Stretch had watched the action and scooted away from you to rummage around off the side of the mattress.

"here," A bottle of honey was thrust in front of your face. "this should help with that." Taking the bottle, you turned it to look at the label. It depicted a stereotypical bee hive hanging from a tree branch. Though instead of honey bees buzzing around, little black spiders tended the hive.

"Missy's spider honey?" You read the label and looked up quizzically. Stretch was refusing to look at you, only waved a hand as he studied his own femurs.

"yea, used to make the stuff special for me underground. guess it caught on up here." Huh, here goes nothing.

You tilted the bottle back squeezing it gently to get the thick contents to run out of the tip. The crazy sweet flavor that hit your tongue startled you. That was a rich condiment. You managed to choke back what had run into your mouth but you couldn't handle any more. Geez, how was Stretch not bouncing off the walls all the time considering the sheer amount of this stuff he seemed to consume on the daily.

"Thanks." You choked out, thumping your chest in an attempt to get the sticky liquid down faster. Stretch took the bottle back then ran a hand from shoulder to shoulder across your back. You hummed in surprise to find that the honey did in fact nullify the pain there.

"you sure you're okay?" He was looking you over, anxiety written all over his features. It was your turn to wave at him.

"Yea, believe me, Sans has gotten me worse before. That and I've been banged up a lot worse in a motorcycle crash than this."

"you shouldn't have to put up with it." He grumbled. You waved him off again and began to shuffle the tangle of blankets under you.

“Lay down,” You instructed. He stared at you for a moment, but obeyed when you held up a blanket for him to crawl under. Turning, you kicked off your shoes and socks, then slid under the blanket next to him.

“what are you doing?”

“Making sure you sleep okay.”

“...is this what you do with classic?” You lay down on your side to face him staring stiffly at the ceiling.

“It’s what I’m doing with you.” His eye lights darted in your direction before returning to the ceiling.

The two of you lay in silence for a while. Eventually he let out a loud sigh and rolled to face you. Neither of you reached out to the other, only lay there, nose to nasal cavity, breathing the other in. He didn’t try to talk about his dream, and you didn’t ask.

You were so warm and comfortable. The fuzz in your brain whined as consciousness crept in.

Don’t you move

Can’t you stay where you are, just for now

I could be your perfect disaster

You could be my ever after

You blinked your eyes open at the voice nearby. It took a second for your tired mind to register that the wall in front of your face wasn’t your bedroom wall. Next, the weight around your middle was not what you were expecting for just waking up.

Apologies, I’m not myself but I can guarantee

That when I get back, you won’t believe

That you knew me well

The night previous came flooding back. Stretch had a nightmare. You tried to wake him.

The wall.

The scythe.

The honey.

Oh, oh, I would make a better liar

And never face the music when it's dire

And I breathe disaster, ever after

Don't pull away from me now

The weight around your middle shifted. It was an arm. Boney fingers trailed up your belly to your side. You forced down a shiver as they traveled down to your hip, then up to your shoulder and back. Stretch continued to sing softly over your head, his comforting warmth at your back and the familiar scent of honey and his cigarettes surrounded you completely making you smile as you pretend to still sleep.

Nobody told ya' this is gonna fold ya

We go marching in like toy soldiers

The arm settled back around you.

To have and hold ya oversold ya

They're marching like toy soldiers

You stretched and shifted to face him like you had last night.

"Good morning." You murmured. Stretch stopped singing and gathered you close to his chest and buried his face in your hair.

"don't go." The words were muffled in your hair but you still hear him.

"What if I get hungry? Or I have to go to the bathroom?" You test the waters a bit and poke at his exposed clavicles. He chuckled and nuzzled your head.

"i can get you something to eat, and take you to the bathroom. just... be only with me today. pretend the others don't exist." You consider for a minute.

You knew that he wasn't comfortable with the whole 'sharing you

with seven others' thing. That would have to be addressed sometime. But, right now. You were finally back in his arms after what felt like forever, that conversation could wait.

"I guess I could hang out with your sweet self until work." He let out a breath.

"thank you." The sheer amount of relief in his voice convinced you that this was the right thing to do at this moment.

You hadn't realized that when Stretch had asked you to be with him that day it meant you were literally going to just lay in bed with him slipping in and out of sleep between whispered conversations. He stayed true to his word and would disappear occasionally to return with snacks or to port you to the bathroom and back.

The others were in the house, you could hear them going about their day from your spot on his mattress. But not a single one came searching around for you. Stretch must have messaged them or something.

It was nice. More than nice actually. The two of you fell into bouts of silent communication as the day went on. A smile here, or a touch there seemed to say everything, and the two of you become more and more tangled up in the other. He seemed to just drink everything in like a dying man finally finding water in the desert. One of you would always nod off or break the silence with quiet words. This time it was his turn to speak.

"some." He said, jolting you out of your doze.

"Hmm?" You wriggled a bit to look up at him.

"for your song, just repeat the word some."

You considered the line and tested it out by softly singing it into his sternum.

Some Somehow, it's a little different when, I'm with you

You know what I really am, all about

You know how it really goes,

It did work with the beat, sounded a little odd to repeat the word, but hey, the syllable count problem was solved. You would have to bring

it to the twins and Red next time you have a jam session.

“What do ya know, Red was right. You *could* help.” Stretch growled at your words.

“They don’t exist right now.” He grumbled. That made you shift a bit.

“They do though,” Stretch tensed and leaned back from you. You mirrored the motion and sat up to look down at him. “What’s going to happen when I walk out your door to go to work? Will we go back to barely talking until some other drastic thing happens?” You tried to keep your voice soft.

Stretch looked absolutely miserable under your gaze. “i don’t know.” He mumbled as he picked at the corner of his pillow.

“I can’t do that… I can’t pretend we don’t have a bond until one of us is in too much pain to ignore the other.”

Stretch sat up next to you. “i’m sorry...i just… i’m not…”

“Comfortable with the others, I know.” You spoke quietly. He nodded and let the room become silent again. He fidgeted with the blanket and you checked your phone. You needed to shower and get ready for work. Voicing this to him, he only nodded while fishing around his floor for a cigarette. Guess you’ll have to revisit this topic later.

Rolling off of the mattress, you hunted down your shoes before heading for the door. Everything was silent behind you so you had to stop with your hand on the handle.

“Hey.” You said looking over your shoulder at your smoking mate. He blew out a cloud.

“hey.”

“I see you Stretch.” He paused with his cigarette halfway up to his teeth. “Even though the others exist… I see you.” A faint hint of amber graced his cheek bones.

“see you too honey.”

Chapter End Notes

Awww, about damn time they had some time together...
*picks up other shoe
Would be a shame if I dropped this though.

Come yell at, or talk to me! My Tumblr!

Success with a Dash of Failure

Chapter Summary

Chapter title says it all.

Chapter Notes

Hehehehehehehe.

Sorry guys, but also not really xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The weeks flew by, and summer was just starting to ease back a bit. You had fallen into a comfortable routine in your new living situation.

Wake up, make breakfast with whoever was up at the same time as you, go to one of your scheduled commitments; be it ballroom, sparring, or a jam session with the twins and Red. Then go to work or to see the boys perform. One of them was always there to take you home now that you were out of walking distance but you didn't mind too much.

It was just announced that the new clan monsters who had attended all of their surfacing classes were now allowed general freedoms like owning property or getting a driver's license.

Edge had jumped at the opportunity to drive and dragged you everywhere with him. You and Papyrus were the only license holders in the house so one of you had to be in the car with Edge as he practiced with a permit.

Blue had become increasingly interested in your motorcycle, and after you had taken him for a ride on it once, he decided that cars were not for him. Black had similar sentiments, but he was still attending classes and couldn't get a permit yet. He still seemed to prefer having Mutt port him places though.

Your life had become so busy that anytime you found yourself with nothing to do and away from the company of skeletons, you were a bit lost. These times were rare but you relished them when they arose. Now was one such time.

All of your mates were out, either at work, school, or otherwise

engaged. You had the house to yourself and you didn't have to work tonight or tomorrow.

You video chatted with Blaire for a while then meandered down to the garage to fiddle with your bike. Popping open your saddlebags you found Red's tool bag where it had been stowed after the incident. He's a mechanical engineer, doesn't he need this?

Pulling out your phone, you shot him a text then went to work cleaning out some of the junk you had piling up in the saddlebags.

Man, you stored a lot of emergency snacks in there. None of them were expired though...it would be irresponsible of you to throw out good food. Back in the bags they go then. It was fine, you had gotten rid of a bunch of trash so you could go on keeping perfectly good snacks.

Hmm, Red hasn't responded yet. He's usually pretty quick to text back. Would it be weird to run the tools by his work? You had dropped stuff off for Sans before and they worked in the same building...

What the hell, you had nothing else to do today. You ran inside to don your riding gear then took off down the road to the lab.

The large white building sat on the outskirts of town close to the base of the mountain. It was the first monster/human-run facility built to combine the two species' knowledge. Sans never talked much about the projects happening within, but you knew that they had been trying to recreate the core on the surface for some time now.

Pulling up to the building you took out the tool bag and headed inside. Only to realize that you had no idea where Red's lab was. You had only been to where Sans worked a handful of times and once to his friend Alphys's lab a long time ago.

Sans would probably know where Red was. Hopefully.

You walked purposefully through the halls and took an elevator down. Apparently Sans worked with some pretty volatile things so his space was down lower. Navigating through the corridors you finally stopped in front of the large metal doors, you pressed a few buttons to announce your presence.

Most people could access the building in general, but all of the labs were secured and locked down to everyone except the people who worked within. Outsiders could only get in with the permission of the

lab owner and an escort.

The doors slid open silently. You blinked and let your eyes travel up from the chest you were staring at. Mutt stood before you, lab coat where his duster usually was and a stack of papers clutched in one hand.

“Oh, hey Mutt. Um, is Sans back there?” He nodded and motioned for you to follow.

You knew that Mutt worked here too but, you were not expecting him to be in Sans’s lab. Maybe they had a project together? Come to think of it, you had no idea what Mutt’s area of expertise was. Red had said that he had a degree but you had never figured it out.

He leads you into a small room overlooking a sunken lab containing a huge machine. Computers lined this room on three walls. One other person was working at one of these computers until you walked in.

“Stretch?”

He looked around at your voice and waved before returning to whatever was happening on his screen. Mutt had left your side to speak into an intercom. As he conversed with whoever was on the other side you stepped up to the glass overlooking the sunken room.

You recognized Sans almost immediately standing next to a similar panel as Mutt. His mouth was moving so he must be talking to him. Movement caught your eye and you found Red pulling cable from a large spool towards the hulking machine in the center of the room.

All four of them worked here huh? A hand clapped on your shoulder jolting you from your thoughts.

“not that i’m complainin’ but to what do we owe the pleasure duchess?” You looked up at him then down to the tool bag in your arms.

“I uh, remembered that I had Red’s tools on my bike so I decided to drop them off.” As you spoke you felt a bit silly. These boys work in a government-funded lab. Red would have all the tools he needs here. You should have just waited until he got home to return them. Mutt stared coolly down at you then over at the machine.

“‘a’ight, follow me then.” Oh, well, cool? The two of you turned to the door when Stretch rolled himself into the path.

“is that safe? we’re running-” Mutt cut him off by striding over to a computer. His sharp phalanges flew over the keyboard for a moment before coming back to your side.

“not anymore.” He mumbled pushing the rolling chair and Stretch out of the way as he passed. You hastily followed casting Stretch an apologetic look. A quiet stream of curses was cut off as the doors slid closed behind you.

You were lead down a curving narrow side corridor and a small flight of stairs to another set of doors. Mutt pressed his hand to a pad and you heard a small hum of magic in the air before the doors hissed open. Sans stood on the other side clad in a rumpled lab coat.

“everything okay princess?” His eye lights darted over you.

“Yea, I’m fine. I... um…”

Thaaat is a big machine. Your eyes drifted past Sans into the lab. The machine was much bigger looking now that you were practically in front of it instead of that little room above.

All sorts of panels were open around the base. Large cables and bundles of wires ran from them to various computers and smaller machines around the room. Screens glowed on multiple displays and small lights blinked here and there on seemingly random panels.

“whoa, hey, employees on-okay you’re in here now.” You had unconsciously stepped past Sans to get a better look at the machine.

“This is what you do all day?” You finally looked back over at Sans and Mutt in the doorway.

“uh yea? look princess it’s really not a good idea for you ta-”

“heeey doll, miss me that much huh?” Red’s voice rumbled in your ear. Spinning around you grinned up at him.

“Oh! Yea I found your tool bag on my bike and thought I would drop it off. Though I see you probably don’t need it.” You bit your lip and held up the tool bag. He only grinned and draped a grease-stained arm around your shoulders. He was the only one not sporting a lab coat and was stripped down to a tight black t-shirt.

“that’s sweet ‘f ya darlin’, ya’ve earned a tour. jus’ watch the wires.” He pulled you around the room over and under the many cables and

around the general mess of tools and parts. There were some grumbles behind you but no one moved to stop you or Red.

“so this’s the machine. got one like it where ’m from.” He was saying.

“Your universe?” You prodded. He made an affirmative noise. “What does it do?” He paused to look around at the others in the lab.

“not completely sure ta be honest.”

“Really? So all of this is to figure out what it does?” There was a moment of quiet except for the humming of machinery.

“we’re tryin’ ta figure out how and why it does what it’s been doin’.” He finally said.

“Aaand what is that if I may?”

“not the time right now, can we talk about this tonight?” Sans stepped up giving Red a hard look.

“relax classic, she knows ‘bout the universes.” He growled back. Sans’s eye lights cut to you in surprise.

“Uh yea, Paps may have mentioned it.” You mumbled. His sockets slid closed and he let out a long breath.

“still not the time for this, can we talk about it when we’re not in the middle of something?”

“ya know?” Mutt’s voice carried to you just as Sans stopped talking. You nod.

“A bit.” You began, “Only that all of you are Sans and Papyrus from other universes and that’s why you’re bonded to me without the uh…” You waved your hand vaguely and you squinted at Sans. He gazed back at you before slumping into a chair.

“propinquity.” He supplied.

“Yea that.” You said pointing his way.

“seriously classic, *that’s* how ya explained everythin’ to ‘er?”

“and how would you have gone about it?”

“not like that.”

“Guys, can we not argue right now?”

“no wonder she ran out on us!” Red continued to rant at Sans and Mutt had stepped up to seemingly egg them on. You roll your eyes setting the tool bag on a nearby desk and turn away to look at the machine again.

So they didn’t know what it did, but they were obviously able to make it run. Stepping over a bundle of cables on the floor you peered down at one of the lit screens.

Long strings of numbers ran over the display. The screen would go blank momentarily before a new string of numbers began to appear. Unconsciously you raised a hand to tap at the screen. Maybe you could select a batch of numbers?

honey don-!!!!

You vaguely heard Stretch’s voice booming through the intercom before everything went white.

Chapter End Notes

Byyyyeee read.

What happened? Come talk to me about it here!

Distance Disturbs Me

Chapter Summary

We're not in the lab anymore.

Chapter Notes

I'm so excited to share this story arc with you guys. I hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ow.

Your hand hurt.

Someone was screaming.

Your throat hurt.

Oh, probably because you were the one screaming.

It took more willpower than you anticipated to clamp your mouth closed and quiet your wailing. You opened your eyes. All you could see were small specks of light through a shroud of darkness.

Were you still in the lab?

Was there an explosion?

Where was everyone?

“Sans.” Your voice sounded raw and you rolled stiffly to the side to push yourself into a sitting position with the hand that didn’t feel charred.

“Sans!” The call echoed softly around you.

The feeling of grass under your palm confused you. You blinked several times trying to get your eyes to adjust to the low light of wherever you were.

A soft blue glow snaked its way through the area. You couldn’t see the source but you were certain it wasn’t from any of the lab equipment. Other dimly glowing lights shone randomly around the floor of the

room like a speckled carpet. The sound of water reached your ears as your echoing voice disappeared. Shakily getting to your feet you stumbled toward the light source.

A voice spoke to your right making you jump. Turning toward the sound you found...no one. Nothing. You could have sworn that whoever had spoken was close by. Taking another step in the direction of the brighter light you knee brushed up against something.

i just wasn't ready for the responsibility.

"Hello?!" You called looking frantically around for the source of the voice. Your legs brushed up against more things. Plants?

Hello?!

Hello?!

You shrieked at your own voice calling back to you and you took off running. Voices followed you as you ran blindly through the dim room. The winding blue glow grew closer. Your foot caught on something and you tumbled forwards towards the light.

Splash!

Sputtering and flailing around a bit you managed to pull yourself into a kneeling position. Water? Glowing Water?

Sure enough, you were in a stream. Whatever aquatic plants grew beneath the surface were bio-luminescent giving the water the otherworldly blue glow you had seen earlier. The cool water felt heavenly on your injured hand so you let it soak for a moment while you tried to get your bearings.

Dotting the edge of the stream were pretty five-petaled flowers that also glowed a soft blue. These must have been the lights spotting the floor of the area. Curious, you reached out and touched one of the petals of the closest flower.

A loud splashing and sputtering sound came out of it. You stared at it for a long second before nudging it again. The noises replayed themselves.

That...that just happened. That was the sound of you falling into the stream. The flowers stored sounds?

You stood and tried to wring as much water as you could from your shirt with one painful hand and the other shaking. Did that mean the voices you heard earlier were just things the flowers heard before and were just storing them?

Slogging to the bank, you made your way up into a thicker field of the blue flowers. Most of the ones you touched echoed the room's general noise of running water back to you. An occasional bloom would repeat something said to it from another passerby long before. Some of the flowers were impressively tall, almost level with the top of your head, others barely reached your calves.

You vaguely remembered Papyrus telling you about flowers that would repeat the things they heard back to you. What did he call them? Memory flowers? Echo flowers? He never said anything about them glowing though.

You trudged along through what felt like an endless sea of the flora. Eventually, an opening in the wall made its way into your line of sight. It was either try the doorway or continue through the flowers.

You chose the door.

The corridor brought you to a small look-out station. It was half lodged into the wall as if the stone behind it had decided to melt around a part of the little shack. Weird.

Moving along, the area got brighter. The soft blue lights of the stream and flowers were replaced by a reddish-orange glow of what you could only assume was lava. You could only assume because while the place was relatively warmer than the flower place. It wasn't volcanic levels of heat that you would have expected from the literal rivers of what looked like molten rock everywhere.

Peering over some rocks you held a hand out over the lava flow.

Yup, tepid at best but not scorching. This place unsettled you. Turning away from the river, you continued on.

How did you even get here? You were in a lab with Sans, Red, and Mutt not too long ago. Stretch had yelled something while the other three were arguing you think. Then you were here. Well in the flower place but still definitely not the lab anymore.

Had one of them grabbed you and teleported you away? Then where did they go? Why leave you here? Were they okay?

Your feet stopped.

“Core.”

The single word hung in the air as you stared at the small sign in front of you. You knew what the core was. Sans talked about it often when he opened up about the work others did in the labs around him.

Were you…

Underground?

Your eyes traveled upwards. Yup, a far off darkened ceiling of rock hid the sky from view. You had been so concentrated on all of the weirdness around your feet that you forgot to check over your head.

This wouldn’t be a problem, would it? Four groups of monsters had all made it out okay so you should be able to as well… As soon as you figured out where the exit was. Gods you hoped you were going the right way.

With a goal now set in mind, you moved purposely in what you were going to call forwards. At least there was some semblance of a path right now.

There it is! The entrance to the core! Crossing your uninjured fingers you eagerly moved towards it. Why did it look funny? You stopped and shook your head. How would you know what it looked like? You’ve never seen the core before.

A static fuzz seemed to separate you from the entrance. Blinking a few times you squinted through the distortion. It was making your head hurt. Screwing your eyes shut you stepped forward. Nothing bad or strange happened.

Opening your eyes you sucked in a breath and hastily stepped back again. The entrance was gone. There was only a solid wall of mountain in front of you. You took another step back craning your neck upwards only to run into something solid.

“yup, that’s about par for the course.”

Your pulse quickened at the almost familiar voice. You spun around calling out his name.

“Sans?!”

Chapter End Notes

Who's there?

Come talk to me on my Tumblr here!

When I Can't be Next to You

Chapter Summary

They don't handle your disappearance well.

Chapter Notes

I'm gonna do the thing where I write a cliff hanger then switch to someone else's perspective. >:)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"sans?!"

"what the hell happened?!"

"pull those wires before the rest 'f the machine goes up with 'em!"

Sans vaguely registered Red scrambling towards the smoking machine and the large shadow of who he assumed was Mutt dragging the nearest computer screen towards him. What happened? Were you okay? Hands grabbed at his lab coat and Stretch's panicked face came into focus.

"she's gone. she's gone. i-i tried to warn her not to touch the machine but- oh stars sans what dowedo?" He was visibly shaking and his eye lights wavered as they darted around the lab.

"coolin' tower one has been disconnected, we gotta shut 'er down or we'll fry half our servers!" Mutt called.

"if we shut it down we might not get her back!" Stretch yelled, releasing Sans to face Mutt.

"we let it run, everythin' melts down an' i guarantee we'll not get 'er back." He growled in return as he grabbed Red and the two of them ran from the room. Stretch clenched his fists and hastily made his way over to the machine.

Now that he was no longer being accosted by his coworkers, Sans managed to stand. There was a haze of smoke from the scorched cables at his feet and a cracked screen by where you were previously standing. Stretch was hunched near it scribbling away on a notepad.

Shitshitshit what happened to you? Forcing down the panic building in his chest he turned and quickly found a computer. Readings from the mountain remained stable so they shouldn't expect yet another universe to come pouring out.

However, there were low levels of thermal radiation surrounding the machine. The radiation was only present when another universe had been touched, and usually it only leaked from the barrier site briefly before monsters began to appear.

"stretch did you see what happened?" He asked. There was a slight waver in his voice.

"she touched the machine." He hissed, still scribbling on his notepad.

"that shouldn't have caused this though, we touch it every day." Stretch only nodded and tried to hurry out of the lab. Sans grabbed his arm, forcing his taller counterpart down to his level.

"were you running a simulation while she was in here?" He couldn't help but let a snarl creep into his voice.

"no!" Stretch's eye lights were still unfocused but he managed to look offended. "mutt halted the algorithm before bringing her down and i didn't see anything abnormal on the feeds."

The hum of the machine and the surrounding equipment quieted to silence. Mutt and Red must have shut this area down. Sans stared at his brother's anxiety-ridden copy and grit his teeth. He had to get you back.

Making his way out of the lab and up to the observation room, Sans located a functioning computer and accessed the data dump. Stretch followed suit.

Hours passed.

The information was jumbled and out of order. Red appeared a few times to ask questions or check a computer. Each time his face looked more and more weary, more uncertain.

More than once he needed to pause. There was a tightness in his soul causing him to feel a shortness of breath that he didn't need. You were alive, wherever you were but wherever that was, was anyone's guess. He caught Stretch clutching the front of his hoodie several times as he worked showing he was having a similar reaction.

What felt like days but was most likely only a few hours Red trudged in followed by Mutt. His arms and shirt were covered in grease and cooling fluids. Mutt didn't look much better, his lab coat was smudged and the sleeves were wet.

"tower one's down. main line's busted so we gotta replace it." He croaked. "lost a few servers but the back up should've caught most 'f the data." Red slumped against a wall and slid down to sit on the floor.

Another screen flickered to life on Sans's left making him turn. Mutt had shed his lab coat and was furiously running through his programs muttering to himself all the while. Mutt was the one who let you in... *he* put you in danger.

" **y o u.** " Sans fumed grabbing Mutt's humerus and yanking him away from the console.

"you brought her in here! you put her in danger, she's gone because of **y o u!** " He could feel his magic flaring up in his left socket and the whine of a blaster was present over his shoulder.

More magic sparked and an amber blade lodged itself between him and Mutt at the same time a red chain whipped around his arm pulling him off balance.

"not the time!"

"this isn't helping!"

Two voices shouted at once. Sans whipped his head around to find Red kneeling from his spot on the floor, his flail in hand and socket aflame.

"let go." Sans growled.

"this ain't gonna 'elp bring 'er back classic."

"hate to say it sans but he's right." Stretch sounded strained but Sans didn't want to take his eye lights off of Red.

Summoning a bone he knocked the chain from his arm. He hated that Red was being the voice of reason. Tamping down the anger and panic, he forced the blaster to dissipate. Shooting a look over his shoulder at the other two, he stormed from the room.

Stretch kept a firm hold on Mutt's carpels until the doors slid closed behind Sans. The hunter's bow in Mutt's hand didn't disappear but he kept it lowered as Stretch stepped away to retrieve the scythe he had slammed down to separate the angry pair.

"i stopped the algorithm." Mutt mumbled glaring towards the door.

"let's just... figure out where she is." Stretch replied sinking back into his chair.

"no." They both turned to Red who was digging through his parka that was hung on the wall. "we're not gonna be of any 'elp to 'er the way we are." He pulled out a pack of cigarettes and waved it in front of the other two. "smoke first, 'eroics after."

They couldn't argue with that. It truly was odd to have Red as the voice of reason, but if it helped return you to them, then who were they to complain?

Chapter End Notes

> Making them work together is fun. I can't tell you how much research I had to do to make the science around the machine crash and all future working on it to try to get read back make sense scientifically... for the most part.
>
> If you didn't see my post on Tumbr, I've started a new Horrortale fic! The prologue to Marrow Deep is posted, read it here!
>
> Come talk to me here

This World of Mine

Chapter Summary

You are not alone underground after all.

Chapter Notes

It's November friends! Which means I've been writing this story for a year now. I didn't start posting here until January but this is OTOTBP's birth month wooo!

Thank you guys for sticking with me! You're all amazing and I would hug all of you if I could! xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You had almost bolted when you turned around to find a complete stranger calmly looking at the solid wall you had nearly walked into. He didn't even think that it was weird. Just looked down at you with mild interest before sticking a hollow hand out.

" as ya said, name's sans… mostly. but you can call me g."

Mostly? What does that even mean? Wait, he said his name was Sans, like another universe Sans? Like you were in another universe with another Sans Sans? Or you were brought to your universe's underground and he is just here now Sans? You really should have talked to your Sans about this before now.

You ended up staring dumbly up at him while your mind raged on. The skeleton before you had cracks running from the top of his skull down to the right eye socket, and another running from the left socket down to his mouth. He was sporting a cream-colored turtleneck under a black, fur-lined jacket that only fell midway down his rib cage.

The bones of his palms were weirdly fused together. If not for the large perfectly circular holes punched in each, they would have been solid like a human's. The holes weirded you out. Instead of being able to see through them like one would expect, they held only pitch-black darkness that made you queasy if you stared at them too long. He eventually dropped his hand.

"this is usually the part where you introduce yourself girly." Stars, it should be illegal to have a voice that smooth.

You stutter out your name and his smile broadened.

“huh, well, come on then.” He casually jerked his head to the side in an invitation to follow as he turned and just walked off.

Blinking several times, you tried to reboot your brain. It doesn’t work. Not until the dull throb in your chest became a sharp pinch for a few seconds, making you gasp and jolt back into reality. Was this reality?

The pain dulled back down to that ever-present ache that started when you woke up here. Casting one last glance at the wall behind you, you took off after the heavy footfalls of this Sans’s (G’s?) combat boots.

He lead you back through the place with the blue flowers and water then past a dense fog bank. Emerging on the other side you halted. Snow? But you were just in a place with unfrozen water, and the air was... really warm actually.

“i wouldn’t stand there too long.” G called over his shoulder.

You twitched and moved to catch up with him again. Except he was also walking faster than the steady ambling pace he had set before. Did he not want to get cold? You felt fine. In fact, you were starting to feel a bit hot. Especially your feet.

Curious at the temperature, you bent to scoop a handful of snow off of the ground as you went. Only the second your fingers dipped into the fluffy whiteness, you quickly withdrew them with a hiss. The snow was hot. Not necessarily scalding, but the burning sensation definitely lingered on your fingertips for longer than you liked.

The two of you power-walked through the silent snowy town. No one was out. There were no other prints in the snow except the ones you were currently making with mister mysterious up there.

You passed a dilapidated shed next to a decent sized house and a... Librarby? What was that? Just as you passed a side path covered in more blue flowers, your guide swerved and entered a building. Without really thinking, you followed suit.

From what you could tell, it was a bar. A row of booths were on your right with a jukebox in the far corner. Tables and chairs dotted the rest of the room excluding the long bar dominating the back wall of the place.

G was already behind the bar pulling several still pristine bottles off the shelf. Some were fantastically colorful. Others looked like regular alcohol. You slowly approached and slid onto a bar seat.

“So uh-”

“how’d a pretty little thing like you get down here?” He had interrupted your poetic speech. Might as well start over.

“Uh,” nice, “not exactly sure.” He arched a cracked brow bone then went back to examining the bottles. “I just kinda ended up here.”

“what, you just materialize and happen to stumble upon the core before it disappears?”

“Yeeeaa? Wait, it’s normal for it to disappear?

“is now.” He muttered as he bent down to search for something under the bar. The fluffy hood of his black, too short jacket, flopped over his skull as he looked. Why was he wearing that? It barely made it halfway down his torso. And the sleeves only just covered his elbows.

You couldn’t be more confused if you tried.

“so,” He said popping back up with two glasses in hand. “ya don’t know how you got here, but you’re not as surprised to see a monster as i would expect.”

You remained silent as he opened and poured several liquids into each glass.

“you also said my name before even seeing me, but my face was not the one you were hoping for.” One of the glasses was pushed your way.

Not knowing how to respond, you simply nodded and swirled the offered drink around but didn’t raise it to your lips.

“which begs the question,” He continued, resting his elbows on the bar to lean towards you. “where ya from girly?” The single eyelight in his left socket glowed curiously golden as he watched your face.

“Th-the surface? Though not this one...I think.” He continued to stare taking a sip of his drink so you try again. “I don’t really know. One second I was in Sans’s lab with the others looking at this big machine, then the next I was in that field of blue flowers.”

The golden orb flickered briefly. Then G straightened up and drained his glass.

“kay.”

… What.

“Okay?”

“mmhmm.” He grabbed one of the bottles at random and shot you a wink before making his way back around to settle into one of the stools next to yours. He chuckled a bit at your expression as he opened the drink.

“was just curious girly. geez you’re acting like this was an interrogation.” Tipping the bottle back he proceeded to chug the contents.

All you could do was stare in horror as the bottle emptied. That was a lot of booze. That was also a total one-eighty in where you thought the conversation was going. He seemed to be the calculating cold type, but now you weren’t so sure.

The empty bottle hit the bar top and he swiveled around to grin at you. “you gonna drink that?” He pointed at the still full glass in your hand.

“Uh, I thi-” He took up the cup before you could finish and drained that as well before looking back to the other bottles he had pulled from bar stock.

“Whoa now, slow down.” You said. Suddenly worried about him. He stood swaying a bit and you quickly hopped off your stool to intercept his course back behind the bar.

“I’m cutting you off buddy.” You moved the closest bottle away from his reach. His golden eye light scrolled over your face.

“what are you, a bartender?” He grinned down at you and tried to reach around you again.

“Actually yea I am.” You retorted, capturing the searching arm and began to move him away from the drinks. His grin only grew and he caught up his empty glass to thrust it into your unoccupied hand.

“kay then, make a drink.”

“You’re cut off.”

“never said it was for me girly.”

You rolled your eyes as he waggled the empty glass in front of you. Today was supposed to be your day off. But if it got him to stop drinking then…

“Fine.” You snatched the glass from him and went to inspect the selection behind the bar.

G watched as you meticulously went through all of the remaining alcohol in the building. Were you a persistent glitch like the other weird things that popped up occasionally here? Or did you really get dropped in by some other version of him that apparently let bartending humans near his machine?

More importantly, were you able to get into the ever-moving core? It had been a long time since he had gotten that close to the entrance.

Now G was acclimated to all of the unnatural phenomena that had started occurring ever since the experiment. The cool lava, hot snow, landmarks moving or being warped, his own changed appearance, the core somehow being able to relocate itself, echo flowers popping up in places they usually couldn’t grow, the absence of all other monsters except for him. The list went on.

What threw him was the fact that you were just...going with it. For someone who he assumed didn’t find any of this normal, you were taking it rather easily.

He had first noticed you wandering through a field of echo flowers in Waterfall. Thinking you were another glitch, he opted to just watch. Some glitches were dangerous, others ended up being hilarious. Either way, you shouldn’t have been able to stick around long.

Remarkably you did. He followed you into Hotland. He watched you inspect the old (his old?) hot dog stand that was slowly being absorbed by the mountain. You were understandably puzzled by the lack of scorching heat that should be radiating off of the surrounding lava. Then you headed straight for the core’s entrance.

It hung around a lot longer than it usually did when he randomly located where it was hiding. You very nearly entered too. In his

excitement, he had stepped forward to follow you in. But apparently that wasn't allowed because the entrance turned into the solid wall of the mountain.

And now you were here. Still here. Glitches never hung around for so long, let alone communicated verbally or made physical contact with him. And now you were mixing a drink because he goaded you into it.

Wild.

Most of the bar stock was monster alcohol. You knew very little about the stuff and how it mixed with other things but you were going to at least try. Maybe if you made something gross, it would encourage golden eye over there to really call it quits.

You searched around for some shot glasses so you could sample a few of the drinks. Some were fizzy, others were overly sweet or even spicy. Picking out three, you measured in a shot of each, then filled the rest with the tasteless bubbly liquid you had discovered under the bar.

The different liquids didn't blend together like most human alcohols do when stirred. The reddish shot stayed clumped together like oil in water. It drifted around making the drink look like a lava lamp. The purple liquid did mix with the fizz making the whole drink a soft lilac color. Finally, the blue shot settled on the bottom glowing softly.

Raising the glass, you glanced over at your companion. He simply smirked back and made a go-ahead motion. Giving the drink one last swirl, you raised it to your lips.

Here goes nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Love him or hate him, we're stuck with him for the time being.

Come talk to me here!

I Miss the Hell out of You

Chapter Summary

> They're all trying to get you home, and you get to know the underground a little.

Chapter Notes

> It's science and exploration time! Everyone is trying so hard.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s been days.

The lines to the cooling tower had been repaired and the burnt servers replaced but.

No you.

It was getting harder and harder to convince their brothers to stay away from the lab. There were understandable levels of worry and outrage at the whole situation but Sans was not going to have a pair of angry siblings around to possibly break something or rile the others up. And he certainly wasn’t going to have the worried duo hanging around driving up the already stressed environment. Plus, the last time he let unauthorized personnel in, they had disappeared.

You had disappeared.

The machine sat silent and lifeless as Mutt and Stretch dug through the jumble of information that was dumped in the backup servers when everything went to hell. Some of it was incomplete, all of it was out of order.

They had only just found the time signature where the testing algorithm had been halted. Syncing that information up with Mutt’s programing told them that even though the test had stopped. The machine had continued to reach for universe signatures.

Their original goal had been to figure out how the machine was touching other universes, and subsequently how it was pulling the monster residents from those other universes to this one.

With their combined knowledge. The four of them had managed to

pin down numerical addresses to what they assumed were other universes.

No successful contact had been made. But they weren't sure if that was because they were doing something wrong or if the machine wasn't equipped to establish a two-way connection.

So they attempted to equip it. Mutt's algorithm and other programs were designed to run through the most common addresses looking for a compatible sequence to connect to, and if a connection was made, a signal was to be sent through that connection to see if there was anyone on the other end to talk to. And Red built and connected supplementary machinery to aid in communications, universe stability, etc.

Nothing worked.

Until you came in and simply touched a screen.

Which didn't make any damn sense. Red had had his hands all over the machine for the past few weeks and nothing had happened then. There was absolutely no scientific reason for this to have occurred.

Sans sat in front of his computer digging once again through the chemical and video feeds. He was replaying the fifteen seconds of time from where you reached out to touch the machine to where you were no longer in the lab.

It pained him to watch you blip out of existence again and again but the desperation to get you back outweighed the agony of losing you over and over on screen. It was his fault. He should have stepped out of the lab to see you. He should have stopped you from entering. He should have he should have he should have.

Rubbing a fist into his sparking eye socket, he managed to force the magic down. He couldn't lose control. He had to look for anything, *anything* that could give him a lead on how to bring you back.

You appeared to deliberately select something on the display. At first glance it looked like you were there in one frame and gone in the next leaving behind a sparking machine. Upon closer review, and having the chem-feed up, it told a more complicated story.

The second your finger touched the screen, it appeared to glitch momentarily before returning to normal. Thermal radiation popped up on the readings when a brief flash blinded the camera. You were gone

when the light died, leaving behind the cracked screen. Radiation continued to trickle from the machine and the surge of power caused the wiring by where your feet previously were to char and smoke.

There was something else spiking on the chem-feed, but no one had been able to identify it. A black sludge-like substance appeared on the floor where you had stood and there was a smear of the stuff on the cracked screen. Whatever it was hung around much longer than the radiation. Sans had managed to collect a physical sample but it inexplicably evaporated a few hours later. The rest of the goop disappeared soon after.

Sans grumbled to himself and pushed away from his screen. The ache in his soul hadn't worsened but it was like a constant pounding migraine in his chest that wouldn't ease. He made his way over to the cracked display you had touched. This was the last thing you interacted with before disappearing.

Where did you go? Why did this happen? What was happening to you right now? How was he going to get you back?

"please be safe wherever ya are." He murmured.

G had been impressed with your mixology knowledge and encouraged you to show him drinks until both of you ended up far too drunk and passed out together in a booth. The next, what you assumed was morning ushered in a massive hangover and a surprised G. Apparently he thought you had been dropped here temporarily and had fully expected you to have disappeared back to wherever you came from by now.

Instead, you and him were a tangle of limbs, squished into a booth. "Ugh." You try to squint through the daggers of light trying to assault your eyes.

"heh, can't hold your liquor bartender?" He rumbled. You swat at him and try to sit up. Ooooh, not a good idea.

"Trash can." You barely get the words out as you pitch forward into the void and empty your stomach into the bucket that had miraculously appeared in front of you.

"ya sure you tend bar? thought a high tolerance was a part of the job." You had no comment. Your body could only concentrate on heaving up the potent alcohol and not listen to the teasing from the skeleton.

After a full day of recovery in a house he claimed was his, you had started pushing for help on returning home. Which was the only topic G seemed to talk seriously about.

“been tryin’ to figure out how to get out for quite some time now.” He would say, then the conversation would usually derail with a cheesy pickup line or joke and he would slip away for a while.

It was sometimes funny but mostly just frustrating. You wanted to go home. He was surprisingly unperturbed about the idea of other universes. Even took you along with him a few times to search for the core again. Said something about using it to get out.

-

“Is that normal?” You ask, pointing up at various umbrellas protruding from the cave wall in the region you came to know as Waterfall. G glanced back at you then up at the oddity.

“is now.” He said moving forward again through the echo flowers. Rolling your eyes you chased after him.

“You always say that,” you whine, “what was this place like before all the ‘is now’?” You catch up with his long strides and turn to walk backwards to face him as the two of you carried on. G smirked and reached towards you, giving your shoulder a gentle shove. It wasn’t hard, but it was enough to tip you off balance from your awkward backwards walk.

You tried to catch yourself but you ended up flailing on your way to the cave floor. Except you didn’t hit the floor. You landed in the stream… again. The cold water shocked a yelp from you as you scrambled back to your feet.

“What the hell!” You exclaimed, shooting G an angry look as he laughed.

“well ya see, water used to actually fall here, just like you did there.” He smirked and offered a hand to help you out of the stream.

“Could have just said that, didn’t need an example.” You huff as you let him haul you out. He laughs again and sheds his jacket.

“wasn’t meaning to push ya in girly.” The jacket was wrapped around your shoulders and you were urged to sit on the bank to dry a bit. “but seriously, this place used ta rain, it used ta flow… it used ta

sing.” G settled next to you on the grass staring wistfully up at the ceiling. You watched his one eye light trace over the crystals winking over your heads.

“What else was it like?” You prod.

He brought his attention back down to you and grinned. “would you believe me if i told ya that the lava in hotland was actually hot?” You covered your mouth in false shock.

“No! Next you’ll be telling me that the snow by your house was cold!”

“better believe it girl, the underground used to be pretty normal.” You both laughed and he looped an arm around you to hold you to his side. Your head found his shoulder and you hummed contentedly. The soft noise of the stream and the far off sound of a backward running waterfall filled the empty space.

“there were monsters too.” G suddenly said. “lots of monsters, from the ruins to the capital. couldn’t turn a damn corner without running inta someone ta talk to.”

You thought of all of the monsters that had emerged with each clan. There certainly had been a lot of them. This place was so empty.

“What happened?” Your voice came out small, but from the jolt that goes through G, you assume he heard you. You wait patiently as the shoulder you’re leaning on slowly relaxes again.

“tried to get out… didn’t work.” He finally says. His voice sounded tight.

“I’m sorry.” Was all you could think of to say. He shook his head and let go of you so he could stand.

“aahh don’t be,” He reached down and helped you to your feet by pulling you up flush against his chest, “got all the company i could ever want right here.”

Heat crawled up your neck and invaded your cheeks as he held you close, that knowing smirk plastered on his features. You tried to stutter out a comeback but all you got out were a few sounds. His face dipped down, then froze mere centimeters from you.

He was no longer looking at you. The golden eye light that had been focused on teasing you was now staring intently past your head. You

tried to turn to follow his line of sight but he brought up a hand to quickly still your movement.

“don’t move.” He growled. A static sound came from somewhere behind you and you stiffened in his grip. He glanced down at you then back up at the noise. “gonna take us home now.” He spoke slowly and as close to your ear as he could. You nod and brace yourself as he plunged both of you through the void only to land in the increasingly familiar sight of his living room.

“What just happened?” You ask, lowering yourself to the couch. G was already on his way into the kitchen but he tossed a single word over his shoulder as he went.

“glitch.”

Chapter End Notes

> Wormholes are confusing. I'm so happy that there are smarter people out there that figured out all of that stuff for me to rip off and stuff into this fic.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Echoes of You

Chapter Summary

Repeating from the beating of your tell tail heart.

Chapter Notes

Everyone is trying so hard. Will you ever get home?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus sat at the long table in the library, trying his best to concentrate on his case study and ignore the turmoil unfolding down one of the aisles of books. The dull throbbing in his chest didn't help, but at least it told him you were alive somewhere and therefore could possibly still return.

You could return right?

He wasn't done dancing with you. He wanted to cook with you again, wanted to be a proper mate for you. Nothing but the greatest! So you had to come home. You had to!

The splintering sound caught him off guard and he was jolted out of his thoughts to find the pen he had been writing with a shattered, inky mess in his hand. Sighing, he stood to find a trash can. Studying was a false distraction anyway.

"OF COURSE NOT! HOW WOULD A BIOLOGY BOOK HELP?!" Papyrus paused at the head of the row that Black and Blue were down. Both of them had taken a keen interest in the sciences after they heard of your disappearance.

"YOU DON'T KNOW THAT! WHAT IF WE ONLY GET A VERBAL CONNECTION AT SOME POINT, SHE MAY NOT KNOW WHAT ANIMALS OR PLANTS ARE SAFE TO INTERACT WITH!" Blue was hugging the book to his chest. Black was visibly shaking and looked about ready to start an encounter. Maybe it was time to intervene.

"Blue, Black, there's-" The two of them rounded on him.

"STAY OUT OF THIS VANILLA." Black growled.

Blue was staring up at him sadly. "WON'T YOU HELP US LOOK FOR A

SOLUTION AT LEAST?”

Papyrus sighed again. Forcing away the twisting in his soul, he tried to sound reasonable. “Our brothers won’t even let us in the lab, we should be trying to make them listen before diving into anything else. Besides, our job is to keep her boss and friends thinking we’re all out on vacation with her.”

Blue looked away, obviously fighting back tears. Black only glowered at him.

“DON’T PLAY THE LEVEL HEADED ONE WITH ME *PAPYRUS* , I KNOW YOU’RE SCARED.” His violet eye lights dart to his ink stained hand and he sneers. “BE OF ASSISTANCE OR FUCK OFF.”

Papyrus stared down at them then at the bookshelves on either side. Squeezing his sockets shut he turned and headed for the door. “Try the physics section.” He called on his way out.

Entering the kitchen, he dropped the broken pen in the trash can. What a waste. Turning to the sink he worked on getting the ink out of the crevices between his shaking phanges. As he scrubbed, Edge walked in.

The sharper skeleton hadn’t stopped ‘training’ in the backyard since they had received the news of your disappearance. They were lucky to not have any close neighbors. Papyrus was going to have to plant a new tree now… and restart his flower garden after it was subjected to Edge’s wrath… maybe the lawn too.

Edge’s skull was dotted with sweat and the shirt he was wearing was filthy. Papyrus watched him out of the corner of his socket as he tore open the fridge. Digging around he pulled out a sea tea. The fridge rattled at the force of the door closing. Edge leaned against the counter next to Papyrus to drink his tea and watch him work at the ink.

“I WARNED HIM.” Edge growled. Papyrus remained silent. “I TOLD HIM NOT TO HURT HER AGAIN.” He scratched absently at his sternum and drained the beverage. Papyrus turned off the sink and dried his hands on a nearby towel looking over his normally put together clone.

“They’ll fix this… they have to fix this.”

The kitchen went silent. Edge fidgeted with the empty can in his hand,

eventually throwing it in the trash and looking over at Papyrus who was not so subtly grinding his teeth together and worrying the towel into a ragged ball.

“TRAINING?” He asked.

“Stars, please.”

_____

Soft piano music drifted up to you.

There’s a piano now? Of course there is, this place was already weird why not throw moving instruments into the mix?

Rolling over you checked the small alarm clock in the room you were borrowing. Was it ten in the morning or at night? Being underground and all, you could never really tell. Oh well, you were up now so you might as well go see the new addition to the house.

You made it to the bottom of the staircase to find G at the newly placed piano in his living room. His slender fingers danced over the keys playing a simple but beautiful tune with one hand. A smile tugged at your lips and you went to sit next to him.

He had refused to let you go out on another search since the run in with the glitch. Even though he had admitted that most of them weren’t dangerous seeing as they were fragments of monsters that used to exist here. He insisted that you let him try to hunt down the core first before bringing you out into the other parts of the underground. You remembered *that* conversation.

“Well, if they aren’t dangerous, then why can’t I help look?”

The two of you were sitting on his couch playing a game of checkers that you had found out on a different excursion before the glitch run in.

“said *most* of them aren’t dangerous, i get… an odd visitor from time to time.” He said, taking his turn.

“Visitor?”

“mmhmm, another… monster, occasionally shows up like ya did. not everyone just accepts being dropped inta a new place like you.”

You shoot him a look but make your play, jumping over one of his pieces. Smirking, you take the man and place it on the table on your side. “Like me?”

He nods and scrutinizes the board. “i’m still not sure why you’re so calm about being here.”

You snort and lean back into the couch cushions. “I’ve had a lot of weird in my life involving you skeletons.”

“heh, noted.” He makes his play and manages to king one of his men.

“So I can come with you?” You stare at the board from your comfortable position. As soon as the words left your mouth, G had rolled closer and was now looming over you, one arm braced above your head on the couch.

“oh no girly, but ya can come for me.” That golden eye light was laser focused in on your face and his crooked grin slowly spread across his features.

Heat sprung up in your cheeks and your jaw worked soundlessly for a minute. “... I-I need to make my play.” You squeaked, motioning helplessly at the checkerboard.

“aww.” G leaned down and bumped his teeth to your forehead but moved out of your space afterward. Casual as could be, he played out the rest of the game with you. Following you to put the board away, he pulled you into a tight hug the second you turned around.

“i’m sure your skeletons at home want ya safe yea?” You nod into his chest. “then stay here… please.” You huff into his sweater but nod again. He loosens his hold to tilt your face up to look at him. His teeth graze over your cheek and up over the cup of your ear. “thank you.”

He then suddenly releases you and vanishes into the void. Stars, he was worse than Red.

Shaking your head at the memory, you slid onto the bench next to him. “Morning.”

“is it now?” He replied starting a new tune. The new song was just a bit more complicated, not too much, but it required him to actually use both hands and the petals on the floor. It was wistful, with a high

repeating track that faded into the background of the somber lower melody.

You watched quietly leaning your head on his shoulder. If you weren't careful, you were going to fall back asleep. And if you were really not careful, you'd start getting comfortable in this universe.

"hungry?" His voice over the music startled you upright.

"Hmm?"

He stopped playing with a chuckle, "food, ya want any?"

"Oh, sure! Thanks."

G shot you his crooked grin and a wink as he stood from the bench to ruffle your hair on his way to the kitchen.

You watched him go, feeling a little weird for oogling some guy you have known for just a few days regardless of how much he flirted at you, but damn if he didn't have a figure on him. Fucker knew it too, he walked slowly and stretched languidly on his way out of the room.

Shaking yourself, you turned back to the piano. It was an older thing, looked well used and had evidence of some water damage around the legs. But it sounded like it was tuned and cared for regularly. Rubbing your hands together, you centered yourself on the bench and repeated the tune G had been playing earlier. It really was simple, something a child could pick up if listened to long enough. But it was pretty nonetheless.

"my my, you're full of talents aren't ya?" A plate with a cinnamon bun moved into your line of sight and a hand ghosted over your shoulder.

The plate was set on top of the piano and his arms circled around either side of you to accompany your playing. For a while the two of you stayed like that. His cheek bone pressed to your temple and hands playing alongside yours.

"what else can ya do angel?" He rumbled. You laugh at the new nickname.

"AngeAAAUGGH!!" Your hand flew up to clutch at the sharp pain in your chest. The burning sensation felt like it was tearing your very being into pieces. You vaguely registered G shout something and the ripping sensation was abruptly cut off.

The last thing you saw before oblivion was a golden light in a sea of green.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, oh no. What am I doing to her now? Someone take her from me, she needs a break.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Walk Me Home

Chapter Summary

It's go time

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Green.

Gold.

Cracks?

You blinked a few times trying to focus. Everything was fuzzy and there was a ringing in your ears. You felt oddly hollow like something was missing. Weren't you sitting in front of the piano before?

You felt like you should be in pain. Not that you were complaining but it was unsettling to know that everything should hurt. You should be writhing on the floor. But here you were, squinting up at the cracked shape above you holding the golden orb.

The cracks moved. What felt like a hand cupped your cheek and healing magic washed through you. Oof, cracks did not know how to heal. You jerked away from the pressure on the side of your face. Too much magic, you felt light-headed and your body screamed at you to rest. But you couldn't. Something was missing. Where did it go?

G quickly pulled his hand away from your face. Sweat beaded at your forehead and your eyes rolled back as your lids fluttered shut. Your breathing was ragged and heavy. Shit, he was not good at healing. This magic was not his, he didn't know how to control it.

You had collapsed onto the floor screaming in pain. Your hands tore at your shirt over where your soul rested and you wouldn't respond to his call. So he did the first thing that he could think of and pulled your soul from you, blocking out it's signals to you by wrapping it in a pair of conjured hands he inherited from the monster his soul fused with.

You passed out.

Arranging you on the couch, he attempted to heal you when you returned to consciousness. Obviously that didn't work out too well.

Drawing you into his lap he looked over your tortured soul clasped in the hands. You had a monster soul mate, he knew that. Several actually. They must be the skeletons you talked about from your universe... they were tearing your soul apart to get you back to where you came from.

Their magic pulsed across your soul causing the natural green of kindness to flair and distort. They were going to kill you at this rate. His own magic sparked in response to your soul's state, but you were not for him. There was too much of the other in him to form a healthy bond.

Giving in to your soul's persistent tugging, he stood, bundling your limp form to his chest. The conjured hands wrapped more firmly around your soul and he let it lead him out the door.

"i got it." Stretch jolted up from his seat.

All eyelights were on him as he quickly stood and began shuffling through the papers strewn over his desk.

"got what?" Sans asked.

"cosmic rays." Stretch said as he continued to dig.

"what about 'em?"

"they're hard to track, ah ha!" He held up a notepad and tossed it to Mutt.

"yea, and? we're lookin' fer a person, not energy particles." Red grumbled from his spot on the floor. He too was surrounded by data sheets and old notes. Stretch shook his head.

"but we *should* be looking for particles, for links. how else do you think we track things hm?" Stretch was borderline giddy now. Maneuvering his way around the observation room he hastily began to wipe down a whiteboard as he spoke.

"we can't track where cosmic rays come from directly because of the magnetic fields of the earth and surrounding galaxy. but we *can* determine what they are made of." He scooped up a handful of dry

erase markers gesturing widely. “all of the elements are present in cosmic rays yea? we break them down and measure out their composition to build a fingerprint of what it came from.”

Stretch took in the blank stares around him.

“you’re not seeing it?”

“layman’s astroman.” Red grumbled.

“we don’t know where she’s gone but we can build a trackable fingerprint based on the composition of her soul.” Sans sat up a bit straighter as Stretch quickly drew a green heart on the board.

“she’s a kindness soul so we can narrow down the search.”

“there’re countless kindness souls ‘cross the multiverse ashtray, that don’t narrow down shit.” Red pointed out. Stretch just smirked and proceeded to slash different colors through the heart.

“how many kindness souls do you know of with eight skeleton boss monster bonds red?”

The room was silent.

“it could work,” Sans started, “but pulling on the bonds ta search is dangerous, we could accidentally break one, or all of them. Plus we don’t even have a place ta start looking.”

“all we need is a nudge, and we do have a starting point.” Stretch pointed at the notepad in Mutt’s hand. “those numbers were on the screen when she touched it. search for universes with those in the address and we should have a baseline.”

There was a moment of silence, then everyone sprung into action.

G power-walked through the hot snow and into Waterfall. Your soul buzzed in the conjured hands pulling them forward. Keeping part of his attention on that, he looked over your face.

You were noticeably more pale and your breath was shallow. He knew enough about humans to know that that was not a good thing. Picking up the pace, he chased after your fleeing soul.

Through the hands he could see the magic in your soul pulling it along, compelling it forward. All he could do was follow.

He raced by a waterfall flowing sideways along the wall and part of a statue that should be further along the path. He was getting closer to where he first saw you wandering aimlessly through a field of echo flowers.

He wasn't even surprised when your soul veered off the path to cut over a stream and into a thick patch of the flora. It would be much easier for whoever was trying to pull you out of this place to extract you from where you first landed.

What he didn't expect was the entrance to the core to be sitting on the charred patch of grass that you had been unceremoniously deposited on only days before. Would it disappear again? Sudden fear of your soul gaining entrance but not the rest of you brought him to a halt and he had to forcefully drag your soul back towards him.

A static buzz reached him and he felt his eye light go out.

"71m3'5 up."

"let us out." He growled hunching down over your unconscious body. Your soul was close by but halted as several blue strings wrapped around the ghostly hands holding it.

"5h3 d035n't 8310n9 h3r3." The static sound drifted closer and G heard physical footsteps behind him.

"please," G grit his teeth, "let us go and she'll be back in her universe."

A loud cracking sound made him jump and whirl around. A large piece of the cave ceiling had come crashing to the floor. A web of the slender strings wound around other parts of his underground causing some to visibly flicker or just crumble.

Frantically looking back the way he had come, he could see nothing. His world was dissolving.

"8u7 y0u d0n'7 8310n9 7h3r3, 54n5." The last word came out in a sneer. G glanced back towards your soul nearby.

"don't belong anywhere." He muttered flinching at the sound of more of the ceiling collapsing.

A buzzing sound akin to laughter accompanied a river of strings dissolving the ground between him and the core. *"n0 r3450n 70 137*

y0u 90 7h3n." The strings shattered his conjured hands and the ground in front of him crumbled to nothingness.

You let out a whimper and G almost dropped you in his haste to snatch up your soul; encasing it in his magic again to shield you from the twisting magic torturing the little heart. It writhed in his hand, still trying to move towards the core. "please! let her go home and you can have this universe!"

The dissolving ground suddenly liquefied, a black river somewhat solidifying into a sort of bridge to escape.

"dolls got boring error?" A new voice called.

G spun around again, he felt a drop of sweat run down the back of his skull at the sight of the new comer. A skeleton wearing what looked like a black jumpsuit with blue lines on it under a lighter colored shirt and shorts stood on a patch of untouched ground a ways away. A blue hoodie was tied around his waist and a long parchment colored scarf adorned his neck. G eyed the bandoleer of colorful vials strung across his chest and the giant paint brush balanced easily in his hands. Error he was familiar with. He had never seen this skeleton.

"5hu7 up, 820k3n un1v32535 423 m1n3!" The flickering black skeleton glitched in next to the new comer, strings coiled around him ready to strike out at the seemingly unperturbed skeleton.

"aww, but this was just getting good." He whined, batting away a string that had drifted close to his face.

G chanced a glance at your soul, the magic was still pulling steadily and visible cracks were forming in the little rivers of magic. He had to get you out of here. "'m sorry." he murmured pushing the frantic heart back into your chest.

Your eyes flew open and a strangled yelp clawed its way out of your throat.

"Sans!" You called. "Papyrus!"

Your screaming drew the attention of the other skeletons.

"oh! look who's awake!" The scarfed one called.

"1 541d 5hu7 up!" Error screamed. Several of his strings launched themselves towards you struggling in G's arms.

He had to set you down. You were flailing far too much to keep pinned to him and your sudden drop made the seeking strings miss grabbing you. Your feet hit the ground and you stumbled forward a few steps onto the inky bridge.

“Sans! I’m here! I’m-AUGH!” He was at your side again, catching you as your knees refused to hold you up. Tears ran down your face and you clutched at the front of your shirt stumbling forward with his help.

The core was so close. The two of you were on the edge of the little burnt patch of grass. “oooh, now you’re interesting.” The skeleton with the paint brush was suddenly standing next to you.

“Sans.” You whine. Your eyes were glazed over in pain, unable to distinguish the monster looking you over from the one you were calling out to.

“mmm, would be easier to call me ink little baroque,” his hand ghosted over your own clutching your chest, “looks like i must thank you for finding my wayward charges though.”

G’s eye light darted to the mismatched ones in Ink’s sockets. Charges? Was he talking about your mates?

“54y 900d8y3.” Error’s voice crackled menacingly behind him. G flinched, throwing himself and you forward onto the ground in front of the core’s entrance, rolling to shield your body with his. Out of the corner of his socket, he saw Ink turn raising his giant brush to deflect the destroyer.

“this universe is crumbling, you better go!” Ink’s voice sounded cheery as he fended off the dark skeleton. G didn’t need to be told twice.

With G’s help, you clamored to your feet. Just a bit further. You could hear them.

Your bond mates.

You could almost see them.

Just.

A bit.

Further.

Chapter End Notes

Error's translations for those not familiar with leet speak.
"time's up."
"she doesn't belong here."
"but you don't belong there, sans."
"shut up, broken universes are mine!"
"i said shut up!"
"say goodbye."

Are we home now? Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Say You'll Stay with Me Tonight

Chapter Summary

> Universe travel is exhausting, especially when you're just being dragged along by your soul.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You don't know how far you traveled. You only knew you could stop when the warm caress of sunlight met your skin.

Skeletal hands found you. They didn't have holes in them, where were the hands with holes in them?

"G?"

"here."

It was enough. The pressure in your chest eased and you could rest.

It worked. Holy shit it worked.

They had literally reached through the multiverse and pulled you back. The second it was confirmed that you were solidly in this universe, Sans shut down the entire lab.

He was unable to be part of the recovery crew as he was needed at the machine to ensure a full return. No one honestly knew if you would come out of the mountain like every other time he touched another universe, or if you would reappear where you had left.

Only Papyrus and Black went to the barrier site to recover you if you ended up coming through that way. Everyone else huddled in the lab around computers or the machine itself. Blue, Edge, and himself dialed in on the connection to your soul and pulled. Mutt, Red, and Stretch monitored the machine and made sure the connection between the universes didn't slip.

Sans had never had to reach for a bond before, it was highly discouraged after all. He quickly learned why. Soul bonds do *not* like to be pulled on. As gentle as he and the others tried to be, it *hurt* .

At one point just after they had started, it felt like there was a disconnection. As if they could pull on your soul but nothing else. You were still alive, but the distance just seemed to be more.

Eventually, the connection became stronger the closer you were drawn to an exit point. Then something interfered. A strange magical signature forced your soul away. It didn't feel hostile. Hell, it felt more like it wanted to join the other eight signatures already present, but the part that drew it there wasn't whole. There were a few horrifying moments where you seemed to be stuck, your soul stayed put and no amount of urging could pull you out.

"ease up," he hissed, "don't break the bonds."

Edge and Blue nodded from their positions on either side of him. They each had a hand on an input panel pouring in magic to help keep a lock on the same magic in your soul. Sweat beaded on his skull and the silence from the normally boisterous two betrayed their concentration.

"she's on the move again." He heard Mutt say from his computer behind him.

"pull now!" Sans yelled. Magic flared up on either side of him as Blue and Edge, urged you on. A small grunt of pain escaped Sans but he joined their efforts pulling you through the exit. Stars he hoped that you weren't experiencing the discomfort it was causing him and the others.

"we got a tag-along!" Red shouted as he ripped a few cables from their ports to relieve a magic surge.

"rads at the barrier, looks like that's her exit!" Stretch chimed in over the intercom as he pulled out his phone to alert Papyrus and Black.

"keep a steady pull guys, gotta keep it up 'til we get a confirmation." Sans growled.

Sans had no idea if pumping the connection full of magic was helping or not. It didn't seem to hinder anything so he didn't stop until a victorious shout echoed from the intercom.

"she's back! papyrus and black have her!"

He ripped his hand away from the machine and stumbled over to the intercom.

“shut off all nonessentials. is she okay?”

Red and Mutt were already disconnecting wires and powering down the lab.

“seems to be unconscious but alive… and… has a friend?” Sans and Stretch stared at each other through the glass.

Sans didn’t think he had a lot in common with the carrot stick, but when it came to matters of who and what was affecting your well being… well, they both silently agreed that it was time to go.

The lab was shut down in record time and everyone teleported back to the house. Red and Stretch bringing along their respective brothers.

They found Black standing guard outside your door.

“YOU’RE NOT ALLOWED IN YET.” He said moving to bodily block the doorway.

“outta the way pipsqueak.” Red growled as he strode purposefully down the hall. Black simply scoffed.

“YOU MAY ENTER WHEN I SAY YOU CAN! PAPYRUS ISN’T DONE CHECKING HER OVER.”

Red snarled and magic flared up around him. Black summoned his twin dirks in response, ready to attack or defend as needed. Edge stepped up to his brother’s side but didn’t conjure his weapon. Mutt let out a warning growl but also kept his magic in check. Choosing to move partially in between Red and Black instead.

“WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER ONE?” Blue’s voice broke through the charged air.

“right. we picked up another soul bringing her back.” Stretch jumped to support his brother.

“WHAT ABOUT HIM?” Black hissed out between gritted teeth.

“yea, what about me?”

Seven pairs of eye lights turned to the single one standing in the doorway behind Black.

“you must be the other mates.” He continued, completely ignoring the sudden presence of other magical weapons. “anyway, let’s take this

elsewhere. wouldn't want ta wake your girl now would ya?"

His tone was annoyingly calm. All Sans could do was stare. Something about him made him uneasy. His very presence tugged uncomfortably at the back of his memory. But he was right, outside your door was not the place to get into a fight, or even discuss anything.

"library." He growled. And after a glance past the stranger in the doorway, he turned on his heel and went back down the stairs. A tense few seconds ticked by before weapons were slowly dismissed and the rest of the household followed suit.

"LIKELY STORY." Edge rolled his eye lights when the new skeleton finished speaking. "YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT YOU JUST HAPPEN TO BE THE ONLY SURVIVING MONSTER FROM YOUR UNDERGROUND? AND THAT IT'S ENTIRELY DESTROYED NOW? WHO DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?

"no, he's telling the truth." Stretch said from his seat in one of the armchairs. "at least it's the truth as he knows it to be."

"perception's everythin'." Mutt muttered.

"MORE LIKE HE'S DELUSIONAL." Edge snapped back.

"is that your perception?" G quipped at him from his place in the center of the reading area.

Edge's magic buzzed around him but didn't manifest.

"look i understand that where i'm from isn't exactly normal. but i can't go back now, wouldn't want to even if i could." That was understandable. None of them would choose to go back underground given the choice. Didn't stop most of them from wishing he would though. "i can see ya guys don't want me here," he continued, "and as far as i can see there really is no reason to keep me around. so once the little angel upstairs is recovered i'll be on my way."

"where exactly would you be going?" Sans stepped up. He had no problems with this weird partially him partially something else Sans to not stick around. But he also couldn't just let him leave. There was a process now for new monsters, and he was in the mood to follow it. Plus the news of those other two Sans's who could just pop into universes at will worried him.

G eyed him. “it’s a big world out there. would like to see it is all.”

“monsters aren’t integrated everywhere yet.”

G shrugged. “i’ll make it work”

“you’ll make it work.” Sans repeated flatly.

“always do.”

“Are you done?” Sans and G broke off their staring contest to find Papyrus in the doorway.

“hey, how is she?” He asked, everything else forgotten now that he could get a verdict on your situation.

“She’s sleeping. Physically she is in good health, but her soul and our bonds are a bit strained from traveling so far then being unknowingly pulled back.”

“CAN WE SEE HER?” Blue’s worried voice asked what everyone wanted to know.

You slept.

Warm magic inspected your hand and slid clinically over the rest of you. A soft voice murmured to someone else. You couldn’t make out the response but the warm voice relaxed your curious mind.

You slept.

Urgent voices came from somewhere nearby. The warm voice interrupted them. It was silent except for the occasional rustling of someone still by your side. Bone brushed over your cheek and the contact seemed to ease a part of the ache in your chest.

You slept.

Light flickered occasionally through your eyelids. Varying shades of red in no discernible pattern. Blinking your eyes open you squint at your TV. Some movie was playing. The sound was off and you blearily blinked at the subtitles at the bottom of the screen. Shifting around you attempted to sit up.

“hey, hey. glad to see you up.”

You turn your head at Stretch's voice. He was sitting next to you on your bed smiling down at you. He wasn't holding you in any way, but you had curled up against him in your sleep. You reached out and ran a hand over the arm of his hoodie. He was really here. Did he come for you?

"Mn hey." You say distractedly as you look around. This is your room. Were you really home? Or did the weird glitchy reality of G's underground somehow replicate it?

"Where's G?"

"downstairs with the others." So he knew who G was, and did he say the others were here too?

"How did you get here?"

"uh, the door?"

You roll your eyes at that and groggily stumbled out of bed. Stretch made a concerned noise as you made your way over to the window and threw the curtains to the side.

Bright afternoon sunlight flooded the room and you blinked furiously to see the view. You were really back. The scrape of skeletal feet on hardwood announced Stretch as he joined you at the window.

"had to be sure huh?" You nod and turn to sag into his side. Stretch draped an arm around you and drew you back to the bed.

"mind if i just, hold you a while?" You shake your head allowing him to pull you into his lap. The two of you idly watched the movie he had playing.

"i don't care anymore you know." He said. You hummed questioningly tilting your face up to look at him. "sharing the bond, it's okay."

"Just like that?"

"mmhmm. it was too much. losing you like that, it just doesn't matter anymore." You shifted in his lap so you could look him in the eye.

"You sure?" He returned your gaze. A small smirk twitched at the corners of his teeth.

"missed seeing you."

You smiled. “Missed seeing you too.”

His eye lights drifted down. “maybe...to celebrate...you know...your return. we could...talk later and uh work on our touch?” He slowly dipped his skull down, silently asking with his eyes. You suppress a giggle and tilt your head to meet him.

The door opened.

“THAT’S AN HOUR CARROT STICK, IT’S TIME TO SWITCH.” Black came strolling in.

Stretch jerked his head up letting out a loud breath. You jumped at Black’s voice and buried your face in Stretch’s chest.

“okay, i still care.” Stretch muttered, but he moved you to the side and shot you a sheepish grin as he passed Black on his way out. You waved, then turned your attention to your new guest.

Black closed the door behind Stretch then turned to look at you.

“Hi Black.” You say, fighting down your blush.

“YES HELLO PET, I AM GLAD TO SEE THEY DIDN’T DAMAGE YOU BRINGING YOU BACK.” He strode over and fussed with your blankets. You suppress a smile and let him tuck you back in.

At first, he only stood by the bed, hands clasped behind his back. But you could see him fidget from side to side as you got comfortable again. The movie was still playing.

“Come here.” You finally say, patting your lap. Black hesitated for a beat then sat on the edge of the bed to remove his boots then crawled over to settle in your lap on top of the blankets.

You clung to him as you dozed and the movie finished, he let the next suggested film begin. As the combination of your comfy bed and Black’s warm body coaxed you back to sleep, he turned and burrowed under the blankets.

“Welcome Home.”

Chapter End Notes

> We're baaaaack! And G made it out with us! Good thing too cuz his universe is gone... good job Error.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Everything is Grey

Chapter Summary

You've recovered, ya know what that means?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"we got her home, and that's what matters." Sans was saying as Stretch walked back into the library after his time with you.

"you got lucky." G growled. He was seated at the long table with Sans and Red. Mutt stood behind Red's chair staring down at a tablet displaying some of the machine's data sheets.

He had returned to the lab after they had established the order in which they would get to spend time with you as you recovered and pulled the most recent set of data detailing your return for review.

"'ow is she?" Mutt asked as Stretch settled into a chair.

"conscious. was confused when she woke up. thought she was still underground." Stretch grimaced and pulled a laptop towards him. "physical touch seems to help with her soul strain though."

"well the last thing she remembers is almost havin' her soul shredded in my living room so i'm not surprised." G glared around the table as he spoke, "seriously what the *fuck* possesed ya ta pull on your bonds with her from across the fucking multiverse?"

Stretch shifted guiltily, it was his cosmic rays idea that had them use the bonds to search. To his surprise, Sans jumped to his defense.

"they were the only thing we had connectin' us ta her. we'd still be searching if it weren't for them."

"and if she were in any other universe ya would've killed her." G shot back.

"an' ‘ow's that?" Red growled.

G's single eye light flashed and he grinned at the noises of surprise and anger from your mates. Several pairs of conjured hands appeared

around the table. A set plucked the tablet from Mutt and brought it to him. The others shut the laptop in front of Stretch, pinned Sans's hands to the table top, and flipped Red's hood over his eyes.

"i'm a mixture of two monsters," he spoke softly, "one of which can block soul signals to the host." He tapped through the data on the tablet's screen, making notes as he continued. "she would've died in agony as ya dragged her through an unknown underground 'cause ya didn't, fucking, *think* ."

Sans strained against the hands around his wrists. The others were being held back as well. Who was he fused with? He didn't know any monsters from his underground that could block soul signals.

G continued to calmly work through the data on Mutt's tablet. Eventually he stood and looked around.

"i suppose it was a good thing you got her out when ya did though. my universe is gone now, and she would've been gone with it if you didn't do what ya did…" his eye light scrolled over Stretch then towards the door. "seems her life wasn't the only one threatened either."

Sans frowned and looked at Stretch in confusion. The hoodied skeleton was sweating lightly and was running his fingers over the back of his other hand.

G walked around the table, tablet in hand. He halted next to Sans's chair and set the device in front of him. With a hand on the back of his seat, G leaned down to growl softly at him.

"i may not have a bond with her, but I have grown quite fond of that little angel upstairs." Sans glared at him and snarled, straining once again at the magic hands holding him to the table.

"i'll be leaving as promised when she recovers but we'll be in touch." He continued, "and if I hear that any of you involve her in your little machine experiment or put her in pain or danger again… i'm comin' back."

"wasn't planning on it." Sans seethed. G gave him a condescending smile then straightened up and dismissed the magical hands.

Everyone was immediately on their feet. Mutt was behind G in a second, grabbing him by the back of the hood, throwing him back and down to the carpet as Red's flail whipped around his torso to bind his

arms to his sides.

Stretch blipped in next to his prone form, scythe point hovering dangerously close to his face. Mutt stood on his other side with an arrow knocked and aimed at G's chest.

Sans knelt down revealing the charged blaster behind him. "let me tell ya a few things now." He said. "first, don't ever accuse us of intentionally sending her away. she wasn't *involved* in the experiment, and i sure as hell wouldn't have let her anywhere near the machine if i knew she was in danger."

There were grunts of agreement around him as he continued. "second, the *only* reason ya come back is if *we* say ya can. keeping in touch is fine as it'll ease her mind ta know you're okay. but you're not a part of this, so stay the fuck out."

G arched a brow at him but remained silent. "finally, you're new ta the surface and new ta this whole arrangement we got goin' here so i'll let it slide once." He leaned further over the bound skeleton. "but she's *our* mate. and if any of us hear of ya trying anything untoward with her… well, you're gonna have more than just a **b a d t i m e** ."

G stared at Sans's lightless sockets, a grin slowly growing on his face. He chuckled softly and spread his pinned hands out in surrender. "glad ta hear she's in good hands classic. i'm sure you'll find my notes useful too." He nodded in the direction of the table where the tablet still rested.

Sans glanced at Stretch who nodded. He was telling the truth. Getting back to his feet he dismissed the blaster. The others slowly followed suit and everyone was eventually reseated around the table.

"now that we're on the same page," Sans spoke into the silence and pulled up a fresh document on his laptop. "tell me more about these other skeletons."

Your mates came and went, you clung to each as they visited. Blue cried just about as much as you did when it was his turn to welcome you back. You spent the evening thoroughly crushed against them, all wrapped up in blankets and bones.

G visited every once in a while and slowly filled you in on what happened to bring you home. Each time he came to see you, another

skeleton always found an excuse to be nearby. Edge literally tackled him once when he overheard G shamelessly flirting with you in the lounge.

It was a strange story, finally getting into the core, but you felt that he was leaving something out. He would uncharacteristically stutter and stumble around near the end of it, but you had no one else to ask if he was correct or not so you let it be. Eventually, you returned to work. He came to visit a week after you restarted your shifts.

“i’ll be damned, ya really are a bartender.” He said sliding onto a stool in front of you.

“Didn’t believe me? I’m hurt.” You said filling a tray of shots and handing it off to a server.

“heh, could’ve told me you were a physicist and i would’ve had no way of knowin’ until we got here.”

“Well we’re here now so what’ll it be?” He shot you his crooked grin and shrugged.

“anything ya please angel.”

You had hoped that he would let you pick. You had wished for human ingredients for this drink since that first night in the bar underground with him. Grinning, you pulled out your shaker and filled it with ice. Grabbing a cocktail glass you placed more ice in it and set it in front of G. He looked from the glass to you curiously. Raising a finger you turned and took your time measuring in shots.

One shot triple sec liqueur, two shots Devil’s cut. One part lemon sour and one part passion fruit juice. Reaching under the bar you pulled out a bottle of tabasco hot sauce and threw in a few dashes before covering the shaker and shook it around, tossing in a few flips for fun. Finally, you strained the bright yellow mixed drink into the glass in front of G.

“One Dancing with the Devil.” You said as you dropped in a maraschino cherry.

“dancing with the devil huh?”

You simply smirked and made a go-ahead motion. G raised the glass in a small toast then tossed the entire drink back, ice and all. Nodding a bit, he simply handed the glass back to you. Raising your brows you

took it.

“Verdict?”

“dunno yet, i better have another to be sure.” Snorting, you mixed another then slipped off to serve the other people along the bar.

G stayed until closing. He didn’t talk much, simply nursed his drink and casually flirted at you when you were nearby. Chillby kicked him out while you wiped down the bar but he waited outside until you locked up.

“you gotta sec?” He asked as you pocketed your keys.

“Uh yea, actually. One of the boys is usually here by now to take me home soooo, I guess I’m all yours?”

“heh, if only that were true angel.” He muttered. Gesturing away into the night with one hollow hand, he extended an arm with the other. Taking it, you allowed him to lead you off down the road.

The two of you wandered in the general direction of the city. G spent most of the walk staring at the sky not saying anything. You didn’t mind, it was a nice night. The summer was easing off so the air was cool but not uncomfortably so. Almost suspiciously quick, you found yourself walking arm in arm with G through the heart of the quiet downtown.

A few late-night people wandered by and there were more than a few nocturnal monsters bustling about. A whole sector of the city had developed for the monsters that weren’t awake when the sun was out. You noticed a few new signs and shops had popped up as well.

Eventually he brought you to a stop at an empty corner. The sudden halt had you looking around in confusion. The dark noir feel of the corner and single street light had you equal parts nervous and thrilled.

“G, what are-”

“i’m leaving.”

“Wha-” You pulled away from him to look over his face. He gazed back down at you. His single eye light flicked off to the side drawing your attention to the bus stop sign just out of the streetlight’s glow.

“Why?”

The single word hung between the two of you. G rubbed the back of his skull and let out a ragged breath.

“i- listen, angel. remember when i said i was mostly sans?” You made an affirmative sound. “in the underground, where we were, but before...ya know, you...there was an experiment ta get us to the surface.”

You nod encouraging him to keep talking, even though you had no idea how this connected to his sudden declaration of leaving.

“it obviously didn’t go as planned ‘cause...well.” He stepped back, gesturing vaguely at himself. You looked him over but didn’t know what exactly what you were looking for.

“You’ve lost me.” You finally say.

“i'm not all sans,” he said, “not like the ones you’re bonded to anyway.”

That’s right, he was a Sans. So far every Sans and Papyrus you had met shared the bond. You must have looked as hopeful as you felt because he stepped forward and drew you to him.

“we’re not bonded angel, got too much of another soul in me.” The hope stuttered and was washed away under confusion and disappointment.

“long story short my soul fused with another monster’s during the experiment. messed up a lot of things really...i mean, ya saw my underground.”

“That doesn’t mean you have to go.”

He smiled sadly down at you.

“could you do it? live your life trying to emulate a bond with me that doesn’t and won’t exist? ‘cause i can’t.” Tears started to form in the corners of your eyes.

“S-so you’re just going?” Your fingers curled into the cream sweater under his jacket as if you could hold him here if you just tried hard enough.

“i’m sorry angel.” His voice was almost a whisper. You felt his arm wind around your waist. His other hand brushed at the tears that had

slid down your cheeks. Before you knew it, you were kissing him.

You clung to him for dear life. Bond or no he had been your only companion during your cross-dimensional adventure. He had cared for you and helped return you to your universe, to your mates. How cruel that you couldn't care for him now that he was in your world.

His grip on you tightened, the hand on your cheek slid around the back of your head to tangle in your hair. You squeaked against his teeth at the presence of a third hand on your hip, then a fourth and fifth on either side of your face. A final hand pressed into your back between your shoulder blades.

You broke away to see a pair of smokey grey hands with hollow palms hovering nearby. One dropped beneath your chin and directed your attention back to G's face.

"you have good mates." He pressed a kiss to your forehead. "let them care for you in my stead." His mouth met yours again and a sunshine yellow tongue swiped hungrily over your bottom lip. You opened your mouth to him but he pulled away and looked down the street.

"G." You whined.

"time to go." He gently pulled your fingers free from his shirt.

"G." Your voice became desperate. The magical hands that had previously held you against him were now holding you in place as the bus pulled up to the stop.

"i'll write." He said taking another step back.

"G please don't go." You begged. You could make it work, you could figure out how to be with him. There were four boys at home with PhDs, they could help you figure out his split soul.

"they all love you angel." The hands pressed you back and another pair of arms wound around your middle. You barely registered them as you strained to keep your eyes on G boarding the bus. When the doors closed, the hands dissipated, and the bus unceremoniously drove off into the night.

You couldn't help it. The dam broke.

Loud sobs wracked your body as you sunk to the sidewalk. He left. Blaire left. Your parents left. Your grandpa left. Everyone leaves you.

How long? How long until the others go too?

Skeletal hands wiped your cheeks then lifted you from the ground.

“never.” Someone said.

Scrubbing at your eyes, you looked up at the speaker.

Sans.

Your Sans.

“How did you..?”

“told me he was goin’, asked me ta pick ya up.” He jostled you a bit in his arms making you let out a watery giggle.

“come on, gotta plan ta dry those tears.”

“Okay.” Was all you could say. Sans nodded and stepped into the void only to exit on what looked like the mountainside.

He sunk down on a blanket already set up then stretched out next to you.

“he’s right ya know.” He said staring up at the stars.

“About what?”

“‘bout us loving you,” Your attention was immediately taken from the heavens.

“‘bout me, loving you.”

Chapter End Notes

> Hmm, where have we seen this scene before? The blanket, the stars, blue hoodie... 17's a mystery.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Sapphire and Moonlight*

Chapter Summary

He loves you and you him.

Chapter Notes

Holy f*ing hell it's here. I wrote the smut. If you didn't notice, this is an explicitly rated fic, this is one of the reasons why :)
SO! This chapter is pretty much all smutty fun and very little to zero plot except that we're moving forward with our relationship with Sans.

If you're not here for this feel free to skip the chapter, I'll have a brief overview in the end notes if you're not interested in the content.
If you are here for the smut... I dearly hope this chapter is okay.

Either way, Enjoy! xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You stared at Sans. He loves you, he just said he loves you. Yea you had a bond with him, but you had been assured that the bond didn't manipulate emotions. The two of you had only ever said you loved each other in friendly totally platonic situations.

This was completely different, his eye lights burned in earnest and his signature deep blue magic was seeping onto his cheekbones. He looked, so astoundingly handsome in this moment. Stretched out next to you on the quiet mountainside under the stars.

"I-I," You started, but he silenced you by pressing a boney finger to your lips.

"don't say it back unless ya mean it."

You did, you wanted to. But he had rolled onto his back and began to point out constellations. For a while, you genuinely tried to concentrate on the conversation.

But you couldn't.

Rolling onto your side you just watched him point out the various

celestial bodies in the milky way. He was a complete Sans, one that wanted your bond. You were disappointed that G couldn't be a part of your life like this, but now that you were away from the bus stop, with clear skies to clear your head. You knew in your soul that he was right. You wouldn't be able to fake a bond with him just to keep him around.

The comforting rumble of San's voice rolled through you. Eventually he noticed that you weren't holding up your half of the conversation. Rolling onto his side he pulled you to his chest.

"feeling any better?" He murmured.

You nod against him. "Can...we go back to the house?"

"ya done lookin' at the stars?"

"N-no, I uh," You pull away enough to look at him. "I do too."

He blinks in confusion. Then understanding lights up his face. Your name slips past his teeth just before you press your lips to them. He eagerly returns the kiss, his fingers run through your hair and a hand slides up under your shirt.

"ya sure?" He says against your mouth. You try to pull him closer.

"need an answer princess." He grunted, his fingers slid over your skin under your shirt making you shiver but they halted at your lack of response.

"Please Sans." You whine peppering his cervical vertebrae with feather-light kisses. Sans made a noise halfway between a moan and a growl and you felt the dizzying coldness of the void drop the both of you onto his mess of a mattress. He kissed you again and you hastily kicked off your shoes.

Pressing against him you roll him onto his back so you could sit in his lap. Pushing himself up he effortlessly lifted your shirt up and over your head. You heard it hit the floor somewhere as his teeth pressed against your neck. His magic fizzled and sparked over your skin shooting little bolts of pleasure to the growing ache in your belly. Through it all, you fumbled a bit trying to push his hoodie off of his shoulders.

Kisses trailed down your neck to your shoulder. Distals worked at your bra until it surrendered and joined your shirt somewhere in his room.

Only then did he lean back to take you in.

“beautiful.” His eye lights wavered in their sockets. Heat crawled up your face and down to your core.

“Care to match me?” You ask, busying your hands with his hoodie again. He chuckles and helps you remove both the hoodie and t-shirt underneath. You take in the view.

Your eyes and fingers trailed along his thick ribs. He had fewer than a human would have, the rounded parts curving gracefully to form his torso. He shivered as your fingertips ghosted along the long faded scar slashed across his sternum. Hands twitched against your hips as he held himself in check to allow you to explore.

He was a skeleton. But he was a monster. His bones were like pearl, smooth and shining. Not the dull ivory of non-magical creatures.

His hands slid lightly up your bare back and he leaned forward manifesting his tongue to swirl around the hollow of your throat. The cooling sensation left behind by his magic contrasted with the warmth radiating from his bones, encouraging you to press closer.

Your fingers scratched over his spine and wandered over his ribs, occasionally sliding between them to pull delicious noises from him. You saw blue sparks and you were suddenly falling again. The distance wasn’t far as Sans had apparently only ported both of you a foot off of the mattress. Only now he was above you instead of below.

You giggled upon landing but it turned to a gasp when his teeth bit down on your shoulder. You arched your back and an arm wrapped around you. There was a definite something pressing against your thigh from inside his shorts. He bit harder lathing his tongue over everything he had a hold of.

This was happening, you and Sans, after all this time. Letting go of your shoulder, he ran his tongue over the tender spot. “i love you.” He murmured against your skin. The heat in your core doubled and your breath felt short as he nipped along your pulse point before sitting up.

Now somewhat freed you pushed at his shorts, eager to see exactly what you were dealing with. He chuckled and helped to kick them away. His cock now free, stood proudly before you. Sitting up you had to stare at it for a moment. You weren’t sure what you were expecting, the gorgeous blue phallus before you glowed softly in the dark room.

You had figured that sex was possible with the skeletal monsters, but you were not entirely sure how it would work. You should have known though, if they could conjure tongues, then other human body parts would be possible too.

Reaching out, you gingerly ran your hand up his length, swirling your thumb around the tip. He jerked into your hand letting out a moan, the fact that you could elicit such a noise from him only made your desire grow.

The magic buzzed and tingled against your fingers as you gave him a few more experimental pumps, he huffed and shuddered in your grip, eye lights going hazy. Oh he liked that. You smirked and went to grasp him more firmly. Only to be stopped as he moved down your body and out of your hold.

“Something wrong?” You asked.

“nothin’s wrong princess.”

He tugged questioningly at your jeans. Grinning, you nodded. Though just to make it difficult, you leaned over to trail kisses up his jaw and run your fingers over whatever you could reach. You heard him growl and the speed of which your remaining clothing left you was inhuman.

“tease.” He rumbled balancing your legs on his pelvis. His cock rested against your thigh again, so close but so far. His mouth captured yours as he trailed his hands up your legs. You gasped as a finger ran up your entrance to your clit, swirling slowly around it then back down your slit to slide into your dripping core.

You groaned and shuddered against him as he pressed a second digit in, curling and gently prodding and prepping your soaked cunt.

“S-saaans.” You moaned, trying to adjust your position to give him better access.

“yes love, keep sayin’ my name.” He whispered, his fingers continued to work you, stretching and scissoring in the best possible way. His other hand slid slowly up your side and over your belly to finally come to a halt on your left breast. It was agonizing how slowly he massaged and pinched at your nipple. Each tweak, every pass sent another wave of desire through you until you were so firmly latched to him, you were surprised he could keep torturing you.

“tell me what you need love.” He murmured into your ear. You whined and tried to reach down to return some of the attention. He blocked you, bringing your hand back up to trail kisses over your wrist while the fingers of his other hand continued to work in and out of your dripping sex.

“use your words princess, i wanna hear ya.”

If any more blood could reside in your face, that was where it would have been possible. You were embarrassed at the thought of needing to ask but… at the same time you wanted to let him know just how much you were ready for him. Cradling his skull, you curled upward to kiss his face.

“Please Sans… I-I need you.”

The pleased growl that vibrated against you sent warmth blooming in your chest. Removing his fingers from you, he grinned as he licked them clean of your juices. Pressing you gently back down onto the mattress, he rubbed his length along your slit, wetting himself with your slik.

His head grazed over your clit making you gasp and plead quietly into the dark room until he finally lined himself up with your entrance. Looking up at your face he silently asked for permission. You gripped the pillow next to your head and nodded.

As soon as his head began to press into you, you tensed up. Sans may be of an average length, but the width worried you a bit. You hadn’t been able to close your hand around it earlier and now you were a bit concerned if you could get all of him in.

Sans felt you tense and paused.

“you okay? do ya wanna stop?” He looked down at you worried.

“N-no, you’re just...bigger.” You finished lamely.

“i can go slow, just tell me if i need ta stop kay?”

You nod. He adjusts his hold on you so he could rub your hips and trail his tongue lightly up your sternum to your throat. Little bumps pop up where it passes helping you relax and you wrap your fingers tightly around his bottom ribs.

You gasped and whimpered as you let him work his way into you.

Every inch stretched you wonderfully. A kiss here and a touch there aided you until he was completely hilted inside. Groaning, he rested his forehead to yours, not daring to move yet.

His bones rattled lightly as he basked in the feeling of you around him. How warm and how tightly your walls squeezed his girth. The exquisite noises you made just for him, *because* of him. Stars he was going to wreck you.

You could feel his magic inside of you. It tingled against your walls and you couldn't help but try to move your hips. He growled as you squirmed.

"now, now love. what do humans need ta say when they want something?" His tone had lost the usual light joking rumble it usually carried to be replaced with a husky needling growl. You bit back a whimper as he slowly withdrew himself to make small shallow thrusts.

"Sans c'mon." You cooed pinching and rubbing his ribs. He shivered but kept up his small thrusts. You attempted to move as well but his hold was absolute. He grinned down at you and that spark of mischievousness flashed over his features as he leaned down to nuzzle against your ear.

"what. do. you. say?" He thrust with each word and you couldn't help but respond.

"Pleeeeaase~!" You called wrapping your arms and legs as tightly around him as possible.

A pleased hum came from him and he rocked backwards to sit up pulling you up with him only to slam you down on his cock. You screamed in surprise but it drew out into a moan of pleasure. His mouth found yours and you breathed each other in as he continued to thrust up and into you.

Pushing on him, you tried to press him back to lay beneath you. He chuckled and pressed a hand to the back of your head so he could growl into your ear.

"wanna ride me huh?"

You nod feverishly and pushed on him again. His thrusts slowed and he moved both of his hands to your hips so he could control the pace. "think ya know what ya gotta do ta get your way princess."

You did, but you pushed a little more. Just enough to make him say exactly what he wanted. The dark chuckle that rolled out of him sent shivers down your body. “ *beg* love. tell me *exactly* what ya want. i wanna *hear* it.” He thrust into you harshly as he spoke, keeping total control over all of your movements in his lap.

“Sa- mm. P-please.”

“please what.”

Stars, you were in love with the devil. “Please, l-let me ride youah!” At your last word Sans fell backwards so he was laying on the mattress. His hands dug into your hips for another harsh upward thrust before releasing control of the pace.

Gripping the front of his ribs you thrust down hard, again and again, trying to get every possible centimeter of him to fill as much of you as you could every time. His size dragged at your walls, stretching and burning as the cooling sensation of magic egged you on. It was all you could focus on.

Sans gripped your thighs and let you set the pace. He was never one to complain if someone else took the lead, and holy shit you could take the lead. This didn’t mean he just laid back though. He met each one of your thrusts with his own and he let his hands encourage you along. Fingers digging into the soft flesh of your buttocks or sliding up your front to cup and fondle your breasts.

Eventually you began to flag and he immediately rolled the both of you over so he could take the reins. Your moans and cries music to him as he drew them out. The throbbing heat of your walls twitched and held him fast as he pistoned into you. Tossing one of your legs over his shoulder he thrust hard, finding that little bundle of nerves. Your nails raked down his spine and he turned his head to bite down on your thigh.

“S-ssaaaahhhh!” The ache in your belly was tightening, drawing you further and further away from coherent speech. Instead you clawed haphazardly at the mattress in an attempt to anchor yourself to some part of reality.

“‘m close...mmn...can i...fuck princess.” His thrusts had started to become less rhythmic and he dropped your leg from his shoulder. The sudden change in angle sent a shock of pleasure up your spine, throwing you over the edge.

“c-can i cum i-insaahh~.” His question was cut off as you gasped and arched up against him. Your walls squeezing and fluttering around him as you came. Riding you through it, he cursed and buried his face in the side of your neck.

“i’m… prinaahh...n-need…” Your legs tightened around him and your blissed-out voice in his ear sent him tumbling over after you.

“Please~.”

You thought your first orgasm was amazing. But the second he hilted himself inside of you, the sensation of his release lit up every nerve ending from your toes to your scalp. His magic rushed in filling every part of you not currently occupied by his member. Gasping you clung to him.

The room felt permeated with the scent of pine and snow and the odd sensation of his cooling magic both soothed your aching hole and intensified the reaction from your already sensitive insides.

The two of you stayed like that, basking in the feeling of the other. Four years. Four years of joking, learning about, and finally loving each other. You would have laughed in your own face if you traveled back to tell your past self that you would actually fall in love with the monsters you welcomed into your home all those years ago. A friendship you had hoped for, you had gotten so much more.

As the high wound down, Sans pulled out and slowly moved off of the mattress leaving skele kisses down your body as he went. You whimpered at his disappearance but remained where you were at his reassuring whispers.

You watched him blip out of existence. You needed to clean up, your body refused to acknowledge the commands to move. But you had to do something, you could feel his thick cum starting to run slowly out of you. Rolling onto your side you searched around for a shirt or something to use to run to the bathroom in. Goosebumps popped up on your skin and Sans re-appeared next to you.

“ready?” He asked bundling your naked body to his chest. You made a confused noise and he chuckled.

“got a shower goin’, care ta join me?” You can only nod into his neck and hold on for the brief trip through the void to the bathroom.

True to his word. A shower was already steaming up the mirror. You

giggle as he steps into the hot water still holding you bridal style. The water felt heavenly on your sore muscles and you hum as it splashes over you.

Sans had to eventually set you on your feet so you could actually clean up. He was more than happy to help you too. And by helping you mean he had to make sure your breasts were extra clean and oh you missed a spot here let me just rub it down for you. You don't think you had ever been so thoroughly scrubbed in your life.

Eventually you were handed a towel and Sans disappeared again. You finished drying off and brushed out your hair. Sans returned while you were brushing your teeth making you almost choke in surprise. He handed you a clean pair of underwear and one of his shirts. He had put a pair of shorts on but that was it.

Picking you up again once you were dressed, he turned and walked out of the bathroom. You were fully braced for a trip through the void and made a confused noise as he strode down the hall towards your room. He greeted both his surprised brother and Blue who were apparently awake and dressed to go running. Shit, what time was it? You didn't get much of a chance to ask because Sans was already toeing open your door.

"mind if i stay with ya?" He asked as he deposited you on your bed.

You shook your head and giggled as he immediately flopped down next to you tugging your comforter up to cover both of you. Shuffling around some, he got comfortable and shut his sockets. You, however, laid there just staring at him.

Sans had been your first real introduction to monster culture. Papyrus may have been your first monster friend, but Sans had been the one with all of the explanations (and jokes), always the steady one. Sure things may have started off a bit hot and cold between the two of you, but it had all brought you here. Grinning, you swooped down and planted several kisses down the side of his skull.

Cracking a socket open, Sans looped his arms around you and pulled you down and under him.

"careful princess." He growls, nuzzling into your neck. You shivered at the tone, gripping his ribs.

"You don't scare me." You shoot back, rubbing your fingers through his ribs and up to his spine. It was his turn to shiver.

“ohh darlin’,” He groaned running his hands up under your shirt, but you cut his next words off.

“What do you say?” Your voice was teasing as you pinched and scratched along his spine and scapulas. His growl was softened by his grin as he swooped down for a deep kiss that left you gasping for air.

His fingers hooked around your underwear, drawing them down.

“i feel like that’s something you’re *aching* ta ask me instead.” He murmured into your mouth, stirring your sore slit with a distle.

Fuck, he had you. You had wanted to make him ask this time around but damn it, it was like he had years of being around you to figure out exactly how to play with you.

Biting back your response, you trailed kisses up his jaw to where an ear would have been.

“Sans,” You breathed, he hummed into your neck prodding more delicately. You swore quietly and whined, panting out what he wanted to hear.

He was more than happy to answer your call.

Chapter End Notes

> Overview: You ask Sans to take you back to the house so the two of you can have a good time... twice :)
>
> Hopefully that was okay, we got the L word out of one of them at least ^_^
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Smells Like Teen Spirit

Chapter Summary

Into the aftermath

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You slept in late, almost too late. Waking up to find yourself hopelessly tangled up in both Sans and the blankets brought the giddy feeling in your stomach up and out in a stupid smile. You didn't even care that he was drooling all over your pillow and hair at the moment. He loved you, he said that to you, he showed that to you.

And you knew that you loved him back. Grinning happily to yourself you wiggled out of his arms and off the bed. He must have been really tired if his death grip wasn't present to hold you to him.

Collecting some clean clothes, you hunted around for your phone. Where was it? Hmm, problem for after shower you. Slipping Sans's shorts and shirt on, you made your way back down to the bathroom.

Mutt was doing something on his phone as he was heading back to his room and you greeted him cheerily. He looked up and jumped a little at seeing you and came to a halt. His eye lights darted over you then a sly grin spread over his face.

"afternoon, duchess." He basically purred as he leaned against the wall next to the bathroom door.

Afternoon? What time was it?

"Is it?" you say instead before slipping into the bathroom. "Just gonna shower."

Mutt chuckled and looked you over again. "'f ya think it'll 'elp." And with that he winks and pushes off the wall to continue down the hall.

That was… kinda weird, but okay. You shut the door and go about your routine.

Now clean and hair drool free, you headed over to Sans's room. It had

occurred to you during your shower that your phone was probably in your work pants. To your knowledge, they ended up on his floor in the shuffle last night. It took some looking but said pants were located and phone successfully found.

It was...stars above it was three in the afternoon, you had slept all day with Sans. You knew that you had gotten back to the house a few hours after your shift, what with the walk into town and saying goodbye to G. Then the stargazing and...other activities with Sans later. Good thing it was Saturday and you didn't have to be at work. You scooped up your other clothes to place in your own hamper before heading downstairs for food.

Red and Stretch were sitting at the breakfast bar talking quietly about whatever papers were in between them.

"hey ya got any other- oh, hey doll." Red had spoken up as you passed them but cut himself off when he looked up from the papers. Stretch raised his head at Red's words and appeared surprised to find you rummaging in the fridge.

"Hey guys, got any other what?" You asked pulling out the milk and heading to the pantry for a cereal.

"uh, nuthin'." Red sighed and turned back to look over the papers. Stretch stared at you a while longer.

When you joined them at the counter, he sucked in a breath and excused himself, mumbling something about needing a smoke.

"He okay?" You ask, peering down at the pages he had abandoned.

"eh, prolly jus' salty, leave 'im be." Red gathered up the papers and shot you a look. "ya plannin' on goin' out today?"

"Uh, not at this second no but-"

"don't." He interrupted.

You frowned. "Why?"

Red stood taking the papers with him. His eye lights swept over you.

"jus'...jus' don't."

You opened your mouth but he was already walking out of the kitchen. Dropping your spoon back into your cereal bowl, you pulled

out your phone. All three awake skeletons you had talked to today were acting weird again. The only time they tend to be off is because of your ovulation.

Tapping on your tracker app, you sighed. That wasn't it. Which meant that there was something else freaking them out.

Opening your camera and flipping it to selfie mode, you looked yourself over. Well aside from looking freshly showered at three in the afternoon, there were no blaring marks that you could find, sure your neck and shoulder were pink from being bitten but, it just looked like you scrubbed extra there earlier.

"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIND ANYTHING WITH THAT."

You whip your head around to find Black breezing past you towards the fridge.

"Uh, what won't I find?" You ask setting down your phone.

Black didn't reply immediately. He took his time pulling out some leftover burritos and heating them in the microwave. You watched him methodically re-wrap and put away the remaining food while his heated. The way he was pointedly ignoring you made you sigh. Hopping up to sit on the breakfast bar you returned your attention to your cereal.

Eventually the burritos were warm and Black leaned against the counter opposite you to eat them.

"IT SEEMS THAT SANS HAS ISSUED A CHALLENGE." He finally said between bites. You had just stuffed a spoonful of Lucky Charms into your mouth but you managed to look confused enough that he set his plate to the side and marched into your space.

"YOU REEK OF HIM, REST ASSURED THAT EVERY MONSTER IN EBOTT WOULD KNOW OF YOUR LITTLE FORAY LAST NIGHT IF YOU PASSED THEM BY."

Oh, was that why everyone today seemed off? Why they seemed surprised to find you in the room instead of someone else? Why Red warned you not to leave the house today? Could you hide nothing from these boys?

Black glared up at you as your cheeks slowly turned red at your realization, then he scoffed and turned back to his food.

“HE DIDN’T TELL YOU DID HE?” You didn’t say anything, you were trying to sneakily sniff at your shirt.

You weren’t sneaky enough because Black scoffed again and you caught the tail end of an eye roll as you looked up. He turned to set his food aside again muttering under his breath, you caught the words ‘lazy’ and ‘coward’ as he grumbled. He then approached you again holding out a hand.

“COME HERE PET, IF HE WON’T EXPLAIN, I WILL.”

Finishing off your food, you scooted off of the counter and took his hand. He tugged you into the dining room and guided you into a chair.

“CLOSE YOUR EYES.” He instructed once you were sitting. You complied and heard him move around to stand behind your seat.

“TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU SMELL?” You inhaled and couldn’t help but grin.

“Your burritos.” He shifted behind you and you could imagine his eye lights circling in his sockets as he rolled them at your response. You were wholly unprepared to feel his arms wrap around your shoulders and the weight of his skull nestle into your neck.

“What Do You Smell Now?” He growled against your skin.

His teeth pressed up against the tender spot where Sans had bitten, and you had to clamp your mouth shut and take several deep breaths through your nose in an attempt to both calm yourself and follow his instructions.

To your surprise, the scent of Black’s reheated burritos had disappeared. In their place was the smell of… of licorice? It curled around you, sharp and sweet. There was an undercurrent of something else, but you couldn’t identify it.

“Oh.” Was all you could say.

“THAT,” he said, “IS THE SCENT OF MY MAGIC, OF MY SOUL, ME. THINK OF IT AS THE MONSTER EQUIVALENT OF A FINGERPRINT, BUT MORE USEFUL.”

The scent intensified briefly before fading away and Black’s presence behind you disappeared. You opened your eyes and found him

standing beside your chair facing you.

“THE ORIGINAL MODEL HAS SCENT MARKED YOU,” he said once your attention was on him. “HE HAS DECLARED FULL CLAIM TO YOU AND HAS EFFECTIVELY ISSUED A CHALLENGE TO THE REST OF YOUR MATES.”

“Challenge? I thought everyone shared-.” Black laid a hand on your shoulder interrupting you.

“MONSTERS SCENT MARK THEIR MATES TO KEEP OTHERS AWAY,” his eye lights lifted to look back towards the kitchen behind you, “THOUGH BOSS MONSTERS TEND TO CONFRONT SUCH CLAIMS.” He gave your shoulder a squeeze then walked past you back into the kitchen. You vaguely heard him mutter something on his way there but you didn’t catch any words.

You took a few seconds to stare blankly into the spot he had previously occupied. There were scent marks now? How had you never heard of this? The original group from the mountain surfaced about five years ago, how was this the first time you had heard of it?

Standing, you turned to leave but was stopped by the sight of Sans leaning on the doorway. You couldn’t help but smile and go to him.

“Good afternoon sleepy skull.” You tease.

He accepts your kiss and slips a hand around your waist to guide you away from the kitchen.

“you’re not mad?” He asks, pulling you into the library.

“About the uh, scent-marking thing?” You ask, he nods looking apprehensive.

Were you upset? Mad wouldn’t be the term you would use. A little put off that you didn’t know everything that was involved with being in a relationship with a monster. But at the same time, you knew that you would not have sat still to listen to a full explanation last night.

“I’m not mad,” the tenseness in Sans’s shoulders evaporated and he pulled you flush against him, “but I feel like there is a lot I still don’t know about how this will all work with us and everyone.” You spoke into his hoodie but he nodded in acknowledgment.

The two of you stayed like that for a minute. The sound of someone

clearing their throat made you jump, Sans tightened his hold on you as you turned your head away from his shoulder.

Papyrus was sitting at the long table with his school stuff spread neatly before him. Beside him sat a smartly dressed human man. He also had books and papers in front of him.

“Heeey Papaya.” You say patting at Sans’s back. He hesitated for a brief second but loosened his hold and stepped away from you.

“Yes, hello my dear. I hate to interrupt your moment, but could you possibly discuss your relations elsewhere?”

You blinked at him then at the human next to him who was desperately trying to keep his eyes on the papers in his hand. Your face flushed and you tugged on Sans’s arm while you backed towards the door.

“Sorry Paps, we’ll uh, let you get back to your studies.” Sans grunted agreement, he looked equally embarrassed. Your hand found the door handle but you paused when Papyrus called your name.

“Do come find me later will you? We have something to discuss.” He smiled sweetly in your direction shuffling a few papers around.

You nodded and slipped out behind a blue Sans. The door closed and the two of you stood there staring at each other, each trying to fight down their respective blushes.

“So.” You say.

“yea.” He rubbed the back of his skull. “movie?”

You grin and relax, “sounds good.”

You both moved into the surprisingly empty lounge. You picked out a movie while Sans settled on a couch. You laid down with your head in his lap.

You tried to focus on the film, but your mind kept drifting. You definitely didn’t regret your actions last night, in that moment, it was only you and Sans. Four years of circling the other had finally come to a head. But now, the others came back into existence, and they all seemed to know.

At what point did a poly relationship become easy? Would you always

have to tiptoe around after spending a night with one of them? You knew that you shouldn't feel embarrassed about being with them but… so far everyone seemed tense because you had chosen to sleep with one of them and not the others.

You were jolted out of your thoughts at Sans's growl and the feeling of your legs being lifted. You looked down to find Blue sitting down at the other end of the couch where your feet used to be. He was holding up said feet until he had got comfortable, then he dropped them in his lap.

Sans quietly growled again, but Blue ignored him choosing to address you instead as he stroked your legs.

"WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING?"

"Tag." You replied automatically. He hummed and turned his attention to the screen.

You could feel the tension rolling off of Sans in waves which was making you tense as well. Blue continued to rub at your calf muscles seemingly unaffected by either of you.

"SAY, MAIDEN?" He asked.

You made a noise to show that you were paying attention, but you kept your eyes glued to the TV.

"DO YOU LIKE MOVIES?"

Again, you made an affirmative noise.

"CAN WE GO TO ONE OF THOSE BIG MOVIE SCREENS YOU HAVE UP HERE?"

"Uh, now?" You finally tilted your head to look at him. Sans shifted and his hand on your side twitched.

"OF COURSE NOT NOW MAIDEN, WE'RE WATCHING THIS MOVIE! HOW ABOUT TUESDAY BEFORE YOUR SHIFT?"

Uh...uhhhh. Would it be inappropriate to say yes? Was he asking you on a date? What was happening right now?!

A whistle sounded from the doorway and Red and Stretch came into view as they wandered in to settle on the other couch.

“damn blue, bold ‘f ya ta jump in after what ‘appened.” Red chuckled. Stretch was intently watching the movie.

“WHAT? IT’S JUST A DATE.” Blue replied. Now you were very aware of both Sans’s and Blue’s hands on you

“heh, jus’ sayin’ blueberry, i would tear inta anyone tryin’ anythin’ right after i gotta sleep with my mate.”

Small red eye lights stared into large blue ones. You watched a small grin curl onto Blue’s teeth.

“BUT MAIDEN AND I HAVE ALREADY SLEPT TOGETHER.”

Chapter End Notes

Blue, you little shit

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

I'm Calm, I'm Sure of it

Chapter Summary

The aftermath's aftermath, Blue has some things to say and Papyrus strikes a deal.

Chapter Notes

If they're gonna grow, they might as well do it together.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“BUT MAIDEN AND I HAVE ALREADY SLEPT TOGETHER.” Blue’s grin was wide and knowing as he sat at the other end of the couch with your feet in his lap.

The effect was immediate. Goosebumps popped up on your skin as Sans’s magic crackled. His grip on your side was almost painful. Red’s sockets widened in shock and Stretch’s skull whipped around to stare in horror at his brother.

“no, blue that was different.” Stretch said quickly. Red looked between Stretch, Blue, and you.

“the hell is happinin’?” He growled.

“Uh, Blue and I had a sleepover a while back when I was in the old house. But it’s not what you’re probably thinking!” You quickly said, sitting up. Stretch nodded, an amber tint gracing his face. Blue looked immensely pleased with himself.

“THINK ON THAT DATE MAIDEN.” He winked and patted your legs one last time before getting up and leaving the room.

You looked over at Sans. His eye lights were missing and you could feel the chill of his magic through your shirt where his hand still rested.

“boy’s gotta death wish.” Red muttered. Stretch rubbed his hands over his face before sighing heavily and following his brother out.

“Sans?” You prodded. He shook himself and his eyelights winked back into existence.

“‘m fine. gonna go get a snack. want anything princess?” Your eyes narrowed at his casual tone.

“Uh, maybe just something to drink. You sure you’re okay?”

He nodded and detached himself from you to walk stiffly out of the room. You watched him go then looked over at Red who looked equally apprehensive. When he noticed you looking at him he chuckled nervously.

“‘e’ll be okay, jus’ uh...be warned...all us Sanses are pretty territorial. ‘specially after uh, boning.”

You couldn’t help the grin that made its way onto your face.

“Boning huh?” Red chuckled and stood.

“yea, yea, laugh it up doll, jus’ sayin’ that ‘e’s gonna be glued ta ya fer the next day ‘r so. now ‘m gonna go make sure romeo doesn’t dust the blueberry.” He waved and shuffled out leaving you alone with the TV playing.

You groaned and buried your face in your hands. Why was this so hard? You needed to be alone for a bit. Switching off the movie, you made your way out of the lounge to hide in your room.

The second he stepped out of the room, Sans took a shortcut into the kitchen. Sure enough, Blue and his brother were there, quietly arguing.

“the fuck ya trying ta pull?” Sans growled as he advanced on the pair.

Blue noticed him and smiled. “I’M NOT PULLING ON ANYTHING.”

Stretch cut off his advance, glaring down at him. Sans chose to ignore him in favor of simply tilting his skull enough to flash his socket at the smaller skeleton. “ya lookin’ for a bad time blue? cuz i ain’t in the mood for your shit.”

“I’M HARDLY THE FIRST SKELETON TO ASK HER ON A DATE, WHY ARE YOU SO THREATENED BY MY PROPOSITION?” His smile never faltered as he spoke making Sans’s magic boil.

“threatened wouldn’t be the word i’d use but you’re a smart kid, ya know why now’s a bad time.”

Stretch was still standing firmly in front of his brother making the conversation a little weird. Magic buzzed, and Red appeared beside him looking nervous.

Blue let out an exaggerated sigh. “SO YOU HAD SEX, GOOD FOR YOU.”

Stretch made a choking sound and Red latched onto Sans’s shoulder as a blaster appeared in the air above them.

Both of Blue’s brows rose at the display. He stepped out from behind his brother and quickly moved into his look alike’s face, completely ignoring his weapon. “I THINK YOU’RE THE ONE TRYING TO PULL SOMETHING SANS. HER SOUL CARRIES MAGIC FROM ALL OF US,” He gestures broadly as continues, “BUT YOU GO AND SCENT MARK HER LIKE YOU HAVE A SINGLE BOND.”

“blue don’t-” Stretch began but was silenced by a look from his brother.

“PAPY, I HAVE ALWAYS STRIVED TO TEACH YOU TO BE RESPONSIBLE…” When his eyes tracked back around to meet Sans’s glare, his expression was flat. “LOOKS LIKE YOUR PERSONALITY TWIN NEEDS THE SAME LESSON.”

A large skull hammer materialized in Blue’s hand. Red let out a shout as he dragged Sans backwards by the arm and launched a sharpened bone into his blaster, shattering it above their heads. At the same time Stretch had wrapped an arm around Blue and was holding him back.

“she was mine before any of you appeared!” Sans snarled.

Blue laughed and let his weapon disappear. “FROM WHAT I HEARD, YOU DIDN’T EVEN KNOW YOU HAD A BOND UNTIL AFTER WE SHOWED UP. AND WHAT HAPPENED TO LEARNING TO SHARE?”

“fuck blueberry, back off.” Red grunted as he kept Sans from swinging.

“blue please.” Stretch sounded desperate as he shuffled back with him in tow.

“HE-”

“ **b l u e .** ” Stretch’s voice cracked and and Blue looked around in shock at his brother’s panicked face. “please… can we *not* talk about

this? i-i'm having enough problems…" His voice trailed off and he glanced over at Sans. "i don't wanna hear about it… just, can we not?"

They all stared at his desperate face. Blue nodded first. Sans shrugged and Red slowly let go of him. Stretch also let his brother out of his grasp. "look, i can't… be a part of this. not without making things worse…" Stretch backed up shooting looks in the general direction of the stairs, "i wanna fix…" he took a deep breath and addressed his brother. "i'm gonna go, *please* don't start another fight."

"SURE PAPY." Blue looked genuinely concerned at Stretch's outburst but couldn't even begin to comfort his distressed brother because he teleported out of the kitchen.

Sans let out a long breath and made his way over to the fridge. Pulling out a soda, he bumped the door closed. "if it wasn't for her, i wouldn't have done so well up here… and neither would paps." He paused next to Blue on his way out. "it may have taken me a long time ta figure out but i. *love.* her blue, and for a few hours this morning she only loved me too. let me have this for a little while longer. i'll share, just… not today, please."

Blue regarded him for a moment before nodding. Red's shoulders visibly relaxed and Sans quickly left the kitchen.

Red eyed Blue as he turned to dig around in the pantry as if nothing had happened. "ya did tha' on purpose."

Blue smiled sweetly back over an armful of ingredients. "I ONLY ENSURED THAT THE COMMUNICATION LINES STAYED OPEN."

"by pissin' 'im off?"

"BY SETTING A PRECEDENT." Blue grinned and set out a package of meat to thaw.

Red's brows shot up. "ya planned all 'at?"

Blue shrugged, "HE GOT TO ACT FIRST, THEREFORE HE CAN'T COMPLAIN IF SHE ENDS UP MARKED WITH OUR SCENTS DOWN THE ROAD, HE ALSO CAN'T DENY US TIME ALONE WITH HER JUST AFTER EITHER."

"and yer brother?"

Blue's face fell. "PAPY IS... TRYING. I DIDN'T MEAN TO SET HIM OFF BUT THE FACT THAT HE CONTINUED TO KEEP A FIGHT FROM BREAKING OUT INSTEAD OF INITIATING ONE SHOWS ME THAT HE IS PUTTING FORTH EFFORT."

Red continued to regard Blue cooly. "ya woulda been a better brother ta edge than me." To his surprise, Blue shook his head.

"HAVE YOU MET BLACK?"

Red snorted and leaned against the counter to watch the shorter skeleton prep for dinner. "point taken."

You passingly saw Papyrus's study friend leaving as you started up the stairs just after everyone had abandoned the movie in the lounge. Papyrus closed the front door and caught up to you in the hallway.

"Are you ready to talk dearest?" He asked keeping pace with you as you trudged down towards your room. You took a deep breath and looked up at him.

"I'm sorry Paps, I just...I need some time right now, can it wait?"

Papyrus blinked down at you then nodded. "Of course! The great Papyrus is patient!" You giggle a bit stopping in front of your door. Papyrus rarely referred to himself in the third person anymore. His old habit only surfaced when his enthusiasm outweighed his trained composure or he was trying to make you laugh.

It always worked.

"You know what, come on in Paps." You say opening the door. Papyrus smiled widely at your reaction to his antics and followed you in pulling a paper from his pocket.

"So, what did you want to talk about?"

Papyrus hands you the folded piece of paper after closing the door behind him. You looked at him questioningly but unfolded it as he went to sit in your desk chair.

"Dance competition?" You looked over the information from your studio's end of season competition.

"Yes, I was meaning to bring it up to you sooner but...things were happening."

You vaguely remember being handed the flyer after a class, it was probably the day you had just found out about the other universes and had forgotten it in his car.

“Did you want to compete?” You ask. It looked like there were another few days left before registration ended.

“But of course! I am learning to be great in all things on the surface! A good competition would undoubtedly help me gauge my greatness in- Oh dearest we could go get matching dance attire and-!”

Oh stars, the enthusiasm and excitement he usually keeps under control was shining through in his animated gestures and absolutely giddy expression he had on as he continued to rave over the idea of competing. How could you say no to that? You couldn’t, you were going to sign up for this competition even if you had to actually wear heels around the house to get better in them.

“Let’s do it then.” You said, cutting through Papyrus’s rant.

He froze mid-sentence and beamed at you from his seat. You grinned and braced yourself when he stood and strode purposefully in your direction. Sure enough, you were scooped up and twirled around in one of Papyrus’s famous hugs. You giggle and let it happen.

Everyone had been so off today around you it was nice to have someone treat you normally. You were eventually set down and given a pat on the head as Papyrus swept out of the room declaring that he would sign the two of you up right away.

You laughed to yourself and collapsed on your mess of a bed. Leaning over the end, you dug around in your entertainment center in search of your favorite video game. It was definitely time to unwind.

Firing up the console, you made yourself comfortable and let your mind be completely taken over by the fictional adventure on screen. Damn, it had been a while since you had had the chance to play this. What were these items? What quest were you in the middle of right now?

A gentle knock on your door frame broke you out of your backtracking. You glanced over to see Sans standing in the doorway.

“Hey!” You call, bringing your attention back to the screen.

“hey, can i come in?” You couldn’t help it.

“You already did twice last night.” You tried so desperately to keep a straight face but you couldn’t. The large smile pulled at your lips. You peeked over to find Sans still in the doorway, only he was a light shade of blue and shaking with laughter.

“ah geez, ya got me there. but can i come in the room?”

You had to pause the game through your giggles.

“I believe that you did the second time around… but sure come on in.”

Sans staggers into the room wiping magic tears from his sockets. “heh heh, two for two, that was good.” He settles on the bed next to you. “i needed a laugh, thanks princess.”

“I only do it ‘cuz I love you sugar skull.” You say nudging him with your shoulder and going back to your game. Sans looks over at your profile for a moment.

“love ya too.”

You needed to pause the game again. You couldn’t stop the stupid grin on your face even if you wanted to.

“Yea?” You ask, looking happily over at him.

“oh yea.” He replies leaning in to peck your temple.

You feel your face get warm and you nestle further into your blankets while trying to, and failing to hide your smile. You’re interrupted by a can of soda being waved in your face. Blinking, you grab it and look over at Sans who just shrugs.

“said ya wanted a drink right?” You raised a brow.

“Is Blue in one piece?” He shrugs again.

“carrot top got ta him before me,” you crack open the beverage but keep staring at him, “wasn’t actually gonna kill him.” He nudged your arm and grinned. You give him a sideways smile but take a sip before returning to your game. “we uh, do get possessive though.” He said settling in more comfortably next to you.

“Yea, Red let me know that bit, used the term boning and everything.” You smirk but keep your attention on the quest you were catching up on. Sans chuckles and you see him shift in your peripheral.

“black tells ya about the scent marks, red tells ya about our possessiveness. hell, paps tells ya ‘bout the other universes.” You hear him sigh and he slouches down to rest his head on your shoulder as you play. “mm not doing my job am i?”

“You told me about the bonds.” You supply. He snorts and you feel him nod.

“yea, but i shoulda told ya about the rest too.”

You pause and glance down at him. “Yea, I wish you did too.” Sans flinches. “But I know now, so… no more secrets?” You wiggle a pinky in front of his face. Sans chuckles and takes your whole hand in his.

“ya know how i feel about promises.”

You pout and take your hand back. “Worth a shot.”

“but i’ll do my best.” He grumbles and rolls over you to bury his face in your stomach. Patting his skull, you laugh and carry on with your game.

All too quickly the sun began to set. Sans sheepishly retrieved dinner for the both of you begging clinginess and his unwillingness to share you at the moment. Papyrus did text you throughout the evening about setting up more times to practice dancing for the upcoming competition. After some deliberation, the two of you had settled on a dance style.

You internally grimace as it would require you to be a bit more flexible and better on your heels than you currently were but...if the tango was what he was passionate about, then you would dance the tango.

Chapter End Notes

Looks at chapter count and sweats I have far too many little story arcs happening... why not start another?

Come talk to me on Tumblr!

Why Worry?

Chapter Summary

Movies are fun! Whipped cream... not always fun.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sans basically glued himself to you for the rest of the weekend, whisking you away on Sunday for the most relaxing nothing day you've had in a long time over at his friend Alphys's house to watch anime with her and her wife Undyne. Well, mostly relaxing. Undyne almost exploded when she heard of your coupling with Sans and demanded to know all of the details while bench pressing her wife.

Sans somehow shrugged off all of her needling and distracted the giggling couple by ordering takeout. All in all, it was the most successful nothing day you had experienced since the other universes emerged from the underground.

Monday was tough. You and Papyrus stayed after class with your dance instructor to work on your dance for the competition. And by work on, you mean the two of you decided on a song and you massaged your feet while Papyrus peppered the instructor with questions. It was better than not having anywhere to start though, so you let him talk choreography until you had to go to work. You were surprised to find your bed empty when you got back home but you didn't question it as you flopped down to happily pass out.

You had planned to sleep for as long as you could the next morning, but one of your housemates had other ideas. Blue knocked on your door bright and early, bribing his way in with a tray of food, promising that you didn't have to get out of bed just yet. He bounced excitedly around your room chattering about the various showtimes at the local theater while you ate. Eventually he did drag you up and into your closet to hunt down 'PROPER DATE ATTIRE.'

"Are we just doing a movie?" You asked rifling through the meager shirt selection that Edge had deemed good enough to keep. You'll have to go clothes shopping at some point.

"DO YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING AFTER?" He asked in return. You shrugged.

“It really depends on how long the movie is, I still have work tonight.” Blue nodded and decisively handed you a simple grey and white t-shirt and a pair of jeans. You grabbed some clean underthings and shooed Blue out so you could change. Finally ready, you opened your door to find Blue bouncing on the balls of his feet with stars in his eyes.

“CAN WE TAKE YOUR BIKE?”

“Lemme guess, you wanna drive?” You laughed at how quickly he nodded and retrieved his permit from his pocket. How could you deny him? “Sure thing.” He did a little excited hop and raced off to get his gear. Running back into your room, you grabbed up your own leathers and went downstairs to meet Blue in the garage.

You paused briefly at the bottom of the stairs. The house was oddly quiet for this time of morning. Usually Papyrus or Black would be around doing something in the kitchen or stretching out in the main entrance after a run, why they stretched was a mystery to you but they swore it was important. Today the house almost felt tense. You looked around curiously as you passed through the kitchen and mudroom to get to the garage.

Sans and Red were bent over something on the work table. Red waved as you worked on putting on your jacket. Sans came over to nuzzle into your hair and was generally making it difficult to get ready to ride by wrapping you up in his arms. Maybe you were imagining the tenseness before.

“Sans please, I’m going out!” You giggle as he rests his skull against the top of your head squeezing you tight.

Blue came running into the garage in full riders’ gear. “COME MAIDEN! YOUR CHARIOT AWAITS!” He completely ignored Sans’s growl as you were pulled away from him and handed a helmet. You fumbled with it as your jacket was still only half on, but you managed to get it the rest of the way on and your helmet secured around Blue’s excited talking and Sans’s stares.

“where are ya going princess?” Sans had moved up to the side of the bike where Blue was settling in.

“Just going to see a movie before my shift.” You reply swinging your leg over the back of the bike and dangling the keys over Blue’s shoulder. He took them and fired up the machine. Whatever Sans was going to say was drowned out in the motorcycle engine’s roar. You

tapped his shoulder and shouted into his helmet to wait a second.

Sans shot Blue an annoyed look so you slid open your visor so he could see your face. Red had come up behind him and placed a hand on his shoulder whispering something to him. A grin twitched at Sans's teeth as he looked back at the workbench then sighed waving goodbye. You waved back mouthing 'I love you'. His grin grew and he winked before letting Red pull him back towards the workbench.

Patting Blue's shoulder again you flipped your visor back down and wrapped your arms around his torso. He eased out of the garage and onto the road then gunned it, making you hold on for dear life as he sped down the road towards town. Blue was a speed demon. He took as many back roads as possible so he could just let loose and ride without needing to slow for traffic.

With a consistent speed, you were able to loosen your hold and sit up in the seat behind him only needing to gently grip the sides of his riding jacket, leaning with him on the turns. Blue was improving rapidly in his driving ability, he only had about ten hours left of supervised riding left before he could go test for a license.

It would be nice to have another biker in the house. You had shied away from joining a local club, choosing to ride as a black back instead. Most of the clubs wanted more out of their members than you were willing to give, plus you don't think you could hold your tongue during a prospect period. You followed the basic code of respect when interacting with other bikers, but you wouldn't work as a patched member.

Blue finally pulled into the theater's parking lot and found a spot. "HOW DID I DO?" He asked after stowing the helmets.

"Really good actually, though I want you to take the main road home so you get some more traffic experience." He pouted a little but your praise seemed to be enough because he didn't protest.

Removing your jacket, you stuffed it into a saddlebag. Blue kept his leather jacket on, you had to admit it was a rather flattering cut. The thick leathers and padding filled out this upper body making his skeletal frame just… more.

Blue reached for your hand and you took it letting him tug you along. The theater was fairly empty at this time of day so there was no line to purchase tickets and snacks. You went for a huge tub of buttery popcorn and the largest blue raspberry slushie that you could order.

It was safe to say that the two of you wouldn't even have to watch the movie for Blue to have a good time. He had been gushing about every little thing that you passed.

"OH LOOK! THEY HAVE ARCADE GAMES HERE EVEN THOUGH THIS ISN'T AN ARCADE!"

"Yup, if you get here too early or something, you can at least be entertained while you wait."

"MMM! THIS DRINK IS DELICIOUS! WE SHOULD GO GET BLUE RASPBERRIES AND MAKE OUR OWN AT HOME!"

Uh, blue raspberry isn't a real fruit. It's totally synthetic sadly."

"GOODNESS MAIDEN, THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF SEATS IN HERE, DO THAT MANY PEOPLE REALLY COME TO WATCH THE MOVIES?"

"Sometimes yea, popular movies can sell out seats for a long while."

And on and on. He only settled down in his seat when the lights dimmed and trailers began to play. You were really happy with the movie pick. You had been waiting for the new Godzilla flick for a long time now. The previous one had been okay, but this one had really good reviews and you could see why.

Blue also seemed to enjoy the movie. He would turn and whisper questions at you occasionally and you wondered if you could convince him that the titans were real and he was just here while they were all asleep. Probably shouldn't, you don't think you could handle the heartbreak when he found out you were just pulling his leg. The popcorn and slushy were quickly demolished leaving you wanting another snack food by the time the two of you were exiting the theater.

Determining that you had some time before needing to get home to change you nudged Blue as you walked hand in hand with him down the sidewalk.

"Wanna go get something to eat?" He nodded and pointed towards the park.

"THERE'S ALWAYS A NICE CREAM CART AT THE PARK, WANT ONE?" Nice cream did sound good, so you agreed.

Blue bounced along next to you as you walked down the park's path in search of the cart. "WATCH YOUR STEP!" He pulls you off the path to avoid a weirdly dark puddle on the ground.

"Huh, looks like someone spilled something, paint or ink maybe?" You comment letting Blue guide you around the puddle. Back on the path, the two of you continued your search. Eventually the furry ears of the vendor came into view and both of you moved eagerly forward for your treats.

"Hey little dudes, what can I get for you?" The bunny monster asked.

Do you have anything raspberry flavored?" You ask. The vendor nodded and procured a deep red popsicle. Blue ordered a sunshine yellow nice cream and paid before you could reach for your wallet. He only shrugged and lead you to a vacant bench to enjoy the nice creams.

"You're super spiffy!" You read your wrapper before giving the popsicle a taste. Oh man, you forgot how good these were. There was so much more flavor than in any human-made popsicle, plus even in the late summer heat, the treat was slow to melt. Looking over at Blue you went to ask how his treat was but you had to ask if he was okay instead.

Blue was staring unabashedly at you as you demolished your popsicle. A light blue tint graced his cheek bones as well as a hint of a smirk. When you caught his look, the blush deepened and he quickly turned his attention to his own popsicle. Your brows went up and you chomped down on the last bit watching Blue for a reaction.

Sure enough, he minutely flinched while trying to pretend to concentrate on his nice cream. Ooh, the things you could do to mess with him. Scooting closer, you lean your head over to rest against the side of his skull. He didn't move much, simply angling his head a bit so you weren't leaning so far over and tilting his popsicle your way.

"DID YOU WANT A TASTE?" He asked, casual as could be.

You thought a minute but shook your head. "Naw, I just ate mine to fast and now I'm a bit cold." It wasn't a total lie, you did feel cooler, but you were mostly backpedaling. Too much suggestive flirting so soon after your night with Sans felt weird to you.

Blue shifted so he could put an arm around you while he finished the popsicle. His skull was angled away from you so he could watch the

Nice Cream Guy serve more treats to other park-goers.

“IT’S SO NICE TO SEE HIM RELAXED.” He suddenly said. You made a questioning noise.

“WHERE I’M FROM, HE’S ALWAYS SO STRESSED, HAS A SMOKING HABIT, AND TALKS ABOUT HATING HIS JOB. BUT HERE, YOUR VERSION OF HIM SEEMS HAPPY.”

You watched Nice Cream Guy wave goodbye to his customers as they walked off. He did seem happy about his job. “Did he not like Nice Cream?” You ask.

“I DON’T THINK HE HAD HAD NICE CREAM BEFORE WE LEFT THE UNDERGROUND. HE WORKED FOR NAPSTATON. NOT SURE HOW HE HATED HIS JOB FOR HIM BUT...HE DID.”

“He sounds like Burger Pants.” You murmur.

Blue nodded. “MAKES SENSE. MY BURGER PANTS HAD A LITTLE CART HE WOULD SELL BURGERS OUT OF THROUGHOUT THE UNDERGROUND.”

You blinked a few times. Your versions of monsters had flipped personalities from his. “Is that why you’re called the Swap clan?” You asked. Blue shrugs and checks his phone.

“CLASSIC’S KING AND MY QUEEN ARE TERRIBLE AT NAMING THINGS… ANYWAY, WE SHOULD GET BACK TO THE HOUSE IF YOU WANT TO GET TO WORK ON TIME.” You nodded, letting him change the subject. The two of you stood and headed back to your bike and rode home.

You were thoroughly confused when Blue parked the bike in the driveway instead of the garage. You were even more confused when he removed his helmet and offered to bring a change of clothes out to you so you could just change at the bar.

“Is something wrong?” You scrutinized the house but could find nothing off.

“UH, NOT EXACTLY. I WOULD JUST FEEL BETTER IF YOU DIDN’T GO INSIDE RIGHT NOW.” Okay, now you wanted to go inside. Quickly removing your helmet, you got off of the bike and headed for the front door. You heard Blue curse quietly and his fast-approaching footsteps as you reached the porch.

Just as you pushed the door open, he had grabbed the back of your riding jacket and yanked you backward. The door swung open and a bucket of water came crashing down where you would have walked in.

You stare at the bucket then at Blue. “How did you know that was there?” He didn’t respond as he was pressing past you to get into the house shouting angrily for his brother. Wait, the door was closed all the way, how had a bucket been propped up to drop on whoever came in? Chalking it up to magic you shook your head to clear it, then stepped around the bucket and followed the noise.

The house was wrecked. What you hoped was silly string hung off the banister, there was a fine layer of what looked like flour trailing out of the kitchen, and torn cling wrap hung from where it had been taped to several doorways. What had you come home to?

You couldn’t decide if walking into the kitchen was a mistake or not. It was absolutely destroyed, but it was where everyone was gathered.

Sans, Red, and Stretch appeared to be in a wrestling match on the floor. Red and Sans were trying to hold a chuckling Stretch still. Sans had what looked like a can of whipped cream in one hand that he was trying to poke into either Stretch’s eye socket or nasal cavity.

Edge was standing near the breakfast bar, shirtless and shaking with rage as he shouted at the three on the floor. Mutt was doubled over with laughter in between Edge and the others. He had a hand extended towards Edge as he seemed to be holding him there with magic.

Blue had joined the fray, attempting to extract his brother from the other’s clutches. Only he ended up bumping Sans causing him to successfully insert the tip of the whipped cream can into Stretch’s nasal cavity. Stretch jerked in surprise which pressed the tip causing the contents to spray into his skull.

Stretch’s laughter turned into a strangled exclamation. Red and Sans both busted up laughing now that their goal had been reached. Blue was furiously apologizing to his gurgling brother over the noise. Though everything came to a screeching halt at your shout.

“What the actual fuck is happening right now?”

Red released Stretch and scrambled away at your tone. He ended up sitting nervously against the cupboards, sweating lightly and shooting

Sans furtive looks while trying not to laugh. Sans managed to dislodge the whipped cream can from Stretch's face and started trying to explain only to keep busting up laughing every time he looked at Stretch. Mutt hadn't stopped laughing, but had released his magical hold on Edge who was advancing on him.

'l-look princess heh, it's okay, heheheh stretch just…" Sans clutched at his chest and dissolved into a fit of giggles as Stretch managed to stand up and tilted his head down in your direction. You watched in horror as whipped cream dribbled back out of his nasal cavity as well as his sockets. Blue had run to the sink to get a glass of water, but instead got soaked by the sprayer trigger being taped down.

"Are you okay?" You pushed past Sans only to hop backward as Stretch coughed out a glob of cream. He did shoot you a thumbs up before pawing around blindly. He was blinking rapidly, trying to see around the sticky goo in his sockets.

"Blue is he okay? Guys what the hell?" Blue was toweling himself off but dropped it to inspect his brother who was still reaching around blindly. Blue hooked his arm through his brother's and began to pull him from the kitchen.

"HE'LL BE FINE MAIDEN, I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT. SORRY TO END OUR DATE LIKE THIS."

"It's definitely not your fault." You leveled a glare at Sans who had once again composed himself. Blue pulled Stretch out and off to the bathroom to clean up. You pinched the bridge of your nose.

"Do I even want to know what just happened?" Sans and Red shot each other a look then both shrugged. Great, they were working together in whatever was happening.

Your eyes drifted over to Mutt and Edge. Edge was holding Mutt up by the labels of his duster, fury clear on his face as he hissed what you assumed were threats at the other monster. Mutt seemed to be unfazed by both Edge and his words as he was still grinning and just hung loosely in Edge's grip.

"Okay, you two are on clean up duty." You said pointing at Sans and Red as you headed over to intervene. "Edge, put him down and just tell me what happened. Where is your shirt?" Edge rounded on you letting go of Mutt, who winked at you and teleported away.

"THESE CRETINS HAVE BEEN PLAYING FOOLISH PRANKS ON EACH

OTHER ALL DAY AND HAVE PUT ME IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!”

“we didn’t put ya in the middle, ya kinda just ended up there.” Sans said snickering behind you.

“SILENCE! I’VE HAD SALT IN MY COFFEE, THERE HAVE BEEN WHOOPEE CUSHIONS UNDER EVERY SEAT, AND THAT *MONGREL* GOT HIS BARBECUE SAUCE ON MY BATTLE BODY!” That explains why he was missing clothing on his upper half.

“You were wearing your armor today? Why?”

“IRRELEVANT! THEY NEED TO BE PUNISHED!”

You let out a breath, you needed to be getting ready for work right now, you didn’t have time for this. But you also couldn’t let Edge decide what a proper punishment was.“Okay, I’ll handle it Edge.” He considered you for a moment, still fuming. Eventually he gave you a curt nod and stormed out.

Turning back to the remaining skeletons you heaved a sigh. “Prank war, really?”

Sans chuckled as he pulled the tape from the sink’s sprayer. “in our defense, stretch and mutt started it last night. red and i were just payin’ them back.”

You looked around at the mess. “This is payback?”

“eh, it kinda escalated, don’ worry though, we ’re gonna win.” Red chimed in. You had to squeeze your eyes shut and take a few breaths to keep from laughing. You were relieved that most of the pranks were harmless, you might have even joined in the war had you been at home. But laughing would only encourage them to keep going after you left.

“Please just clean this up, I… I gotta get ready for work.”

“skip the fifth step on your way up!” Sans called after you.

“‘r don’t, could be funny!” Red added.

Geez, they even booby-trapped the staircase? Work was sounding more pleasant to be at by the second.

Chapter End Notes

*Anything happens
Read: Release Blue upon them!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Wish You were Here

Chapter Summary

Dance practice begins and you find out how much you were missed

Chapter Notes

Let's get back to some normality and music!

Songs in this chapter:
Uncontainable by Set it Off
Wish You Were Here by Marianas Trench

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To your surprise, the house was actually clean when you got home after your shift that night. Blue was still up when you got back and he assured you that Stretch was not harmed by having a half-can of whipped cream sprayed into his skull. Uncomfortable for sure, but not injury-inducing.

You even managed to sleep in the next morning, well, you slept in according to Papyrus. The second he was back from his morning run, he was in your room with Edge, pulling you from your bed and into your closet in search of appropriate dance attire.

You weren't fully conscious yet, so you were in 'let Papyrus do his thing' mode as you stood next to him in the closet. Edge's indignant exclamation at you sleepily pulling your sleep shirt up and over your head jerked you awake.

"Calm down Edge, it's just a shirt for stars sakes." Papyrus was saying as you blearily dropped said shirt into your hamper.

"JUST A-! SHE'S HALF ASLEEP AND YOU'RE HAVING HER TAKE HER CLOTHES OFF?!" He screeched, okay now you're fully awake.

You turned to reassure Edge that this was fine. Only with the three of you squished into your closet, it was quite difficult.

"I haven't touched her." Papyrus shot back as he handed you a sports bra, not even giving you a glance. You automatically wrestled the bra on while you managed to get turned around and placed a hand on

Edge's chest to both get his attention and to defuse the argument that was brewing between your tall mates.

"Edge, it's okay. Paps has never done anything inappropriate to me." He looked down at you only to stiffen, his face slowly turned a very pretty shade of crimson. He had entered your closet first so he had no quick way of leaving without pushing both you and Papyrus out.

You looked down. Ah, yes. You had taken your sleep shirt off, which meant you were now squished in between two of your mates in nothing but your underwear.

"S-sorry, lemme just-." You try to turn again but was stopped as Papyrus dropped a tank top into your hands then returned his attention to your closet in search of pants.

"YOU'RE OKAY WITH THIS?" Edge asked, pressing himself back further into the closet while you slipped the shirt on.

You hum and glance over at Papyrus still rummaging through a drawer. "Yea. He really never touches me Edge, don't worry about it."

It was an awkward business but you managed to finish changing in the small space. Papyrus had dug out some leggings then left saying he had new dance shoes for you. Which meant you could also leave to brush your teeth and put up your hair.

You hadn't really thought about all of the weird things you tended to just let Sans and Papyrus do. It had started off simply when the three of you had to be somewhere early back before you moved in with Blaire. You had forgotten to set an alarm so when Papyrus finally entered your room after you slept through his knocking, he had apparently got you upright and you had just put on a coat in total auto pilot before he hauled you out to the car.

After fully waking up in an entirely new place in your pajamas and a coat you had joked that he should have just handed you your other clothes, and you would have taken care of the rest. He seemed to take your words seriously because the next time you had to be somewhere early, you woke up to find a very distressed skeleton nudging your hands with a selection of shirts.

He never seemed to take an interest in anything but making sure your pajamas came off and street clothes were put on. He never touched your underwear except to quickly drop a bra on you when he wasn't in a hurry, so you took to putting clean underwear on in the evenings

instead of the morning. After adjusting to the first few times of fully waking up completely dressed and not in your bed, you kinda just… accepted it.

Edge seemed to have recovered by the time you were ready and downstairs shoveling oatmeal into your face while Papyrus went over the practice schedule he had come up with for the competition.

“Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, you and I will practice our routine in the morning. Edge has agreed to alter his training time with you on Thursdays to work on your flexibility and endurance.” He was saying.

“Sounds brutal.” You mumble around a mouthful of oatmeal.

“He will also be attending our dance sessions so he is familiar with the routine enough to be of assistance on his day to work with you.” Wow, Papyrus was really into this. You hoped that you could keep up. Welp, no turning back now, you dropped your bowl into the sink and followed the pair out.

Dance practice was apparently going to be in Papyrus’s room. He had a set of huge mirrored sliding closet doors that were super helpful to see what the two of you were doing as you ran through the routine.

Kick, kick, turn, his foot guides your leg around, pivot, shake, shake, weird grape vine like walk, stars how far did your hips have to turn while your torso stays square? Edge stopped the music for what felt like the hundredth time that hour, approaching where you had frozen in the dance with Papyrus.

“YOU’RE SLOWING DOWN, YOUR FEET ARE ALMOST A FULL BEAT BEHIND HIS NOW.” He squatted down and poked at your screaming calf muscles. “YOU’VE BEEN TRAINED BETTER THAN THIS.” He continued tapping at your legs until you moved them to where he wanted.

“Are the heels bothering you?” Papyrus asked still holding you in a closed dance position. You grimace and nod.

“BREAK THEM IN THEN, I EXPECT YOU TO BE IN THOSE FOR AN HOUR A DAY.” Edge grumbled then headed back to his seat. “START AGAIN.”

Biting your lip you nodded and walked to the edge of the room with your dance partner to run through it one more time.

After what felt like an eternity, both of your mates had to leave for a quick band practice before their performance that night. You showered and begged a foot massage out of the first skeleton that passed your door. Which happened to be Blue. He was happy to help rub the tension out of your legs and feet, though to be honest, you think he just really liked to feel your bones beneath your skin.

It was time to head to the bar. You still didn't work Wednesday nights, but seeing your boys play on stage was always a treat. Plus now that there was no need to judge anything, you could have a drink and hang out with the guys not performing.

You already had a nice buzz going by the time the band filed on stage. Mutt bantered with the crowd while the rest settled into their instruments. When Stretch stepped up to the mic, he was all grins and jokes as he signaled for the first song to start.

Hey

we're takin' our crown, we're takin' it now, yeah

Hey, we never look back

We're uncontainable

Woo!

Mutt ***(Are you ready? Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls for the main event***

Ha-ha, they aren't ready for this one! Yeah, here we are!)

(Stretch) **Comin' out the gate I'm swinging**

And if you're in my way you'll feel it

I hear you think you're tough

So put your hands up

We never back down from a fight

(Mutt) **So lemme ask ya**

(Stretch) **Can they stop us?**

(No!)

Break us?

(No!)

Get your game face on. We're against the ropes

Tap out?

(No!)

Throw in the towel?

(Hell no!)

'Cause when the bell goes off the gloves do too

It was nice to hear them play music that didn't sound like they were living a life of sorrow under the mountain. You kinda understood them better now, but it was a relief to hear them working on new stuff. Sure they still played those songs when requested, but it seemed that they were trying to get away from all of that.

Mutt ***(Yea, bring it back)***

(Stretch) **Throwin' off the chains**

I'm runnin'

You think you're at the top

You're fallin'

Swing and miss you're through

You're out of the loop

We're gonna bury you alive

(Mutt) **So lemme ask ya**

(Stretch) **Can they stop us?**

(No!)

Break us?

(No!)

Get your game face on

We're against the ropes

Tap out?

(No!)

Throw in the towel?

(Hell no!)

'Cause when the bell goes off the gloves do too

Hey, we're takin' our crown we're takin' it now, yeah

Hey, we never look back

We're uncontainable

Hey, we're takin' our crown, we're takin' it now, yeah

Hey, we never look back

We're uncontainable

Keep swingin', keep dreamin'

But you'll never knock me out

I've fallen too often

But you'll never keep me down

You see it, you feel it

Your mama can't save you now

One day they'll say

The throne was made for me

Yeah

Uncontainable

We're uncontainable

(Mutt) **Hey, we're takin' our crown we're takin' it now, yeah**

(Stretch) **Hey, we never look back**

We're uncontainable!

Hey, we're takin' our crown, we're takin' it now, yeah

Hey, we never look back

We're uncontainable

(Mutt) **Stop us?**

(No!)

Break us?

(No!)

Get your game face on

We're against the ropes

Tap out?

(No!)

Throw in the towel?

(Hell no!)

(Stretch) **Never look back**

We're uncontainable!

You leaned over Blue to get Red's attention as the song came to a close. Another started up but you concentrated on poking deep enough into Red's parka that he would feel it and turn towards you.

"Did you help with that one?" You called when he looked your way. He shook his head leaning down to speak over the music into your ear.

"only been workin' on music wi' you lately doll." You grinned and clinked your glass with his before sitting back up to enjoy the rest of the set.

The music began to blur together as the night went on. You vaguely remember Black taking your drink from you in favor of a glass of water. The drums were loud and the guitars vibrated in your chest. The voices of your mates on stage wove stories in your mind.

There was an intermittent static like buzzing as the evening went on too. You vaguely remembered the sound from G's underground but it could just as easily be some noise out of the sound system… or the fact that you have had a few.

Someone jostled you. Twitching upright, you glanced over at Blue who you had apparently dozed off on. He smiled apologetically and nudged your glass of water closer. You must be more tired from dancing than you originally thought. Sipping at your water you tuned in on Stretch introducing a new song.

"a few weeks ago, we lost someone very important to us. they were eventually able to return but… those few days… they… they were the toughest days we've had since surfacing."

He looked like he wanted to say more but he stepped back instead and began to pick at his guitar joined by the keyboard.

Mirror mirror on the wall, who's fairer?

Can you save me from today's night terror?

You've got to help, you've got to help

You know that you've got to help me try

I can't shake this ache I carry

I don't recall now why we're buried

I can't, I can't remember why

You know that I can't remember why

But when the night comes crawling in

Comes crawling in

Tryin' not to fall but there ain't no stopping it

Here and now, I say it loud

I just wish that you were here

And when the night comes crawling in

Comes crawling in

Tryin' not to fall but there ain't no stopping it

Here and now, I say it loud

I just wish that you were here

Yeah I just wish you were here now

Mutt **(just wish you were here now)**

Papyrus **(just wish you were here now)**

Edge **(just wish you were here now)**

I've been tryin' to get up

(Now, now, now, now, now, now, now)

'Cause enough is enough

(Now, now, now, now, now, now, now)

I'm sick of wondering what

(Do I, do I, do I, do I, do, I do I, do I do?)

Just wish you were here now

Mutt **(wish you were here now)**

Yes I just wish you were here now

Mutt **(wish you were here now)**

Did they write this while you were in G's underground? Blue had reached over to grip your hand and the rest of the guys around the table had scooted closer.

What's a little bit of hopeless holdin'?

Or to go just can't get goin'?

I tell myself, I tell myself

But my feet fail me now

So maybe who we were then is shattered

But who we are in the end's what matters

Nobody goes, nobody goes

I said nobody goes without

And when the night comes crawling in

Comes crawling in

Tryin' not to fall but there ain't no stopping it

Here and now, I say it loud

I just wish that you were here

I just wish you were here now

Mutt **(just wish you were here now)**

Papyrus **(just wish you were here now)**

Edge **(just wish you were here now)**

I've been tryin' to get up

(Now, now, now, now, now, now, now)

'Cause enough is enough

(Now, now, now, now, now, now, now)

I'm sick of wondering what

(Do I, do I, do I, do I, do, I do I, do I do?)

I just wish you were here now

Mutt **(wish you were here now)**

Yes I just wish you were here now

Mutt **(wish you were here now)**

(The night comes crawlin' in, it comes crawlin' in)

(The night comes crawlin' in, it comes crawlin' in)

Oh, here and now I say it loud

I just wish that you were here

'Cause the night

(Comes crawling in)

Oh!

(Comes crawling in)

Oh tryin' not to fall but there ain't no stopping it

(Comes crawling in)

Here and now, I say it loud

(Comes crawling in)

I just wish that you were here

I've been tryin' to get up

(Now, now, now, now, now, now, now)

'Cause enough is enough

(Now, now, now, now, now, now, now)

I'm sick of wondering what

(Do I, do I, do I, do I, do, I do I, do I do?)

I just wish you were here now

Mutt **(wish you were here now)**

Yes I just wish you were here now

Mutt **(wish you were here now)**

Na, na, na, na, na

You sat quietly as they bid the bar goodnight and exited the stage to cheers. Red stood to go order another drink. He paused next to your seat to speak into your ear.

“we all ‘elped wi’ tha’ one.”

You looked over at the other three mates sitting around you. Blue rubbed his thumb over the back of your hand and Sans pat your shoulder from his seat on your other side.

“WE DIDN’T KNOW IF WE WERE GOING TO GET YOU BACK.” Blue offered as an explanation.

Don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry. Fuck, you’re crying aren’t you? You squeezed his hand and went to wipe at your eyes. Only Black got there first with a napkin.

“OF COURSE WE WERE GOING TO GET HER BACK, SHE’S HERE ISN’T SHE? RIDICULOUS. CRYING OVER A SONG. YOU’RE HOME PET. RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG.”

You nod and thank him. He only scoffs but continues to hover nearby with a dry napkin. Red tries to give you another drink but is blocked by his brother coming out from backstage.

“SHE HAS TRAINING IN THE MORNING, I NEED HER MIND SHARP.” He growled. Red moves away pretending that the drink was actually for him. “SPEAKING OF, I’M TAKING YOU HOME. YOU’LL BE OF NO USE IN THE TRAINING ROOM TOMORROW IF YOU CAN’T EVEN STAND UPRIGHT.”

You groan but bid everyone goodnight. Papyrus and Black end up in the car with you. It wasn’t a long drive back, but you fell asleep in the passenger seat anyway. Someone carried you upstairs and tucked you in, you dreamt of being able to actually sleep in one day.

Chapter End Notes

Can't stop my fallin' now, who said (you said) don't look down

Come talk to me on Tumblr!

Nobody Told Ya, This is Gonna Fold Ya

Chapter Summary

You thought they were gone didn't you?

Chapter Notes

Warning for this chapter!
Mild panic attack.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m telling you, I don’t bend like that.” You protested as Edge pulled on your arms. The two of you were sitting on the floor. You had your legs in a V position with your feet pressed up against his as he mirrored your pose. You had one hand in each of his and he was slowly pulling you forward into a deep stretch.

The training session today had consisted of fifteen minutes of light sparring then the remaining time he spent twisting you into all sorts of strange poses that he claimed would improve your flexibility for your dance.

“You don’t even have muscles, how do you know what I need to be doing?” You whined. He eased you back up into a sitting position then stood, motioning for you to follow suit.

“BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I DO KNOW HOW TO USE THE INTERNET UP HERE. PIGEON POSE.” He rapped your hip so you would comply. Rolling your eyes you obeyed, you were going to be so sore from this.

“DO YOU WANT AN INJURY? BECAUSE THAT IS HOW YOU GET AN INJURY.” He growled. Starting from your outstretched foot, he moved and adjusted your pose to his satisfaction.

You had grown so used to him touching and moving you around during training sessions that you twitched in surprise at his voice so close to your ear, urging you to lower your torso to the floor for a deeper stretch.

“Dude, this is literally all I can do.” You groan.

“YOU COULD DO MORE IF YOU RELAXED.” He grumbled back, “STOP TILTING TO THE SIDE!” You felt him kneel behind you to tap

at your hip again, forcing you to move back into the proper more strenuous pose. He instructed you to relax again but when you tried, you ended up slipping back to the side.

Edge huffed but didn't say anything. Instead, he pressed your hips back into place and held them there with one hand. "RELAX FORWARD NOT SIDEWAYS."

You tried, you really did, but you just weren't that flexible. It did help that Edge was holding you in place so you wouldn't go sideways. After a minute, he had you switch legs so both sides were stretched out.

The other side was a bit more bendy and you could lower yourself to your elbows. At least you could with a rounded back. You were quickly back up to supporting yourself with your hands at Edge's sharp reminder about your posture. Next was a minute of butterfly stretches then a wide-legged forward fold.

The goal was to get you to be able to do the splits. There were two jumps in the dance where you had to be able to do this. Not sure why Papyrus included them, but they were there. You had about three weeks until the competition, hopefully you could at least look like you knew how to do the splits in that time. Edge tisked and grumbled at every pose you did. Making an adjustment here, pressing you further into it there.

"Muttering like that isn't gonna get me to relax." You said sinking into a warrior two pose. He simply nudged your front foot a bit and circled around to square up your chest with your hips.

"IF YOU WOULD DO THE POSES CORRECTLY, I WOULDN'T NEED TO!"

"Not helping."

He let out an exasperated sigh and settled into a lunge next to you. "Hinge Here." He said tapping your hips. Ah, the inside voice was being used. You grinned and leaned over. "This Arm Down, This Arm Up, Twist Here." Three taps and a steady hand on your upper back to help keep your posture in the right place.

"Breathe Kitten, And Relax."

His breath was hot on the back of your neck. You squeezed your eyes closed and focused on the even press of his hand between your shoulder blades. Okay, maybe this pose wasn't so bad after all.

“That Wasn’t So Hard Was It?” He growled, “Again, On The Other Side.”

You nodded and rose out of your twist so you could switch legs and start again facing the other way. Edge hadn’t moved out of his own lunge so you ended up facing him as you bent into the twist. He mirrored you, eye lights looking critically over your stance and posture. Eventually, he nodded and motioned for the end of the session.

“YOU SHOULD BE STRETCHING MORE, WE WILL DO MORE OF THEM AFTER EACH SESSION WITH THE CREAM PUFF AS WELL.”

“You two are slave drivers.” You groan. He only scoffs and hands you your water bottle and locker key before ushering you out of the training room. You change quickly at your locker and go to wait for him in the lobby so he could drive you both home.

Edge was also getting close to being able to test for his driver’s license. He had been talking about getting his own car soon so he wouldn’t have to borrow Papyrus’s ‘GARISH RAG-TOP’ anymore.

Sitting in the lobby, you tapped through your phone. A set of footsteps approached, so you stood to follow Edge out. Only the voice that spoke your name wasn’t your mate’s.

“Dad?” You stared wide-eyed at your father standing in front of you. He said your name again and reached out. You recoiled back and circled around the chair you had been sitting in to get to the front doors. There was a knot in your stomach as if you had just run a marathon after eating at a buffet.

“Hold it.” He called. You paused and glanced back at him. “This lifestyle of yours is wrong, you are coming with me to get your head straight.” Your eyes slid off to the side to see Edge coming out of the other dressing room. Looking back at your dad you shook your head.

“N-no.”

He tried to approach you again. “Excuse me? You claim to have a…a mate that happens to be a monster. A skeleton at that. Then you go and disappear to-.”

“Don’t,” You growled at him, taking another step away, “don’t you *ever* accuse me of being the one to disappear.” You stepped back a few more times to get out of his arms reach.

Edge had made it over to you and was watching the interaction carefully. At your retreat, he moved so he was in between you and your dad. “ARE YOU READY TO GO?” He asked.

“And who are you?” Your dad sidestepped him to keep you in his sight. You instinctively moved closer to Edge looping an arm around his to grab his hand.

“I COULD ASK YOU THE SAME THING.” He shot back. At the same time, he had turned to once again separate you from your dad and began to walk out of the gym. You were followed out.

“She is my daughter, I have a right to protect her from… from.” Edge rounded on him. You felt a light tingle of magic against the palm of your hand in his.

“Protect Her From What Exactly?” Edge had dropped his voice and used his height to lean over your dad. To his credit, he didn’t run. Only stepped back and looked apprehensively between Edge and you. Edge scoffed and resumed walking you to the car. Your dad followed but didn’t say anything else.

The car door was opened and you were ushered quickly in. Edge closed the door and turned back to face your dad who was hovering around the rear end of the car. As he circled around to get to the drivers side he paused next to him as he tried to speak again.

“You can’t keep my daughter from me, you’re a monster and you’re dangerous. I refu-”

“YOU’RE RIGHT,” Edge placed a hand on your dad’s shoulder making him flinch and cutting him off, “I AM DANGEROUS, AND IF I FIND YOU NEAR ME, MY FAMILY, OR MY MATE AGAIN…” He let the unstated threat hang, satisfied with the look of terror in the man who claimed to be your father’s eyes. Smirking down at him, Edge pushed by and got into the driver’s seat.

The ride home was quiet.

As the garage door closed, Edge reached over tapping your shoulder lightly. Out of instinct, you halted your exit and turned to look at him.

“HOW LONG.” He was staring at the steering wheel.

“How long what?”

“HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN BOTHERING YOU?”

“Uh, this was only the second time I’ve seen him since…uh, since.”

Third grade.

They had gone to ‘scout out a campsite’ when you were going into third fucking grade. You had been eight.

Edge watched you blink back tears. He growled softly and got out of the car. You went to follow suit, but your door was opened for you. Stepping out, he looped your arm back around his and escorted you inside.

The house was quiet as you were marched to your room. Despite the fact that no one popped their heads out on your way down the hall, Edge closed your door behind him before steering you into your desk chair. You watched wide-eyed as he paced from your bed to your door and back.

“THAT WAS YOUR FATHER.” It didn’t sound like a question, but you nodded anyway. “WHAT DID HE DO TO YOU?” He didn’t even question *if* he had done anything to you. He wanted to know *what* .

“Uh, they didn’t really *do* anything per say…” Edge’s skull snapped around.

“THEY?”

“M-my mom and dad…they uh…they just.” They abandoned you, they left, you weren’t worth keeping so they dumped you on your grandpa and lived their life how they wanted.

A hand gripped your shoulder making you jump in surprise. The room was blurry. Ah, tears will do that. Edge was saying something to you, what was he saying? You stared at his moving mouth unable to comprehend the sounds.

Tap

A claw touched your shoulder.

Tap

Another poked your cheek. You blinked rapidly leaning into the hand on your face that was tilting it up to be scrutinized by the skeleton above you. Suddenly his touch disappeared along with his visage to

the sound of your door opening.

You squeezed your eyes closed, curling in on yourself. He left you too. He saw you broken and so he left. They'll all go eventually. It's just a matter of time.

Soft fabric was pressed into your arms and you were hauled to your feet. A hand on your back steered you into the bathroom where you stood confused as a shower was started. The clothes were pulled from your hands.

A tap on your shoulder again along with one on your hip with a single command.

"Shower."

You sat for longer than you intended to in the steaming water. Edge had left only after he made sure you were indeed going to follow his instruction. Which meant he found every other part of the bathroom incredibly interesting while you undressed and stepped into the shower.

By the time your lungs felt tight with the amount of water vapor in the air and all of your digits were pruney. You decided that the encounter with your father from earlier was sufficiently washed down to a dull memory.

The cooler air from beyond the shower curtain sent chills down your spine as you toweled off, but it seemed to help shake off the lingering melancholy from the morning. With the towel wrapped around your hair, you reached for the clothes left for you on the counter.

That wasn't your shirt. You blinked down at the deep crimson sweater in your hands. The color and style suggested that it could only belong to Edge. Lifting the garment, you found clean underwear and a pair of pajama shorts, both yours. So… why didn't he grab one of your shirts? He had obviously gone into your closet for stuff, why not just grab one of your sweaters?

In the end, you felt relieved to have his sweater instead of one of yours. The moment it slipped over your head, Edge's scent took over your senses. Cinnamon relaxed your shoulders and that note of cherry coaxed a smile from your lips.

Protected. That's what you felt.

You let the long sleeves flop over your hands and you brought the excess fabric to your face to immerse yourself further in his smell. The hem fell just above your knees covering the shorts you had on underneath. Damn, this looked like it would even be a bit long on Edge. The clothes that you had come in with were gone, he must have taken them with him on his way out.

Taking up the brush, you took your time combing out your hair. The bathroom was warm with condensation and you weren't ready to leave it. Unfortunately, you couldn't loiter forever.

A knock at the door caused you to hum in question.

"ARE YOU DECENT?" Came the voice of Edge. Bunching a sleeve up so you could turn the handle, you opened the door.

"Decent enough." You reply.

He gave you a tight nod and extended an arm. A dusting of red colored his cheekbones, and you couldn't help but notice the second and third time his eye lights appraised his garment adorning you.

Taking the offered arm, you let him pull you out of the bathroom and back down the hall. He paused in front of your closed door. Turning to face you, he placed a hand on either shoulder.

"YOUR...FAMILY...CAUSES YOU GREAT STRESS." You bit your lip and gave a tiny nod. "AS YOUR MATE, I NEED TO KNOW THESE THINGS." Looking down you focused on the seams in the hardwood floor. You could feel his crimson stare boring into the top of your head. You started to mumble something, but your head jerked up as your name left his teeth.

"I… WE CANNOT PROTECT YOU IF YOU DO NOT TELL US WHAT IS WRONG." There was a sadness in his eyes, and his jaw was set in an uncomfortable-looking grimace.

"We?" You ask weakly.

"we."

Chapter End Notes

Me: Edge is an angry fell monster! Grrr
Also me: He is a soft boi, a good boi ^_^

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

I am only Human

Chapter Summary

It's time to talk.

Chapter Notes

This had to happen at some point guys.

Warnings for this chapter:
Panic attack/loss of control

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When had your door opened? Your head whipped around to find Red standing in your doorway. Just past him you could make out your other six mates standing around your room. All eye lights were on you in varying shades of worry.

“Uh, hey… what are you all doing in my room?” Edge let you pull away from him so you could join everyone else.

“edge told us that your parents are in town.” Sans said, moving up to stand beside Red. His voice was tight and you noticed his hands were both shoved into his hoodie.

“Yeeeaah, I know.” You replied slowly. Sans grit his teeth and took a deep breath.

“let me rephrase. i had ta hear from *edge* , that your folks are following ya around.”

“Sans.” Papyrus took a step towards his brother.

“how long were ya gonna let them stalk ya before coming ta me?” He continued.

“wait, they’re stalkin’ ‘er?” Red’s skull whipped around to look between Sans and you, alarm in his eye lights. You had bunched the extra fabric covering your hands into little balls. Was it too late to flee back to the bathroom?

“Sans, please.” Papyrus advanced forward again to draw you to him. “At least it was just this once. We know they’re in town now and

can...mitigate any further stress." Sans growled but didn't say anything else.

"this wasn't the only time." Stretch's voice sounded from by the window. You turned your head to stare at him with wide eyes from your place in Papyrus's arms.

"i uh, thought you just didn't get along with them." He said scratching the back of his skull and giving you an apologetic look. Sans shut his eyes for a moment.

"anyone else?" He hissed. The room stayed silent. You buried your face into Papyrus's shirt gulping down the scent of detergent and tangerines.

"WOULD ANYONE CARE TO EXPLAIN WHY SIMPLY SEEING HER PARENTS HAS REDUCED HER TO THIS?" You heard Black step forward, anger clear in his voice. Noises of agreement came from a few of the other boys around you.

Hunching your shoulders you tried to shrink further into Papyrus. Maybe, if you folded in enough, you could crawl inside his ribs and hide there until all of this blew over. You didn't want to talk about them, it would be better when they just left town again… they always did.

"My dear are you up for talking?" Papyrus gave you a long squeeze before kneeling down in front of you, dislodging you from his chest in the process. "We're right here. I'm right here." You held onto his forearms.

Secrets could only be kept for so long, you knew that. Hell, if Sans of all people couldn't keep the fact that everyone in this room aside from you were sets of the same two siblings from other universes from you. Then there was no way you could have kept your idiotic aversion to your parents under wraps. You just wished you could.

"It's stupid." You say. "It's not like...like being trapped underground forever...or...you know…" You raised your face to look around the room at your mates. "Dealing with other versions of yourself… besides," The floor became very interesting again as Papyrus rubbed little circles on your arms. "I don't want you to go."

"GO?" Blue echoed. You nod and pull your arms free from Papyrus in favor of hugging yourself.

“I… don’t want to put this on you guys… it’s dumb and… and you’ll leave because…”

You’re a burden. Your problems are minuscule compared to theirs. They’ll look at you and see the weak little thing that you are and decide that they would be better off with a more stable mate.

“You need to breathe dearest.”

One who actually got along with their family. One who wouldn’t let a stupid thing like seeing a parent put them in a funk for the rest of the week.

“whoa hey, can ya tell me five things ya see?”

You were already on uncertain terms with one of your mates. And you were still needing to heal things completely with another. What was holding them to you really?

“ya guys ‘re shit at this. move.”

If the people who made and birthed you found it so easy to just walk away, what could a bond do for a relationship that has really only existed for a few months?

“MUTT, DON’T YOU DARE LIGHT THAT IN HERE!”

It’s only a matter of time.

“duchess.”

The single word felt like a shot through your system. Warm breath was on your face and you had to blink rapidly at the sudden burn of smoke in your teary eyes. You struggled against the hand lightly holding your arm. More smoke billowed into your face. Not the ashy burn of Stretch’s cigarettes, but a smooth floral scent akin to jasmine.

“tha’s it, come back.” The low growl was right in your ear. “’m gonna move ya now.” It continued. You only nod as more smoke was blown into your face. Where did you recognize that scent from?

The room came back into focus as you were hoisted into the air. You blinked up at Mutt who had a lit dog treat clamped in between his teeth as he carried you across the room only to settle on the floor leaning against your bed with you in his lap.

“welcome back.” He mumbled around the treat, puffing more of the

purple smoke into your face. “now le’s see ‘bout loosenin’ that death grip yea?”

His long fingers brushed lightly over your hands which were clamped firmly around your own arms as you hugged yourself. Prying them away took more concentration than you thought was necessary, but another stream of smoke from Mutt’s treat helped ease your grip.

“we aint goin’ anywhere duchess.” Mutt’s voice rumbled low in your ear canal. He guided one of your sleeve covered hands to your face and Edge’s scent joined the smoke from Mutt’s treat, easing the tension in your shoulders. You nod and look sheepishly up at the rest of the skeletons.

All of them had at least partially followed Mutt in his retreat with you across the room. Black looked ready to yell at his brother but was fighting it down as you slowly pushed away the fog in your brain.

“S-sorry.” You mumble, turning your head back to lean against Mutt’s shoulder.

“don’ think anythin’ of it.” He growled blowing the lavender smoke your way. You inhaled deeply, thankful for how calming it was. Sans shuffled forward, sweat dotting his skull.

“hey, ah, ya don’t… ya don’t have ta tell everyone if… if it’s gonna hurt ya like that.” He scratched the back of his skull looking absolutely mortified.

You gazed blankly up at him. This wasn’t something you wanted to talk about. Ever. To anyone. Sans and Papyrus had found out by accident when you had been crying over the phone to Blaire about it a long time ago. And Blaire only knew because of your grandpa. You had never had to tell the whole story to anyone before.

Your hands trembled again. Mutt sucked in a breath and angled his head down close to yours. “‘e’s right ya know.” That floral smelling smoke drifted from his maw as he spoke, wafting its calming aroma down to where you could breathe it in.

No, they should know. You knew their secrets, they should know yours. It may actually help you avoid them in the future... if they stuck around to help you avoid them in the future that is.

“I um, want to try.” You say, pulling the long sleeves of Edge’s sweater over your hands again. The tension in the room dissipated somewhat

and you heard a few exhalations at your words. You glance up at Mutt then his dog treat, he gave you a small smirk but quietly took a drag before blowing the smoke into your face.

“don’ make it a ‘abit darlin’” He said giving you an encouraging wink. A tentative smile made it onto your lips, then you crawled from his lap to dig around under your bed.

There it is.

The small wooden box came into view between your covered hands and you clamored back into Mutt’s lap with it but didn’t move to open it, you chewed your lip instead.

“Um, this is… my memory box.” You started.

“You can store all of your fun memories in it when we go on trips.” Your mother patted your head as you smiled back up at her.

“I can come next time?” How exciting! You had always been told that you were too young to go with before. Was this box a way of mommy saying you could tag along?

“If you’re good, I don’t see why not.” She replied. Giving you a motherly smile in return before going off to do whatever important things mothers do.

Butterflies bubbled up in your chest as you took off to your room to look over the gift. Mommy never brought back gifts for you before. You must have been super good to get something as pretty as this!

“No running in the house!” You came to a screeching halt, flinching at your father’s voice coming out of the study.

“Sorry daddy!” You call, walking as quickly as you could the rest of the way down the hall to your room.

Crawling onto your bed you ran your hands over the lid. It had a little moon carved into the center, and stars sprinkled randomly around it. Your fingers drifted over each one, before finding their way to the latch. It flipped up easily and you looked into the empty rectangle that was the interior.

Your memory box, your *memory box. You couldn’t wait to fill it with all of the interesting things you could on your adventures with mommy and*

daddy.

You stared at the pile of items at the bottom of the box. “I didn’t end up going on that trip with them.” You say poking around to lift out a shard of ceramic. “I uh, bumped into mom while she was setting the table and she... dropped the plate she was carrying.”

“they didn’t let you go because of a broken plate?” Stretch had sat on the floor nearby. He tentatively reached out for the shard, you let him have it.

“Bad kids don’t get good things.” You blankly muttered your parent’s favorite mantra.

“BULLSHIT.” Edge growled.

Chewing the inside of your cheek, you pushed a few things around in the box.

“IF THEY DIDN’T TAKE YOU WITH THEM, THEN WHERE DID YOU STAY WHEN THEY WERE GONE?” Blue asked. He stood behind his brother wringing his gloves.

Your lips twitched and you pulled out the selfie of you and your grandpa. “I stayed with my grandpa a lot, he… he always got me to school on time… a-and he…” Your throat felt tight.

“I hope she behaved.” Daddy was saying from his place on the porch to your grandpa. Mommy stood behind him talking on the phone. Sounded like her travel agent.

“Oh yes, we went to the park and fed the ducks frozen peas. You know, because bread is bad for-”

“So she wasn’t a total pain?”

You sat in the next room peeking around the doorway at your folks while you finished your lunch. They had been gone three whole weeks this time. Mexico must be a long ways away to keep them out for so long. You had begged to go, but you had school. Plus, daddy said you had still been grounded for leaving your backpack on the kitchen table too often instead of putting it in your room after you completed your homework.

Looking down at the remainder of your sandwich you wondered if grandpa would save it for you to eat the next time you came over. It wouldn’t be too

long from the look on your mother's face after she got off the phone. That look only appeared when a really good deal on plane tickets was snagged by their travel agent.

"Blossom, are you ready to go?" The soft voice of your grandpa drifted around the corner.

"Yea!" You called back. Running to the counter you clamored up onto a chair so you could pull a few paper towels from the rack to wrap your sandwich in. Opening the fridge, you set it on an empty shelf and bumped the door closed on your way to the front porch.

"Bye grandpa, thanks for playing with me!" You jumped into his arms. He laughed and hugged you tight.

"Any time sweety." He says letting you go. You turn and bounce out to stand next to your dad. He bids grandpa goodbye and the three of you head to the car. Crawling into the back seat you buckle up and settle in.

Your dad started the car then turned to look at you over his seat. "What did you do?"

You looked up surprised. "I... nothing?" He stared at you for a moment longer through narrowed eyes. When he turned back around you heard him mutter to himself.

"He's too soft on you."

Chapter End Notes

Bleh, dumb parents are dumb, but hey! None of them have run out of the room screaming so that's good. :)

Come talk to me on Tumblr!

If I Didn't Have You

Chapter Summary

Part 2 of why your parents suck

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You needed a moment. The box sat on the floor next to you and Mutt. The rest of your mates had come in to sit or stand around you. For a while, all you could do was alternate hiding in the too-long sleeves of Edge's sweater and inhaling the smoke from Mutt's dog treat. Your head buzzed with cinnamon and smoke, drowning out the anxiety of recounting your childhood.

"DO YOU NEED TO TAKE A BREAK?" Blue sat wringing his hands. You shook your head taking a bit more comfort that all eight mates had remained in the room during your story.

"It kinda… just became normal." You finally say reaching back into the box. "Every time I was told I could finally go with them… I'd mess up somehow." Pulling out a few items you tossed them in front of you one by one.

"Ripped the new sundress mom got me," a piece of bright yellow fabric dropped to the floor.

"Cut my own hair after getting gum in it," a pair of safety scissors fell from your hands.

"Forgot the last page of my homework," a crumpled up piece of paper rolled through your fingers.

You tossed out a few other things, explaining your mistake attached to each one.

"I just couldn't ever be good enough to go with them." Someone growled in your vicinity. "B-but uh, grandpa always seemed to be happy to watch me for them so… there's that."

You reached down and plucked out the small bottle of ink and fountain pen with your name on the side. Running your thumb over the letters etched into the pen, a small smile twitched at the corner of

your lips.

“He had my name engraved in this when he took full guardian rights.” Mutt plucked the pen from your fingers to look it over.

“guardian rights?” He asked. You nod.

“WHO WAS YOUR PREVIOUS GUARDIAN? WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?” You stared at Black as he took the pen from his brother.

“she means he legally adopted her.” Sans explained.

Black shook his head. “GUARDIANS PROTECT, NOT BABYSIT.” He insisted. You could see Edge nodding behind him.

“If I may,” Papyrus spoke up, “humans use the term guardian as many things. I believe she is referring to the parental version of guardian here.” He looked to you for confirmation.

“Yea uh, we use the term guardian as a… synonym, I guess, with parents. It’s really who is the primary caregiver to a child.” You explain. Black narrows his eyes at your pen.

“SO YOUR GRANDFATHER FOUGHT THEM FOR GUARDIANSHIP?”

Not even a little. You press your face into your sleeves for a moment taking in the reminder of Edge’s protection.

“Not really,” you say once you had gathered your thoughts, “He called them and got a signed piece of paper from them saying that… that he could take over being my guardian. I think? That they came back to make it formal but I didn’t see them if they did.”

Mutt had gone very still behind you and the tension was back in the air. You fiddled awkwardly with the bottle of ink thinking on how to continue.

“why.” You looked over at Red who’s eyelights were so small you could barely tell that they were still there. You shrugged.

“As far as I knew they were just going to be gone for a weekend looking at a campsite but… that turned into a few months… then… um.” You fidgeted with the ink bottle a while longer before exchanging it with the box on the floor and quickly picked out the less painful things to distract yourself.

“I actually got to put some memories in here after that though, so…

that's good." Digging out a handful of mementos, you handed them off to the closest skeleton.

"That's me at sixteen, it was my first driver's license, and this is the extra key to my first car. Grandpa had a friend with an old clunker that they sold to me for cheap."

"what 'appened ta the car?" Red asked, taking both the license and the key to look them over.

You had to think for a moment. "I'm not actually sure. I wasn't all that good with vehicles yet. Only had it for two years before it died on me. Mechanic said it was the spark plugs, but even the new ones gummed up after driving twenty miles on them."

Red hummed and handed off the items.

"Ha, okay. So this is the first place I ever worked at." You flicked the business card out toward your mates, "It was a little pizzeria on the other side of town, pretty chill place for the most part. The boss man was a total idiot though, eventually ran that business into the ground." You pulled out three more items.

"Let's see. This is the tassel from my high school graduation cap, this is a piece of the first drumstick Blaire broke at one of our shows, aaand this, is the first shot glass I bought after completing my mixology certification."

Mutt plucked the shot glass from your hand and you passed off the tassel and drumstick to Papyrus. That was it. Six pieces of your life that were worth holding onto, and they all happened after you had gone to stay with your grandpa.

"WHAT'S THIS?" Blue had scooted closer to peer at the remaining two things in your box. A small square of folded gloss paper was in his hand.

"Oh, uh." You reached out and took it from him, unfolding it to reveal a half-page sized paper with your grandpa's photo in the center of it. "This is the handout from grandpa's memorial." Your fingers ghosted over the birth and death dates below his face. You should probably go visit him again, you had a lot to catch him up on. Someone slipped the page from your fingers.

Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there. I do not sleep

You jolted at Mutt's voice reading off the back of the handout.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night

Do not stand at my grave and cry;

I am not there. I did not die.

The room was silent. You couldn't see anyone's face as you had once again hid yourself in the long sleeves of Edge's sweater. Mutt shifted underneath you and his arms clamped tightly around your middle. You squeaked as his sharp teeth grazed over the cup of your ear growling nonsensical comfort.

When you lifted your head, you found most of your belongings had been put back on the floor next to your memory box. Relief took over at the sight of everyone still huddled around.

"how... how did he die?" Stretch was studying his picture.

You took a shaky breath and glanced over your shoulder at Mutt. He shook his head. "sorry darlin' only 'ad the one fer ya." The pressure of his arms around you tightened though, giving a less smokey comfort than the finished dog treat.

"Are you coming over to The GatheringPlace tonight?" Your roommate asked poking her head around your dorm room door.

You shook your head from your spot on the mattress. "It's Thursday, I have business law at nine tonight."

“Aww, come on! You can skip it just once. You’ve hardly been out with us at all this semester.” She whined flopping further into your room.

“Well don’t schedule get togethers on the nights I have class then.” You retorted giving her a good natured shove as you got up to pull out your books.

“You literally have all evening classes.” She deadpanned.

“What can I say, I’m not a morning person.”

She rolled her eyes and you laughed as you turned to grab up your ringing phone.

“Hello?” You held up a finger to your roommate as you answered. “This is she.” Your hand slowly dropped to your side and your blood ran cold as the person on the other end of the phone continued to speak.

Looks like you were going to skip that class after all.

“Car crash.” You mumbled, then grit your teeth before speaking louder. “S-some guy ran a red light and… and hit him in the intersection… he… he died on impact… so uh… n-no pain… I hope.”

There were a few soft hissing sounds and a growl to your words. “I was in college then. Got the call that night… dropped out after that semester.”

“thought you got your certification.” Stretch said.

You nodded. “I dropped out of a business degree, mixology came later.”

He made a soft ‘ah’ sound and your eyes dropped to the last item in the box. The waving couple smiled up at you from their worn wooden confines.

“They didn’t even come to his burial.”

There was a long moment of silence, then Mutt suddenly rearranged you in his lap so he could press your face into his chest. “tha’s enough fer today.” He growled. Sounds of movement came from around you, accompanied by what sounded like your things being placed back into the box.

“They didn’t show up then… so why are they here now?” You

mumbled into Mutt's turtleneck. He pat at your head and moved to stand, still holding you.

"shh, we're gonna relax fer a bit duchess."

"It's been nineteen years." Mutt's movements froze for a moment.

"nineteen years." He repeated. You nod and you heard your memory box click closed. "well, don' worry. ya got us fer 's long 's ya want."

You jolted at the sudden change in your incline, your arms latching tighter around Mutt as your angle pitched you back. You were being lowered onto your bed. Mutt detached you from his chest but stayed standing nearby as Blue arrived with more blankets than you thought necessary for a single bed. Both skeletons hovered so your view of the others was obscured. You did catch a glimpse of Edge slipping something small into his pocket as he strode from the room with Black and Stretch in tow.

Red pushed his way to your bedside with your memory box. "er, where..?" Blue took it from him and placed it on your bedside table.

"THANK YOU RED," His large eyelights darted to you. "I BELIEVE SOME COMFORT FOOD IS IN ORDER." He stepped away and practically sprinted from the room.

"We'll be just downstairs if you need anything." Papyrus said stepping up to press a kiss to your forehead before following Blue out. Mutt grunted and sat down on your mattress next to you.

Sans and Red stood nearby looking torn between joining you on the bed and following the others out. Mutt cleared his non existent throat. Red jolted and shuffled from the room. Sans stared at him for a long minute. He must have been satisfied with whatever he saw on Mutt's face because he also turned and left, shutting the door behind him.

The room was quiet… and suddenly very empty. A whimper caught in your throat as a heavy blanket settled around your shoulders.

"wanna watch somethin'?" Mutt's voice rumbled as he continued to slowly burrito you in the blanket.

"Where did everyone go?"

Did they all decide to leave too?

“jus’ downstairs, netflix ‘r hulu?” He got comfortable and moved your thoroughly swaddled self into his lap. You continued to stare anxiously at your door. Boney fingers redirected your attention to his face. “we ain’t goin’ anywhere.” You nod but don’t respond, leaning your head on his shoulder and occasionally peaking over at the door.

He let you sit in silence, gently nuzzling the top of your head. At some point he starts nibbling at your hair. Wiggling around you manage to free yourself enough from your blanket prison to reclaim your hair from his fangs. He just chuckles and continues to nibble around your swatting hands.

“wanna go see?”

“Hmm?”

“wanna go see everyone still aroun’?” You nod quickly and he chuckles again. “hold on darlin’.”

The chill of the void ghosts over your face then the smell of food assaults your nose after it disappears. Blinking away the dizziness you recognize the interior of the pantry. Looking at Mutt questioningly he adjusts you in his arms so he can press a finger to his teeth nodding towards the closed glass door. Peering through the misty glass you see the outlines of Papyrus and Blue moving about the kitchen.

“THERE IS NOTHING MORE COMFORTING THAN TACOS!” Blue was saying.

“She needs comfort quickly Blue, soup would be better for now.”

“MWEH, FINE. AT LEAST LET ME MAKE SOME GRILLED CHEESE.”

There came a noise of agreement and Blue’s shape began to move towards the pantry. Mutt’s arms tightened and darkness replaced the glass door.

A wall of books materialized in front of your face accompanied by low voices. You were set on your feet and the blanket was adjusted around your shoulders so you could move about. The two of you were in a dark corner of the library near the reading area. Looking up at Mutt, he motioned for you to follow him.

Trailing after him along the backside of a row of books, you were amazed at how quietly the giant of a skeleton in front of you could move. He stopped at the end of the row and reached back to guide

you forward to peek around the edge.

Sans, Red, Stretch, Edge, and Black were all standing around the long table. A small pile of things were strewn over the table top and there seemed to be two different conversations happening. Edge and Black were standing off to the side looking at something small and square in Edge's hand. Black had his phone out and was scrolling through it.

Sans, Red, and Stretch were talking in low voices, occasionally looking at the stuff on the table. You couldn't make out anything they were saying but a big part of you was relieved to find them all still in the house. Mutt's arm loops through yours and you squeak as he steps forward with you into the open. Only the world shifted again and you were once again facing a bookshelf, though this one was closer to the table.

"-ocus on changing these." Sans's voice carried to you from here.

"ya sure we wanna bring these sorts 'f things up again?" Red replied.

"none of it was worth punishing her like that, just look at how flimsy the reasons were." Sans replied.

"building her up is important but i don't think we should use too similar situations." Stretch joined the conversation. There was a grunt of agreement and the sound of something being dropped on the table.

"fuck. 'kay." Red growled. There was some more rustling then two sets of footsteps headed out of the library doors.

"find anything?" Sans's voice sounded farther away as he addressed the other two.

"OF COURSE, WHO DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?" Black's voice rang clearly in the room. Mutt tapped your shoulder. Bringing your attention to him, he tweaked your blanket and pointed towards the ceiling while tilting his skull in question.

They were all still around. You could be satisfied with that for now. Nodding, you stepped into his arms and the void once again swallowed you whole only to drop you back onto your mattress.

"so," Mutt said pulling back the many blankets to settle himself under them. He opened his arms and grinned when you burrowed under with him. His long body curled around yours as he tucked you in close to him.

“netflix ‘r hulu?”

Chapter End Notes

Fun facts: The car story and first job story are true :) I also got the poem from my actual Grandma's memorial.

Come talk to me on Tumblr!

Cross My Heart and Hope to Die

Chapter Summary

He finally cashes in. There are ducks.

Chapter Notes

And a happy val, gal, pal-entines weekend to all y'all lovely people. Smootches!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“The fall festival?”

You blinked down at Blue as you sat at the breakfast bar, cup of tea in hand. It was the weekend after your sharing session. Mutt had kept you company until it was time for you to go to work, eating most of the grilled cheese and generally being a nuisance by trying to spoon-feed you soup and messing with your hair.

“OF COURSE! I HEAR THAT THE FESTIVAL IS ONE WAY HUMANS LIKE TO KICK OFF THE SEASON!”

You looked from Blue to Papyrus and Edge who were washing the dishes from breakfast at the sink. Both of them were watching your conversation out of the corner of their sockets, but they turned back to their task at your look.

“Uh, I mean. Sure, we could go. I haven’t been to the fall festival in a long time.”

“GREAT! I’LL SEE WHEN EVERYONE ELSE CAN GO TOO!” Blue smiled widely and skipped from the room. You watched him go. He seemed the most excited to get out and experience all the things humans had to offer. You just couldn’t believe that summer was over.

Edge approached, taking your empty mug. “HEELS.” He commanded.

“It’s Saturday.” You protested.

“AND YOU NEED TO BE BETTER IN YOUR HEELS IF YOU ARE GOING TO KEEP UP WITH YOUR DANCE PARTNER.”

“Fiiiine.” You groan and get up to leave, “Fuckin’ sadist.” You

muttered the last part under your breath.

“WHAT WAS THAT?” Edge called after your retreating back.

“Don’t worry about it!” You yell, moving quickly to the stairs so he wouldn’t be tempted to chase you down.

As much as you wanted to win the dance competition, you were really struggling with the near constant practice. Tuesday was the only week day you didn’t do something dance related but Edge had gotten scary good at showing up with your heels in hand, demanding you practice functioning in them.

Red and Stretch were blocking the hallway when you reached the top of the stairs. You made an attempt to slip by as to not interrupt their conversation but Stretch looped his arm through yours, effectively halting your progress back to your room.

“hold on, you got a second?” He cut off mid-sentence to address you. You glance over at Red who was watching with a small smirk on his face.

“Yes, I have all of the seconds. Anything to keep me from having to put on those torture devices.” You turn your attention to Stretch. He scratched the back of his skull and chuckled at your words.

“nyeh heh, good.” He still had a hold of your arm, but he was staring at Red. You glanced over at him as well. Red was gesturing minutely while mouthing something at Stretch that you couldn’t make out because he froze under your scrutiny and cleared his throat.

“well, uh. be seein’ ya doll.” Then he backed down the hall and disappeared into his room, shooting Stretch a look as he went.

“That was weird.”

“do you remember-?”

You and Stretch started talking at the same time. He froze and waited for you to continue.

“Uh, sorry, go ahead.” You say, bringing your full attention back to him.

“oh, well. do you remember… a while ago, i had asked if you would spend an afternoon with me?”

Oh damn, that *had* been a while ago. Before all of the awkwardness between the two of you. Nodding in acknowledgment, you wait for him to go on.

“can we do that? today?”

“Oh. Yea! Lemme just go get my heels on.”

Stretch let go and followed you the rest of the way to your room. He leaned on your doorway to watch you strap on the annoying footwear. “why the heels?”

“Uhg, master Edge downstairs demands it.”

Stretch snorted. “don’t let him hear you call him that.”

“Too late.”

“nyeh heh, there’ll be no getting rid of him now.”

“Tell me about it. What did you have planned for today?”

Stretch went quiet, contemplating your question.

“park? we could feed the ducks or something. that’s a thing you do at the park right?”

You laugh and nod, grabbing up a light jacket. “Yea, may not be that many ducks though, it’s getting colder and they should be starting to migrate south.”

The two of you headed back downstairs to raid the freezer for peas, and maybe a few slices of bread. A little wouldn’t hurt right? Stretch kept up the casual talk the entire time, making you really dig deep for all of your duck knowledge.

The second your feet were firmly on the park grass, you removed your heels. “Please don’t tell Edge.” You begged, hooking the straps over your fingers to carry them to one of the ponds close by.

“don’t worry about it, i encourage *loafing* around.” Stretch said. He pulled out a slice of bread from his hoodie and proceeded to munch on it. You snorted and kept walking.

The grass was cool under your feet, but not unbearably so, it felt nice. It had been a while since you had gone out barefoot. You looked around at the trees scattered around the park. The leaves were just

starting to turn and some were already dropping to the ground. A few parents watched over their kids on the nearby playground, but other than that, it was fairly quiet.

“Mmm, nice out today.” You say finding a spot near the edge of the pond. Stretch joined you, dropping the bag of peas and baggie of bread next to him and humming in agreement.

A few ducks paddled around aimlessly in the pond. You tossed a few peas at them, watching them chase the little splashes the food made in the water. Stretch nibbled at another slice of bread but seemed content to just watch you do most of the feeding. You eventually broke the silence.

“You gonna give it a try?” You offered him a handful of peas. He plucked one from the little mound grinning mischievously.

“you want me to *pea* in the pond?”

Groaning, you let the remaining pieces fall back into the bag. “I walked right into that didn’t I?”

Stretch laughed and flicked his pea out into the water. “yea kind of, but i *legume* you are used to that by now?”

You snorted and nod. “Only a little.”

Quiet filled the space between you, broken occasionally by the gentle sounds of the ducks diving for sunken morsels. It was still early fall so the sun provided enough warmth to be comfortable, but you still wanted to keep your jacket on.

Stretch picked up a leaf that had landed nearby. “so, this is fall?” Stars that sounded forced but you nod anyway.

“Yea, just wait a few weeks. Then it really looks different.” He just stared at you. “The uh, leaves all turn colors and they fall off of the trees. It gets colder too… not as cold as winter, but still.”

Stretch hums and let the leaf go in favor of pulling out the last slice of bread. He meticulously tears it into small chunks. You watch him slowly toss the pieces into the pond out of the corner of your eye. You wanted so badly to get back to the casual banter and fun flirting that had been the beginning of your relationship.

“why isn’t this easy?” Your thoughts came out of his mouth startling

you. “i thought that after you got back, we could just… be… i mean, mutt is okay with all this and he *is* me. just, from a fell timeline.” A sigh escaped him and he looked over at you. “what do i do?”

That was a very pointed question. You open your mouth to answer but you weren’t entirely sure what to say in the first place so you let out your breath and close your mouth. This was what you feared from this big poly… bonded… soul stuff.

Wait.

You were bonded to Stretch. His magic was literally in your soul. Didn’t that do something? Would it help clear this air a little?

“My soul.” You blurted out looking quickly around at him.

He jolted and his eye lights darted to your chest then back to your face. His words coming out slow and measured “what about it?”

“You uh, can take it out right?” He nodded just as slowly. “Would it, uh, help? With this?”

It was a small change, but his shoulders definitely relaxed a little. “oh, i don’t… i don’t think so. the problem’s me honey, not you.”

“Oh.” You slumped a bit then perked up again at another thought. “Then can you take out your soul? I could… I don’t know… maybe help that way? Do something to it or something?”

Stretch’s skull lit up a bright amber and he choked on something nonexistent. “shit honey you can’t just, *do* something to a soul.” He laughed a little nervously. “nice of you to offer but uh… th-that experience would be… a lot different than what you’re probably thinking.”

You stared at his glowing skull. *Oh* . Right. Souls are, intimate… what did you just offer to do? Muttering a soft apology you turned your attention back to the pond in embarrassment.

Stretch seemed to get control of himself because his hand covered yours a moment later. “hey, i really appreciate you wanting to help.” He leaned around so his face was blocking the view of the pond. “this is all me and the others. you’ve… showed me plenty that you care… which means i should probably apologize about doubting you before.”

Your eyes dropped to his hand on yours. Just him and the others huh?

“Is this easy?” You nodded down at your hands.

Stretch followed your look and nodded after a moment of contemplation. His fingers curled more firmly around yours and you smiled.

“What about when we spent all morning in your room just napping after your nightmare?”

“cuddling was easy, watching you go was not.”

“Going on the swings after my shift?”

“wanted to be accepted.”

“Brunch with me and your brother?”

“we were just getting to know you.”

You smiled and gave his hand a squeeze. “But it was easy.” It wasn’t really a question, but he gave a minuscule nod anyway.

“most of our time is just you and me, that’s easy… it’s seeing you with the others that’s not.”

You hummed and looked out at the ducks drifting lazily around in the water. Stretch laid back on the grass to watch the few clouds dotting the sky.

How could this get better? Stretch clearly only enjoyed his time with you when everyone else was absent. But your relationships with your other mates were advancing, it would only get harder for Stretch as time went on. You blinked.

See, talk, touch.

“Hey.” You nudged him and he grunted to show he heard. “You said we needed to practice seeing, touching and talking to each other.” He grunted again. Your idea was only half-formed but you forged ahead anyway.

“So, say we keep doing that, but we also practice talking to, seeing, and hanging out with the others every once in a while too?” Stretch tore his eye lights away from the sky to look at you.

“... why?”

Maybe this was stupid.

“Uh, well I just thought… if we hung out with the others more… you would… uh, eventually be okay?” Your voice got quieter and quieter as you went on. “It’s a dumb idea, you don’t have to-”

“exposure therapy huh?”

You blinked down at him. Exposure therapy? Was that what you were suggesting? That’s a real thing?

Stretch seemed to be seriously contemplating it though so you nod. He reached up and dragged you down to lay next to him in the grass.

“we can do that some other time. i get today with you kay?”

Well it wasn’t a no.

“Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

He's growing guys! Lookit!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

A Change is Overdue

Chapter Summary

Get ready for some fun!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“GOOD MORNING MAIDEN! IT’S TIME TO WAKE UP!”

You had about three seconds to register the dark blur flying through the air was in fact a skeleton leaping into the pile of blankets you were cocooned under. His weight knocked the air out of you, startling the rest of you awake.

“Blue?! What time izzit?!”

“IT’S TIME TO GO TO THE FALL FESTIVAL!”

You groaned and tried to roll over. Papyrus and Edge already dragged you out of bed most mornings for dance practice. Getting out of bed for fun wasn’t something you were going to indulge anyone in.

Strong hands found your shoulders and brought you upright into a sitting position. You stubbornly kept your eyes closed and tried to lay back down.

“COME NOW MAIDEN, THERE ARE ONLY SO MANY HOURS IN THE DAY.”

“Too early.” You grumble.

Pushing at his hands you managed to get back to being horizontal. His weight on you shifted with the blankets. Then his hands were back on you, prodding at your cheek and giving your shoulder a gentle shake.

“YOU PROMISED!”

“Mmmm.”

The blankets were torn off of you and Blue’s weight returned. “MAIDEN.”

You cracked your eyes open. Blue sat straddling your stomach staring

down at you in the dim morning light with hands on his hips.

“YOU PROMISED.”

Oh no, those baby blues were going to be the death of you. “Blue,” You try to sound reasonable, “It’s early… it’s,” You fling your arm out and feel around for your phone. Finding it you squint at your lock screen. “It’s five in the morning.”

He reached down and plucked your phone from your hand. “YES, IT’S TIME FOR THE FESTIVAL!”

“I don’t think it’s even open right now.” You whine searching blindly around his fibulas for a corner of a blanket.

“BUT YOU SAID.”

“I know Blue, I know.” All you wanted was to go back to sleep. You wriggle and move to sit up. Blue scooted back to allow the movement. You wrapped your arms around his neck and tried to flop back with him. “Just a few more hours, then we can go.” He had remained sitting up in your lap, leaving you to hang loosely off of his shoulders.

“I WON’T ASK TWICE.”

You blinked in surprise at the near growl in your ear, then squeaked as he leaned forward, lowering the two of you back onto the mattress. Reaching back, he flicked a few blankets over the top of both of you.

“A FEW MORE HOURS.”

He nuzzled into the crook of your neck and sunk the rest of his weight onto you. Surprisingly enough, it wasn’t too terribly much. It felt like you had a weighted blanket along with all of your other blankets on you. Heavy and warm, you dismissed his previous tone in favor of taking advantage of the offered sleep in time.

“I WON’T ASK TWICE.”

Blue’s voice reverberated through your mind jolting you awake again. You had never heard him speak like that before. It wasn’t… a bad sound coming from him. Just different.

Soft light filtered through your curtains showing that you had managed to sleep until at least sunrise. A quick glance down showed that Blue was still on you. He had just moved down to rest his head on

your chest. He was awake and quietly scrolling through his phone.

You reached over to feel out your own phone on the nightstand. Nine thirty, you could justify being awake at nine thirty. Idly scrolling through your feed, you rubbed at Blue's skull. "We can get up now."

His head popped up, "SHALL WE?"

He propped himself up on his elbows to look down at your face. You rubbed your eyes and nodded. One hand was pried away from your face by the wrist. The sight of Blue's large eye lights staring intensely down at you sent a shiver up your spine. It was almost territorial. His grip on your wrist tightened, then he blinked and the look was gone.

He rolled off of you and bounced out of the room cheerily saying something about getting breakfast ready. Your door closed behind him but you could hear him pounding on the other room doors on his way down the hall.

Welp, time to get up and pretend Blue hadn't looked thoroughly pleased to have you pinned under him. A shower and clean clothes should help.

Gathering up what you wanted to wear to the festival, you made your way down the hall to the bathroom. Just as you reached for the handle, the door opened. Steam poured out of the doorway and a pair of sharp violet eye lights glared up at you.

"Oh!" You stepped back in surprise at both the sudden way the door swung open, and the sight of Black striding out in nothing but a towel around his hips.

"Uh, good morning Black." You manage as your eyes wandered over the rib cage glistening with condensation in front of you.

"GOOD MORNING PET," there was a definite smirk behind his greeting. "I HEAR WE ARE GOING ON AN EXCURSION THIS AFTERNOON."

You mentally shook yourself and nodded. "Yea, the fall festival is here this week."

Black hummed and brushed by. "INTERESTING, YOU WILL COME EXPLAIN FURTHER ONCE YOU ARE BATHED." He didn't wait for a response as he marched down the hall to his room.

Well at least he wasn't against the idea of going. Slipping into the bathroom you flipped on the fan and went about your morning routine.

"Black?" You knocked gently on his door. Now showered and dressed, you stopped by his room on your way down to the dining room. To your surprise, Mutt answered the door.

"mornin'," He mumbled. He looked tired. Well, more tired than he usually looked.

"Morning, is Black in there?"

He nodded and stepped back to allow you by. Black was sitting at his desk writing intently. Mutt sat down on the floor nearby, scooping up the laptop next to him and going back to whatever he was working on before.

"AH, YES." Black set his pen to the side and turned in his seat to face you. "TELL ME ABOUT THIS FESTIVAL, WHO ALL CAN ATTEND? WHAT KIND OF SECURITY WILL WE REQUIRE?"

You had been prepared to explain about the festival in general, not this. "Uh, we won't need any security? It's basically a fair with rides and game booths and food so… I think we're good."

Black looked like he didn't believe a word you just said. "THEY JUST LET ANYONE, WITH ANY KIND OF INTENTIONS IN?"

Your phone buzzed in your pocket, "Yea."

"AND YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE THAT EVERY PERSON WHO SHOWS UP WILL SIMPLY DO AS THEY ARE EXPECTED?"

Mutt shifted in his seat on the floor, extending a leg out to kick your foot. You glance down to move out of his way but find him staring at you over the top of his computer. He dropped a hand to the side and made a 'call me' signal so his brother wouldn't see. You frown slightly and look back up at Black.

"Uh yea it's-" Your phone buzzed again… and again. "Sorry, hold on a sec."

You had three new messages from Mutt… who was sitting three feet away. You raised a brow but opened them anyway.

PuppyDog - let him do it

PuppyDog - its the only way hes gonna be happy today

PuppyDog - trust me

Oh boy.

“Uh,” You turn off the screen and look back up at Black, “Well, the uh, ride attendants can be a bit… off I guess?”

Black nodded thoughtfully and turned to write it down. “I SEE,”

You glanced down at his brother who twirled his finger a few times, encouraging you to keep talking. “A-and it gets pretty crowded, because it’s… you know, a festival.”

“YES, CROWDS DO TEND TO HIDE THE LESS THAN SAVORY INDIVIDUALS.” Black said jotting your words down. “ANYTHING ELSE TO BE ON GUARD FOR?”

You shook your head. Black looked over the things you mentioned humming thoughtfully. “I SHOULD CALL ALPHYS, IT MAY BE WORTH IT TO INTERROGATE THE RIDE ATTENDANTS BEFORE HAND AND I’LL NEED SOME MORE GUARDS TO ENSURE YOUR SAFETY.”

Out of the corner of your eye you see Mutt shaking his head. You looked down at him when Black turned away to make more notes. Mutt’s fingers flew over his keyboard and your phone buzzed again.

PuppyDog - up to you but i wouldnt involve anyone else

You stare at his text then up a Black. You did just want to spend the day with your boys at the festival. It would be weird to have actual guards around.

“Hey Black?” He hummed in acknowledgement but kept writing. “I think that, uh, I would be perfectly fine if you were the one guarding me.”

He paused his writing and looked around at you. “I APPRECIATE YOUR FAITH IN MY ABILITIES PET, BUT CROWDS ARE A DIFFICULT THING TO MONITOR ON THE GROUND. EVEN FOR ONE SUCH AS I.”

“Yea I guess. Um, why don’t you recruit the guys? They’re going to be

with us anyway so… why not... put them to use?”

Now they were both staring at you. Mutt looked rather impressed and Black was tapping his chin thoughtfully.

“YES, I CAN SEE HOW THAT WOULD BE RESOURCEFUL.” He said slowly. Picking up his papers, he stood and moved towards the door. “I SHALL GO SEE IF THE OTHERS ARE EVEN FIT ENOUGH TO ASSIST ME TODAY.”

The door slammed shut and you let out a breath. Mutt started laughing and set his laptop aside. “shit duchess, that ‘as good. nyeh heh, recruit the others? this’ll be interestin’” He reached up and grabbed your hand so he could tug you down into his lap. You squeaked when his nasal bone nuzzled into your hair and tickled your ear. “‘ow ‘bout breakfas’? ‘m starvin’.”

Before you could answer, the void stole your breath and deposited you and Mutt into a chair in the dining room.

“oh for the love of-” Stretch had just pulled the chair back. His breakfast sat in front of you and Mutt.

“ah thanks, ‘as hungry too.” He rumbled, reaching around you to pick up the fork. You giggle but slap his hand.

“Don’t be rude.”

“aww, but darlin’, ‘f i don’ eat soon i may jus’ havta swallow you instead.” His fang grazed over your ear and you heard Stretch sigh as he left to grab another plate.

“Don’t start with him, please.” You say. Mutt growled softly, but settled more comfortably with you in his lap to eat, feeding you tidbits as he ate.

Skeletons slowly trickled in and you were released during Black’s recruitment campaign. If everyone was truly going to be roped into being bodyguards for the day, you figured you’d have some time before anyone would be ready to leave.

Heading up to your room, you flopped onto your mattress. Rolling onto your side, you caught sight of your memory box still resting on the bed stand where it had been left. Gently grasping the side of it, you went to drop it on the floor and kick it under the bed.

Only the latch hadn’t been fully closed apparently and the contents spilled out onto the floor. You groan and hang off the edge of the bed to shove everything back in. You blinked. Where were all of your things? Only the few happier momentos and your grandpa’s photo remained.

Shaking your head, you scooped the items back in and firmly shut the lid. You pushed the box under the bed and rolled over, you felt better with it out of sight.

A while later, a knock on your door frame roused you from a doze.

“ya ready?” Sans asked from the hallway. You rolled out of bed and went to him, looping your arm through his.

“Let’s go!”

Chapter End Notes

> Going to the festival, gonna do a lot of stuff. :D We've been through a bunch of angst and now it's time for fluff ^_^
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Welcome to My Colorful Oblivion

Chapter Summary

It's time for an evening at the fall festival

Chapter Notes

I know that I've been inactive on both Tumblr and in comment responses this week. It's sadly gonna be like that for the next two weeks D: Being a Girl Scout leader on top of Cookie manager this year along with the full time job is destroying all of my time and energy. The season is just coming to a middle and scout moms can get a bit crazy when it comes to helping their girls with sales.

But ya'll aren't here for that. This is a long chapter of fun and my favorite things about local fairs. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Getting to the festival turned out to be a bit more difficult than you originally thought. First, was the matter of how everyone was going to get down to the fairgrounds. The only two vehicles at the house added up to seven seats total. You could take yourself and one other on your bike and Papyrus had space for five in his car, including the driver.

You were gearing up to argue with Papyrus over letting two of the skeletons just illegally lay across the other's laps in the back seat when Sans reminded you that he could teleport.

"i've been down ta the fairgrounds a few times before, shouldn't be a big deal meeting ya there."

"Are you sure?" You ask.

"better than trying ta make paps the owner of a clown car."

You giggled at the mental image of the boys dressed as clowns all trying to exit the car. Sans grinned and continued.

"i'll even take someone with me, ya know, as a nice *jester.* "

"Sans!" Papyrus shouted.

"i'll go wit' ya." Red called, "gettin' this circus goin' looks a little in

tents.”

“Everyone in the car!” Paps started to urgently usher the others into the back seat while shooting his brother a disapproving look.

You laugh to the dismay of Black who was going to ride with you on your motorcycle. “DO NOT ENCOURAGE THEM!” He yelled. Red and Sans continued to pun as everyone else hastily piled into Papyrus’s car.

Stretch, Mutt, and Blue folded into the back seat while Edge rode shotgun. Black was borrowing Blue’s leather jacket for the ride over. He insisted on staying by your side so he could assume his role of head of security over you for this trip.

He settled in behind you as you fired up the motorcycle. The roar of the engine drowned out whatever joke Sans was about to say, but from the way his mouth moved and the fact that Red started laughing, you assumed he still said it.

The ride down was uneventful, Black was getting better at riding passenger, even though he still shouted at anyone who he considered to be driving too close to your bike. Papyrus stayed a respectful distance behind but kept cars from merging in behind you.

It was a weekend so the parking lot was packed. Luckily, you found a small slot near the front for you and Black while Papyrus had to hunt down a place for the others. Red and Sans loitered at the end of the ticket line. You joined them and they picked right back up where they left off with the clown jokes. Black stood as far away from them as he could while also glaring down anyone who walked by you. When the rest of the guys caught up, everyone jumped in line and got tickets.

“Welcome to the fall festival!” You say spreading your arms wide and spinning in a small circle once everyone got past the entrance. “What should we do first?”

“RIDES! I MUST INTERROGATE THE ATTENDANTS BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING ELSE.”

“YOU DIDN’T MENTION THAT THERE ARE ANIMALS HERE MAIDEN! CAN WE GO SEE THEM?”

“food smells good.”

“wait, ‘re those all tent shops?”

“WHERE’S THAT MUSIC COMING FROM?”

“oh look. a bench.”

Sans and you exchanged an amused look at the mixed babble of the newer surfaced skeletons. Papyrus was seriously looking over the festival map making little notes with a pen he had brought along.

“The petting zoo and butterfly exhibit closes in two hours and the live performances go until six tonight.” He said, “Everything else will be open late.”

You grin up at him. Papyrus was the master of scheduling out activities so everyone could do a little of everything. He had gotten scary good at it the first year you had lived with him and Sans. He had packed a planner full of activities for all seasons in an attempt to catch up on all of the surface experiences he had missed out on during his time underground. And from the look in his eye, he was willing to do the exact same thing for your other mates.

“Okay guys, game plan time!” You yell, hopping up onto the bench Mutt had pointed out earlier. To your relief, they all gathered around you, though most were still looking around in awe.

“Papaya says that the animal stuff and music will only be open for a little while longer today so we should do those first.” A few of them nodded and Papyrus checked off a few things on his map. “Uh, I think the animal stuff is that way so-”

“LET’S GO!” Blue excitedly hopped up to grab your hand and started dragging you away in the direction you had pointed.

“Blue wait!” You squeaked, looking over your shoulder at the others.

“I AM IN CHARGE OF HER SAFETY! YOU CANNOT JUST RUN OFF WITH HER!” Black screeched, “MUTT!”

“got it.”

Oh shit.

You felt the effects of gravity magic grip your soul and you came to a halt. Only Blue tried to keep running so you were jerked painfully forward by the arm he had a hold of. A few passerbys gave the two of you an odd look but went about their business.

“BLACK!” Blue stopped and yelled back at the rest of the group who were making their way over to you.

Looking up, you could see Mutt’s right socket flickering gently as he discreetly had a hand up to hold you in place. Once he made it to your side, he winked. The blood orange magic was gone when his socket opened and you could move again.

“le’s try that again.” He said. Blue grumbled but didn’t take off with you a second time.

You almost wished you could run off though. Black was giving everyone marching orders for your safety during the festival. His brother seemed to be the only one taking his words seriously, and Edge was the only one to interject his own strategies. Luckily the butterfly exhibit was coming up quickly and you could cut him off.

“Let’s do this first! The petting zoo is right after so we don’t have to turn around.” Everyone joined the line and listened to the attendant explain the rules before letting your group in.

The little greenhouse was noticeably warmer than the early fall air outside. Different species of butterflies fluttered around the many plants on either side of the path and gathered around the little plates of cut up fruit. Taking up a few q tips, you showed your mates how to dip the tips into the fruit juices to entice butterflies to land on them.

Sans and Red simply wandered around the greenhouse looking at the different species but didn’t move to use any q tips. You did get a picture of a painted lady butterfly catching a ride on Red’s hood fuzz though.

Blue and Edge were intently trying to get the little butterflies to land on their q tips with Papyrus. Black stuck by you, but you noticed him eyeing the insects curiously. Coaxing a monarch off of a leaf, you handed him your q tip. Taking out your phone you took a picture, but the butterfly took off the second you snapped the photo. Looking back at the picture, you laughed. Black had a startled look plastered on his face at the tiny insect that was flying right over the top of his skull.

“DELETE THAT!” He yelled, catching a glimpse of it.

“No! I think I like it.” You shot back with a grin. He tried to grab your phone but jerked backwards as a little yellow butterfly fluttered down to land on his brow ridge.

“Careful! They’re fragile!” You gush, snatching at his hand to keep him from swatting at it. He grumbled but relaxed enough to let you look at the species guide you picked up at the entrance. “Looks like the clouded sulphur likes you.” You tease. “Smile!” Leaning down you bumped your head into the unoccupied side of his skull and took a selfie.

“look’n good duchess” Mutt had wandered over and you almost dropped your phone. He had a small army of butterflies sitting on, or flying around him.

“Dude! Did you rub one of the fruits on you or something?” You laughed and snapped a picture.

“naw, jus’ started landin’ on me.”

“Well all hail the butterfly king.” You joked. He shrugged, causing the colorful cloud around him to shift and resettle.

Stretch had a smaller cluster of butterflies clinging to the front of his hoodie. Though you discovered that they were after the little stain of honey on there and not just because. You managed to get a few more pictures before it was time to let the next group in. The attendant at the other end of the greenhouse checked everyone for stowaways and you were off to the petting zoo.

Papyrus bought everyone a cup of feed to offer the animals. It was mostly animals you would find on farms or ranches but no one seemed to care. There was even a pen where you could go in with the mini goats.

You opted out on that one but a few of the boys went in to get rid of the last of their feed cups. Once again, Mutt was surrounded by the animals, which made it easy for the others to interact with them as they stayed in the general vicinity of your quieter mate.

“I think your brother is a disney princess.” You whispered to Black. He scoffed but you see the humor in his eyelights as he watched the little herd follow his brother around the enclosure.

“OKAY, WE’VE SEEN THE ANIMALS.” Edge said while everyone trickled out of the zoo area.

“yea, ‘m hungry now. let’s get some grub.” Red added before ducking into his parka when his brother smacked the back of his skull.

“WE CAN GET FOOD AT ANY TIME, I BELIEVE THE MUSIC IS ONLY GOING FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR SO.” Edge growled at him.

“Why don’t we do both?” You suggested as you rubbed hand sanitizer into your skin. “Let’s pick up some fair food on our way to one of the stages and eat it there.”

“ya sure ya wanna eat before going on those rides?” Sans asked.

“We don’t have to go on the rides next, we could do a bit of shopping or check out those games over there.” You reply.

“SHOULD SHE NOT EAT BEFORE RIDING?” Black was once again at your side, his eye lights darted between you and Sans. Sans just shrugged and turned to follow the others already moving towards the food row.

“If I wait a little after food I’ll be fine.” You reassure him, “Plus there are plenty of slower rides that won’t make me sick with a full stomach.” He looked you over but nodded and followed you into the crowds.

Everyone agreed on a stage to meet at and parted ways to explore the many food booths. You decided on a turkey leg. Sans, Red, and Mutt all got hotdogs with varying toppings, Stretch arrived with a corndog in each hand.

Edge and Black went in on a huge plate of nachos together. Papyrus had finger steaks and Blue had a soft pretzel. You managed to convince them to hold off on the cotton candy and caramel apples. Too much food would ensure your inability to handle some of the rides later.

The local band performing on the stage was pretty good too. They were a little on the folksier side of music but you still enjoyed them. Papyrus even got you up for a quick dance during one of their faster tunes.

“Oof, I don’t think I’m ready for the big one’s yet.” You say patting your stomach and looking up at one of the big spinning rides.

“‘s that why ya’v only slept with classic ‘ere?” Red joked, poking said skeleton in the ribs and smirking. A few of the others laughed as well. Sans only grinned and waved him off.

“careful red, yer jealousy’s talkin’.”

Red punched his arm but his grin didn't go away. You were smiling too, relieved that this was something that could be joked about. Your eyes darted to Stretch, who was the only one looking uncomfortable. Moving over to walk next to him, you grabbed his hand.

"Not easy?" You asked quietly. He shook his head and squeezed your hand. "Well, what do you want to do next?" He shot you a thankful look before scanning the area.

"what are the games?"

You looked over at the booths of shouting game attendants. A menagerie of large and small stuffed animals and prizes sat around the various fair and seasonal games.

"Uh, just games really. You can get tickets over there and spend them here or on the rides."

He hummed and led you over to the ticket booth followed by the others. You spent a moment explaining the difference between the unlimited wristbands for rides and individual tickets. In the end, you, Blue, Black, and Mutt all got wristbands, and Stretch and Sans bought some tickets.

Heading back over to the booths, you watched amused as Stretch carefully contemplated a few of the games. Edge dragged his brother off to look at some of the little shops further down the way. Sans and Papyrus wandered off to a game booth.

Black was gunning to check out the rides but you were still feeling a bit full. You managed to convince him that you would be safe enough with Stretch so he could go off to inspect the attractions with Blue and his brother. The sun was setting making the lights on all of the attractions flash brighter.

"What do you want to try first?" You asked when you were finally left alone with Stretch.

"that hoop one looks easy enough." He pointed out a basketball game. You shrugged and followed him over.

Turns out, Stretch is terrible at sports related games. He managed one hoop in the basketball game. Next he tried throwing darts at a wall of balloons, he popped enough for a small prize which he decided on a little key chain of a pumpkin. Next, you beat him in a game of corn hole but he was quicker to pull an apple out of the bobbing buckets.

“hmm, looks like i have enough tickets for one more game.” He said fishing out the little papers. “anything you wanna try?”

You looked around at the nearby booths, “That one looks kinda cool.” You pointed to a booth with a small pool behind it. Inside the pool swirled hundreds of little rubber ducks. Stretch wandered over with you to watch another player try their luck.

“another hoop game huh?” You nod watching the person try to toss a small ring around the neck of a nearby duck… and miss.

“You wanna do it or shall I?” You looked over at your mate, letting him decide. In the end he handed you the tickets and stepped back.

“One round please.” The tickets were exchanged for five rings. Taking them, you moved to the throwing line and watched the little ducks bob haphazardly around the pool.

Your first toss totally missed your mark and landed in the water. Stretch made an ‘aww’ sound and stepped up closer behind you. The second ring hit a duck but it wasn’t around the neck so it didn’t count.

“you got this.” Stretch murmured behind you.

The third toss actually made it around a duck making you cheer and get a thumbs up from Stretch. For your next toss, you waited for a bunch of ducks to float around in a thick group scoring you another point.

Okay one more. Using the same strategy as before, you waited for another large group of rubber ducks to swirl closer to you. Nice and gentle, you tossed the ring. It sailed into the clump and bounced off of the first duck you hit. Only to flip and hook itself around the neck of another.

“Congratulations! That’s three, you get a prize!” The attendant cheered.

“I did it!” You jumped up and turned, happily throwing your arms around Stretch’s neck and pressing your mouth to his in excitement. The sensation of sweet warm magic just barely began to respond when you remembered that you were in a *very* public place. Pulling away you turn quickly to address the game attendant totally missing the slack jawed look of surprise on Stretch’s face.

“Sorry,” you say a bit flustered, “I never win at these games.” The

attendant raised a brow but they plaster a smile back on their face and show you the prizes available.

This was a water based game… the prizes were goldfish. You were getting a goldfish. Welp, you have a pet now. Randomly selecting a little container with a fish in it, you thank them and pull Stretch off to the side to look at it.

“I got a fish.” You say lamely. Stretch peeled his eye lights from your face to look down at the little golden animal in your hands.

“look at that, you got a fish.” He repeated. The two of you stare at it. You open your mouth and Blue crashes into his brother.

“ARE YOU READY FOR THE RIDES?” He crowed tugging on his brother’s arm while grinning at you.

“Uh, I have… a fish now.” You say holding up your prize.

Blue blinked at it “I CAN SEE THAT, PAPY CAN HOLD IT WHILE WE GO!”

You looked to his brother who was staring hard at your fish. “You okay with that?” You asked, offering the container to him. He nodded and took it.

Blue snatched up your now empty hand and started tugging you away babbling about some ride he wanted to do first. Before you got too far Stretch captured your other hand giving it a squeeze. You paused and looked back.

“be seein’ you honey.”

You grin and nod at his new charge. “Think of a name, that’s your pet as much as mine.” He nodded and let go, waving the two of you off.

Returning your attention to Blue, you allowed him to lead you through the throngs of humans and monsters towards the carnival section of the festival.

“So what ride were you talking about?” You yell over the dull roar.

“YOU’LL SEE!” He called back. You hoped he didn’t want to immediately go on one of the big spinning upside down rides. You were not super full still but you knew for a fact that you would at bare minimum feel sick if you dove head first into the crazy rides.

“TA DA!” Blue halted and made a sweeping gesture at your first festival ride of the night.

Oh *hell* yea. You loved the house of mirrors. It had always been a must every time you visited the festival in years past. It was one of the things you had wanted to show the boys as well when going this year had been brought up. You remembered Papyrus adoring this attraction, he dragged you into it multiple times in a row just to purposely lose yourselves in the corridors even though he had the correct path memorized.

Flashing your wristband to the attendant, you and Blue headed in. You could immediately tell that Blue was not prepared for how disorienting the maze could be. After promptly bumping into a few dead ends, he let you take the lead. You kept one hand out in front of you to feel out real turns verses false paths.

Somewhere along the line, you got separated from Blue. You ran into a few other people in the maze and briefly exchanged attempted paths with them before carrying on. Where was that staircase? And if you find it, should you wait there or go find Blue?

Ahh damn it. A three way dead end, only now you couldn’t re-find the one path leading out. Confirming that you had to go back from where you were standing, you turned around and headed back the way you came. Glancing to your right you saw Blue.

“Hey there yo- oh.” That was a reflection of Blue, which means he’s… oh stars there are so many of him! You had turned to find him only to discover that the reflection of his reflection multiplied your mate to surround you.

“MAIDEN! I FOUND THE EXIT, THIS WAY!” You laugh and work your way towards who you hoped was the original Blue.

“Awesome, which one of you is real?” He blinked and you see his eye lights dart around at his reflections. Then the blue orbs morphed into stars and his many selves grin.

“FOLLOW MY VOICE! I’M THE ONLY ONE THAT HAS ONE!” And with that, he winked and sauntered off.

Following a moving target was only marginally easier in this environment. You still ran into walls and made wrong turns but at least now you could vaguely tell you were making progress.

“How much further is the exiiiiiiit!” You found the real Blue. And by found, you tripped over his foot as you were going down the corridor. Luckily he was able to catch and turn you around so he was holding you in a sort of deep dip.

“CAREFUL MAIDEN!” He said pulling you closer but keeping your upper half mostly horizontal.

You grin back up at him. “My hero.”

That territorial look from the morning returned. “YOUR HERO WOULD ACCEPT A KISS AS A THANK YOU.”

Would he now? You were beginning to wonder if he tripped you on purpose. “I suppose that would be a proper reward for keeping me safe.” You tugged lightly on his shirt where you were anchoring yourself to to pull him to you for his kiss.

He eagerly responded, bringing you up further out of your dip but keeping you off balance below him at the same time. His magic quickly invaded your senses chilling you wherever it touched. The cold wasn’t the snowy freeze of Sans’s magic, it was invigorating. Almost minty. His teeth nipped at your lower lip then you were suddenly upright and he was moving down the corridor.

“EXIT IS THIS WAY FAIR MAIDEN!”

Holy shit.

The taste of mint lingered on your lips and you were even more disoriented now. You shiver at the clinging cold of his magic and did your best to follow the many reflections of your mate.

“HERE WE ARE!” He called and his clones truly ceased to be as he ran up a set of stairs leading to the rest of the fun house. Finally!

“Wait for me!” You called, chasing him up. Reaching the top you couldn’t see him.

“WE DID IT!” His arms clamped around your middle from the side and you were lifted into the air. You laugh and agree bracing yourself against his shoulder as he swung you around.

“It’s not over yet, there are some more mirrors up here then a slide to the exit!” The stars were back in his eyes when he set you down and pulled you along towards the mirrors along one wall.

“WHOA! I’M ALL STRETCHED OUT!”

“This one makes me super scrunched down.”

You took some time to paused in front of each mirror with Blue to laugh at how they distorted your features. Even took a few pictures of the funnier ones. You got a really funny photo of Blue rocketing down the slide at the end too.

“WANT TO DO THAT ONE AGAIN?” He asked, helping you up at the base of the slide.

“THERE YOU ARE!” Black’s voice cut through your response.

“I guess we’ll see.” You tell Blue, “Hey guys! Find any rides you wanna try?”

Mutt shrugged but his brother apparently had a list. “OF COURSE! AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION I DO BELIEVE I HAVE PLOTTED OUT THE BEST RIDES RISING IN PERIL LEVELS AS WE GO TO END OUR EVENING AT THIS FESTIVAL.” A square of paper was pulled from his pocket, “YOU WERE WISE TO ASK ME TO INTERROGATE THE RIDE ASSISTANTS PET, MOST OF THEM COULDN’T ANSWER EVEN THE SIMPLEST OF MY QUESTIONS. HOWEVER, I WAS ABLE TO MAKE UP FOR THEIR LACK OF KNOWLEDGE ON MY OWN.”

You didn’t want to know what his questions were. He apparently ranked all of the rides based on how perilous they were so… you could imagine *that* line of questioning. Blue was trying to look over Black’s list as the four of you moved away from the house of mirrors.

The first stop was the haunted ride. You tried to keep a straight face as the boys figured out who would ride with who. You absolutely loved the haunted ride. Not because it was good. Oh stars no. You had seen front porches decorated for Halloween with more effort put into them than the festival ride. It was because it was so unapologetically bad that you loved it so much.

Mutt ended up sharing your cart with you. Black and Blue could be heard not so quietly challenging each other while your little cart banged along its track.

At the first turn, a mask shoved onto a piece of wood swung out accompanied by a loud screeching sound. You and Mutt both stared at it as your cart rolled by in the darkness. Then you started laughing. Your companion looked down at you then up and around at the

cheesy glow in the dark spooks you were passing, and laughed as well.

The ride was only a few minutes long, but the two of you were in stitches by the time you stumbled out of the cart to wait for the others to finish their turn. “Oh man, I could find spookier decorations at the dollar store.” You said.

Mutt snorted, “i’m a spookier decoration than everythin’ in ‘ere.”

“Oh my god you are, they should employ monsters to man that ride, might make it actually scary.” Both of you laughed again then absolutely lost it at the confused and enraged looks on Blue and Black’s faces as they got out of their cart.

“YOU CALL THAT A TEST OF COURAGE?! HOW DARE YOU ADVERTISE YOURSELVES AS SUCH!” Black was screeching at the attendant. Blue had a hold of his arm and was bodily dragging him over to you.

“I DON’T UNDERSTAND, DO HUMANS FIND THAT SCARY?” He asked wrestling the other skeleton around so he was blocked from the ride by his brother’s body.

“Ha, no. It’s just for fun.”

“IT’S A DISGRACE! IF THEY ARE GOING TO OFFER A TEST OF COURAGE, THEN I SHOULD BE SUFFICIENTLY TESTED!” Black fumed, “I HOPE THAT THE OTHER RIDES ARE NOT AS DISAPPOINTING PET, I WAS UNDER THE ASSUMPTION THAT THESE ATTRACTIONS WOULD CHALLENGE ME IN SOME WAY.”

“Don’t worry, I’m sure as we move along your list there, we’ll find something up to your standards.”

Black simply scoffed at that and pulled out his list. “THAT ONE IS NEXT, I’VE OBSERVED SEVERAL RIDERS GETTING OFF DISORIENTED.”

Ah, the gravity chamber. This one was hit or miss with you. Getting in line, you briefly explained how it was basically a centrifugal force simulator. Mutt looked intrigued but you could tell that both Blue and Black were skeptical of it.

In the end, both of them enjoyed it, whether they admitted it or not. Mutt on the other hand had to be quickly pulled to the side afterwards. His right eye socket sparked haphazardly and he snarled

at you when you tried to approach.

Black stood nearby looking annoyed but was able to talk his brother out of whatever panic the ride had induced. Once he was coherent again, he excused himself and blipped away.

“Is he okay?” You asked as Black evaluated his ride list.

“YES, QUITE. HE WILL REJOIN US WHEN HE IS READY.” And with that your party of three was off again, all other questions about Mutt were quickly waved off and you found yourself in line for the chair swings. This was a fun relaxing ride. You got some wind in your hair, and you could get a pretty good view of the rest of the festival.

You caught a glimpse of Red and Edge at a shop a ways away. Neither of them were looking but you waved in their direction anyway as you circled around. You thought you saw one of your other mates on the next pass but you shook off that thought. None of them were wearing cream colored scarves today.

The sun was nearly set but the entire area glowed with carnival and shop lights. The smell of hotdogs and cotton candy permeated the air and there was that constant dull roar of visitors and machines. You smiled to yourself. It's been a good day.

The lines for rides got longer as the evening progressed but you were making good headway working through Black’s list. As the rides got bigger, the boys got more and more excited.

You got them on another swinging ride called the Fireball. Though this time you were strapped into seats arranged in a circle. The circle spun as the arm it was connected to swung back and forth. It never quite made it to being upside down, but it was a good starter moving into the crazier rides.

Mutt rejoined your party after that. He was out of breath and sweating lightly but he grinned as you approached him and gave you a hug. “sorry ‘bout that duchess. wha’s next?”

“THAT ONE.” Black cut in.

Vertigo, the ride that raises you way up into the air then suddenly drops you. This was also a hit or miss ride with you but your stomach had no complaints so far, so Vertigo it was.

“This is fast like the gravity one.” You warned Mutt as the four of you

waited in line. He eyed you but shrugged off your concern and draped his arms over your shoulders.

“don’ min’ fast… ‘n fact i encourage it.” His claws picked at your shirt and his teeth grazed the top of your head.

“DON’T BE DISGUSTING MUTT, WE’RE IN PUBLIC.” Black scolded. Mutt simply laughed and squeezed you tight.

“public don’ bother me none.” He nuzzled the top of your head again making you giggle.

“I KNOW AND I HATE IT! YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE GAURDING HER, NOT... CANOODLING!”

“aww, c’mon bro, ‘f she can’t canoodle ‘ere, where’s a good place ver-ta-go?”

Both Black and Blue narrowed their sockets at him. “DO. NOT.” Black growled.

“‘m jus’ sayin’, ya getta pick the rides,”

“MUTT.”

“i getta canoodle,”

“IF YOU THINK I WON’T FIGHT YOU IN THIS LINE, YOU ARE SORELY MISTAKEN.”

“‘s only *fair* .”

Blue groaned and Black stomped his foot looking about ready to explode. You were legitimately worried that the brothers were going to throw down in line but luckily it was your group’s turn to get on.

You sat between Black and Blue on Vertigo, shared a rolling cage with Black on the Zipper, and partnered with Blue on the Scrambler. Mutt was your ride buddy on another version of the Fireball while Black and Blue sat opposite you two on the circular roller coaster. Black sat next to you on the Footloose with the others on the other leg so you could wave at them as you circled around and around. You had been sent flying upside down and sideways so many times that evening that you were thankful for a steady skeletal arm after each ride.

The shorter skeletons seemed to have forgotten their earlier disappointment, excitedly chattering about each completed ride the

entire way to the next. Mutt didn't give much reaction to any of the other rides. Only a few times when he was being whipped around especially hard did you glimpse him tightening his grip on the ride restraints. But other than that he seemed to be having fun.

"What's next on the list? We've been on most of the rides already." You asked. You were sitting on a bench with your head on Blue's shoulder. Mutt was procuring water bottles. It was definitely nighttime now, the attraction lights spun and blurred together as they flashed and changed color when the machine parts moved.

"THERE ARE ONLY TWO LEFT." Black answered from his place standing in front of your seat, glaring down the moving crowd.

"Oh yea? What are the top two scariest rides according to the malevolent Black?" Black shot you a look over his shoulder, sharp teeth flashing in a wide grin.

"YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE MY PET."

Snorting, you scoot closer to Blue. It was getting chilly now that the sun was down and you weren't currently being fueled by adrenaline. He wordlessly wrapped an arm around you humming happily.

"oh hey, there ya are." Sans's voice breaks through the din.

"Heeeyyyy!" You drawl rolling your head around to see him without having to sit up.

"having fun?" He had a huge bag of caramel corn under one arm and a stuffed monkey poking out of a pocket. You nod and reach out for some popcorn.

"WON'T EATING MAKE YOU SICK ON THE NEXT RIDE?" Blue asked as you munch on a handful.

"A few won't hurt." You say between bites. Papyrus came up behind his brother. He had a stick of cotton candy in his hand and a pair of sunglasses on top of his skull that he didn't have before. "Papaya! Wanna come on a ride with us?"

He hummed and checked his phone. "Depends on the ride my dear, it's been ten minutes since my funnel cake and I would hate to lose it on something too big."

Black scoffed and passed his list to Papyrus. "Hey! You'll share with

him but not me?" You pout. Black just rolled his eye lights and took the list back after Papyrus declined your invitation. Mutt finally returned with water, Red, Edge, and Stretch.

Red had on a new airbrushed t-shirt under his parka with large swirling black and red letters that read 'beast' on it, Stretch was still carrying your fish, and Edge didn't appear to have anything. You greeted everyone and listened to their individual festival experiences during your time separated from each other.

Red had another airbrushed shirt that he handed to you. The lettering matched his except your shirt had 'beauty' written on it. You handed it back to him to hold onto while you braved the last two rides. Stretch wanted to just call your fish 'fish'. You rolled your eyes and told him to keep thinking on a name.

"YES WELL, YOUR EVENINGS MAY BE OVER, BUT WE AREN'T DONE YET." Black said. Blue grinned and nodded in agreement.

"ARE YOU READY FOR THE LAST TWO RIDES?" Blue asked nudging you lightly. You nodded and jumped up.

The whole group trailed after your little party and stood outside of the line, gawking up at the monster ride you were about to get on. The Inversion. An eighty foot tall arm extended down to hold onto a circle of seats in groups of four. Similar to the first Fireball you went on that day but bigger, faster, and there was actual hang time upside down.

You sat between Mutt and Blue, your arms wrapped around the horse-collar restraints keeping you in your seat. In one hand you clutched your phone, you wanted to try for a picture mid-flight.

The pendulum swung back and forth while the seats rotated around in the circle. You could hear your companions yelling and laughing as your world tipped upside down just as your seat plummeted downwards.

Here goes nothing. You extended your arm and snapped a picture. It's just you and the side of Blue's face. The restraints were making it difficult to get a good angle. The arm moved downwards and your chairs whipped around in a dizzying rotation.

A long arm reached out and plucked your phone from your hand. Mutt was on the end of your row of seats and fiddled with your camera for a moment as the spinning disk swung back up into the sky. You laughed at the sudden change in altitude and tried to spit your

flying hair out of your face.

“scream darlin’!” Mutt called over the roar of adrenaline and the wind in your ears. You looked over to find his arm out with the four of you in frame, a little red glowing dot in the corner showed that he was taking a video.

Scream indeed.

“Hand it over I wanna see!” You tried to get your phone back the second you were on solid ground but Mutt was having none of it.

“ya got on’ more ride duchess, bes’ get ta it.”

“But.”

“NOTHING BUT THE BEST FOR LAST!” Black crowed, linking your arm with his, “THIS WAY PET.”

You gave up fighting the two of them and let yourself be lead through the crowds. The rest of your mates trailed behind.

“AND NOW FOR THE MOST PERILOUS ONE OF ALL.” You were eagerly pulled forward into a line. Looking up at the attraction you blinked and looked down at your smug partner.

“The ferris wheel?” You ask.

“BUT OF COURSE! I HAD THIS RIDE PLANNED BEFORE EVEN COMING HERE.”

“Uh, you do know that this is one of the more tame ones right?”

Black waves at you dismissively “DON’T THINK I DIDN’T RESEARCH THE RIDES HERE BEFOREHAND. THE FERRIS WHEEL IS SHOWN IN MANY OF YOUR MOVIES TO BE THE MOST ATTACKED RIDE ACROSS YOUR HUMAN NATION.”

What.

“SO EASY TO FALL, TO ROLL AWAY. SUCH A LARGE TARGET CARRYING SO MANY LIVES, WE WILL BE FACING REAL DANGER!”

Not wanting to argue the points between real life and movies you shrugged and waited your turn. It would be a nice way to unwind before going home.

The two of you settled into the little pod and let the noise of the festival drop away as it rose into the night. You got a full rotation around before the wheel came to a stop to change out riders. Your pod was about halfway to the top.

“Did you have fun today?” You asked your partner. Violet eye lights came around from observing the landscape below to land on you.

“YOUR SAFETY WAS MAINTAINED, SO I WOULD SAY THIS EXCURSION WAS A SUCCESS.”

You snorted and scooted around to sit next to him. “But did you have fun?”

“THE ATTRACTIONS WERE ADEQUATE.”

You let out a small laugh and turned your attention to the lights below. The wheel began to move again only to stop moments later.

“DID YOU… ENJOY YOUR EXPERIENCE?” You glanced down at Black. Those violet eye lights stared questioningly back. “THE MEMORIES YOU HAVE ARE FOND YES?”

Fond? You laughed and bumped your head against his skull. “I got to spend the day at the fall festival with my mates. I would definitely say I enjoyed that experience.”

His arm slid around your waist. “ONE MORE.”

You blinked at him. “One more what?”

“MEMORY.”

His other hand came up to your cheek, guiding you easily to him. Magic peppered your lips as his teeth collided with your mouth. Something hot and wet swiped over your bottom lip. You sighed into the kiss and the sharp taste of licorice invaded our mouth, tangling itself with your own tongue and slowly suffocating you.

There was something else sweet running through his magic as it inspected every part of you. Strawberry? No, raspberry.

Just when you thought you were going to pass out from the lack of oxygen, the wheel began to turn and Black pulled away. You almost pitched forward into his lap, but you managed to sit up and worked on pretending to breath normally. Glancing down at him, he was

staring out over the festival again. A small smile turning the edges of his mouth upwards.

The wheel rotated two more times around without any incident. Only Mutt stood at the bottom when the two of you exited. Apparently the others wanted to give the ferris wheel a go too. Black left to inspect the food truck nearby so you ended up hanging around the base with Mutt.

“‘ave fun?” He asked, handing you your phone. You nod as you try to figure out which pod or pods the other boys were in. “good, i know this ain’t as excitin’ as the inversion but, it can still be breathtakin’ am i right?”

You give him a weird look, “Yeeaaa?”

“‘e kiss ya?”

Oh stars, how did he know? The heat on your face must have given you away because he just laughed and pat your head. “wha’ can i say, ‘e really did ‘is research ‘fore comin’ ‘ere.”

You blink once, twice… that sneaky little! He knew the ferris wheel wasn’t dangerous.

“COTTON CANDY OR CARAMEL APPLE?”

Speak of the devil. You turned to find a very smug Black holding up one of each treat. You considered calling him out but… ehh, it had really been an amazing day.

“I’m not sharing.” You warned as you reached for your treat. Black only snorted as he handed it over.

“WE’LL SEE ABOUT THAT.”

Chapter End Notes

Smooch count anyone? ^_^

I may be pretty inactive again these next two weeks, just know that I see your comments, I love your comments, I love you guys.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

I Can't Help but Want You Too

Chapter Summary

Practice continues. It's getting more difficult.

Chapter Notes

One more week friends, one more week and my stressors will be cut in half. I'm staying afloat by reading and rereading all of your comments.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus pressed forward against you, bracing your arms tightly against him so you could kick both feet out behind you quickly before bringing them back to the floor. The second your heels landed, the two of you twirled around. Kick, kick, he draws your leg to the side with his.

You caught sight of Edge's crimson stare out of the corner of your eye. Papyrus turned you by the shoulder and you pivot to once again jump up bringing your legs up in a kick to the side. Landing, Papyrus kicked and dropped his arm to your waist, then lifted twirling both of you around in a full spin. He allowed you a few beats when you landed to reposition your hands.

Circle twice, and the two of you moved sideways across his room, you had to twist your hips to either side in that weird grapevine walk you didn't know the actual term for. More kicks, more circles, you spin out. Papyrus pulled you back into a smaller half spin across his chest. You catch his eyes in the mirror for a brief second before he spun you once more then dropped you into the final dip.

You grin happily up at the ceiling holding the final pose. You felt his nasal ridge bumping gently against your chest each time you inhaled. You were breathing heavily and your legs were on fire, but you felt that the dance was getting better.

That was the third time today Edge hadn't interrupted the music to complain about something. The sharp skeleton circled you and your partner. You turned your head as he passed and caught Papyrus grinning at you in his mirrored closet doors. You smiled wider and scrunched your nose at him.

“YOU HAVEN’T BEEN WEARING YOUR HEELS WHEN I TELL YOU TO.” Edge commented. He tapped your shoulder once signaling that you could relax out of the pose. Papyrus pulled you upright but didn't step away from you. His arm remained around your waist, hand resting easily on your hip.

“She’s doing fine Edge, I didn’t have to help correct anything that time.” He protested.

“FINE DOESN’T WIN COMPETITIONS.” Edge grumbled turning off the speaker. “STRETCH OUT.”

You stepped away from Papyrus and obediently began doing the stretches previously drilled into you over the course of the past few weeks. Your dance partner joined you, easily sinking into the stretches. You were pleased to find that they were getting easier to do. Didn’t stop Edge from finding something to complain about though.

“Thank you Edge, I believe I can take it from here.” Papyrus said, urging the sharp skeleton out of his room. Edge snatched up the speaker shooting Papyrus an annoyed look but let himself be ushered out without incident.

You sighed happily, dropping your heels onto the carpet and flopping backwards onto Papyrus’s bed. “I’m gonna burn those when this competition is over.”

Papyrus laughed as the door shut. You watched him grab up your water bottle from his desk before coming up to the bed. “Hydrate yourself dearest, you did very well today.”

You take the bottle and sit up to drink as he knelt down in front of you. He took up your right leg and looked over your now bare foot.

“I’m surprised at how into this Edge is,” you mused, “like, I understand *your* excitement, but he’s not even competing.” Papyrus hummed and brushed his fingers over a sore spot on the side of your foot making you twitch. “Ow! What are yooooohhh stars that’s amazing.”

Healing magic washed over the sore rubbed into your foot by your heels, shrinking it to nothing. You blinked happily down at your mate to find him staring up at you with a look of surprise on his face.

“You enjoyed that that much?” He asked.

Okay, now you were a little embarrassed over your reaction, but that blister had been killing you the entire practice. “Uh, yea sorry, just felt nice.” You mumbled.

“Don’t apologize,” He said, once again running his fingers over your foot, “It is my duty as your mate to take care of you.” You giggled and jerked your foot out of his grasp.

“That tickles!” You protested. He let your foot go only to grab up the other and immediately found another blister. More healing magic made you sigh and lay back. Work was already going to be easier with those gone. “Thanks Papaya.”

He let out a soft ‘nyeh heh’ and settled more comfortably on the floor. Taking up your foot again he pressed both of his thumbs firmly into the muscle just above your heel and ran them up the length of the bottom of your foot.

Stars above, you sank deeper into his mattress, perfectly content to allow him to turn you into a tired puddle. He continued to rub that day’s dance practice out of your feet and calves. Ever the gentleman, his hands didn’t wander above your knees.

As he worked, you turned your head to check the time. Only you caught sight of your mate not looking at what he was doing. His hands were still expertly rubbing away the stress, but his eyes were glued to his closet mirror. A light tangerine blush glowed on his cheekbones but he didn’t seem too embarrassed because he smiled at you when his eye lights met yours in the reflection.

“Do you have time for some cuddles my dear?” He asked setting your leg down and standing.

“You know I can never turn down cuddles from you Paps.” You reply scooting farther up onto the bed, making room for your tall companion.

Per usual, you just let Papyrus arrange you to his particular liking. Your back to his chest, head tucked under his chin, arms thoroughly encasing your upper half, and legs comfortably tangled with yours.

“Wake me before my shift will you?” You said already feeling drowsy.

“Of course.” He said pulling his blanket up to cover the two of you. Before you drifted off, you once again found those small eye lights smiling contentedly back at you in the mirror.

Papyrus could only lay still beside you for so long. As much as he adored cuddling you, he was never one to be idle. His eye lights tracked over your slumbering form pressed to his once more in the mirror before he began the delicate process of detaching himself from you. Of course, he was able to flawlessly make it off of the bed without causing a disturbance.

You may be tired, but he still had a laundry list of things that needed to be taken care of before the competition. It was just under a week away!

Waking up his computer, he checked on the tracking for the dance attire he had meticulously picked out for the both of you. Good, it should be at the house in two days.

He couldn't wait to see you in the dress that paired so well with his dance tux. His eye lights turned to once again gaze at you fast asleep on his bed. You were going to be perfect.

A warm sensation bloomed in his chest, moving outward and making him shiver. He summoned several bone attacks around him to dissipate the excess magic. Looks like he was in need of some training. Was it the lack of magical duels recently, or because of his increased time spent pressed against you in his room dancing that caused the swells of magic to occur? He may need to give Alphys a call for a check up if they refused to stop.

He checked his phone and set a reminder to wake you up in time for your shift as he stepped out in search of a sparring partner. "Blue?" His knuckles rapped on the shorter skeleton's door. He thoroughly enjoyed his brother's cheerier version, it made him happy to know that there was a Sans out there that believed in himself.

"THE BLUEBERRY IS OUT." Edge's voice made him turn. "DONE WITH HER ALREADY?"

Papyrus blinked and looked back towards his room. "She was rather tired after today's practice. She's resting so she'll be ready for her shift tonight."

Edge scoffed and advanced on Papyrus until he was right in his face. "YOU'RE KIDDING, YOU'RE THAT PENT UP AND YOU LEFT HER TO SLEEP?"

Papyrus blushed, "It's that obvious?"

The sharper skeleton arched a brow. “YOU AND I HAVE BEEN WORKING EXCEPTIONALLY CLOSE WITH HER ALMOST DAILY FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS AND YOU THINK I HAVEN’T NOTICED? MY OBSERVATION SKILLS ARE IMPECCABLE CLASSIC, NOTHING ESCAPES MY ATTENTION.”

Papyrus had to give him that. The edgy skeleton was rather observant. Perhaps he could spar with him for a while, he had proven himself an invigorating challenge when they had trained together during your absence in G’s universe.

“Would you be willing to assist me with this problem then?”

It was Edge’s turn to blush as he stiffly took a few steps back. “E-EXCUSE ME?!” He stuttered looking over the soft version of himself in disgust. Papyrus seemed genuinely taken aback at his response.

“Well why not? I have excess magic to work out, you seem to relish sparring whenever possible. I don’t-”

“SPARRING.” Edge interrupted flatly.

“Yes, I haven’t had much chance to train because of all of our work to prepare for this competition, and I need someone to spar with in order to burn off this magical build up.”

Edge just stared at him in disbelief. “YOU JUST WANT TO SPAR.” He reiterated.

“Yes. Edge are you alright?”

He nodded and motioned towards the stairs. “THEN LET US SPAR.”

The two of them made their way into the back yard. Edge continued to eye his opponent warily as they circled each other. Did he seriously not realize that his magic was wanting you and not a fight? He could take advantage of this. He just needed to work out the best way to do so.

Papyrus summoned a bone staff and charged. Magic hummed loudly and the sharp blade of Edge’s rapier blocked the strike. Spinning away, Edge countered with a swing of his own, only to miss as Papyrus lept backwards out of his reach.

As he landed, Papyrus crouched down to bring forth a wall of bones from the ground and sent them towards his opponent. The

uncomfortable whine of magic in his soul lessened some.

Edge jumped over the attacks firing off his own sharpened projectiles. “YOU HAVEN’T HAD A CHANCE TO FIGHT IN A WHILE HAVE YOU?” He taunted slicing through the last set of bones rising from the lawn.

A set of blue bones flew past his attacks and he froze. The sensation of the blue attack passing harmlessly through his stilled body annoyed him. He hated waiting around in a battle. Rushing forward he brought his rapier up.

Strike blocked.

Parry.

Feint to the right.

High swing.

Block.

Papyrus spun away to avoid his last jab, once again summoning bones out of the earth to send at Edge followed by several projectiles.

Edge lunged forward planting his hands on the ground. His own magic flared up and a massive set of ribs exploded from the lawn in front of him. Papyrus’s attacks rammed into it shattering on impact. Edge held on until the onslaught of long range attacks dissipated. He was pleased to find his shield still up, though if he was honest, it would shatter if another volley was aimed his way.

Just as the thought passed through his mind, a splintering sound made him retreat back enough in time to see Papyrus smashing through a rib with his staff causing the entire construct to disintegrate.

Edge readied his rapier.

“New move?” Papyrus called cheerily. Edge only growled and moved in to strike. Orange magic flared from his opponent’s socket and his attack bounced harmlessly off of something solid.

Papyrus lowered his own conjured rib cage in the shape of a kite shield now attached to one arm and grinned at Edge. “I have one too.” He then stepped forward to swing his now one-handed bone club at Edge.

Block.

Right strike.

Diagonal swing.

Parry.

Left strike.

Block.

Edge concentrated on beating the shield on Papyrus's arm down. If his own construct had a limit, so would his.

Papyrus, it seemed, had a lot of pent up magic that he could channel into keeping his kite shield up. Edge growled angrily as he sent a volley of bone attacks after the softer version of himself. "STOP HIDING LIKE A DAMN COWARD CLASSIC AND FIGHT ME!" The attacks shattered against the shield and Papyrus slammed the points at the bottom into the grass.

Using it as a springboard, Papyrus flew towards Edge, swinging his club as he narrowed the gap between the two of them.

Crack!

The tall skeletons lept away from each other at the sound of breaking bone. As much as they both enjoyed a good match, they knew it was pointless to actually injure the other. "Are you okay?" Papyrus asked, his unoccupied hand already buzzing with healing magic.

"I'M FINE. I THOUGHT YOU OVER EXTENDED YOUR REACH." He replied dismissing his weapon. "THOUGH I NOW SEE THAT YOUR WEAPON IS THE PROBLEM."

Papyrus inspected his weapon. Sure enough, a large crack marred the surface. He blinked at it in surprise. Most magical weapons would simply shatter if the impact was enough to break it. Hefting the club, he summoned a bone from the ground. Swinging hard, he slammed his club into the other bone. Sure enough, the attack from the ground shattered on impact whereas the crack in the club only lengthened.

Edge stared at it and only just managed to cover his bark of laughter with a cough. "STARS CLASSIC, YOU'RE SO PENT UP YOUR ATTACKS ARE EVEN HARD."

Papyrus arched a brow bone, “I didn’t know I could harden my attacks.”

Dear gods give him strength. Papyrus was not getting it. Edge knew his counterpart wasn’t stupid, but stars he could be dense. He would sooner boil from the inside out with excess magic than move his relationship with you along faster than an overly threatened thundersnail.

Edge not so gently clapped his hand on the other’s shoulder. “THIS MAGIC BUILD UP WON’T BE FIXED BY FIGHTING…” He really hated himself sometimes, “I SUGGEST… THAT YOU GO BACK TO OUR HUMAN.” It annoyed him that he was offering you to him first. His own magic was getting harder to keep in check the longer he spent helping you with your competition.

Papyrus dismissed the club and gazed towards the house. “I thought so… but I can’t do that to her.”

Edge fought down an eye roll in favor of moving into Papyrus’s space. He glared down into his small eye lights and let a sneer cover his features. “IF YOU DON’T GO AFTER HER SOON, I WILL. AND ONCE I GET MY HANDS ON HER, YOU WON’T HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE FOR A *LONG* TIME CLASSIC.”

Papyrus frowned but stepped back. “She’s not an object Edge, it’s up to her to decide who she will take first.” He seemed unconcerned, but he turned and strode purposefully towards the house as he spoke. Edge watched him go shaking his head.

Papyrus made it back to his room quickly. You were still fast asleep, curled into a tiny ball. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he gently ran his fingers through your hair. You sighed softly in your sleep and scooted closer to him. Another wave of warm magic bloomed in his chest.

He couldn’t, you needed to go to work shortly. Was there some sort of protocol for this? He didn’t even know if you wanted to be like that with him. Even though you smelled so nice… and your skin was so soft. He would be better for you than Edge. He knew you longer and was more familiar with how you liked to be cuddled, how you liked your hair to be played with… how… how...

He jerked his hand away from your face at the sensation of his magic condensing at his pelvis. Nooo nonono, if you woke up and saw him like this you’d be disgusted! He quickly stood and relocated to his desk chair. Yanking a textbook from the top of his pile he dropped it

in his lap when you stirred and sat up.

“Papaya?” Your voice was heavy with sleep as you blinked groggily at him.

“AH! I WAS JUST About To wake you!” Damn it, his volume control had slipped. You didn’t comment though. Only raised a brow slightly before clamoring out of his bed.

“Thanks for letting me nap, I really needed it.” You scooped up your heels before making your way over to plant a kiss on the side of his skull.

“No problem dearest, I always know what your needs are.” At least he had his voice back under control. You grinned and moved to the door.

“See ya later!”

Papyrus had never been so relieved to have you out of his room. Removing the text book from his lap he glowered down at the magic formed there. He was going to have to take care of that, sparring hadn’t relieved enough magic for him to think he could keep his levels down that way. He would feel disgusting, but it had to be done.

Edge watched you leave Papyrus’s room untouched. You were heading away from him so you didn’t notice his eye lights on you as you disappeared into your own room to change. As he passed Papyrus’s room he heard him whimper through the door. Growling to himself, he quickly retreated to the bathroom to shower off the sparring match, grumbling in the other’s direction once the door was closed.

“COWARD.”

Chapter End Notes

Nothing wrong with some good healthy competition right?

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Perfect

Chapter Summary

Tuesday tunes!

Chapter Notes

I'm just gonna cram as many songs into this fic as possible. Don't mind me.

Avril Lavigne - Smile
Avril Lavigne - Bad Girl
Avril Lavigne - Rock n Roll
Marianas Trench - All To Myself
Marianas Trench - Perfect
Andy Grammer - Pushing
Marianas Trench - Desperate Measures

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tuesday was quickly becoming your favorite day of the work week. You could sleep in, have a late breakfast and spend the rest of your afternoon making music with Red and the twins before your shift. Mutt had started occasionally hanging out during your jam time too, though he only picked up an instrument for a few songs.

Jack had brought over his electric drum set and you moved your keyboard into the garage so you could have a little set up next to the other skeleton's instruments. Luckily they didn't seem to practice on Tuesdays so you had the garage to yourselves.

"kay, i finished the wordin' on smile, whatda think?" The four of you were huddled around the newest version of your latest song with Red.

"I'm a crazy bitch huh?" You grinned and elbowed him in the ribs.

"heh, ya've delt with some crazy shit durin' our time witcha, more 'n a few of us 're surprised ya 'avn't kicked us ta the curb yet."

"Aww, and miss out on all of your shenanigans?"

Red grinned and tapped the page. You roll your eyes and straighten up to grab your guitar, "Point taken, lets run through it."

Mutt lounged in a camp chair while you played. He wished he had been around longer to hear more of your songs when you actually had gigs. The songs that you put together now were good, but Red's influence could be heard in the lines and tunes.

Anyways, you'd be at this song for a while so he blipped out of the chair into the kitchen. Papyrus was at the stove preparing something for dinner later. Edge was at the breakfast bar working on something. Probably your new training schedule for after Papyrus was done with his little dance obsession.

"wha's cookin'?" He asked looking over his softer double's shoulder.

Papyrus slapped his hand as he tried to reach for one of little ravioli he was layering in a casserole dish. "It's a new lasagna recipe, you can wait until it's done."

"nyeh heh, chill 'nilla, i'll grab somthin' else." Mutt turned to rummage through the fridge.

"You'll ruin your appetite!" Papyrus admonished, slathering a layer of sauce over his creation.

"DON'T LISTEN TO HIM MUTT, HE'S RUINING A CLASSIC DISH WITH THOSE LITTLE CHEESE POCKETS. EAT WHAT YOU WANT." Edge hadn't looked up from his work as he spoke, but it didn't stop Papyrus from shooting him a glare.

"I'm just going about it differently than you. Not everything should be done with brute force."

"IT'S NOT BRUTE FORCE, YOU'RE JUST A COWARD." Edge shot back.

Mutt raised his brows. Were they still talking about the lasagna? "kaaay, imma be in the garage 'ith duchess." he said before dipping out through the mudroom just as Papyrus turned on Edge brandishing his spatula.

"fuckin' crazies." He muttered.

Speaking of, Mutt raised a brow at Stretch who was leaning against the wall next to the mud room door out of the practicing group's line of sight. Ignoring him, Mutt made his way back to his chair while one of the twins was debating some part of the song with Red.

“Let’s just try it, can’t hurt.” Jack was saying. Red sighed but nodded and re-settled his guitar over his shoulder.

“fine, fine. ya ready?”

You nodded and picked up the song after one of the choruses.

Last night I blacked out I think

What did you, what did you put in my drink?

I remember making out and then (oh, oh)

I woke up with a new tattoo

Your name was on me and my name was on you

I would do it all over again

You looked so relaxed with an instrument in your hands, the music was definitely not the only reason Mutt had started hanging out at your jam sessions. He could stare at you under the guise of paying attention and make sure Red stayed in his lane at the same time. That, and you had no qualms about being in his space when he occasionally joined in. Like right now you were pressed up back to back with Red, singing your heart out as he jammed on his electric guitar.

Jack and Hayden were accustomed to playing with you on a stage and Red had enough presence to make it look like the four of you regularly performed outside of the garage. Sadly you weren’t interested in forming a new band. That girl friend of yours would be the only reason you would get back on a real stage with your own music. Pity.

You turned and grinned over at Red when you had finished the song. “I think it sounds good with the echoes.”

He grumbled but penciled in the changes. Mutt dropped his snack and got up to sling his bass around him. Walking over to join the group he smirked over at Stretch still lurking in the corner as he plugged in.

“my turn.”

You shrugged and put your guitar in its cradle. “Which song were you thinking?” You missed the signal he shot to Red and the twins because he just leaned over you to growl into the mic you had picked up.

Just lay your head in daddy's lap, you're a bad girl

The way your face lit up when the others joined in sent a bolt of satisfaction through his bones as he growled again.

(Mutt) **Bad girl**

(Red) **1-2-3-4!**

(You) **Hey, hey**

I let you walk all over me, me

You know that I'm a little tease, tease

But I want it pretty please, please

You know you know you know I'm crazy

I just wanna be your baby

You can fuck me, you can play me

You can love or you can hate me

Miss me, miss me, now you wanna kiss me

Choke me ‘cause I said so

Stroke me and feed my ego

I've been a bad girl, don't you know?

(Mutt/Red) **Don't tell me what to do!**

(You) **Come get it now or never**

I'll let you do whatever

I'll be your bad girl, here we go

(Red) **1-2-3-4!**

(You) **Miss me, miss me, now you wanna kiss me**

(Mutt) **Oh, you're a bad girl**

(You) **Baby, you know I want a little taste, taste**

So let me take you all the way way

You know you'll never be the same same

(Mutt) **You fuckin' bad girl!**

(You) **One night, you won't forget the rest of your life**

So come on over to the wild side

Buckle up and baby hold on tight

Out of the corner of his eye, Mutt noticed that Stretch had moved out to stare at your little group with raised brows. It appeared that Edge had come out to listen as well. He grinned to himself as he kept up with the next chorus then jumped into the bridge.

Mutt and Red both growled into their mics as you crooned your lines over and over again. He had been pleasantly surprised when you had so effortlessly collabed this song with him and Red. Turns out you'd write about almost anything with a few drinks in you… along with the promise that these songs would never leave the garage.

(You) **Choke me 'cause I said so**

Stroke me and feed my ego

I've been a bad girl, don't you know?

(Mutt/Red) **Don't tell me what to do!**

(You) **Come get it now or never**

I'll let you do whatever

I'll be your bad girl, here we go

(Mutt) **Bad bad bad bad bad bad girl**

(Red) **1-2-3-4!**

(Mutt) **Bad bad bad, bad, girl**

Red whooped and turned to you for a hug that he quickly changed into a high five while Mutt unplugged his bass so he could once again recline in his chair. Giggling, you smacked Red's hand, your face sufficiently pink. You went to listen to something Hayen was saying, only to notice your small audience gathered in the mud room doorway.

"Hey guys! Wanna listen a while? Could learn something for your band." You winked and motioned for Edge and Stretch to come closer. They gave each other a look but took the invitation.

"interesting sound you got with these guys hun." Stretch said, pulling up a second camp chair to slouch into. Edge just leaned against the garage door.

"jealous?" Mutt asked, casually playing with his strings. The flat look he received made him chuckle but he didn't poke again.

Stretch returned his attention to you. "make any progress with that song you asked for my help on?"

"Oh! Yea we did! Let's do Rock N Roll guys." You picked up your guitar again and stepped up to your mic at the sounds of assent from your friends. Making sure everyone was ready, you began to sing.

Let 'em know that we're still rock n roll

I don't care about my makeup

I like it better with my jeans all ripped up

Don't know how to keep my mouth shut

You say, "So what?" (What?)

I don't care if I'm a misfit

I like it better than the hipster bullshit

I am the motherfuckin' princess

You still love it

Some-somehow, it's a little different when

I'm with you

You know what I really am all about

You know how it really goes

Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah

Some-some way, we'll be getting out of this

Town one day

You're the only one that I

Want with me, you know how the story goes

Oh, oh, oh

When it's you and me

We don't need no one to tell us who to be

We'll keep turning up the radio

What if you and I

Just put up a middle finger to the sky?

Let 'em know that we're still rock n roll

Rock n roll, hey, hey, hey

Rock n roll, hey, hey, hey

Call it a bad attitude, dude

I ain't ever gonna cover up that tattoo

I might have a couple issues

You say, "Me too", yeah

Don't care about reputation

Must be living in the wrong generation

This is your invitation

Let's get wasted, yeah

You smiled and winked at your audience as you sang. Even though it was apparent that you needed another female voice to accompany yours, Hayden and Jack filled in okay. Red took a small guitar solo before all other instruments but yours quit playing. You had a flair for the dramatic in your music. Placing pauses at the end of quiet lines only to bombard the listener with everything everyone had at the end of that beat.

The song entered it's last few runs of the chorus. You and Hayden were sharing a mic. His voice didn't quite blend as well with yours as that girl's had, but it worked for a jam session.

When it's you and me

We don't need no one to tell us who to be

We'll keep turning up the radio

What if you and I

Just put up a middle finger to the sky?

Let 'em know that we're still rock n roll

You bowed at the applause. "Sound better silver tongue?"

Red chuckled and jabbed a finger upward while mouthing something. Stretch made an annoyed face back at him but smiled and gave his approval over your use of his advice.

"IF ONLY YOU WOULD PUT SO MUCH EFFORT INTO YOUR

TRAINING.” Edge grumbled.

“Aww, I do put in effort. This is just less sweaty… most of the time.” You joked back.

Edge rolled his eye lights but didn’t argue.

“‘ow ‘bout we show off a few ‘f our other songs?” Mutt suggested, lightly kicking Stretch’s chair, “cm’on carrot stick, i know ya gotta ton ‘f music that ‘asn’t been given an audience yet.”

“You have more music I haven’t heard?” You bounced over to the steadily glowing skeleton who was trying to disappear into his hoodie.

“they’re just random songs.” He mumbled.

A bark of laughter came from Edge and Mutt kicked his chair again. “tit fer tat. *silver tongue* .”

Stretch reached over to smack Mutt’s legs away from him while flipping him off with the other hand.

“Hey, it’s okay if they aren’t super good,” you try to reason, “Not all of my music is concert worthy either.”

Edge was already walking over to his drum set to dig out his sticks. “IT’S NOT THAT THE SONGS ARE SUBPAR. I KNOW TERRIBLE MUSIC AND EVEN I WON’T DENY THAT HE WRITES WELL.” Stretch shot him a surprised look but quickly flipped his hood over his skull at Edge’s next words. “IT’S THE SUBJECT HE’S EMBARRASSED ABOUT… HE OBSESSIVELY WRITES ABOUT YOU.”

“i gotta go check on fish.” Stretch muttered, moving to get up but stopped as you knelt down next to him, placing your hands on his arm.

“You don’t have to if it isn’t easy,” you say softly, “also, I’m not calling our pet ‘fish’.” That got a small laugh out of him and he leaned into your touch.

“...fine… just, keep in mind that i wrote these a while ago… before we, uh, smoothed most things out.”

You smiled and patted his arm. “It’s okay, I’m sure I’ll love it anyway.”

Mutt disappeared from his seat and you motioned the twins over to

get comfortable. Goose bumps popped up on your skin and Mutt reappeared with Papyrus.

“I could have walked in here Mutt, the kitchen is right through there.” He huffed as he made his way over to his keyboard. Mutt ignored him and kicked Stretch’s seat once more.

“ante up smoke stack.”

Stretch made a face but stood, “you have *no* room to talk dude.”

Mutt shrugged, “least i ain’t a li’l bitch ‘bout my bond.”

“fuck you.”

“i mean, technically ya could ‘f-.”

“no.”

The two of them bickered quietly while you grabbed another chair. Jack and Hayden had already occupied the other two. Red took yours, set it up, and settled in patting his lap. You hesitated for just a second before shrugging and settling back against him. His parka was soft, warm, and very comfortable to sink into. He rested his chin on your shoulder and didn’t hesitate to tightly wrap his arms around your middle.

It took a minute for the boys to get ready to perform. There was some deliberation on what they would actually play in the first place. Though some consensus was reached because Stretch didn’t look totally mortified to be performing when he finally stepped up to his mic.

“uh, here we go i guess.” He let out a long breath and hit the first notes.

Don't patronize, I realize

I'm losing and this is my real life.

I’m half asleep, and I am wide awake.

This habit is always so hard to break.

I don't wanna be the bad guy,

I've been blaming myself and I think you know why.

I'm killing time, and time's killing you

Every way that I do.

Did you say, please just follow me?

I thought you wanted me.

'Cause I want you all to myself.

I can try to suck it up,

I just can't suck it up.

Make me feel like someone else

Mutt and Edge both looked way too smug, Papyrus seemed to be the only indifferent one as he sang backup vocals. Stretch was doing fine, but his face was still gently glowing as he powered through the chorus.

I'm under the gun, you're like the only one.

I just can't decide what I'm running from.

This isn't what I wanted, but

I can't keep my filthy fucking mouth shut.

It's not enough, it's never enough.

I wish I could breathe without getting it stuck.

Can't focus it, but I try it

Over and over again.

Did you say, please just follow me?

I thought you wanted me.

'Cause I want you all to myself.

I can try to suck it up,

I just can't suck it up.

Make me feel like someone else

Please just follow me

I thought you wanted me.

'Cause I want you all to myself.

I can try to suck it up,

I just can't suck it up.

Make me feel like someone else

Yea, this sounded like something Stretch would have written a while back. You still felt sad that he had felt he couldn't trust you because you were involved with more than one skeleton. At least things were getting better. Slowly but surely.

It was a relatively short song, the last half was just repeating the chorus several times over again. Stretch seemed to have won the battle over his embarrassment because his blush was much less noticeable and he slowly relaxed into his instrument until he was back to his casual slouch as the song ended.

He didn't even hesitate to turn and call out a title. Apparently he just wanted to launch directly into the next song.

Please sing to me,

I can see you open up to breathe.

Fast words make it easier on me,

If the point's to never disappoint you,

Somebody's got ta tell me what to do.

Just wish you could've seen me

When it used to come so easy.

I like to say it's easy to stay

But it's not for me,

'Cause I'm barely here at all.

Slow down now, the secret's out.

And I swear now everything is perfect.

What you want, what you need has been killing me.

Tryna be everything that you want me to be.

I'll say yes, I'll undress, I'll do more for less.

And I'll change everything until it's perfect again.

Coming down, coming around,

Giving a frown to the sound when I hit ground.

I hate the way that I say I should stay

When I know that I don't give a fuck about it anyway.

Shake hands, and shoot smiles all around,

As I sell my body by the pound.

Sign my name on the dotted line,

It would be fate, do not resuscitate.

Stretch was always able to put so much emotion into his voice when he was performing. Even if they were just repeating the chorus or any line, he could make it sound meaningful each time.

You clapped along with the twins when the last chords faded out. "Awww, you're already perfect Stretch." You call. Stretch's face began

to glow again, but he did his best to ignore his embarrassment by shooting you finger guns and quickly turning to discuss the next song with the others.

“heh, boy’s finally takin’ our advice.” Red rumbled by your ear.

You hummed and bumped your head against his in question.

“i’s nothin’ doll, e’s jus’ annoyin’ly stubborn, surprised ‘e’s choosin’ now ta ante up is all.”

You frowned a little. Both Mutt and Red had used the term ‘ante up’ around or towards Stretch today. “You guys aren’t being mean to him are you?” You wriggle in Red’s arms a bit.

“nothin’ ‘e don’t deserve.” This time you turned your head to give him a little glare. He just chuckled and nuzzled your cheek. “‘e’s got a sans personality doll, it’ll take more ‘n some teasin’ ta break ‘im.”

“You guys gotta be nice to each other.”

“i ain’t a nice guy.”

“You’re nice to me now.”

“heh, i ‘m nice ta ya huh?” He nuzzled into your cheek again while giving you another squeeze. You giggle and nuzzle back.

“You guys are both gross.” Jack said from his seat. Red flipped him off but didn't stop nuzzling you. Jack just laughed and turned his attention back to the performers who had decided on another song.

“kay, uh. this one is actually by edge and mutt, i just put their words into song format.” Stretch was saying.

“‘appy ta share my stuff darlin’.” Mutt winked at you from his spot. He got an eye roll from Stretch before counting off and the two of them started singing together.

(Stretch/Mutt) **I've been pushing all my life, all my life, all my life**

I've been pushing all my life

I've been pushing all my life, all my life, all my life

I've been pushing all my life

(Mutt) **For someone to see right through all the false alarms I've pulled**

(Edge) **For someone to stand their ground when I start to tear them down**

(Mutt) **Someone to outlast the hold ups that hold me back**

(Edge) **For someone to make it past the guards of a cynical heart**

Sick of singing now

(Stretch) **Oh, I always jump ship**

But we are closer than I've ever been

I say we stay in the fire

And hope we can burn our way out (Oh)

The road to my heart gets hot as hell

Oh, oh no. This was so sweet. Edge and Mutt rarely spoke about their mental state. But it seemed that at some point they must have shared enough for Stretch to put them into song. You must have made a happy noise because Red chuckled in your ear.

(Edge) **For someone to call me out when I start to run my mouth**

(Mutt) **For someone to talk me down off ledges that I have found**

(Edge) **Someone to hold me close when I'm screaming to let go**

(Mutt) **For someone to make it past the guards of a cynical heart**

Sick of singing now

You squirm in Red's lap, wanting to go hug them, but also not wanting to interrupt the performance.

"ya okay doll?" He murmured in your ear.

You nodded and turned your head to whisper to him, "It's nice to hear that they can get their feelings out somehow."

“heh, ya keep squirmin’ like that an’ i’ll ‘ve somethin’ fer ya ta be feelin,.”

Oh stars, “You’re awful.”

“ya like awful.”

(Stretch) **I know that it's not fair to think that you'll still be there**

I know that it's not fair

Mutt **(All my life, all my life, all my life)**

(Stretch) **But if you leave then the pattern repeats**

I'm pushing you away but that's not what I mean

Oh I'm ashamed and I cannot believe

That this is what it takes just to get close to me

Is this what it takes just to get close to me?

Oh, I always jump ship

But we are closer than I've ever been

Oh, I always jump ship

But we are closer than I've ever been

I say we stay in the fire

And hope we can burn our way out (Oh)

The road to my heart gets hot as hell

(Stretch/Mutt) **I've been pushing all my life, all my life, all my life**

I've been pushing all my life

I've been pushing all my life, all my life, all my life

I've been pushing all my life

You pat at Red's arms and he immediately let go so you could hop up and run to your other mate. Stretch was just barely able to slide his guitar to his back before catching you against him.

"I loved all of them." You say into his hoodie.

"nyeh heh, you're just saying that."

"let 'er compliment ya asshole." Mutt grumbled from behind you.

"like you'd just let it happen."

Another set of hands pried you off of Stretch and you found yourself pressed against Mutt's chest. "hell yea i would, duchess, tell me 'ow much ya liked my playin'."

You laugh and wriggle free. "Nuh-uh, I don't give compliments if you're fishing for them."

'i ain't fishin' if 'm a natural *bass* ." He shot back. You heard Stretch stifle a laugh under the angry shout from Edge.

"NO! IF THIS IS DEVOLVING INTO BAD JOKES, I'LL BE ON MY WAY." The sharp skeleton was briskly putting his sticks away and covering the drum set. Papyrus was nodding and doing the same with his keyboard.

"I fell for that hook, line, and sinker didn't I?" You return. Stretch actually laughed at that with Red and Mutt.

"DO NOT! IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT HALF OF THE RESIDENTS HERE SUBSCRIBE TO THAT LOW BAR EXCUSE FOR HUMOR!"

Mutt whistled and Stretch pulled you back against him.

"ANYWAY, DON'T YOU HAVE WORK TO GET TO SOON? YOU SHOULD BE FOCUSING YOUR EN-"

You were in your room. Stretch had teleported out on Edge mid-rant. Obviously, the only proper response to that was to burst out laughing. Stretch joined you as he stepped back to take off his guitar and place it on your bed. Calming yourself you went to him, pulling him back into an embrace.

"Getting along with the others okay?"

He hummed and rubbed your back. "it's not perfect… i'm working on

it though.”

Sliding your hands around so you could cup his skull in them, you gently tug him down to your level. “We’re improving, that makes everything perfect.”

His rebuttal was cut off by your lips on his teeth. Unlike your quick smooch at the fair, he reacted immediately to your kiss. You expected sparks of magic so you were caught completely off guard by the slow sizzle on your lips.

He pulled you along with him as he moved backwards to sit on the edge of your bed. With a steady hand, he effortlessly pulled you into his lap so you were straddling him, not once breaking the kiss.

Every part of him that touched you radiated the same warm slow burn that was lazily stealing all of your air. His arms around you were like iron, an unyielding and possessive cage from which you had no intention of breaking out.

You slipped your own arms around him, his soft hoodie an easy anchor as the entire world paused. It was an eternity, it was a few moments. You don’t think you have ever had to suck in so much air when his mouth left yours. You felt like you had been underwater for far too long and your head just broke the surface.

Stretch wasn’t done with you. As you tried to get oxygen back into your system, he slowly kissed up your jaw to your ear. “call out of work tonight.” He murmured.

Stars you wanted to. But your best backup was away and you couldn’t do that to your boss. But *fuck* , you wanted to so badly. “I-I can’t.” You gasp.

His teeth grazed the side of your neck, finding your pulse point and running a surprisingly long and hot tongue over it. Stars every touch was so deliberate, so measured. Your grip on his hoodie tightened and you couldn’t stop a moan from escaping you. He hummed against your skin and lifted his head to kiss you again.

Your lips parted and the sweet taste of honey accompanied his tongue as it slowly roamed the space behind your teeth. The faint scent of his smokes curled in the back of your throat as he sweetly smothered you once again.

He allowed you more air, choosing to pull you close to his chest and

nuzzle into your hair instead. Once you believed you could speak without gasping, you angled your face up at him. “I need to change.”

He just grinned and sang softly into your hair. “gonna make a heart-throb out of me~.”

“Nooo,” you whine, “your sultry tones won’t work on me.”

He chuckled but continued. “just a bit of minor surgery, these desperate times call for desperate measures~.”

Well fuck, they work on you. It was a good fight, but this was your life now. Stretch continued to sing but he stood and you had no choice but to latch on for dear life as he walked into your closet.

“i can’t let this go when i got you right where i want you. i’ve been pushing for this for so long~.”

He held you against him with one hand and pulled out a set of work clothes with the other.

“kiss me just once for luck, these are desperate measures now~.”

The clothes were dropped on the bed and he lowered you to the mattress and settled himself on top of you. Several small kisses were peppered over your cheeks before he continued to croon against your mouth.

“go forever, for worse or better. my poor heart will only surrender now~.”

The room was entirely too hot at the moment. You tried to articulate this but you were caught by Stretch’s smug grin, stars, you haven’t seen it in so long.

“you can get ready for work now hun.”

You blinked and he pushed himself off of you. “Wha… wait I-”

“don’t worry, i’ll look after fish while you’re away.” You gape as he casually walked over to your desk and picked up the fish bowl with your pet in it. “if you need to give him a call mid-shift i’m sure i can put the phone up to him somehow.”

All you could do was laugh. “Tease.” You joked, picking up his guitar and sliding off of the bed. “And his name’s not fish.”

He chuckled and took the guitar. “sure it isn’t, have a good shift honey.” Fish bowl in one hand, guitar in the other, he winked and blipped out of your room. You shake your head and go to change for work.

Everything is perfect again.

Chapter End Notes

I'll give you something to cry about, show some skin and would be cache how could you let this get to desperate measures now?

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Spraypaint on the Wall

Chapter Summary

1, 2, 3 sightings is the charm.

Chapter Notes

I didn't forget about them. They're still here ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Uh, what is it called again?” You were standing in the local beauty shop trying to look like you knew what you were there for. Blaire’s laugh came over the phone.

“Put me on video, you’re hopeless.”

“Yea, I know.” You mutter half to yourself changing your call to a video chat. The dance competition was in two days. The week had kinda slipped by and now you were doing the last minute thing of going to get makeup that you had very little skill in applying for it.

“Okay, go to the accessories area for makeup stuff.” Blaire was much better at this kind of thing. You held your phone up so she could see the store and followed her instructions around until she saw what she was talking about.

“All of these are just called ‘makeup sponge’, why?” You ask, gesturing at the colorful array of sponges on the rack.

“Because you sponge the makeup on your face with it, grab the purple one.”

You located the tear shaped sponge she was talking about and pulled it off of the hook. “I have a set of brushes at home, why are sponges a thing now?”

“Welcome to the beauty industry love, something new and revolutionary is always coming out. Now, turn around and let me see the rack with the concealer on it.”

“This stuff?”

“That’s foundation, I think I left your tube with you so we don’t need

any.”

You frown good naturedly at your phone. “Why do I have foundation already and not concealer?”

“I… may have stolen your concealer when I moved.”

“ *How,* dare.”

“Psshh, you weren’t using it. The only reason you bought the stuff was for that super special date you had with that one guy who used to tend bar with you.”

You laugh and shuffle over to the correct display. “Ooooh yea, that was awful. Should have stayed home with Sans and watched that dumb show he was obsessed with.”

“Probably, now show me the goop.”

Blaire could always pull off pretty much any look she attempted. She had a knack for making even the most garish colors look flattering on her face. You could line your eyes pretty well but all the blending and shading and stars forbid *contouring* , was all kinda just something you attempted a few times but never cared to really practice to any extent.

Hanging up, you made your purchases and headed out to stow everything for the ride home. You popped your saddle bag open only to pause at the sudden presence of someone on the other side of your bike. You grinned as you recognised Sans’s blue hoodie in your peripheral.

“Needed some beauty supplies too?” You teased, latching the bag closed.

“mmmm no, just you.”

You froze. That wasn’t Sans’s voice.

Lifting your eyes to the speaker you stepped back in shock. The scarved skeleton before you was definitely not your mate. His clothes were weird for sure, who wore a black jumpsuit under a t-shirt and shorts? Not to mention the belt of colorful vials strapped to his chest and the gargantuan paintbrush slung across his back. You had to wonder if he knew that he had a big black ink splotch on his cheek too.

His eye lights weirded you out the most. They were two different shapes. One was currently a yellow orb, the other a blue star.

“Uh, who are you?”

His eyes shifted to a blue square and a white question mark. Freaky… but a little cool.

“ink! you were in echo!”

Echo?

Before you could form any sort of response, Ink’s question mark changed to an exclamation and he moved around your bike to gently grasp your arms.

“ah, yes, you were fairly delirious but the important thing is i remember you!”

“Whyyyy is that important?” You backed up a few steps and he thankfully let you go.

The new skeleton’s mismatched eyelights darted to your chest then back to your face. “you… you have my alt…” He paused and his eyelights morphed into the star and sphere again. Was he looking at you? It was hard to tell with the ever changing shapes in his skull.

“hmm, hold that thought muse.” A regular sized paint brush was pulled out of nowhere and he started writing on his scarf. Wasn’t that going to stain?

“You still haven’t explained who you are.” You tried to get him to talk again.

He ignored you in favor of continuing with whatever he was doing to his scarf. Okay, well… could you just… leave? You inched around him so you could grab your helmet. Ink didn’t react so you quickly put it on and mounted your bike.

The roar of the engine seemed to jolt him out of whatever he was concentrating on because he whirled around and grabbed your wrist.

“we’ll talk later!” He shouted over the bike's rumbling. He couldn’t see your face through the visor so you just shrug. He mimics the motion and taps the back of your hand with his little paint brush. “bye bye!”

He released you, and with a flourish he unholstered the giant brush on

his back and stepped back into a nearby puddle. The brush twirled around him painting the air in an impossible display. The paint crashed down around him, and when it splashed to the ground turning the puddle black, and he was gone.

That was… different. You frown down at the little ink splotch on the back of your hand, hopefully that washes off. Shaking your head you eased out of the parking lot and rode home.

Ink holstered broomie and stepped out of the little puddle just outside Swap's broken barrier. He gazed down towards Ebott city at the base of the mountain. They never got to meet their monsters. How unfortunate.

Oh well, at least he knew for sure where the missing universes had gone. Through all of his searching, he had confirmed that all of the monster residents from Fell, Swap, and SwapFell had somehow ended up in the original universe. Echo was the only one Error had destroyed but that was because it had already been a broken underground before G had made his escape.

Turning back, Ink sauntered through the underground's exit. The original universe generally didn't need his supervision. It was well established so most deviations took form in a new universe. Creators were interesting that way.

His mismatched eye lights flicked around the interior of the cave. No signs that Error had tried to dismantle any part of the coding here. Good, he had to make sure everything stayed stable for when the correct residents came home. There would be no point to this universe if they didn't come back.

Ink's wandering stopped somewhere in Waterfall. No one was here, how boring. Finding a puddle, he unfastened broomie and in a flourish, he was home.

Well, as close to home as he could be. Idly meandering through the garden of his Doodle Sphere, he thought about going to visit one of the universes that he knew was occupied. But… that's why he had gone to the original wasn't it?

He paused, looking around for the correct door amongst the many flying around the area. He was there for a reason… Hmmm, what had he been thinking about before this?

The splotch did not wash off. It stubbornly hung on even after you asked Papyrus for help. You thought that with his cleaning knowledge he would have something that could take the stain off but… it was still there.

You knocked on Sans's door.

"who's there?" Came his voice.

"Uh, me." You automatically responded.

"uh me who?" His voice sounded closer.

"... Uuhh, me need to talk to you?" You couldn't come up with anything.

You heard him laugh anyway and the door opened. "what's up princess?"

"Hah, hey uh. Can I come in?"

Sans shrugged and shuffled back so you could step past him. "everything okay?"

You nodded and went to sit on his bed, flicking a few socks into the nearby trash tornado as you got comfortable. You had been thinking about the new skeleton for a while now. There hadn't been any reports of new monsters recently. For all you knew, G was the last one to exit the mountain.

"Have you contacted another universe lately?" Wow, that is a sentence you never thought you would string together.

Sans frowned. "no, we've kinda kept the machine functions to a minimum since… ya know."

Made sense, losing someone because of the machine would make you gun shy about fiddling with it too. "why do ya ask?" He prodded.

"Oh, well… I just… ran into another you? I think? He was definitely a skeleton but, he used paint or something to teleport instead of just doing it like you, and he had two different eyes… and a paintbrush. Do you known him?"

Sans had stiffened at your words, sinking slowly to the mattress next to you. "this skeleton didn't do anything to ya did he?"

"Not really," It seemed that Sans knew him, and didn't like him, "just said some vague stuff then left. Got some of his paint on me and I can't get it off." Lifting your hand, you showed him the dark little smudge.

Sans whipped out his phone. “may i?” He turned on the camera but waited for a go ahead. At your nod he snapped a photo and sent it to someone.

“Do you know the guy?” You asked again.

Sans shook his head and rubbed your hand. “no, just heard of him. i know a guy who does though.”

You made a noise of understanding and leaned your head on his shoulder. Sans’s arm slipped around your waist. The room is silent for a bit, the two of you simply enjoying being with the other.

“hey,” He said.

“Mmm.”

“there wasn’t… another skeleton with this one was there?”

“Mmmm not that I saw, it was just him.”

“kay, good.”

“... Should there have been another guy?”

“naw, just lookin’ out for ya.”

You smiled and fell backwards, dragging him with you. “You’re always looking out for me.”

“heh, what can i say, i like lookin’ at ya.”

“Weirdo.”

“nerd.”

“Love you though.”

“love ya too princess.”

Chapter End Notes

Heh, what he plannin'? We've been found, and marked! :o

Come visit me on my Tumblr!

A Evaristo Carriego

Chapter Summary

Dance Time

Chapter Notes

I hope everyone is staying safe and healthy! Here's another chapter to break up the quarantine monotony.

Music to pair with this chapter:
A Evaristo Carriego - I believe it was composed by Eduardo Rovira (correct me if I'm wrong)

xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dress: fit perfectly.

Makeup: as good as you could manage with a YouTube tutorial.

Heels: not going on your feet until performance time.

Hair: currently being fought over

Dance partner: one of the skeletons fighting over your hair.

You sighed and ran a brush back through everything Edge had clumsily tried to tie up. He thought your hair should be up for the performance. Papyrus believed that it should be down. You tuned out the drama behind you and took up a small hair band.

Drawing a line from either side of your head with your thumbs so everything just above your ears all the way to the back of your head was gathered into a small ponytail. Fastening the half up half down pony in place, you brushed out the ends. Next, you poked a hole through the top of the ponytail behind the band and flipped everything you had gathered in through the top of that space. Finally, all you had to do was tug on a few random pieces of hair to make the look more natural and you were done.

“Ta da!” The exclamation was dumb, but it got both of them to quit arguing. “I think half up and half down should suffice.” You

continued, making a point to glare at both of them in the mirror. At least Papyrus looked chastised. Edge simply tsked and returned your glare.

“You look amazing dear, good decision.” Papyrus beamed at you and picked up his tie. "Now that that is taken care of, Edge, shouldn't you finish getting ready as well?"

Edge turned his glare from you to Papyrus. Surprisingly, he relented first. Sighing heavily, he gave your shoulder a squeeze and walked out of the bathroom.

Papyrus popped the collar of his black button down and slid the tangerine colored tie around his neck. You watched him loop and wind the ends around each other, ending in a neat eldredge knot. The bright color of the tie really popped against his otherwise all black ensemble. You finished covering the still persistent ink stain on your hand with makeup, then stood to help him fold his collar back down over the tie and straighten it down his front.

“You clean up nice.” You say handing him his overcoat that would complete the look.

“Nyeh heh heh. I’m aware.” He smiled down at you as you laughed, then he turned you to look back in the mirror. “But we look even more beautiful together.”

The two of you really did make quite a pair. Contrary to the all black outfit he was sporting. You were in a simple white dress. The halter cut exposed your shoulders and most of your upper back but the neckline was modest. The soft fabric hugged close to your skin all the way down to your hips where the skirt fell rather flatteringly off of them to just above your knees. You had no idea what the cut of the hem was called but it folded and pooled around your legs only to flair out when you spun.

The final touch to match you to Papyrus was adding the same pop of color he had but in the form of a dipped dye to brighten the hem. The tangerine orange faded upwards into the crisp white and drew the eye as you moved. Leave it to Papyrus to pick the perfect set for this performance.

“Ready to get going?” You ask, trying hard not to melt your makeup off with the heat gathering in your face.

Papyrus luckily took mercy on you and offered his arm. “The Great

Papyrus is always ready.” You snort but loop your arm through his.

The two of you walked arm in arm down the stairs and into the kitchen on your way out to the garage. Everyone but Edge was hanging around. You and Papyrus had to be down at the venue early to confirm your spot. Everyone else was going to join once the competition actually started.

It was considered a formal event so everyone was dressed up… some more than others.

“break a leg princess.” Sans said, giving you a quick hug and a peck on the cheek. He had on a pair of navy blue slacks and a white button down haphazardly tucked in and a blue tie tied suspiciously nice around his neck.

“Thanks.” You smile at him.

“SANS!” Papyrus’s shout made you jump. “You can’t wear slippers to our dance competition!”

You blinked and looked down. Yup, those are slippers, navy blue slippers. “At least they match his pants.” You reason. Papyrus huffed and stormed out to start the car. Sans shrugged and stepped back as Blue bustled up to your side.

“YOU LOOK GORGEOUS MAIDEN!” He lept into your arms squeezing tight. Damn it, there you go blushing again. You mutter a thank you and hug him back. “YOU’LL BE AMAZING! AND I’M SURE YOU WILL CERTAINLY NOT BREAK YOUR LEG.”

You giggled as he stepped away. “It’s a figure of speech Blue, I’ll be fine.” He didn’t look like he believed you but he nodded anyway and straightened the baby blue vest he had on over a white button down and black slacks.

Stretch was also in black slacks and a white tucked-in button down, though his sleeves were rolled up to the elbows and the top two buttons were undone. “see you soon honey.” He said folding his arms around you for a brief hug.

Black approached next, leaving a chaste kiss on the back of your hand. He looked similar to Blue except he had a black collared shirt, deep violet vest, and bolo tie. Mutt winked and murmured ‘good luck’ into your hair when it was his turn. How he managed to make his studded collar fit nicely under his untucked collared shirt and open suit jacket

is a mystery to you but it's the nicest you have ever seen him dress so you don't complain.

Finally Red came in for a hug. He was surprisingly put together. The deep red button down was tucked in smartly under a black vest and tie, there was even a nice little maroon pocket square sticking out in the front. He didn't say anything but he squeezed you tight and sent you off with a chuckle and a pat on the butt.

Turning towards the mudroom, Sans intercepts you with a water bottle. "we'll see ya down there."

"Is Edge ready?" You asked peering around the kitchen.

"beauty queen takes forever," Red laughed. You turn to grin at him and miss Edge coming in.

"WELL EXCUSE ME FOR TAKING PRIDE IN MY APPEARANCE." He growled at his brother. His sudden loud voice behind you made you jump. "YOU'LL BE FINE, JUST REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE TAUGHT."

Edge finished adjusting the tie around his neck and placed his hand on your shoulder. His getup was opposite of Red's. Where Red had maroon underneath and black on the outside, Edge had a black button down and pocket square with a maroon vest and tie. In addition, he had a small golden tie chain glinting on his chest matching the little cuff-links at his wrists.

"OUT TO THE CAR WITH YOU." He urged you out to the garage, and held the passenger door as you settled in next to Papyrus. As the door closed, you buckled in and smiled over at your dance partner.

"Dance time."

He beamed and backed the car out. "Dance time."

Ooooh stars it was dance time. You had felt fine until the two of you had signed in and were given your numbers. You tried to work out your nerves by stretching out extra and you even strapped on the heels earlier than you were intending to as the other contestants slowly took their turns on the floor.

Papyrus let out his nerves by talking excitedly to anyone in the vicinity that would dare hold a conversation with him while he was

amped up on the excitement of the competition. The two of you were number seventeen of thirty pairs, and one of five partners performing a tango routine.

“Those guys are the last of the waltz competitors,” you commented, as a pair of dancers disappeared through the door leading out to the performance hall, “I think tango is after them.” Papyrus nodded and stood to offer you his hand.

“Warm up with me dearest, it’ll help.”

“I’ve already stretched out as much as I’m gonna be.” You grumble, but let him pull you up anyway.

Papyrus hummed and led you in a slow box step around the little corner the two of you had set up camp in. He moved confidently as always but the tightness of his grip on your hand and shoulder blade betrayed his nerves.

“It’s gonna be fun.” You say closing the space a formal closed dance position usually left between dancers. Papyrus adjusted his stride and hold on you to allow it.

Pressing your cheek to his sternum, you slid the hand on his upper arm up around his neck. You listened to the long slow exhale from your partner until he released your hand to place his on your waist. The guide hand on your shoulder soon followed and you wrapped your now free hand around the back of his neck with the other. The box step slowed and lost the square aspect until both of you were just swaying back and forth as if you haven’t been taking dance lessons together for the past year and a half.

Number sixteen was called and you groaned. “Our turn to be on deck.” You pulled away and smiled up at Papyrus. He looked like he wanted to say something but his teeth clicked closed. Instead, he leaned down and left a kiss on your forehead.

"We are going to be amazing together." He murmured when he pulled away.

You smiled and let him lead you to the doors, you were going to be amazing together.

Ladies and gentlemen,

The announcer called yours and Papyrus's names along with the name of the song you were going to be dancing to.

"Here we go." You grabbed his hand and the two of you walked out onto the floor. The lights were bright so you could barely see the crowd around you. The performance was in the round so the audience was on all four sides.

The spot light hit you and you turned to face your partner while stepping back so the two of you were out of reach. The music started and Papyrus began taking measured steps forward until he stood inches away from you. Slowly, he raised his left hand. You followed the movement up and his other hand found your shoulder blade while yours rested on his arm.

Sweep your leg back and around then forward and up past him so your foot was just passed his shoulder behind him. Bring it down, pivot and sweep your other leg around, pivot, step out, spin in so Papyrus can dip you back by the waist.

Slowly! Smooth, let him lead you. The music directed the two of you into quicker steps, you only had his hand in yours, the other floated out to the side as you kicked and stepped around his feet.

Dip back.

Turn.

Turn.

Kick.

Arm around him and his around you. Turn, turn as the two of you move across the floor. His foot catches yours. Bringing it around and up, kick. Again, with the other foot. Around and around, it always amazed you the amount of kicks and steps the two of you could perform without actually stepping on the other.

You hooked your leg over his hip and your arms wrapped around his shoulders as he walked backwards dragging your one foot on the ground behind you.

Drop your foot.

Pivot.

Dip.

Spin out

Halt, one and two beats.

Break away, same as the start. Raise one hand, raise the other. Let Papyrus lead.

The spot light was so bright, spin, kick, turn. Papyrus moved backwards, you felt him give you a quick squeeze as you braced your hands on him and he lifted. Moment of truth.

Lifting your legs, you held them in a near perfect front split. Not completely horizontal but it would have to do for the four beats it took for Papyrus to walk the two of you backwards and set you back on your feet. Setting you down he immediately spun you around so you were facing away from him. Kick leg back and around him. Step, step, fall back over his arm.

Papyrus once again lifted, not high this time, but enough that when he spun in a circle you were entirely off of the floor with your legs in another attempted front split. Once, twice, three times around he went with you folded backwards over his arm. You were so thankful that you weighed nothing to him, and that both Edge and Papyrus had been so insistent on those stretches and near constant practice.

You had exactly one beat to land and reposition yourselves to move across the room.

Step, step

Full turn, full turn.

Keep circling him! Kick as you go, he does the same.

More turns, let him lead, Papyrus won't steer you wrong.

Quick lunge back on your part and pause for a beat.

"Breathe." You heard him murmur as he pulled you back up to dance across the floor space. You let out the breath you had unintentionally held as you had lunged back.

Kicking your leg dramatically you inhaled and followed him back across the center of the floor. Now do it again, but backwards, twist and kick. Back to circling and miraculously not tripping the other

while kicking your legs out as you went.

Lift, kick backwards.

Circle, circle, twist.

Lift again, kick to the side.

Reposition... and jump.

You threw your arms around his neck as you brought both legs up. Papyrus caught you against him, one arm under your knees and the other around your waist as he spun the both of you around once. Dropping your legs, you finish out the turn so you're once again nose to nasal cavity with your mate.

The song gave you a few beats to breathe before he slowly turned you and you were right back to quick snappy steps leading diagonally across the floor as you twist your hips from side to side.

Last few measures! Weave your leg back and forth while standing in place. Circle once, Papyrus spun you out, back in across his chest, once more half out so you're facing him. His hand on your shoulder blade dropped to your waist again and you stepped back as he pressed you down into the final dip.

The sudden noise of people applauding startled you and you were once again thankful for Papyrus's steady hold. Pulling you upright he beamed down at you before turning to face the judge's table. The two of you bowed and walked briskly back off of the floor and out of the main area.

"Hooooo stars we're done, we did it." You gush, quickly making it back to your things and digging out your water bottle. "Was that okay? Do you think we did okay? I'm so used to Edge stopping us all the time that… what?"

You stared at your mate who had just been smiling down at you the whole time you had rambled. At your pause he let out a 'Nyeh heh' and pulled you into a tight hug. You melted into his embrace, returning it the best you could. Papyrus always gave the best hugs.

"Thank you."He murmured into the top of your head. You made a questioning noise as you don't think words would come out intelligible from your spot crushed against his chest. He just laughed instead and gave you one more squeeze before letting go and backing

away.

“I have something for you.” He said, reaching into his pocket.

“We haven’t won anything yet Paps.” You joke.

He only shook his head and produced a small jewelry box. For a hot second you inwardly panicked thinking it was a ring box. You had more than one mate, a proposal was probably out of the question… probably.

With the shot of adrenaline roaring in your ears, you almost missed him popping it open and pulling out a chain.

Oh! It’s a bracelet.

He gestured minutely with it and you automatically raised your arm so he could fasten it around your wrist.

“Remember when you taught me how to make friendship bracelets?” He was asking. You nodded and smiled thinking back to the first few disastrous attempts he had made to weave the colorful threads together.

“I remember you panicked when the first one I gave you broke.” You teased as the thudding in your chest slowly returned to normal.

“Nyeh heh, well I hope that this will be a little more durable.”

The chain fit comfortably around your wrist, just loose enough to move as you did, but not in any danger of rolling off over your hand. A single charm hung from one of the links, a little orange pair of dancing shoes.

"Paps, it's beautiful." You touch the little charm to look at it better. A small wave of warmth rolled over your fingers at the contact making you gasp. “Is that-?”

Papyrus nodded happily at your recognition of his magic imbued in the charm. “For if you ever need me and I’m not physically around.”

You’re gonna cry, this is so sweet. “One hell of a friendship bracelet.” You choke out. Okay, that was a dumb thing to say.

Luckily Papyrus hummed in agreement and brought you back in for another tight hug murmuring into the top of your head. “We have one hell of a friendship.”

The rest of the contestants came and went. Everyone stood or sat around and waited for the judges to tally up scores and bring out the awards. The swing and waltz competitors went before tango, followed by the salsa and the foxtrot dancers.

When it came time for your group to head back out to the floor your nerves were back. You really didn't want to let your partner down. He had been so excited for this competition and worked so hard to wrangle you into being an acceptable dance partner.

One of the judges stepped forward with their little list. You squeezed Papyrus's hand.

"Third place goes to Max and Sarah." They announced. The mentioned pair smiled and stepped forward for their little medals.

You smiled and nodded at them, clapping with the rest of the audience. Scanning the side of the crowd you were facing, you found your other mates sitting together a few rows behind the judge's table. You blinked when Blue jumped up from his seat clapping wildly, the others stood more slowly to join him. Before you could question it further, you were gently tugged forward by your partner.

The two of you had placed! It wasn't first but you were just happy to be able to stand with the other winners alongside your mate. The two of you even got little silver medals around your necks. You took your place next to the other couple and applauded the other monster/human couple who took first in your section.

The judges thanked everyone and you were led off to the side to sit with the placing dancers from the other styles. You played with your medal as the salsa dancers came out, followed by the foxtrot competitors.

After that it was a whirlwind of photos for the dance studio, congratulations from your instructor, fellow dancers, and mates, and somewhere in there you were handed an envelope containing the judge's detailed notes on your performance. It felt like eons, but eventually you were able to take off your heels and collapse into the front seat of Papyrus's car so the two of you could meet your other mates somewhere for food.

"We did it." You said weakly as you buckled yourself in.

"We did indeed!" Papyrus cheered. Apparently not tired at all from

the full day spent at the competition.

You envied him for that. He started up the car and worked his way into the line of vehicles all trying to leave the venue. You ended up at the local Olive Garden, crowded around a large table and explaining the wonders of unlimited bread sticks and salad. It was a lovely evening, surrounded by your mates and enjoying good food.

When everyone finally made it back home, you joined Papyrus in his room to look over the critiques from the judges. You sat on the edge of the bed reading off the notes as he put up his suit jacket.

“They docked us because I couldn’t manage the full split in those jumps.” You pointed out.

“We didn’t have as much time to practice as some of the other contestants.” Papyrus reasoned. “You were in another universe for stars sake.” He came over to sit next to you and read over your shoulder.

“Doesn’t change the score.” You mumbled. You had really wanted to win for him, he had been so excited for this competition. “I’m sorry we didn’t take first because of me.”

“Nonsense.” The folder was pulled from your hands and you leaned into his side hug. “I am willing to settle for second best in those judge’s eyes because I know I have the number one mate instead.”

Ah geez.

“You’re so cheesy.”

“Nyeh heh, a genuine compliment! How did I earn such praise?”

You laughed and stood up, quickly flipping through your phone for a slow dance song. Finding one you set the device on his desk.

“Paps, you’re my best friend.” You sway into the center of his room holding your arms up in a closed dance position. “You’ve done enough to earn a compliment.”

You winked and extended your hand out to him still sitting on the edge of his bed. “And even more to earn my love.”

Chapter End Notes

ˆ_ˆ Here we go~ <3

Damn guys, writing a dance out is hard. O.O I hope I made that dance a little coherent.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Rhythm of Your Heart*

Chapter Summary

Always fall in love with your best friend.

Chapter Notes

It's here!

Katoptronophilia (mirrors) abound so if that's not your thing, feel free to skip this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus sat frozen on his bed staring at your outstretched hand as you swayed in front of him. The little charm winked on your wrist and he slowly stood. Your smile grew when he finally placed his hand in yours.

It was your turn to pull him in and gently guide him around the room until his mind caught up with him and he took over the dance. You easily let him lead, smiling up at him and giving over complete trust in his ability to not steer you into anything.

Warmth blossomed in his chest and he found himself pulling you up against him. Was this okay? You were mates sure, but you were friends first.

You seemed to pick up on his hesitance because you slowed your steps and moved your hand from his arm to his cheek bone. “I love you Papyrus, I’m so lucky to have my best friend as a mate.”

The heat in his soul surged out through his bones and the fact that your face was now a bit brighter told him that his own face was glowing. “This is… okay?”

You nod and he relaxed a little. Releasing your hand, he pulled you into a tight embrace. “Promise me.”

You nod into his neck and he let out a long sigh of relief. His hands slid over the exposed skin on your back as he moved to dance with you awhile longer. Only the sensation of your soft lips on his cervical vertebrae made him send you into an outward spin away from him. He let go and you fell onto his mattress with a squeak.

You sit up quickly, alarm on your face. “I’m sorry! I thought… if you don’t wanna I can-”

Oh stars you thought he wanted you out. “No!” He quickly interrupted as he advanced until he stood over you sitting on the bed. He cupped your face in his hands. “No, I do… I just…”

Realization hit you and you rose to your knees so you could pull him down by his tie. You had kind of assumed he would have some experience from how many dates he had gone on when he first entered college. Guess you assumed wrong.

His hands remained on your cheeks as you kissed him. Warm waves of magic pulsed over where they touched you to the beat of the music still playing in the background. He slowly relaxed into it, moving so he was sitting next to you instead of standing over you.

You blindly fiddled with the complicated knot in his tie until it loosened and you could slide it out from under his collar. He broke away from you then, taking the tie and folding it neatly onto his bedside table.

“This okay?” You asked him. He nodded and moved you into his lap. “Tell me if you don’t like something.” He nodded again making you giggle at his lack of words. It wasn’t often that the great Papyrus was rendered mute.

He drew you in this time, the scent of tangerines rolling off of him. He felt incredibly warm under your touch, almost feverish. Your fingers found their way to the back of his neck, lacing themselves between the protruding parts of his vertebrae. He gasped at that and you took advantage of his open mouth.

For as surprised as he seemed to suddenly be frenching you, he caught on quickly and soon he was taking over. His sweet taste encouraged you along as his hands ran slow experimental tracks up and down your back and over your hips.

He tried to chase you back as you pulled away but you nudged his face to the side as you trailed kisses down his neck and popped the first few buttons of his shirt so you could get at his clavicles. When you let your teeth graze along one, his hands dug into your hips and a small noise clawed its way out of his throat. You were no longer just sitting on his lap.

An obvious bulge suddenly pressed insistently against his pants and up

against you. Continuing your ministrations to his neck, you rocked experimentally against it eliciting an almost feral growl from your mate. Say no more.

Breaking away, you scooted back in his lap just enough so you could grab a hold of his belt. Looking up into his face, you watched for any sign that he was uncomfortable. Papyrus was in the lead, he was to decide how far this went.

His fuzzy eye lights wavered in his sockets but he nodded and helped you undo his belt and remove his slacks. You discovered that he hadn't taken his shoes off yet as you slid them down. Dropping to the floor you pulled them off so you could lay bare his entire lower half.

Sitting up between his knees you admired the magic formed in front of your face. The bright orange phallus curved upward. Papyrus had an impressive length to him and you couldn't help but run a finger from base to tip, reviling in the warm magic.

Looking back up at your blushing mate you wrapped a hand firmly around his length and tilted your head forward. "May I?"

He blinked a few times in confusion, not understanding the question. You smiled and gently kissed the head of his cock. He gasped and stuttered "Y-you don't have to."

You smiled softly up at him. He's so sweet. "I know. I want to, if you're okay with it that is."

His eager nod was all you needed to see. Gripping his base firmly you ran your tongue up his length, swirling it around his head a few times before taking him in. Interesting, his magic tasted how he smells, citrusy and sweet.

It had been a while since you had performed oral and your mind raced to remember all of the little tricks you could pull as you tried to work more of him into your mouth. You were encouraged along at the gasps and whimpers above you. A hand tangled in your hair and a quiet stream of praise tumbled from his mouth.

"Ah! Darling, you're so good. Nyeh, this is… you're amazing, you-." The hand in your hair tightened and you heard him gasp. "Stars my dear, you're *gorgeous* ."

You almost gag yourself on him at the tone of his voice. Adjusting your position a little, you peeked up at your mate. He wasn't looking

down at you. His full attention was on the closet door mirrors off to the side. You followed his gaze the best you could in your position.

Papyrus's eye lights were glued to your reflection as you bobbed your head. When you met his gaze his face grew brighter but he wouldn't tear his eyes away. He liked a show huh?

With the hand that wasn't working what couldn't fit in your mouth, you reached up and slid your hand up under his shirt to rub up and down his spine. More praise fell from his mouth and the fingers on your scalp twitched. For as much as he seemed to be struggling to control himself, every time you glanced towards the mirror, his eyes were locked on your movements.

Your wandering fingers pushed the base of his button down back so he could see what you were doing. Using just the tips of your fingers, you let them glide over his iliac crest and circled them around the little holes down the back of his sacrum. His moans and pants became more erratic and he kept pressing your head further down on him intermittently.

"W-where, I'm almost… dearest I…" You picked up his broken sentences and hummed around his cock, bobbing a bit faster. With a strangled cry he released. Thick ropes of his magic shot into your mouth and down your throat. You did your best to swallow but there was just so much. You steeled yourself and worked him through it, easing back as he calmed down.

Sitting up, your mouth left him with a pop. Looking down you dabbed at where some of his magic had dripped onto your dress. Damn, he had gone to a lot of effort for this dress, hopefully it will wash out.

His hands tilted your chin up. The adoration on his face stunned you. He guided you back up onto the edge of the bed with him and kissed you. This time he took control and slid his tongue over your lips until you granted him entrance so he could taste himself on you.

Moaning into your mouth, he played with the clasp to your halter at the back of your neck. You responded by working at the remaining buttons on the front of his shirt. He smiled against you and surprised you by pulling away once he undid the clasp.

Before you could ask what was wrong, you shivered as his hands slowly worked your dress down. The fabric folded and rolled down until it pooled at your hips with the skirt. Once there, his hands traveled back up to explore your newly exposed body.

He was so gentle, touching you more with his eyes than his hands. He had been around you many times while you changed in your half asleep state, but his eyes and hands had always been angled away. Always handing you things to cover yourself, but never looking. Now his eye lights roamed freely, phalanges just barely ghosting over your skin.

You had been positioned so he could look over your shoulder and see your bared back in the mirror as well. The knowledge that he wanted to see you from all angles sent trills of desire down your spine. Your shiver did not escape his notice.

“Are you okay?” He asked.

“More than okay.” You leaned up and kissed him again. He hummed happily and began to blindly shuffle you around in an attempt to remove the rest of your dress. You laugh and break away to hop off of the bed. Standing before him, you shimmied the dress off along with your underwear.

He immediately scooted forward to pull you back onto his lap. Hands and mouth exploring in earnest this time. You returned the affection, helping him remove his button down and playing with his still fully erect cock that was pressing up against your belly.

“How far do you want this to go?” You panted to the ceiling. His arm was around you and he had pressed you back over it. His other hand kneaded at one breast while his tongue swirled around the other. Your knees squeezed hard around his hips and you had threaded your fingers between his slender ribs as an anchor.

At your question, he pulled you up so he could nuzzle into the crook of your neck. “As far as you’ll have me.”

Stars you were going to have him. Urging him to sit further back on the bed, you crawled after to kneel over his lap. With your hands as a guide, he lined up with your dripping entrance.

“Ready?”

He nodded and you began to lower yourself onto him.

Papyrus's breath hitched and his hands clamped around your hips, helping you along as you slowly worked your way down his length. He pressed in farther and farther, stars you didn’t think you were going to be able to take him all in.

Ever patient, Papyrus worked slowly until you were finally settled on his lap. Shivering at the sensation of just how deep he was. He held you still, murmuring into your hair and letting you get used to his invasion.

You rolled your hips experimentally, gasping at the friction. Papyrus tilted your face up to his, kissing you sweetly as he began to move you in his lap. Swallowing your cries, he broke away to turn your face to the side.

“You’re beautiful.” He murmured. Your eyes met his in the mirror and your insides clenched around him at the sight.

His bones, stark white against your skin glowed softly at the joints, bathing the room and the two of you in the gentle shade of his magic. Your movements were measured and matched the beat of the music still playing from your phone. His sockets were lidded but laser focused on everything happening in the reflection. And you… you had never really thought about never wanted to think about what you looked like during sex.

But Papyrus had a point. The two of you struck quite a pair. Your eyes wandered over him as he urged you to pick up the pace.

Contrary to his brother, Papyrus had more ribs and looked much closer to a human skeleton. Though they were just as sturdy and sensitive. You pinched and played with the slender bones, watching his reactions in the mirror as he moved you.

He seemed to notice your scrutiny and growled into your ear. His grip on your hips tightened, bruising the sensitive flesh. Your movements, once holding the beat, sped up and you turned your head away from the mirror to bury your face in his neck in an attempt to stifle your moans

Every thrust was so deep, his cock throbbed against your walls making you cry out. You were getting close. Papyrus seemed to sense this and slowed down. You whined and tried to keep up the pace.

“Don’t stop now.” You begged when he wouldn't relent.

“Wouldn’t you need a resting period after?” He sounded genuinely concerned.

You leaned back to look at him. “No, I can keep going.”

He blinked a few times, “You sure? I read somewhere that humans have a refractory period.”

You squirmed in his arms, “Paps, I really don’t want to explain right now, I can keep going. I-”

Papyrus cut you off with a kiss. His mouth moved against yours, drinking in your moan as he began to move again.

He loosened his grip, allowing you to set the pace. His gaze returned to the mirror, sliding his hands over your skin.

With his voice in your ear breathing praise, and his hands and cock sending waves of pleasure through you with each thrust, it didn’t take long for him to send you tipping over the edge.

He took back over, drawing out your orgasm. Through your high, you could hear him whispering to you, asking some sort of question. Unable to form coherent words yet you simply held on.

The soft sheets on his bed met your back and you were suddenly reclined beneath him. Papyrus withdrew himself looking over you in concern. You whine at the loss of him reaching out to pull him back.

“Are you alright my dear? You said you could keep going so I thought… do you need healing somewhere?”

You smiled blissfully up at him, “I’m more than okay Paps, come here.”

He allowed you to draw him down as you peppered his face with kisses and reassurances that you were fine.

"Keep going love… please."

“Only if you’re sure.” He hovered over you, poised to press back in but waiting for your word.

“Green light baby, I promise.”

He grinned and in one smooth thrust, buried himself to the hilt. “Good.” He growled under your moan, and rutted against you.

Gasping at how quickly he had flipped from loving concern to lust driven, all you could do was hold on. It was, after all, how Papyrus approached most new experiences. With excitement and vigor. You helped him along, encouraging and gently coaching when necessary.

He came to it with a sense of wonder as well, marathoning the two of you through the night.

He had remained mindful of the fact that you were a human with limits. Somewhere around the second hour of your coupling, he had stopped to wrap a robe around himself and fetched water and snacks, happily reclining on his bed with you while you recharged. Only to rile you up again and work you through another orgasm.

You were currently pressed face first against his closet doors, one leg hiked up over his arm as he thrust into you from behind. He was flagging, the vast well of energy he had drawn from earlier was starting to run low. You were sweating heavily, leaving streaks of it on the reflective surface in front of you. Over stimulated and trembling, you gasped as he pulled you upright to hold you against his chest with the arm not holding up your leg.

“I’m going to need to finish soon dearest.” He murmured almost sadly.

You nodded, searching out where his hands held you with your own.

“Stars know I don’t want to though,” his eye lights were transfixed on the reflection where the two of you connected, “You’re so beautiful like this, we’re so wonderful together.”

His eye lights went hazy and he thrust up hard into you, crying out and biting down on the same shoulder Sans had. You gasped then moaned, feeling him finally release. Filling you completely with his warm, sweet magic. The scent of tangerines choked out everything else, sticking to you and marking you along with the teeth marks now reddening your shoulder.

Staggering back, Papyrus sat on the edge of his bed keeping you impaled upon himself. Sighing contentedly he dropped your leg in favor of hugging your back to his chest.

All you could do was stare at yours and his reflection, hands resting lightly on his arms until he loosened his hold. “Do you want to take a shower?” He murmured.

You grinned and patted his arms so you could lean forward towards the night stand. “Honestly? I want to sleep.” Bracing a hand on his knee, you reached over to grab up the cup of water he had brought in earlier. “If you don’t mind my gross self in your bed that is.” You sat up grinning at him over your shoulder. He smiled back and his magic suddenly disappeared. You jerked at the sudden absence of him inside

you then sighed at the healing magic dancing over your hips where he had bruised you earlier.

You took a quick trip to the bathroom then collapsed back on his bed. Papyrus had the master bedroom after all, so he had the luxury of an attached bathroom. He followed you out with a damp cloth in hand.

He wiped the sweat from your face, the wash cloth was followed by a kiss here and there. The pattern repeated as he gently wiped you down from top to bottom. Warm washcloth, warmer kisses.

You melted beneath him, slowly sinking into oblivion, sore muscles not even noticing when you were tucked in under the covers, pressed blissfully up against your best friend.

Chapter End Notes

> Turns out, your best friend can be your mate and that is totally cool and okay! I'm happy for him.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Bubbly

Chapter Summary

Open the floodgates.

Chapter Notes

I almost fell asleep and missed uploading this! But then I didn't!

Anyways, I'm enjoying torturing the boys and forcing them to interact. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Maybe you should have showered last night. You cracked an eye open at the beam of sunlight slanting through Papyrus's curtains. Despite his best efforts to help clean you up, you were still a sweaty mess. A sweaty mess that was stuck to their mate and blankets.

Groaning, you peeled yourself away from Papyrus, who was surprisingly still asleep and apparently dead to all of your moving around. Must have truly exhausted himself last night.

Smiling down fondly at him, you left a kiss on his head before stiffly moving into his bathroom. Oh damn, he had you walking funny. Snorting to yourself, you started up the shower and let the hot water wash the weariness from your body.

Papyrus was awake by the time you got out and dried off. He assisted you in finding a long sleep shirt of his so you would be covered for the journey back to your own room. It was a surprisingly difficult task. Searching between the nice law school outfits and work out crop tops, you eventually scored a large t-shirt that hadn't been altered by your mate.

Papyrus insisted on helping you dress, even though you only had the one thing to put on. He took full advantage of it, smoothing the shirt down over you, tickling your sides, and 'making sure' your ass was covered. Giggling, you gave him one last kiss before he headed to his shower and you braced yourself to race down the hall to your room.

You almost made it. Edge stepped out in his full armor to pound on his brother's door as you moved down the hall.

“RED! WE NEED TO BE DOWN AT THE EMBASSY IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES, IF YOU AREN’T PRESENTABLE AND DOWNSTAIRS IN FIVE, I WILL LEAVE YOU TO EXPLAIN YOUR TARDINESS TO THE KING YOURSELF!”

Red’s response was muffled as you approached.

“You’re going to the embassy?” You couldn’t stop your curiosity from taking over.

“YES, WE HAVE BEEN-” His words died on his teeth as he turned to you. Clearing a non-existent throat, he turned back to his brother’s door visibly fighting the blush on his face. “WE HAVE BEEN SUMMONED BY THE KING.”

“Is that good or bad?” You asked just as Red’s door swung open.

“chill boss, ‘m ready.” He yawned and blinked at you. “’ey doll, jus’ woke up too?”

You hummed and nodded looking over his court attire… it wasn’t any different than his go-to look. Fur lined parka, turtleneck with a spiked collar, shorts, and sneakers. Maybe a little cleaner, no mustard stains, but not what you were expecting for him to wear to an audience with their king.

He seemed to brush off both yours and his brother’s scrutiny of his outfit. Instead he plucked at the sleeve of Papyrus’s shirt on you. “‘ave fun las’ night?”

Heat shot up your neck and spread over your face. Red burst out laughing as you sputtered almost as much as Edge did.

“chill doll, ya got eight mates. yer gonna ‘avta stop bein’ awkward ‘bout sex eventually." He grinned and poked at your cheek. "hell, the fact ya popped creampuff’s cherry tells me ya ‘aven’t jus’ decided ta stick wi’ vanilla ferever.”

“O-oh, ha, yea.” You laughed as Red continued to smirk.

He glanced up and winked at his brother. “ya’ve still gotta shot boss.” And with that, he clapped your shoulder then teleported away before a sharpened bone could impale the side of his head.

“HOW DARE YOU! COME BACK HERE AND APOLOGISE!” Edge ranted.

You couldn't help but smile. "Edge, it's okay. It's better that he's joking about it. I'd rather have that than everyone be mad at me."

Edge sucked in a breath to continue yelling for his brother but he jerked his head around at your words. "MAD? WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RIDICULOUS IDEA FROM?"

"Uh, well, just how everyone acted last time. I kinda felt like-"

Edge turned fully to face you. Hands on hips he leaned down to get in your face. "GET ONE THING STRAIGHT, WE ARE NOT MAD OR UPSET AT *YOU* FOR CONSUMMATING YOUR BONDS."

You blinked up at him. "You're not?"

He scoffed and straightened up. "OF COURSE NOT," his posture relaxed some and he placed a hand on your shoulder. "WE ARE SIMPLY ANNOYED AT OURSELVES FOR NOT GETTING YOU FIRST."

You stare at him in stunned silence. He huffed and bid you a curt farewell, striding quickly down the stairs in search of his brother.

"we put out 'r best, ya getta choose."

Mutt's voice made you jump. Turning, you found him leaning against the wall just outside his room. He simply grinned and pushed away to slouch towards you.

"i always seem ta catch ya jus' outta someone else's bed." He made it over to you and lazily draped himself around your shoulders. "i would offer a comparison roun' now tha' ya've 'ad a papyri, but 'm a little surprised yer upright after dealin' wi' all a 'nilla's pent up magic…" He nuzzled into your hair only to pull back. "that 'n ya smell too much like 'im, don' care that ya did 'im, i jus' ain' interested in the cream puff li' that."

His magic had been pent up? You were even more thankful for that break he had given you in the middle now… and it explained why he insisted you have one. Shrugging Mutt off, you made sure Papyrus's shirt was still covering your lower half before continuing on to your room.

"Not ready for you yet Mutt, sorry." You stopped at his rumbling laughter.

"oooh don' worry 'bout me, i almos' enjoy the chase more 'n the

prize.”

You turn and raise a brow at him. “Somehow I highly doubt that.” He shrugged and shoved his hands into his pockets. A sly smile stretched over his features that went feral as his eyes tracked you from head to toe.

Calm as ever, Mutt prowled forward. It was easy to forget sometimes that Mutt had come from a fell universe. His nonchalant nature was so unlike your other mates’ who escaped from their kill or be killed hell hole. However, the hungry burning look currently in his eye lights told you that he would have no problem hunting you down no matter where you ran or hid. Every fight or flight instinct in you kicked in at the look on his face and at his predatory advance making you nervously backed away. His pace didn’t change, but his grin grew when you ended up backed up against your door.

His hands remained in his pockets as he leaned forward to tower over you and be in your space at the same time, content to pin you with his eyes instead of physically. The intense look he was giving you softened as his eye lights focused in on your face. When he spoke, his voice was a gentle rumble.

“undergroun’... one night. one night wi’ the hell houn’ an’ ya jus’ migh’ be granted some brief protection…”

You had no idea what he was talking about.

“...’f i’d get ya close ta me, it may getcha close ta my bro too,” A hand drifted from his pocket to hover just by your face, not touching, but his claws traced your outline in the air next to your cheek. “bu’ you. yer not ‘ere fer any a tha’... nooo. earnin’ this’ll be much more fun.”

His smirk was back and he winked as he slowly turned away to slouch down the hall. You watched him go, letting out the breath you didn’t know you had been holding until now. You knew Mutt’s underground hadn’t been a kind one, you just rarely saw that side of him. The dangerous, predatory side that for some reason got your heart going on more than just fear.

Fumbling with the door handle, you let yourself into your room. You needed to take another nap, maybe sleep off some of your soreness and get your mind off whatever just happened.

Papyrus hummed happily to himself while dressing for the day. It had

been a wondrous evening in his opinion. You didn't find him weird or gross for wanting you like he did. Your stamina was quite impressive, even though you had needed a break. All of your dance training must have built you up.

He did feel bad that you still looked tired when he found you getting out of the shower earlier. Even though you had told him that it was fine to keep going every time he inquired over you, he knew he had run you ragged. A good meal and some gentle cuddles should help with that though.

Trotting down to the kitchen he pulled out some bread. French toast would help, sweet and hearty just like him!

Vanilla and cinnamon as well as the bread were dug out from the pantry. Turning to the fridge, he was blocked by a rumpled orange hoodie.

"Stretch? Are you okay?" He asked, taking in the darker than normal circles under the other skeleton's sockets.

"mm fine." Stretch shrugged and retrieved a small carton of cream before moving to fill the kettle with water.

"Were you out all night?" Papyrus asked. He moved carefully around Stretch to pull out some milk and a carton of eggs.

Stretch snorted and eyed him. "yup."

Shaking his head, Papyrus began cracking eggs and adding the other ingredients into a bowl. "Honestly Stretch, you're as bad as Sans is. You need to take better care of yourself."

"just had trouble sleeping, these walls are rather thin you know." He mumbled.

Realization hit Papyrus as he set the skillet on the stove top. He shared a wall with Stretch. Stretch was having the hardest time with this whole sharing thing. If Papyrus had lips, he would be chewing them about now. Instead he watched his lazier self pull down a mug and a tea bag along with a bottle of honey.

"Stretch I'm sorry if we kept you up, I didn't thin-"

The drawer he had just pulled a spatula out of slammed shut with magic cutting him off. Stretch's hands were tight fists on the counter

top. “i don’t. want to hear about it.” He hissed out.

Papyrus nodded and busied himself with the toast. Stretch kept his eyes firmly on the kettle. Unfortunately the skillet and kettle were right next to each other on the stove top so he ended up standing awkwardly next to the other skeleton.

The french toast sizzled as Papyrus desperately thought of how to ease the tension. He watched Stretch scratch the back of this skull and grab up the honey bottle.

“look, just call me when it boils. i’ll be-” He started to turn away.

Papyrus panicked.

“Fruit!” He blurted out.

“... what?”

Well it got him to turn back. “I, need some fruit chopped up to serve with these!” Quickly flipping the toast over so the other side could cook, he practically launched himself at the fridge to hunt down the various fruits he usually kept for smoothies.

Stretch watched in confusion as a cutting board and knife were procured and various fruits were arranged around them. How he ended up agreeing to cut fruits into slices was a mystery to him, but there he was, steadily filling a bowl next to him almost matching the growing stack of french toast next to Papyrus.

The water boiled and he paused to make his tea. As the little bag steeped, Papyrus spoke.

“I was terrified you know.”

Stretch squeezed his sockets shut and tamped down his knee jerk reaction to take a swing at him. “i said i didn’t want to hear about it.” He forced out as calmly as he could.

Stepping away a few paces, he leaned against the counter and pretended to blow on his drink and silently remind himself that this was a shared bond, he had to share… you had asked him to get along with everyone. Stars this was hard.

“I know, I wasn’t going to get into any details, I was-” Papyrus tried to continue.

“i want exactly zero details.”

“I was just going to say-”

“your mouth is talking, you should see to that.”

“Stretch.”

“what.”

Papyrus took a deep breath and removed the last few slices from the skillet. “She hasn’t stopped loving you just because she was with me last night.”

Stretch nodded but kept his mouth firmly shut. He could share… he could. If only Papyrus would *stop* talking.

“I’m rooting for you is all.” Papyrus said. With the cooking done, the kitchen went incredibly silent.

Stretch sighed and gave up staring into his tea mug for an answer. “yea me too.” Taking a sip he grimaced at the taste. He hadn’t added any honey or cream yet. Turning to do that, he noticed Papyrus visibly relax. There, that wasn’t so hard. He could share.

“aw sweet, french toast.” Mutt appeared over Papyrus’s shoulder, effectively shattering the lingering tension. “know wha’ this needs? champagne.”

Papyrus frowned and stepped away to pull out a stack of plates and silverware. “This is hardly a meal that requires alcohol Mutt.”

“yea dude, it’s not even noon yet.” Stretch chimed in.

Mutt just chuckled and reached into his duster only to pull out two large bottles of champagne. Placing one on the counter he waved the other at Papyrus. “heh, jus’ thought i’d pop a cork ‘n honor of ‘er poppin’ yer cherry.”

Stretch choked on his tea and Papyrus nearly dropped the dining ware in his hands. So much for leaving a tense moment in the past.

“Mutt!” Papyrus exclaimed. “I thought we all agreed to not discuss any intimate relations we have wi-”

“changed my min’,” Mutt interrupted and retrieved a carton of orange juice from the fridge. “take these up ta ‘er with breakfas’.”

“wait, you guys are making agreements now?” Stretch had recovered enough to interject. Papyrus quickly set the plates down to hold up his hands in a placating gesture.

“Well, we knew you were uncomfortable with sharing her so I thought we should all keep any experiences we have… away from you? Stretch, please understand I want you to feel at home h-”

“if you’re keeping everything on the down low then what the hell was earlier about?” He shot back.

“ohh, ya broke yer own promise?” Mutt tsked. He had already mixed himself a mimosa.

“No! I was trying to reassure him!”

“i don’t need reassurance, i’m working on this on my own!”

“You don’t have to though, we’re-”

“stars papyrus! just shut your mouth, you think you’re being helpful but you’re not!”

Mutt’s brows rose at Stretch’s outburst and he quickly finished off his glass. “okaay, sharin’ time’s over.” He grabbed up the unopened champagne bottle and firmly wrapped an arm around Stretch’s shoulders. “our turn ta chat.” Then he dragged the protesting skeleton through the void.

Papyrus anxiously stared at the spot they had just been in. He had honestly just wanted to reassure Stretch that he still had a place here. That your affections towards everyone hadn’t changed just because he had followed his brother and moved his relationship with you onward. He glanced at the open bottle of champagne.

He quickly assembled two plates of toast and fruits. Hunting down a serving tray, the dishes were arranged along with a bottle of syrup and the drinks. He made sure to add a small bowl of powdered sugar to the tray and a slice of butter on the side of your plate.

You preferred to melt the butter on your french toast then cover the slices in the sugar instead of using syrup.

He covered the leftover food and left a note telling the rest of the house to enjoy some breakfast. At the last second, he decided to take both the bottle of champagne and carton of orange juice up with the

tray. Alcohol didn't affect him and you didn't have to work tonight so, might as well.

Knocking on your door, he listened for your muffled 'come in'.

"I thought some breakfast would be welcome." He said, carefully opening the door so he wouldn't spill anything.

You were curled up in bed, playing a game on your phone. The curtains were closed and your light was off. You had probably been aiming for a nap. But as he walked in, you perked up and waved him over.

"You're an angel Paps, food does sound amazing."

He beamed and carefully moved to set the tray up over your lap before climbing into bed next to you.

"Ooo french toast and mimosas? You certainly know how to treat a girl." Your delighted smile was contagious.

"Nyeh heh, I know how to treat *you* my dear. I'm sensing the need for a movie marathon to accompany our meal?"

"Hell yea you do."

Trees materialized in Stretch's view and he successfully shoved Mutt away from him. "fuck off man."

Mutt only laughed and backed away a few steps to sit on a downed tree trunk. He watched his softer copy look around at the forested mountainside before throwing his hands in the air.

"why are we out here mutt?"

"ya needed ta cool off."

"since when do you care about what i need?"

Mutt chuckled, "since our little lady at 'ome 'as decided ta be more 'n a one skeleton rodeo." Stretch just stared at him so Mutt continued after popping the champagne and taking a drink. "from a swap 'pyrus ta another, i know 'ow bad that jealousy shit gets."

Stretch rolled his eye lights, "we're not bonding over not getting laid mutt."

“least ’ve gotten laid before, i know when ta wait fer a good one.” Stretch bristled making Mutt grin wider. “am i wrong? ya may act like ya’ve been ‘roun’ but i can tell ya’ve prolly only been ta secon’ base. maaaybe third if ‘m bein’ generous.”

“shut up mutt.”

nothin’ wrong with it. jus’ sayin’ that ‘f ya wanna hit a pop fly with ‘er, you’re gonna hafta dial it wa-”

He saw it coming. Stretch wasn’t being subtle. He let the fist connect with the side of his face anyway. The force behind it was more than what he was anticipating but not enough to send him from his seat.

“feel better?” He asked, rubbing at his jaw.

“a little. we’ll see how i feel if you keep talking.”

Mutt let out a chuckle and stood, taking another pull from the champagne bottle. “bet.” He stuck out his hand, “jus’ between you an’ me, who’ll get ‘er firs’.”

Stretch frowned and pushed his hand away, “she’s not a toy to fight over.”

With a snort Mutt shrugged, “she may not be a toy, but she sure is bein’ fought over. i forgot you’re not in on the pool we got goin’.”

“stars, there’s a pool? what’s wrong with you guys?”

“nothin’ wrong wi’ some good healthy competition. only rule ‘s ya can’t be a sore loser ‘f she chooses differently… an’ ya can’t tell ‘er who’s sittn’ where in the rankin’s.”

“you know, she asked me to get along with you guys.”

“an’ i see tha’s workin’ out great fer ya doin’ it yer way. ya wan’ in on this frien’ly competition ‘r not?”

Stretch stared hard at Mutt as he rubbed his knuckles where they had made contact with Mutt’s face. He had promised both you and himself that he would be better about the multiple bonds. If he put his bet in, he wouldn’t technically have to hang out with any of them. He could see where they all thought they lay and he could adjust his time with you accordingly.

But… it also felt like it would make his whole goal of being with you

about the sex. Yea, he wanted to get there with you, but that wasn't the only reason he wanted to be your mate… Fuck it, at bare minumum he could keep an eye on where people thought they were with you.

"fine, i want in." He sighed and stuck out his hand.

Mutt chuckled and handed him the champagne bottle. "yea ya do, gimme a sec." Pulling his phone out, he tapped around before waving him closer. "kay, a few things."

"i thought you said there was only one rule." Stretch deadpanned.

"there're a few others."

"of course there are." Stretch absently brought the bottle to his teeth and took a long drink.

Mutt chuckled again and showed his screen to Stretch. "everyone gets two votes, jus' cuz we foun' that wi' one, we all voted fer ourselves." Stretch nodded and took another drink while he continued. "so firs' vote can be fer yourself, but the secon' 'as ta be an honest bet on who ya think'll make it next."

"the classics aren't on the list." Stretch noted.

Mutt nodded, "yup, they've 'ad their night with 'er. once ya make it, yer off the list an' ya haveta put yer votes 'n on someon' else."

Stretch frowned down at the five names, "where's red? don't tell me he-" He was cut off by Mutt shaking his head.

"naw, red requested ta be outta the runnin', declared 'imself unfit er somethin'."

"well he did attack her."

Mutt nodded and pocketed his phone. "hence 'is reques' ta be out, 'e still votes, jus' not fer 'imself."

Stretch stood there, staring at the bottle in his hand. This was stupid. Why did he agree to this again? Oh right, he was trying to numb himself to everyone so he wasn't an idiot when it came to being with you.

His thoughts were interrupted by Mutt's fist slamming into his jaw. Stumbling back he whipped his head around. "the fuck was that for?!"

Mutt shrugged, “ya hit me, i hit you. an’ ya were bein’ an ass earlier so.” He shook out his hand and grinned.

Stretch snorted and rubbed at his jaw. “okay fair. i’m going back to the house.”

“ya don’ wan’ in on our bet?”

He paused, letting his magic slip away as he frowned at Mutt. “thought i was in on it.”

Mutt’s grin didn’t falter as he shook his head and casually extended his hand again. “yer in on the house pool, wanna fin’ out which swap ‘s better?”

“fuck you man.”

“heh, well at leas’ ‘f ya did tha’, ya may actually know wha’ ta do when ya get with ‘er.”

Stretch made a face. “not what i meant and you know it.”

Mutt’s hand stayed out as he laughed. “so ya wanna fuck ‘er *with* me? damn man, ya changed yer tune quick.”

“you’re gross.” Stretch growled, but he stepped forward and grabbed Mutt’s hand. “and that’s why you’re going to stay in second.”

Mutt grinned and yanked Stretch forward so he could growl into his face. “when were ya ever in firs’?”

Stretch met him glare for glare, squeezing the other’s hand. “which one of us was accepted first mutt?”

“ya may ‘ave been accepted firs’ bu’ i got those sweet lips on me ‘fore ya even tried.” Mutt squeezed back.

He heard the champagne bottle hit the grass. Inwardly shrugging, he teleported to the other end of the clearing just as Stretch’s fist whipped around.

“what ‘appened ta frien’ly competition?” He called.

“what happened to no details?” Stretch shot back.

“yer in with the rest ‘f us now carrot stick, ante up ‘r get out.”

“fuck you.”

“ya know, ya keep sayin’ that.”

Mutt chuckled as Stretch shook his head and teleported away. Retrieving the half empty champagne bottle he ripped open the void and fell into his bed. Raising the bottle to the empty room he took a drink.

“may the bes’ swap win.”

Chapter End Notes

The swap Papyri are my favorites.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Freak Show

Chapter Summary

> Not everyone is happy with multiple universes all living in one timeline.

Chapter Notes

> Songs in this chapter:
> Something New - Set it Off
> Freak Show - Set it Off

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“No, you’re supposed to guess what the top card is based on what I just told you.” You laugh as Red downed his drink. “You only have to drink the difference if you’re wrong too.”

“guess i need another drink then.” Red winked and got up to order another. You rolled your eyes and shuffled the deck.

“Okay, Sans you know how to play this, you guess.” Flipping up the top card so only you could see it, you eye your mate.

Sans grinned and stared hard at the back of your card. “three.” He finally says.

You smirk. “Higher.”

“seven.”

“Nope, drink two.” You flipped the card around to show him a nine of diamonds before sliding it to the bottom of the deck. Sans shrugged and took two sips from his cup. Turning your attention to Blue you peaked at the next top card. “What’s your guess?”

Blue frowned and looked at Sans then back to you. “I THOUGHT THE POINT WAS TO GET YOU DRUNK, NOT US.”

“Better start guessing correctly then.” You tease.

Red laughed as he sat back down with a full glass. “why ‘re ya even worried blueberry? alcohol runs through ya li’ water.”

“I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE GOAL IS.” Blue said.

“The goal is to guess at cards and get drunk.” You say, “Now tell me what card is on the top of the deck.”

“UM, KING?” He guessed after a moment of contemplation.

“Lower.”

Blue frowned and stared at the face down card. You and the older brothers were all sitting around a table at the Crown waiting for the concert to start. Considering that your dance competition was over and Edge wasn’t around to yell at you. You had decided to teach the boys how to play Fuck the Dealer.

“FIVE?” Blue had made his second guess.

You checked the card again, then set it on the table face up. It was the five of spades. Picking up your glass, you took two drinks. Oof, Chillby was mixing them strong tonight.

“Good job. Alright Black, are you playing?” You pivot to face your scarred mate. He glared at the deck in your hand then at the card on the table.

“THIS IS ALL ABOUT LUCK? I DON’T SEE HOW ONE ‘FUCKS THE DEALER’ HERE.”

Sans laughed. “oh there’s a strategy ta this. not gonna tell ya, but it gets easier ta make the dealer drink as we go if ya got a good memory.”

Black contemplated his words as he stared at the deck. “TEN.” He finally says.

You grin and check the card. “Lower.”

“EIGHT.”

“Oh stars, drink five.” You laugh and show him a three of diamonds before adding it to the bottom of the deck. Black grumbled but did it. Checking the next card you eyed Red.

“Are you going to play correctly this time?”

“heh, only ‘cause ya asked so nicely doll. six.”

The game continued. Both Red and Sans guessed wrong so you handed the deck to Blue making him the new dealer. Slowly but surely the

deck got smaller. Unfortunately the fact that both Blue and Black stayed as sober as they had been walking into the place, made it easier for them to guess correctly while you, Sans, and Red drank more.

At some point the taller brothers had made it on stage and started their set. You were at the bar ordering your fifth rum and coke. Instead of just handing you your drink, Chillby leaned over the bar to speak.

“Red says you know about the universe stuff.” He crackled.

You nodded, smiling at how the room floated with your motion. Chillby took a deep breath and continued his line of thinking.

“I… think I’m in the same place your skeletons are.”

You grinned wider and pat his arm. “Aww Chills, you find a mate?”

He stared at you then handed you your drink. “... So have the other flamesmen.”

“Oooh, yea how’s that goin’?” You slur a little so you set down your drink and try to focus on your friend.

He just shrugged. “Just met her a few weeks ago… she may come in during one of our shared shifts.”

You smiled. “Need me to talk yaup?”

Somehow, the flames that made up his forehead contracted together in a frown. “Don’t even think about it… She just needs someone who is navigating a similar situation.”

“Gotcha, so no makin’ fun a you?”

He glared at you but pulled a water bottle out from under the bar and handed it over. “We don’t know each other that well yet… and she knows me as Pyre, not Chillby.”

“So you *do* need me ta talk you up.” You laugh.

Chillby subtly flipped you off but didn’t start talking until the band started another song. “Yea, don’t… I’ll just text you when you’re sober enough to be helpful.” And with that he grabbed the nearest mixer and splashed it into your drink.

“Hey!” You snatched up the now weirdly colored beverage and glared

at him.

He only chuckled and walked away. You sighed and inspected your now faintly glowing drink. Chillby (Pyre?) had begun incorporating monster mixers and alcohol into the bar stock once he got settled into his position. As you taught him human drinks, he slowly taught you about monster drinks.

Though most of the time, you couldn't tell if he was pranking you, every concoction you had made under his direction didn't taste like something a lot of people would want to order. Then again, you were involved with several monsters that regularly consumed condiments as a beverage so who were you to judge monster tastes?

Taking your mystery drink and water bottle back to the table, you grinned up at the boys on stage. Stretch had become a lot more open lately. You weren't sure if the whole 'exposure therapy' was working, or he was getting his frustrations out more regularly. A part of you assumed a little of both.

For one, you did find him with one or more of the others outside of band practice more often, and two… he and Mutt had started an odd habit of punching the other as a greeting. It wasn't that hard from what you could tell, but whenever they passed each other, someone was getting a fist to the shoulder or ribs. They still wrote music together though so you assumed it was nothing too bad.

"whoa, what d'ya order this time?" Sans blinked drunkenly at your beverage. You shrugged and set it down on a coaster and plucked up a few napkins. The overfull drink had sloshed over your hand on your way back to the table.

"It *was* a rum and coke. Chills added something else to it though." You reply. Instead of tasting it, you chose to crack open the water bottle.

"ah shit, thought 'e was done bein' a bastard bartender." Red grumbled. Reaching over the table he took your drink and gave it a taste.

You tipped to the side and plopped your head onto Blue's shoulder as you watched for a reaction. When your drink was calmly set back in front of you, you were a little disappointed. Red always had the best reactions to Chillby's strange mixes.

"looks like 'e was nice this time." He said. You narrowed your eyes at how quickly he picked up his mustard and took a drink. "what." He

asked when you didn't drop your stare. "i's jus' a li'l sweet fer my likin' doll, don' look at me like tha'."

Without dropping your stare, you sat up and picked up your glass. Slowly bringing it to your lips, you watched for any sign that he knew it was gross. When his expression didn't change, you risked a sip.

The sugary taste of whatever Chillby had added assaulted your tongue. Damn, Red wasn't lying when he said it was sweet, you couldn't taste the rum or coke in there anymore. "Wow," You said, setting the glass back down. "What did he add?"

Red shrugged and turned his attention back to the stage. You did the same after letting Blue sample your drink as well.

The boys were starting to rock out to one of their newer songs, you had only heard parts of it in passing through their practices and you were eager to hear the rest.

Well I've been stuck in

My head wonderin'

What's it gonna take to break the mold

I'm searchin' for something

That fire, that lightning

I used to think was uncontainable

And if there's one thing in my life

That I've been fighting day and night

Well it's the fear of changing nothing (Ba dah bop ba dah dah)

So when I open up my eyes

And shake that worry from my mind

I checked the clock and it's still running

So lemme show you something new

I need a little revolution

This could be like a revelation

Make you see that a change is overdue

Lemme show you something new

(Ba dah bop ba dah dah)

I think it, I say it, I write it, erase it

And break my back so I don't let you down

I'm restless and twisted, strung out, addicted

To chasing after picture perfect sound

You tried to sing along to the parts of the chorus you knew, but your alcohol muddled brain directed your voice to just mutter along followed by clearly singing the last word or two in the line. Blue was laughing at you on your left and his arm ended up around your shoulders so you could at least sway to the correct beat.

Black looked like he was trying to be disappointed in you, but the corners of his teeth were definitely pointing in the upward direction. Sans and Red were singing just as poorly as you were.

Yeah c'mon

We strike the match, ignite the room

Let's turn up the sound to somethin' new

Breathe in the fire then breathe it out, sing it back!

Ba dah bop ba dah dah

As the song began to wind down, you managed to get out of your seat, muttering to Blue that you had to pee and would be right back. Another song began to play as you made it into a stall. This one you

had heard before. Despite being behind closed doors, the music still could be heard. You idly sung along to yourself as you finished up and washed your hands.

A server came in as you were flattening your hair down. “Oh hey, some skeleton was asking where you were.” She said as she slipped into a stall.

You rolled your eyes. “I can’t have two seconds can I? Which one?”

“Uh, dark jacket, had trouble speaking, sounded a bit mad. Will you be okay?” She called through the stall.

“Yea,” You sigh. “He’s easy to talk down.” You finished drying your hands and headed out. Why was Red upset you wondered. As you moved down the hall you looked up at the speakers in the corner in annoyance. That buzzing was back, you would have to talk to Oliver about getting it fixed.

Before you could turn the corner leading back into the main bar, something wrapped around your upper arm and yanked you further down the hall.

“7h323 y0u 423.”

Your alcohol muddled mind tried to overcorrect your stumbling steps but you ended up falling into a puffy jacket. Blinking at the dark red sweater and black hoodie, you grumble. “Geez Red, be careful.” Hands grabbed your shoulders and shoved you away from the skeleton. You ended up catching yourself on the wall.

“5hu7 up, 1 41n'7 y0u2 m473.”

“What…?” You shook your head in confusion at the garbled words and looked over at the skeleton. “Wait, you’re not Red, who ’re you?”

The skeleton standing before you was… difficult to look at. Parts of him just seemed to fizzle in and out of existence. Little error signs popped up when a piece of him glitched out momentarily. Blinking at his face, your stomach twisted. The bones of his skull weren’t the pearly white of your mate’s. His skull was black, contrasting violently with the deep red sockets. The right socket had a tiny white dot of an eye light floating in the void of red. The other contained a small black dot ringed by blue and yellow magic. Blue rivers of something stained his cheekbones as they poured out of his sockets and cascaded down to his chin

“74k3 4 p1c7u23, 17'11 1457 10n932.” He growled.

You stared at his yellowed teeth, trying to piece together what he just said. “I’m… sorry? I didn’t catch any of that.”

He growled again but took a deep breath. “tak3 a pic- y4 kn0w wh47? n3v32m1nd. p41n 1n 7h3 455 15 wh47 y0u 423.”

You continued to stare blankly at him. You caught a few sort-of words in there but you had no idea of what he was trying to say to you. The hallway had gone temporarily quiet as the band finished their song and started on the next.

I am a circus freak

Caught in a cage, caught in a cage

Staring without a blink

Swallow me whole, swallow me whole

The skeleton in front of you was doing something with his hands. You couldn’t see what, but whatever he was playing with was blue.

I am a circus freak

Cut out my heart, cut out my heart

Loveless and watch me bleed

Tear me apart, tear my apart

The server smiled at you as she passed on her way out. You absently waved as she went by, too engrossed in watching this dark skeleton do whatever he was doing.

I've lost myself in make-believe

(Mutt) **I don't wanna go, I don't want to go, make me**

(Stretch) **Over and over I've deceived**

(Mutt) **I don't wanna go, I don't want to go**

(Stretch) **You want the form? I can't conform**

Cause I can't take anymore of your tainted bliss ‘cause

I've lost myself in make-believe

You can't break me

“Uh, what-” You were cut off with a glare.

I am a circus freak

So many scars, so many scars

“h323.” He said, opening his red and yellow hands.

I'm just the common creep

Something to watch, something to watch

You gasped as beautiful cursive words spread themselves out in between his fingertips.

i’m error,

It read.

you and your mates are causing me way too much trouble.

“Sorry?” You said as he brought his hands back together before spreading them apart to reveal new words.

i’m not going to clean up your damn mess. so either get your bonds separated or convince ink to let them stay. i don’t care.

“I know Ink,” you mumbled. Error rolled his eyes and displayed one more message.

sort it out so i can do my job. if you don’t, it’s you i’ll hold responsible.

As soon as you looked back up at him, the little blue strings untangled themselves and shot forward, weaving and binding themselves around your throat in a loose choker.

(Mutt) **Come one, come all**

Step right up for the one, the lonely

Circus freak!

(Stretch) **You'll never break me**

You'll never change me, no

La, da, da, da, da

La, da, da, da

“f1x 17.” He grumbled. Shooting you one last glare, he distorted then disappeared.

You frantically felt at the little strings hugging your throat, there was some give to them but there was no way to pull them off.

I've waited ten long years just to look in the mirror

And to find just what I'm staring at

I've waited ten long years just to tell you I'm fearless

You don't understand, I've become who I am!

“you okay?” You jerked your head around at Sans’s voice nearby. You nod and loop your arm around him so the two of you could make your way back to the table.

“I think I just met that other skeleton you warned me about.” You say into the side of his skull. “Can we go home?”

Sans nodded and announced your request to the rest of the group. You passed out hugs to the ones at the table and waved and blew kisses to the boys on stage as they wrapped up their song.

I've lost myself in make-believe

You can't break me

It took a few tries, but Sans managed to teleport the two of you into his room. You laughed as he stumbled forward with you, almost crashing into his desk but falling sideways onto his mattress at the last second.

“you try navigating the void while drunk.” He grumbled as you continued to laugh.

“Can’t,” you giggled while kicking off your shoes, “I’m not a magical skeleton.”

“speakin’ of.” Sans rolled over so he could squish you beneath him and squint at the strings around your neck. “they don’t hurt?” He asked, glancing up at your face. You shook your head and he slid off of you with a grunt to dig his phone from his pocket. You continued to fiddle with the strings. From what you could feel, there was no break in the weave, just a continuous circle of thread hugging your throat.

Sans tried to tap out a few messages before cursing and just hitting the call button on the contact he had open, setting it to speaker so both of you could hear. A familiar voice picked up on the fourth ring.

“can this wait?”

“G!” You basically screamed, grabbing the phone from Sans.

“angel? hold on…” You listened to some muffled conversation then the sounds of movement through the line before he came back on. “everything okay? why are ya calling from sans’s phone?”

“‘m here too.” Sans mumbled from his spot mostly face down on his mattress next to you. “gotta question fer ya.”

“and why couldn’t you text me?”

“this ‘s faster.”

“you’re drunk.”

“guilty.”

G made a frustrated sound. “why are you drunk calling me?”

“Hold on, I’ll switch you to video.” You say and fiddled around until Sans pointed out how to get the video chat working on his phone.

“Heey, there you are!” You grin down at G on the screen. He appeared to be on a balcony somewhere, and shirtless for some reason.

“hey angel, ya drunk too?”

“mmhmm, just came from the band’s concert.” You watch his eye light dart to the side and back.

“not that i don’t love seeing your face, but, i’m a little occupied right now. is this a social call ooor?”

“Nuh uh,” You managed to get into a sitting position and aimed the

phone at your throat. “A guy calling himself error put this on me at the bar.” You brought the phone back up to your face at G’s choking sound.

“ *error* is there?!” He hissed.

“I guess so, do you know him?”

“angel... remember when i told ya that it was impossible for me to go back to my universe, right?” You hum in acknowledgement. “error is the reason, he literally destroyed my entire timeline when we left.”

The alcohol in your system softened the blow, but you still felt ice creep through your veins at his words.

“do ya know how to remove them?” Sans had sat up and bumped his skull into your head so he could peer down at G.

The other skeleton shook his head. “i’ve only seen him use his strings ta destroy stuff. the fact that they aren’t hurting you is just as surprising ta me as it is ta you.”

You then told them the best you could remember of what Error had said to you.

“so was he warning or threatening ya?” Sans asked. You shrug.

“i’m impressed ya could understand him. took me months of him showing up ta taunt me ta figure out how to interpret his speech.” G said, he was rubbing his jaw in thought.

“I couldn’t understand him,” You say yawning, “He wrote everything out using his string things.”

G nodded thoughtfully. “is that ink splotch still on your hand?”

You frowned and nodded, holding up your hand so he could see. “Yea, how did you know it was there?”

“i sent him the picture of it.” Sans explained. You nodded and yawned again.

G noticed and sighed. “i better let ya go. sleep tight angel. sans, i need ta talk to ya still.”

Sans slipped the phone from your hand after you said your goodnights. Switching the phone back to talk only, he held it up to his

skull. You lay down and sleepily watched him finish out the call.

“there’s no need, we can handle it… i know, but ya told us everything ya know, so… yea... fine, see ya then.” He hung up and fell back to lay next to you.

“So I’m not gonna die with this on me?” You mumble as you draped your arm over him and snuggled into his side.

“doesn’t sound like it. ya doing okay?”

“Mmhmm, sleepy.”

You smiled as he returned the cuddles and pulled a blanket up to cover the two of you. “sweet dreams princess.”

Chapter End Notes

I didn't forget about the outcodes or G guys!
Error translations:
there you are.
shut up, i ain't your mate.
take a picture, it'll last longer.
you know what? nevermind. pain in the ass is what you are.
here.
fix it.

Also, a little teaser in here about another fic I'm working on with good ol' Pyre here. I haven't posted anything for it yet, but it's coming! ;)

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Every Storm Runs out of Rain

Chapter Summary

> I saw you standing in the middle of the thunder and lightning
> I know you're feeling like you just can't win, but you're trying
> It's hard to keep on keepin' on, when you're being pushed around
> Don't even know which way is up, you just keep spinning down,
> 'round, down

Chapter Notes

> Lots happening friends. I believe one of you asked to see what a certain skeleton's panic attacks would be like so... here you are!
>
> !!!Chapter Warnings!!!!
> Astraphobia
> Panic attack
> Self Harm
>
> Song reference:
> Darlin - Avril Lavigne

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The weather was definitely getting colder. The trees were dropping their leaves with a vengeance and you were starting to think more seriously about Halloween. Blaire had announced that she would be coming to visit over the holiday and the boys had been drafted to perform at the Crown's Halloween party.

You and Sans had filled everyone else in about your visitor from the bar and you had given them his description at their insistence. The ink splotch was easy enough to cover up with makeup, but now you had a bright blue necklace woven around your throat with no way to get it off. You had tried scissors and the boys all attempted to get it off in their own way, but it stayed fast.

The initial panic faded after nothing happened over the next few days. Didn't stop the boys from making sure at least one mate was present with you at work every night. And G texted often. Sans relented and gave him your number. The letters came too slowly anyway.

The day was cloudy and gray, you were laying on one of the couches in the lounge watching a movie. Your head was in Stretch's lap and

your legs were draped over Mutt's. The two were pointedly ignoring the other while simultaneously interacting with you. It was strange, but they weren't actively fighting so you didn't say anything.

Sans entered with two mugs. Circling around the couch he plopped down onto the floor. Offering a mug to you over his shoulder, he settled in leaning against the couch while avoiding the other two's legs.

"You're a hero." You say propping yourself up enough to take the mug. Steam rose from the chocolaty liquid and you hummed happily. "Paps's recipe?"

Sans nodded and clinked his mug to yours. "First storm of the season is coming, ya know the drill."

Nodding, you drain half of your drink. Handing it off to Stretch, you sit up and thrust your fist in the air. "Blanket fort!" Swinging your legs over Sans's head and off of the couch you laugh as you hear Papyrus's voice from the other room.

"Blanket fort!"

You run out of the lounge to the sound of the three couch potatoes chuckling. Papyrus was already running up the stairs as you charged through the entry hall and into the kitchen. Rounding the corner, you almost crashed into Blue.

"WHAT'S HAPPENING?" He asked.

"Blanket fort, follow me." Grabbing up his hand, you pulled him after you into the mud room. Throwing open the linen closet next to the washer and dryer, you started handing him blankets and pillows.

"NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, BUT WHAT'S THE OCCASION?" Blue asked as you stacked another blanket on him.

"It's kinda become a tradition to build a huge blanket fort and stuff ourselves with junk food when the first big storm of fall comes though." You tuck the last few blankets under your arm and scoop up a pillow before leading Blue back out of the mud room. "Paps, didn't have a fun time when he first experienced one of the thunderstorms up here," you continued. "So I thought that cuddling up in a fort with food and games would take his mind off of it long enough for it to stop being scary."

“DID IT WORK?” Blue asked, stars in his eyes.

“Well, he isn’t afraid of storms anymore.” You say.

The two of you had re-entered the lounge. “Move guys, I gotta put these somewhere.”

Both Mutt and Stretch looked up at you and Blue laiden with blankets and pillows.

“ooh noo, comfy pillows need a place.” Stretch droned. Reaching back, he plucked the pillow from your hand and collapsed over the armrest with it beneath him.

“whatever will we do?” Mutt mournfully atoned from the other end of the couch.

You snorted and dumped your arm load over the pair of them. “Parish then.”

Blue followed suit then left to help Papyrus with the haul from upstairs. Just then, light flashed through the window. Sans chuckled from his spot on the floor. “one.” He quietly continued counting until the rumble of thunder shook the window.

“the hell was that?” Stretch managed to free his face from the pile of blankets to look up at you. Mutt had also surfaced to look out the window.

“That my friends, is thunder. Sans, are we stocked on pizza pockets?”

Sans nodded and started counting when another flash lit up the room. When the boom of thunder followed, Mutt cursed and teleported out calling for his brother. You were already on your way back to the kitchen to start on the snacks.

Rain drummed against the window as you preheat the oven and began lining out two cookie sheets with the pizza rolls. There was a huge pot of Papyrus’s hot chocolate keeping warm on the stove top and a few other snacks had already been dug out of the pantry.

At the commotion coming down the stairs you peeked out. Papyrus and Blue each had their arms full of blankets and pillows. Black followed close behind grumbling to himself. Mutt was at the rear on high alert as if the sky was going to come crashing into the house to personally assault him.

Shaking your head, you went about pulling out the rest of the snacks from the pantry. When the oven finished preheating, you slid the pizza pockets in and set a timer before leaving to deliver the other snacks to the lounge.

Papyrus and Blue were already constructing a massive fort. You noticed that the curtains on the windows had all been shut and the fort was being put together in such a way that extra coverage would block out almost all light from them.

Mutt had appeared to have calmed a little and was supporting his brother who was perched on his shoulder to pin a blanket corner to the wall. Stretch had been moved from the couch and was now sprawled across the carpet next to Sans, apparently the both of them decided that the middle of everything was the best place for a nap.

You placed the snacks on a nearby end table and maneuvered around to dig into one of the game closets lining the wall. “What do you think Papaya? Life? Sorry? Monopoly?”

“Do we have enough decks for nertz?” Papyrus asked as he began arranging pillows for optimal comfort.

“Do we have enough decks he asks.” You laugh and pull out a plastic tub stuffed full of card decks. “We could play nertz with the whole neighborhood if we wanted to Paps.”

At your words, his face lit up. “Oh could we? I’ve been meaning to bring some cookies over to the Mason’s place, you know they moved in down the street a month ago… a month! And I haven’t even gone to say welcome.”

He continued to ramble about being neighborly to an agreeing Blue. You laughed and set out the tub before looking over the various board games. “Any other games you want me to pull?”

Mutt came over with Black still on his shoulder to peer at the games. “WHAT IS MONOPOLY?” Black asked.

“I will not play Monopoly!” Papyrus yelled. “I don’t know how, but Sans always cheats to get boardwalk and the railroads!”

“aww paps, don’t slander me like that.” Sans chipped in from his place on the floor.

“But you do!”

“at least no one gets *board* with monopoly.”

“Sans! No puns in the fort!”

“aww, ya not *game* for my jokes?”

“Get out!”

You laughed and turned your attention back to the closet. Mutt had reached around you and pulled out your big Cards Against Humanity box.

“ya ‘ave an anti human game?” He pondered the box while Black leaned forward to dig around.

“Ha, it’s not anti human. You kinda just need a different sense of humor to play it. Leave it out, I'll teach you guys.”

Mutt shrugged and held onto the box as Black sat up with Sorry in his hands. He had played it with you and Papyrus before. “YOU WILL ALL GROVEL BEFORE ME!” He proclaimed.

You shook your head and pulled out Life before shutting the closet. “Would you set these over there? I gotta go check on the pizza rolls.” You handed the game off to Mutt then made your way back out of the lounge and into the kitchen.

Just then, a bright flash of light lit up the kitchen. A few seconds later the thunder boomed making you smile and peer out the window. You personally loved thunderstorms. And not just because it was an excuse to drink hot chocolate and get cozy in a fort. The smell of rain accompanied by a light and sound show? Sign you the fuck up.

Hunting down a large tray, you began to set out mugs. Once the rolls were done, you could ladle out the hot chocolate, then the party could really start. A small crackle of thunder made you look up. You hadn’t noticed the lightning for that one, damn.

The timer went off and you plated the rolls, two large plates were brought to the lounge where an intense game of nertz had already started. Then you were back in the kitchen carefully ladling hot chocolate into mugs. More thunder rolled and Red was suddenly next to you making you jump and slosh hot chocolate onto the counter.

“Stars Red! Give me some warning next time.” You reached for a paper towel to clean up your mess.

“sorry, uh, could ya… come wi’ me fer a secon’?”

“Everything okay?” You toss the paper towel and hand him a full mug.

Red glanced around and lowered his voice, even though everyone else was currently in the lounge. “uh, it’s boss… could ya go talk ta him?”

“Sure. Would you take these to everyone? Is he in his room?” You pulled off two mugs and gestured to the tray. Red nodded and picked it up then blipped out of the kitchen.

Topping off the drinks in your hand you headed upstairs being careful not to spill any of the chocolate goodness. Red appeared in the hallway in front of his brother’s door. You eyed him as he opened it. The room was mostly dark. Only the lamp on Edge’s side table was on. The curtains were drawn closed and the room was empty.

You glanced at Red who was making his way into the center of the room. “boss?” He called. You stayed standing in the hallway, mug in each hand.

“Edge?” Your eyes tracked around the room again, only finding Red. Thunder rolled overhead and a crashing sound accompanied by a snarl came from the closet.

Red cursed and blipped over to the door. “‘ey boss, can ya come out?”

You had eased into the room while Red tried to talk his brother out. His words were only met with either silence or muttering from behind the closet door.

“Edge? It’s me, are you okay?” You set the drinks on his desk before joining Red at the door. Leaning in, you could hear Edge mumbling. No clear words came through, but his voice sounded shaky.

“Can I come in?” You try the door handle only to find it locked. “Red is he okay in there?” Your eyes didn’t leave the door as you directed your question to his brother.

Red knocked on the door. “boss, yer freakin’ us out out ‘ere, open the door.”

Another snarl sounded and you jumped at the sound of something scraping violently down the other side of the door. More thunder boomed and you made out a strangled whimper followed by a ripping sound.

“Edge, talk to me, please.” Your voice filled with urgency and you turned to Red at the sound of bone scraping bone. “Get me in there.”

“‘e'll attack ya.”

“He’s hurting himself in there Red. Get. Me. In!”

Red let out a breath and knocked on the door again. “boss… we’re comin’ in.” He reached for your hand. “‘old on doll.”

Everything went pitch black. The only hint that you had in fact landed on the other side of the door was the warmth of the closet and the sensation of carpet meeting your feet. The darkness didn’t last long as a crimson bone appeared, illuminating your surroundings as it flew towards you. Red yanked you back against him and another bone appeared to deflect the attack.

“it’s us!” He called.

In the dim glow of Red’s magic, you could see Edge huddled on the floor against the door. Several deep claw marks ran down the length of the wood. You couldn’t see any hint of light in Edge’s skull. His shirt was torn over one shoulder and he appeared to be clawing at his barred scapula.

Thunder could be heard through the door and Edge convulsed, eye flashing briefly as he curled in on himself while muttering.

“Lesser Dog… Dust… They Ambushed Us NyehHeh… Avalanche, I Couldn’t Get To Him… NyehHehHEHHEH…”

You sunk to your knees and slowly inched towards him. “Edge… Papyrus can you look at me?”

Edge’s laugh became hysterical and you heard his claws dig into his shoulder again. You reached out only to be stopped by Red grabbing your wrist. “don’t.” He growled.

“I have to do something.” You hissed back.

“keep… keep talkin’ ta him ‘r somethin’. jus’ don’t grab ‘im.” Red’s eye light flicked anxiously from you to his brother and back.

“Don’t you know how to help him out of this?”

“ya think ‘e ever let me?”

You turn back to Edge and inched forward again. “Ed-Papyrus… look at me please, no one’s dusting. I’m here, your brother is here. Let me see your eyes darling.”

Edge’s skull twitched in your direction but he kept mumbling and scratching, his claws were digging through his own bones as he scraped them over his shoulder and down into his collar bone. His other hand briefly fluttered up to his scared socket before dropping back into his lap.

You continued to talk to him. He would occasionally react to you speaking his real name but thunder would boom over the house and he would spiral back into his mind. He had stopped muttering, but he still flinched with each roll of thunder.

“sing ta him.” Red whispered. He had remained standing over you to block the few other attacks Edge had sent your way, and to talk to his brother when you were at a loss.

“Sing what?”

“i don’ fuckin’ care, jus’ try somethin’ other than talkin’.”

You turned back to Edge and chewed your lip. None of your songs in the forefront of your mind would sound remotely comforting at the moment. “Oh darling, I wish you…” You paused and tried to just sing as you spoke to him.

Darlin', you're hiding in the closet once again

Start smilin'

You glance up at Red who nodded and made a ‘keep going’ motion. You took a deep breath and inched forward again.

I know you're tryin', real hard not to turn your head away

Pretty darlin'

Face tomorrow, tomorrow's not yesterday

Yesterday, oh, oh

Edge raised his head, his tiny eye lights were still gone, but you had his attention. Encouraged, you raced to string words together, singing louder in the hopes of drowning out any noise of the storm.

Pretty please, I know it's a drag

Wipe your eyes and put up your head

I wish you could be happy instead

There's nothing else I can do

Then love you the best that I can

His hand dropped from his shoulder and hovered helplessly out in front of him, you tentatively reached for him.

Darlin', I was there once a while I go

I know, that it's hard to be stuck with people

That you love when nobody trusts

His hand felt gritty in yours as he all but dragged you into his lap. Red stepped forward, alarm on his face and looking ready to pry his brother's arms off of you, but you quickly waved him back as Edge curled around you.

Taking a few breaths to calm yourself you went back to singing.

Pretty please, I know it's a drag

Wipe your eyes and put up your head

I wish you could be happy instead

There's nothing else I can do

Then love you the best that I can

You're not the only one who's been through

I've been there alone and now so are you

I just want you to know,

Want you to know it's not your fault

It's not your fault

You paused as his claws ran slow tracks up and down your back.

“Don’t Stop.” He mumbled against your hair. You nodded into his chest and kept singing. You flinched when he did at a roll of thunder but he didn't scratch you.

Pretty please, I know it's a drag

Wipe your eyes and put up your head

I wish you could be happy instead

There's nothing else I can do

Then love you the best that I can

Pretty please, I know it's a drag

Wipe your eyes and put up your head

I wish you could be happy instead

There's nothing else I can do

Then love you the best that I can

You slowly shifted your position so you could sit up and look at him. His eye lights were back, fuzzy, but there. And he could focus on your face. You smile and stroke his cheek bone.

Darlin, you're hiding in the closet once again

Start smilin'

His skull weighed heavily in your palm. He shut his sockets and pulled you back up against him. Draping your arms around him while being careful of the gouges in his shoulder, you sat quietly in the dark closet. Eventually Edge raised his head and you felt him stiffen.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?” You hummed in question only to hear Red behind you.

“s-sorry boss, i’ll go.”

“Red, wait!” Both brothers paused. Red stared down at you with tiny eye lights and Edge loosened his hold enough for you to be able to look at them both. “Edge, he helped me get in here to help you.”

Edge stared at you then his brother. Red was sweating nervously. “naw, i’s okay doll, i uh, i’ll leave ya to it.”

“No wait…” You chewed your lip and looked back to Edge. “Let’s go get comfy in your room. We can watch a movie or something… I have hot chocolate if that sweetens the deal any.” Ever so slowly, Edge nodded. You smiled and braced to stand up. “Okay, let’s try that.”

He nodded again and let you help him stand. Remembering his ripped shirt you looked around at the variety of clothes surrounding you. Digging around, you pulled out a soft sweater. He seemed to like making you wear these when you were having trouble, so you figured it a safe bet for him as well.

“i’ll go get my laptop.” Red muttered and teleported out.

Edge kept a firm hold on one of your hands as you unlocked the door and coaxed him to his bed. “May I?” You gestured with the sweater at him. He blinked at it then down at himself. Grimacing, he let go of you and pulled his torn shirt off, hissing as it was tugged up and over his head.

You winced at the scratches visible on his collar bone. “Can I see?” You asked as he rolled his shoulder. At his nod, you moved around to sit behind him on his bed.

Deep gouges marred the surface of his scapula and up over the crest of his shoulder. Dust shimmered on the edges of the claw marks and occasionally drifted down when he shifted.

Red came back in, looking over your position and scrutinizing the dust covered shirt on the floor. Setting his laptop down, he shuffled over to the desk and started digging around.

“TOP RIGHT DRAWER.” Edge said. Red complied and came back over with a monster candy in hand. You watched as the scratches shrunk and closed themselves with the help of the healing food. Your heart sunk at the sight of old scratches scarring the flat bone.

Handing the sweater to him you slipped off of the bed to retrieve the now lukewarm chocolate. You could hear the rain beating against his window and you looked back to see Red stiffly setting up his laptop for Netflix.

Eventually you were able to arrange yourself and Edge on his bed. You were propped up on pillows next to your tall mate. Red had

pulled up the desk chair and sat next to the bed to watch with the two of you. He turned the volume up high to drown out the thunder that occasionally rumbled overhead and the sounds of the others playing games downstairs.

Edge still flinched the first few times but he eventually took interest in the crime show Red had put on. You texted Sans and Papyrus explaining your absence and tried not to laugh as Edge slowly adjusted his position until he was no longer even watching the screen.

A half-season later, he was passed out. His head pillowed on your stomach and arms wrapped around you. You smiled and rubbed his skull.

“thanks.” Red mumbled from his chair. “fer helpin’ ‘im. don’ think ‘e woulda listened ta me.”

“I think you did just fine.” You reassure him. “Come sit.” Smiling up at him, you pat the mattress beside you.

Red ducked his head. “naw… i shouldn’.”

“You’re not going to wake him Red.” You jostle the skeleton using you as a bed. He grumbled but didn't wake. “See?”

Red just shook his head and chuckled nervously. “naw, doll it ain’t tha’... i just don’ think i should be ‘n a bed witcha.”

You looked over at him sitting awkwardly in his seat. His eye lights darted to you then back to the show. “don’ wanna hurtcha ‘gain.” He muttered.

“You’re not going to. We’ve been doing jam sessions with and without the twins for months now and you haven’t hurt me at all.” You reach over and pat his femur. “I’m not scared of you Red.”

Red snorted and picked up your hand. “ya are though.” Before you could protest, he forged ahead. “ya act like we’re good an’ back ta normal. hell ‘m pretty sure ya don’ even know ya do it but… i see. i notice that ya hesitate jus’ the slightes’ bit ‘fore ya hug me, ‘r come inta a room wit’ jus’ me. jus’ before, ya didn’ come in ‘ere ‘til ya knew boss was somewhere in ‘ere with me.”

You frown. Did you do that?

“i’s okay doll, i’s my fault ya do it. i fucked up, so i don’ getta be

witcha.”

You stare at him glaring down at his hands as they gently fiddled with your fingers. “Red.”

“hones’ly you’ve been more ‘n fergivin, ya know, lettin’ me write music an’ jammin’ witcha.” His hands started to shake and you noticed little red tears forming at the corners of his sockets. “a-an’ tha’s more ‘n i should get but ya let me be here, ya let me be yer mate.” His voice cracked and he dropped your hand to turn away from you.

You glanced down at Edge still asleep on your stomach and shifted as subtly as you could to be able to rub at Red’s back. “You’ve improved Red. I can see that you’re not the same monster that came out of the mountain.”

“doesn’ change what i did ta ya.”

“No it doesn’t.” You felt him flinch under your hand and you sigh. “If a similar situation came up, would you do it again?”

Red’s head whipped around in shock. “no! i wouldn’ touch ya. doll, i *swear* , if somthin’ ‘appens an’ ya never get aroun’ ta talkin’ ta me again... tha’s... tha’s okay.”

...

“Then I forgive you.”

Red’s eye lights expand then constrict down to barely visible pin pricks. “ya… ya don’ mean tha’”

“I do.”

“yer still scared a me.”

“Then show me that I shouldn’t be.”

Magic tears spilled down his face and he quickly buried his head in his hands. “‘m sorry.”

You smiled gently and tugged at his sleeve until he collapsed next to you on the bed. “I know.”

Coaxing his head onto your shoulder, you rubbed little circles over his parka as he quietly sobbed into your neck. Amazingly enough Edge

didn’t stir the entire time.

As Red calmed down, he began to tell you stories. Little snippets of him raising Edge, short tales of when he sometimes secretly followed his brother around when he was out on patrol to make sure nothing happened to him. Of his Frisk when they came out of the ruins and how they made it to the king and broke the barrier. He even talked about his surface therapist and how his sessions were going. His voice was deep and soft as it rumbled against you, lulling you to sleep.

Red raised his head and peered down at your sleeping face. He should go now. You were comfortable and you had Edge to keep you company. Overstaying his welcome wouldn’t do him any good in proving to you that he wasn’t a bad monster anymore.

When he went to sit up, a hand clamped around his arm. Looking down, he found his brother’s eye lights staring back up at him from your stomach.

“Stay.” Edge whispered.

Red glanced at you, worried you'd wake up.

“Sans,” His eye lights darted back to his brother. “Stay… Please.”

Nodding minutely, Red laid back down.

“We’re Quite A Mess Aren’t We?” Edge whispered. He didn’t let go of Red after he had settled.

Red scoffed but quietly agreed.

“I Won’t Say Anything If You Also Keep Your Mouth Shut.”

“heh, my metaphorical lips ‘re sealed.”

“Good… Sans?”

“mm.”

“Thank You.”

Chapter End Notes

> That was actually pretty tough to write but I feel like it turned out okay. Hit all of my own feels one the way through ^_^

Redemption is coming, you can't stop it... and I just want the fell boys to have a nice brotherly relationship. I need it, they need it!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

In Love With a Monster

Chapter Summary

Just your run of the mill skeletal malarkey and a bangin' party.

Chapter Notes

Got a long chapter here guys, didn't want to split it into two.

Lots of music in this one friends!

In Love with a Monster - Fifth Harmony
Feed My Frankenstein - Alice Cooper
The Zombie Song - Stephanie Mabey
Living Dead Girl - Rob Zombie
Zombie Love Song - Your Favorite Martian

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Something was different. You couldn't quite put your finger on it, but something was definitely different. All of your boys had been oddly quiet over the past few days. Papyrus had set up a blow up mattress in Blue's room last night and the house was suspiciously clean.

The only excitement since the big storm had been Edge and Blue both passing their driving tests. And even then, they only had a celebration dinner and watched a few movies that evening. You didn't know if it was the colder weather or what, but you were determined to break the funk.

Marching down the stairs, you headed into the kitchen. Red was up and cooking breakfast… again. He had been making quite a few breakfasts lately. At first you had been skeptical, but his cooking was surprisingly good.

"don' touch." He growled as you went to reach around him for a strip of bacon.

"Why not?" You broke off a crispy bit and popped it in your mouth.

"they're fer the gravy." He pushed the plate away from you and went back to stirring what looked like a big pot of said gravy.

"Bacon gravy for breakfast?" You raised a brow and went to the fridge

for a glass of milk.

“biscuits ‘re in the oven. gimme some credit doll.”

“Ooh, getting fancy today.” You tease, bumping the fridge closed and quickly stealing a whole strip of bacon.

“hey! put that back!”

“You can’t make me, I’m not scared of you.” You crunched down on the bacon strip and grinned at the light red magic gracing his cheek bones.

“ya scared ‘f me?” Mutt’s voice came from behind you as his arms encircled your shoulders. You jump, but you attempt to play it off by shoving the rest of the bacon strip in your mouth.

“Nope.” You say around your mouthful, “You guys are too sweet to be considered scary.” Now they both had magic in their faces. Silently calling a win, you slipped out of Mutt’s arms and into the dining room where Blue was setting out plates.

“Hey, you know everyone’s schedules pretty well right?” He nodded and handed you a stack of napkins as he passed. You automatically start to lay them out next to the plates. “Is everyone free today? I wanna maybe check out the Halloween store before I have to go to work.”

“OH! UM, COULD WE DO THAT TOMORROW?” Blue followed behind you with silverware.

“Why tomorrow?”

Blue paused and fidgeted with the forks in his hand. “I JUST THINK IT’S A BETTER DAY TO GO.”

“Go where?” Papyrus had come in.

You turn to him. “I was wondering if everyone would want to come with me to the Halloween store today. I gotta get some stuff for my costume.”

“I don’t see why not.” Papyrus said, he left a kiss on your head as he passed to move into the kitchen.

“PAPYRUS, WE HAVE TO…” Blue’s eye lights dart to you then back to Papyrus. “WE HAVE A THING TO DO!”

You raised your brows as Papyrus paused in the doorway to pull out his phone. He typed out a message then proceeded on into the kitchen. Blue's phone dinged a second later. He shot you a look then excused himself. Yea, things were weird.

You finished setting the table and your mates slowly trickled in to eat. Blue was suddenly in agreement of going to the Halloween store and after some odd kicking under the table and a few texts later, the rest of your boys also sounded interested in looking at costumes.

"So why just the two of us?" You asked as Papyrus ushered you into his car.

"I have an errand to run that I need your help with before we go. Everyone will meet us there dearest, do not worry."

"I'm worrying."

"Nyeh heh heh, it's an easy errand, we'll be at the Halloween store in no time!"

You gave Papyrus a skeptical look but buckled in anyways. Papyrus's definition of easy usually deviated from the norm. But you were here now and you would just have to see where he would take you.

The little shops of your side of town dropped into the rear-view mirror and you glanced over at Papyrus as he pulled onto the freeway. "Are we stopping by your campus?" You asked as the city center got closer. Papyrus shook his head but didn't comment.

"You said this was going to be a quick errand." You protested.

"It will be."

"We're at the airport."

"Yes we are."

You scrunched your face at your mate in confusion. "... Why?"

Papyrus grinned and nodded towards the large building. Turning to look, you gasp and hurriedly unbuckle.

"Blaire!" You shout bursting out of the front seat to run down your friend coming towards the car.

“Hey love, I’m home!” She laughed and dropped her suitcase to catch you as you barreled into her.

“I thought you weren’t coming until this weekend!” You gushed as you hugged her tight.

“Surprise?”

You laughed and released her to pick up her suitcase and led her back to the car where Papyrus was grinning from ear to metaphorical ear. The three of you chatted happily as Papyrus drove back towards your little section of town and the Halloween store.

“Is this why you guys have been weirdly quiet this week?” You asked as the store came into view.

Papyrus nodded and pat your leg apologetically.

“I swore them all to secrecy.” Blaire said from the back seat. “Thought they could act casual enough to not raise suspicion, but I guess that didn’t happen.”

You laugh and hold onto Papyrus’s hand still on your leg.

As he searched the parking lot for a space, you texted your boys that they could teleport over. Before heading in, Sans and Mutt both greeted Blaire and you heard Black boasting to her over how he had managed your mental state as she had asked him to when she left last time. You laughed at her confused look and you promised to explain after the shopping trip.

You had already given an overview of Halloween to the skeletons who hadn’t celebrated it before so everyone easily spread out once they got inside. You and Blaire perused the house decorations.

“So do you have Halloween off?” She asked as she pulled a set of orange and purple lights from the shelf.

You shake your head. “No, but the Crown is throwing a big party that night so it’s not like I’m missing out on anything.”

“Boo, I was hoping to get you on stage with me again.”

“The boys are performing that night, they’ve been practicing some awesome covers for it.”

“Covers? You mean I don’t even get to hear any of their original stuff

while I'm here?"

You laugh and dump a set of skull cups into your basket. "I'm sure we can convince them to give you a private concert in the garage at some point."

Blaire only huffed and moved down an aisle, tossing you a smirk as she went. Grinning after her, you picked out a few more house decorations then went to look at the accessories.

You had most of your costume assembled, there were just a few things you needed to finish it up. Colored hair spray and some body paint was found quickly and was added to your basket. As you looked through the array of petticoats, Black found you.

"I WOULD LIKE YOU TO MATCH ME FOR THIS HALLOWEEN HOLIDAY." He announced.

You plucked up a black petticoat before answering him. "I already have a costume in mind."

"CHANGE IT THEN."

Raising a brow you turned to look at him. "I've been working on this costume for a bit now Black. Won't your brother do something with you?"

He narrowed his sockets and cast a glare over at his brother wandering down an aisle. "THE BAND IS COLLABORATING THEIR OWN COSTUMES APPARENTLY."

"They are?" You looked around again in excitement. Sure enough, Papyrus had an armful of stuff, holding up various costumes to his counterparts and chattering away. He was only here for ideas, Papyrus always hand-made his costumes.

You looked down at Black as he sulked. "What were you wanting to dress up as?" He glanced at you then waved for you to follow. Shrugging, you dropped the petticoat into your basket and trailed after him.

He pulled you down a few aisles only to suddenly halt in front of a rack of costumes. Rummaging around for a moment, he pulled out a cape. You frowned at the item until he turned the hanger around.

"You want to be a vampire?" You asked taking in the photo of the

model sporting the cape attached to the hanger.

“OF COURSE NOT, I SIMPLY WOULD LIKE TO DRESS AS ONE FOR YOUR COSTUME HOLIDAY.”

“Ah, so. What would your partner go as?” Vampire was a pretty solitary costume choice, you thought.

“MY VICTIM OF COURSE.”

You blink down at him then looked up and around. “Blue?” You called.

“OVER HERE MAIDEN!”

You nodded, then took Black’s hand to hunt your other mate down. Black grumbled the whole way but he let you pull him around. When you found Blue trying on various hats with Blaire you laughed. Blaire had a tiny top hat clipped into her hair, and Blue was putting on a wide brimmed hat with a giant feather sticking out of it.

“Finding anything good?” You ask.

Blaire shrugged and put her tiny hat back on the rack. Blue also removed his hat, but he plopped it on Blaire’s head before bouncing over to you.

“THERE ARE SO MANY OPTIONS HERE! I DIDN’T KNOW HUMANS HAD SO MANY THINGS THEY WANTED TO BE OTHER THAN HUMAN!”

You laugh again then pull Black forward. “Black wants to dress up as a vampire, wanna partner up with him?”

Blue tilted his head as Black shot you a glare. “I DON’T WANT TO BE SOMETHING SOMEONE ELSE IS ALREADY DOING.” Blue said.

“I SECOND THAT.” Black grumbled.

“Why don’t one of you be a vampire hunter then?” Blaire joined the conversation wearing a jester hat. When both skeletons gave her a blank look she rolled her eyes and put a hand on each of their shoulders. “Come with me.”

You smiled and waved them off. Good, now you could get the rest of what you needed. Unfortunately, Red was right where you needed to be. You wanted to keep your costume secret until Halloween night.

“Not gonna look at costumes?” You ask, sliding up next to him.

He glanced down at you before looking back up at the wall of various skeleton decorations. “naw, already ordered what i need.” Reaching out, he took down a mini plastic skeleton and turned to you. “why the naked guys?”

You grinned and took the decoration from him. “What, you don’t appreciate the skeletal form?” Red raised a brow and turned away muttering under his breath. You laughed and put the skeleton back only to drop a few bag-o-bones packages into your basket. “This is a spooky holiday Red, skeletons can be scary for some people.”

“we’re scary huh?”

You wrapped an arm around his and grinned up at your sharp mate. “To some people yea, but I think they’re adorable.”

He snorted and scratched the back of his head with his free hand as he fought the magic threatening to take over his skull. Untangling your arm from his, you booped his nasal bridge and winked at him before sauntering off. You heard him chuckling as you made your way over to the checkout counter.

Black, Blue, and Blaire were already there and the rest of your boys began to trickle out of the store or over to buy their items after you.

You, Blaire, and Papyrus headed back to his car while the others paired up to teleport home. Once the three of you were parked in the garage, Papyrus made sure Blaire was comfortably moved into his room, before you dragged her to yours and closed everyone else out.

“Help me with my costume.” You begged as you pulled out all of the pieces you had been putting together over the past week.

“Welcome home Blaire, I missed you. Aw thanks, happy to be back.” Blaire mimicked having a conversation with herself as she sat down on your bed to look over your costume.

You snort and throw the bundle of ribbons in your hand at her. “I am happy to see you dummy, now help me! You’re so much better at crafty stuff than me.”

She just rolled her eyes good naturedly and started shuffling through your supplies. “You make crazy drinks for a living and you write music like it’s nothing, but you can’t put together a costume… what

even are all of these parts?”

The two of you sewed and glued until you had to go to work. It had been wonderful to work on something and just chat with a girl friend. You didn’t really have any others. You knew the server girls at the bar, but you had never interacted with them outside of the work space. No, this was perfect.

Sans showed up halfway through your shift with Blaire to hang out and continue the trend of watching for Error as you worked. Chillby introduced himself to your friend as well, though you noticed that he introduced himself as Pyre instead of Chillby. You made a mental note to really concentrate on calling him that too.

“I’m ordering you a cloak.” Blaire stated when you came back around to her spot along the bar.

You snorted and refilled her glass. “I don’t need a cloak for my costume.”

“I know, but you will want one to hide it until you’re ready while we perform on Halloween.”

“The boys are playing that night.”

She grinned evilly and took a sip of her drink. “I was talking to your boss earlier, and he said that we could do a song if we wanted. So I said we would open with a single number.”

“B, Halloween is next week. We don’t have time to write and practice a Halloween song.”

She just shook her head and pulled out her phone to show you a song title. “It’ll just be the two of us to this song. Think about it, you get to trick the boys into thinking they are the only one’s playing, then treat them all at once to your costume.”

You laugh and shake your head. “I forgot how evil you are. Fine, but I’m not doing anything fancy dance wise.”

She pumped her fist victoriously. “Don’t worry love, you won’t have to.”

You shook your head again as you moved off to take another patron’s drink order. Looks like you were getting back on stage again, and she wasn't the only one wanting you up there.

Papyrus had approached you a few days before Halloween asking if you would sing a song while he played his keyboard. You agreed only because your song with Blaire required very little practice. Both of you already knew the lyrics so all you had to do was dance around the stage as the two of you sang.

Halloween was on a Friday night this year and you were called in early to help make sure there was enough in bar stock to serve the hoards of people that were expected to drink themselves into the weekend. Because of this you had to change into your costume in the bar's bathroom. Luckily Blaire showed up early as well to help squeeze you in and paint your exposed skin and face. Securing your cloak around yourself, you slipped out to the bar to check in on Pyre.

"Nice." You rapped your knuckles against your fire friend's gleaming chest plate. To your surprise it was actual metal. "Damn man, isn't that heavy?"

He just shrugged and handed you another tray of clean glasses. "Eve is coming by tonight." He murmured.

"Eve?"

"My… mate. She felt that she would feel better coming in with everyone in costume."

"Why's that?" You ask.

Pyre paused and looked you over. "She has some very visible scars she's embarrassed about… She says she can play them off better on Halloween, so be nice." His last words came out harsh and you raised your hands in surrender.

"Hey, no worries here Ch-Pyre."

The lighter colored flames that made up his eyes narrowed but he nodded and went back to stocking monster alcohol.

As people and monsters trickled in, Blaire came to fetch you backstage. You made sure your hood was up and held the front of your cloak closed so as to not show any of your costume underneath to your mates also hanging around backstage. Blaire had a cloak on too, though the bunny ears under her hood made it a bit more difficult to hide her face.

The band gave the two of you curious looks but didn't question it. Oliver had already informed them that you would be opening. Oliver was out on stage welcoming everyone to the Twisted Crown's sixth annual Halloween party. As he walked off, you and your friend slipped on and picked up a mic each.

"Good evening." Blaire said into her mic. "I'm so happy to see so many here to celebrate tonight."

The stage lights helped to shadow your faces in your hoods as you took over talking. "And a special welcome to the monsters who haven't experienced Halloween before. We love you here at the Crown." Many in the crowd cheered and you noticed your taller mates standing in the stage wings watching you intently.

"Indeed we do!" Blaire cheered, "And on that note..." She nodded to the guy running sound and he let your opening song start.

(You) **He'll buy me a thorn before he'll buy me a rose**

Be covered in dirt before I'm covered in gold

He's trying it on, yeah, he's ticking me off

Say what you want but I won't ever be told

'Cause I'm in love with a monster

On the word 'love' both you and Blaire unclasped your cloaks and on 'monster' the two of you ripped them off and flung them off stage. You grinned as Blaire took her part, swaying and twirling around the stage. She was wearing a typical Playboy bunny outfit, down to the bow tie and fluffy tail in the back, she waved and flirted with the crowd as she sang.

(Blaire) **Friends say I'm stupid and I'm out of my mind**

But without you, boy, I'd be bored all the time

No, I don't really care for the same conversation

Got everything I need, and I'd rather be chasing

Chasing love, with a monster

You spun in a circle, your skirt and bustle twirling around. You heard a quiet curse and a few chuckles from off stage, grinning you ignored

it and joined your friend for the chorus.

(You) **I'm in love**

(Blaire) **I'm in love**

(You) **I'm in love**

(Blaire) **I'm in love**

(Both) **I'm in love with a monster**

(You) **I'm in love**

(Blaire) **I'm in love**

(You) **I'm in love**

(Blaire) **I'm in love**

(Both) **I'm in love with a monster**

(You) **I'm in love with a monster**

Risking a quick glance over at the band huddled in the wings, you were pleased to see several different shades of orange and red glowing on their skulls. You had picked correctly in dressing up as a skeleton.

(You) **Wrap me in leather before you wrap me in lace**

We breaking rules like we changing the game

He's trying it on, and he's ticking me off

Say what you want but I won't ever be told

I'm in love with a monster

The boys stared at you with wide sockets. That was… quite a risque costume you had created. Sure not much of your human skin was showing, but the fake bones you had on display was certainly quite a bit.

You had gone for comfort with your shoes, a pair of black and white converse covered your moving feet. Stretch choked on air at the thigh high stockings adorning your legs, the front and back of them had anatomically correct leg bones on them too. The socks stopped just

below your skirt.

Mutt grinned and eyed the swishing fabric. The black bustle underneath gave body to the sheer white fabric falling from your hips. Lines of plastic bones cascaded down the seams to end in little points at the ends.

Edge chewed a phalange and had to turn away at the corset accentuating your upper half. The black overbust had fake ribs painted over it that curved around to the plastic spine covering the laces in the back of the corset. At the base of the spine sat a large white bow, the tail ends of it fell over your skirt and dangled down to about mid-shin.

Papyrus stared wide eyed at the paint covering your arms and chest, mimicking where your real bones lay beneath them, everything else darkened to make them visible. Your face was made up to appear paler than normal excluding the black on your lips, nose, and shadowed eyes, and your hair was spray-dyed white.

You grinned and shot them a wink as you moved into the bridge.

(You) **Sweeter you try, they don't, not getting love from it**

Ain't worth a dime 'cause I just don't get enough from it

(Blaire) **Leave it to me, don't you see, I don't run from it**

Bitter the better, hey, hey, hey, hey

(You) **You make me crazy, but I love it**

(Blaire) **I love it baby**

(You) **You make me crazy baby, but I love it**

(Blaire) **pretty baby**

(You) **You make me crazy, but I love it**

You make me crazy baby, but I love it

(Blaire) **I'm in love**

(You) **With a monster**

You couldn’t see your other mates in the crowd, but from the

reactions of the band, you figured that the older brothers reacted in a similar fashion. You caught Blaire grinning after catching a glimpse of the skeletons just off stage and she winked at you while the two of you moved around the stage singing back and forth.

(Blaire) **I'm in love**

(You) **I'm in love with a monster**

Are you in love with a monster?

(Blaire) **I'm in love**

(You) **I'll never find another monster**

(Blaire) **I wanna know, I wanna know**

(You) **I'm in love with a monster**

You and Blaire ended up posing back to back, grinning out at the cheering crowd. Dropping your pose, you brought the mic back up to your mouth.

“And now, for the main entertainment. You know them, you love them. Punk’s Not Dead!” You and Blaire put up your mics and applauded along with the rest of the bar as the band filed on.

“heh, didn’t know there were such talented female skeletons around.” Stretch joked as he settled into his spot. You scrunched your nose and blew him a kiss as you scooped up your cloak and headed back to the bar.

Back at your post, you could really take in the band’s costumes. They were dressed up, but all as different things. You thought that they had colabed something. If their costumes were connected, you couldn’t tell how.

Stretch had a simple long black robe around him tied in the middle with a piece of rope. You grinned and filled a few shot glasses. With what his weapon was, it made sense that he was a reaper.

Mutt had a set of furry ears somehow attached to the top of his skull, and a long fluffy tail attached to the back of his belt. His clothes looked pretty normal except that they were torn up and bloody, more fake blood stained his claws. His collar was proudly on display along with a leash running down his front to be tucked into a pocket. Ahh,

the captured werewolf.

Papyrus was also wearing torn and bloody clothing, except he had painted his skull and arms a sickly greenish color. There was a fake eyeball, dangling from a socket and patches of unkempt wig hair glued to his skull. Gross… but a good addition for a skeleton playing a zombie.

Finally Edge. He wore a nice but rumpled suit, some tears but not too many. His face and hands were also painted in various shades of green separated by little black stitch looking lines. The giant screw sticking out of the side of his skull completed his Frankenstein's monster look.

They had all settled into their places. Mutt leaned forward and grumbled incoherently into his mic. Stretch looked over at him and waved a dismissive hand.. “yes, yes, i know you’re hungry.” He turned to look out into the audience, finding you at the bar, he grinned. “ahh, and here comes dinner.”

(All) **Feed my Frankenstein!**

Your mouth made a small ‘oh’ of understanding. They all must have dressed up as different characters from the covers they were doing tonight. You had listened to them practicing a few of the other songs and it all made sense.

(Stretch) **Well, I ain't evil, I'm just good lookin'**

Start a little fire, and baby start cookin'

I'm a hungry man

But I don't want pizza

I'll blow down your house

And then I'm gonna eat ya

Bring you to a simmer

Right on time

Run my greasy fingers

Up your greasy spine!

(All) **Feed my Frankenstein**

(Stretch) **Meet my libido**

(Mutt) **He's a psycho**

(All) **Feed my Frankenstein**

(Stretch) **Hungry for love**

And it's feeding time

Stretch had really leaned into his announcer-like voice for this song as well as trying to mimic the gravelly tone of the original singer. You had to admit that it was quite nice to listen to.

You don't want to talk

So baby shut up

And let me drink the wine from your fur teacup

Velcro candy, sticky sweet

Make my tattoos melt in the heat

Well, I ain't no veggie

Like my flesh on the bone

Alive and lickin' on your ice cream cone

There were several long guitar solos and repeats of the chorus before they rounded out the end of the song. You cheered along with everyone else as they launched into their next cover. Hungry Like the Wolf. You giggled at the drastic tone change but was pulled away from watching by Pyre.

“Are you done staring at them? Eve’s here.” He tugged you along the bar and introduced you to a woman about your age dressed in torn and blackened clothing. She was looking around nervously and only gave you a shy ‘Hello’ when you told her your name.

Pyre murmured something to her before moving off to fill the drink orders flowing in. You noticed she leaned away from him ever so slightly when he was next to her, it wasn’t much, but she did.

“So,” You said, working on a cocktail for the woman next to her, “What’s your costume?”

She mumbled something and you had to lean over the bar to hear her repeat it. “Burn victim.”

You straightened up and frowned, glancing around at Pyre then back to Eve. You handed the completed drink off then leaned over to speak quietly to her. “Are you okay?” Once you were closer to her, you noticed actual burn scars starting from the right side of her chin, coloring her neck and disappearing into her shirt.

She noticed your look and her eyes went wide. “Pyre didn’t burn me! N-none of them did, this happened a while ago… before I met them.”

You searched her face a while longer before nodding and leaning back. Taking another drink order you pulled out ingredients while addressing Eve. “So you have… four of them? I’ve only ever met Pyre, and Sans introduced me to Grillby a long time ago before he became a regular here. How’s everything working out?”

She shrugged and looked up at the band then over at the other skeletons at a nearby table. “It’s… okay. Kinda weird. And scary because… you know… fire. But, they’ve been really patient so far.” Her eyes drifted over to watch the purple elemental mix drinks. “Pyre and Coal kinda stay away from me… something about being fell or something.” She looked back over at you filling a tray of shots. “How do you juggle eight monsters?”

You snort and hand off the tray. “Trial and error mostly. They’re figuring out everything just as much as I am.” Looking up at the band you smile. “It’s definitely not easy all of the time, they have such different personalities that they can’t always put up with each other, let alone me.” Your eyes moved to the older boys in the crowd. “But it’s a work in progress that I’m happy to be a part of.”

You smiled softly at your mates, before going back to making drinks. “So how did you and the fire guy over there meet?”

You and Eve talked on and off for another hour or so between you making table runs and introducing her to your boys when they took a break from the stage and you could get all of them in one place. Blaire also introduced herself and got Eve up to dance a little.

You watched as another elemental you had never seen before came in. His flames were lighter orange and yellow and he had on large

circular lenses that you couldn't see through. Eve greeted him with a smile and followed him over to say goodbye to Pyre. You were working on a table order at the time so you didn't hear their farewells, but you did notice Pyre holding up one finger to his face and tapping his cheek. Eve did the same and smiled at him before following the other flamesman out.

Before you could go talk to Pyre, Papyrus came up to the bar. "Are you ready to perform our song?"

You nod, "Let me go pull Oli up to cover for me then I'll be right there."

He gave you a thumbs up and moved to get back on stage. You ducked into the back room to warn your boss, then went to join him. The dj cut the music he had been playing in between the band's sets and Papyrus's fingers danced over the keyboard. You brought the microphone to your lips and began to sing.

Our love story

Could be kinda gory

Far from boring

We'd meet at a post

Apocalypse

Yeah, I'd be slowly walking

In a group stalking you

You'd be the only man alive

That I

Could not resist

Then all of your friends

They'd try to kill us

But only because

They'd be jealous

That our love is deeper than Edward and Bella's

Oh, if I were a zombie

I'd never eat your brain

I'd just want your heart

Yeah, I'd want your heart

I'd just want your heart

Yeah, ooh

You stayed by Papyrus as you sang, occasionally walking around him or leaning on him as he played. It had been a while since you had sung anything with him on the keyboard. You were happy to see he still enjoyed playing the instrument enough to branch away from the band.

You'd be hiding in

A second floor apartment

Knocking all the stairs down

To save your life

From the undead

Double barrel shotgun

Taking out the slow ones

Then you'd see the passion burning in my eye

You reached over and flicked the rubber eyeball hanging off of Papyrus's face.

And I'd keep my head

He chuckled but kept playing as you launched into the next chorus, then moved on to the bridge.

And I'd I try

Not to bite and infect you

Because

I respect you too much

That's why I'd wait until we got married

Oh, and our happiest days would be spent

Picking off all your friends

And they'd see

A love this deep won't stay buried

You looked over at your mate and winked. He returned it with the socket not holding up a prosthetic and the two of you finished out the song.

You bowed and let Papyrus hand you off of the stage to Red who was dressed rather smartly in his crimson and black ensemble from your dance competition. The only difference was that he had little red horns attached to his skull and a vipercated tail hanging from the back of his belt.

He ushered you back to the bar before joining the rest of the band on stage. They were going to start their second set apparently. Oliver stayed at the bar with you so Pyre could take his break. Several patrons complimented you on your costume or singing as you started on drinks.

You were curious to see why Red was suddenly on stage with his electric guitar in hand and a mic in front of him. It was funny to see the shorter skeleton on stage with all of the tall brothers, even though Red was the tallest of the Sanses.

He adjusted his guitar then signaled to his brother who started up a quick beat. Then he spoke into his mic.

(Red) **Who is this irresistible creature**

Who has an insatiable love for the dead?

(Mutt) **Living dead girl**

The three guitars started and you grinned at the sound. Why didn't you guess that Rob Zombie was going to be played at a Halloween party? It fit well.

(Red) **Rage in the cage and piss upon the stage**

There's only one sure way to bring the giant down

Defunct the strings of cemetery things

With one flat foot on the devils wing

(Mutt) **Crawl on me**

Sink into me

Die for me

Living dead girl

Crawl on me

Sink into me

Die for me

Living dead girl

You snorted at how much Red was trying to imitate the lead singer's voice. His was a close match already, but he heavily sunk into the accent and pitch. Oliver nudged you and you quickly got back to making drinks.

(Red) **Cyclone jack, hallucinating hack**

Thinks that Donna Reed eats dollar bills

Goldfoot's machine creates another fiend

So beautiful they make you, kill

(Mutt) **Crawl on me**

Sink into me

Die for me

Living dead girl

Crawl on me

Sink into me

Die for me

Living dead girl

Blood on her skin

Dripping with sin

Do it again

Living dead girl

Blood on her skin

Dripping with sin

Do it again

Living dead girl

Red bowed to the cheering crowd and placed his guitar in a cradle before hopping back off stage. The band started playing The Reaper and you handed off another tray of drinks to a server. When Pyre returned from his break you dipped out from behind the bar and went to sit at the older brother's table for yours.

Sans snagged your waist and pulled you into his lap before you could pick a seat. He had on a soft onesie of a space uniform, if he flipped the hood up there would be two little alien antennas. "ya really getting us worked up princess." He murmured into your ear. "walking around topless like that."

You laughed, giving his temple a kiss and wiggling your painted fingers at him. "Is Sans a jelly skelly tonight?"

He growled into your hair and tried to poke you through the corset. "always."

“YOU’RE GOING TO MESS UP HER BODY PAINT!” Blue grumbled. He stood from his seat and offered you his hand. “COME DANCE WITH ME MAIDEN.”

Sans loosened his hold on you and took up his drink, “go on, i’ll *hunt* ya down later.”

You laughed at Blue’s huff. He had taken Blaire’s advice and dressed as a vampire hunter apparently. Dark everything with armor covering his shoulders and wrists. A bandolier of wooden stakes was strapped to his chest and a wide brimmed hat sat on his skull. He took the hat off and left it on the table as he pulled you up and over closer to the stage to dance.

The band was sprinkling in some of their own music in between covers. You danced with Blue until the end of your break where he walked you back over to the bar. You gave him a hug and went to re-join your coworker but you were tugged backwards.

Blue had a hold of the ribbons hanging off of the back of your corset and was reeling you in with them. “I’M NOT DONE.” He said, flashing you a grin then bending you over backward so he could press a breathtaking kiss to your lips. The fake spine running up your back protested the movement but remained in place as Blue pushed you back upright and sauntered off. A few people cheered or wolf-whistled as you slipped back behind the bar in a daze.

The rest of the night was a blur of drink orders and music. Friday nights were usually busy, but considering that this was also a holiday and the band was playing, it made for a constant stream of drinks needing to be made.

The band had long since let the dj take over and everyone was hanging around or dancing. You spotted Blaire dragging Papyrus out to dance at some point and there was always at least one skeleton up at the bar talking to you. Apparently Blue had a splotch of your black lipstick on his teeth from kissing you that he was refusing to wipe off, and Sans had a similar smootch marking his temple, so all of the others were not so subtly trying to steal marks of their own as you worked. It was a little annoying, but mostly funny.

Black was the most successful by ambushing you on your way back to your station from a table run. His vampire cape swished around you as he pulled you off balance. His already sharp incisors glinted in the low light and he gently bit the side of your neck. You froze and you

heard him chuckle when he released you.

“YOU ARE NOW MY VAMPIRE SLAVE.” He intoned. The onlookers around the two of you laughed or clapped at his dramatic performance.

You giggled and threw an arm over your eyes. “Damn you foul beast! I have no choice but to obey.” You then wrapped your arms around him and gave him a kiss as well. “I must go, but call upon me when you need me.”

Black was temporarily struck dumb at your willingness to go along with his little stunt. It gave you enough time to slip away and laugh at the little dark smudge of lipstick stamped on his teeth.

When closing time finally came around, you stayed late to help pick up the mess and do some restocking. Stretch came over with an acoustic guitar as you cleaned out the beer taps.

“hey there *bone* mate.” He winked at you and settled onto a stool.

“Are you here to take me to the afterlife?” You teased, nodding at his costume.

He laughed and strummed a chord. “depends on what kinda night you want to have with the reaper. plus the afterlife isn’t so bad, ask zombie p’yrus.” You snorted and kept cleaning so he continued. “i liked your zombie song.”

“Thanks, I didn’t write it.”

“i didn’t write half of the music we did tonight, it was still good.”

“Fair.”

“i have a zombie song too, wanna hear it?”

You paused and looked up at him. “You have a zombie song.”

He shrugged and strummed his guitar again. You giggle and wave for him to continue. Your other mates could be heard snickering as they helped to set the bar straight for the next day.

After a quick little solo, Stretch grinned and leaned on the bar from his seat.

You don't know me baby, but I've seen you around.

It might seem kind of crazy, but I'm just new in town.

And now I wonder what you'd think if I said, hey look

I'd like to get your number and a link to your Facebook.

Now if I tell you what a nice guy's supposed to

Would that compel you not to scream when I approach you?

You'll have to promise me you'll take this news calmly,

But honestly, I'm sort of a zombie.

You raised your brows and laughed as he kept going.

I knew you'd be surprised. You can bet that I

May not be alive, but I sure as hell ain't dead inside.

What's with the shotty? I ain't wishing you harm.

You see, I'd try to hold your hand but I'm missing an arm.

And brains are all I've eaten all week it's true,

But if my heart was still beating, it would beat for you.

So let me take you to Wendy's. You deserve it.

Yeah, I'm a zombie, baby. Ain't nobody perfect.

Red and Sans had come over and joined in on the chorus, laughing and stumbling over the words as they went.

I'll chase you through the yard and all through the house into the dark.

Oh I wanna steal your heart and eat your brains.

I've never been so true, but if my heart was still beating, it would beat for you.

Oh I wanna steal your heart and eat your brains.

Baby, sometimes I bite, and you can bet

That I've got an appetite for human flesh.

I'll always be near though. You'll have to accept that

When I nibble on your earlobe you might get infected.

Cause I fell in love with you and I'm

Undead but you make me feel alive.

And when I chase you through the graveyard

It feels like foreplay.

(Red) **Feels like foreplay**

If I'm lying I'm dying, and I speak truly

When I say I love your mind. I'll take brains over beauty.

We'll be the undead Dagwood and Blondie

When I teach you how to zombie, *(Sans)* **teach you, teach you how to zombie.**

And everybody will love you, and you can sing along

To this post-apocalyptic, postmortem love song.

So give me a chance, girl. You know I'll be worth it.

Yeah, I'm a zombie, baby. Ain't nobody perfect.

You had long since stopped cleaning the taps and was leaning on the bar top laughing. Mutt joined the other three and grinned while they all moaned out 'brains' over and over again before repeating the chorus one more time.

You clapped and dabbed at the tears forming in your eyes. "Oh stars that was amazing!"

Stretch grinned and leaned his instrument against the bar at his feet. "thanks, we put a skele *-ton* of work into it."

You snorted and leaned over the bar beckoning as you went. Stretch bent down and you left a kiss on his cheek bone before moving back

to your task.

With everyone’s help, the bar was closed and you made it home. All you wanted to do was collapse in bed, but you had to shower off the hair color and body paint. Finally clean, you made it back to your room to find Sans asleep on your bed still in his alien onesie. You snorted and joined him, snuggling up close and almost immediately drifting off.

Chapter End Notes

Halloween is the best holiday, you can't change my mind on that.

Also snuck in some more Grillbeas and their bond mate Evelyn ^_^

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Blame it on the Stars

Chapter Summary

A night of drinking doesn't always end badly.

Chapter Notes

Do not be afraid, I have more fluff for you! No music this time though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You loved the fall. At least you loved it up until Halloween. Then it became a sad cold rainy mud puddle of a season. Blaire stayed for the remainder of the weekend then flew out early Monday morning. It wasn't as hard seeing her go this time, but a few tears still fell as Papyrus drove you back home.

As consolation, the two of you bundled up in blankets and ate ice cream while binging X-files until you had to go to work. Stretch was on Error watch that night.

"Try this." You slid a freshly mixed monster drink towards Stretch. He eyed it then glanced down the bar towards your fiery co-worker.

"whose recipe is it?" He asked. He had been subjected to Pyre's concoctions before.

You laughed and nudged it closer to his elbow. "Mine, I've been experimenting."

Stretch's eye lights swept around the bar once more before turning to fully face you. Picking up the cocktail glass he swirled the contents. You had tried for a milder version of one of Pyre's drinks. You were still having trouble with the weird monster names for their alcohol so you mostly just went off of flavor and color profiles.

This was a sweet drink, originally called Apple Treenie or something. Pyre always mixed it with an apple tasting alcohol that colored the whole drink blue, a pink luminescent mixer that just tasted like pure sugar, and a clear alcohol that tasted like pine needles when by itself, but tended to take on more of the drink's flavors when mixed.

You had added less of the pink glowy stuff and a single shot of human

crown royal instead of the clear alcohol to even out the crazy flavors and to get rid of the strange after taste of pine. You thought it was decent at least. More apple like, but that was your human opinion on a monster drink.

Stretch was still staring down the glass as if it would tell him what it tasted like if he looked at it long enough. The bar was pretty slow being a Monday night so you had the time to stand and wait for him to work up the nerve to actually try it. When he did finally take a sip, you rested your elbows on the bar top and watched his face for a reaction.

The glass was set back down. “not bad, less sweet than usual… definitely not as strong.”

You frowned. “I added the same amount in Apple Crown, it should be just as strong.”

Stretch chuckled and took another contemplative sip. “you’re dealing with monster alcohol honey. it’s stronger than your human stuff.”

You huffed and turned back to the bar stock. Running your finger over a few bottles, you pulled your cheat sheet from your pocket. Let’s see...

The green fizzy bottle tasted vaguely like grapes but also sort of like pears. Not good as a base, but worked well to add flavor to another drink. Pyre said it had natural healing magic in it so you shouldn’t use a ton when mixing.

The clearish cloudy liquid was the closest equivalent to vodka or tequila that you had encountered. Monsters liked it as straight shots or as a base for stronger mixes.

The sunshine yellow liquid had a strange viscosity and you could never tell if it would dissolve nicely into a mix or not. You swore it had no actual taste, but it smelled strongly of lemons and something more earthy. It also made your scalp tingle every time you tried it so that was fun.

You shuffled through a few other bottles until you landed on a light orange bottle of booze that you had discovered just recently. Glancing at your notes you made sure that it was what you wanted before measuring two shots of it into your shaker. The orange alcohol tasted like it appeared it should, and always sent waves of warmth through your body.

You added a few other components then shook everything together. Pulling out another cocktail glass, you popped open a bottle of Missy's monster honey. Stretch had been slowly drinking the last concoction but set it aside at your use of his favorite condiment.

"whatcha making?"

"Pretty sure it's the monster version of a Gold Rush." You replied as you squeezed a drop of honey into the bottom of the glass then swirled it up along the sides to end at the rim.

"pretty sure?"

"Well I've never tried it before but Pyre says they taste kind of similar."

Stretch raised a brow but stayed silent as you strained the mixture into the glass. Very few monster drinks had garnish but you dropped in an orange twist for fun.

You both looked at the completed drink. "you gonna try it?" Stretch asked.

"Can't, I'm on the clock."

"what are you going to do with it then?"

"I was hoping you would test it for me."

Stretch chuckled and reached for it. "if it's for science, i guess i'll take one for the team."

You moved the cocktail away from his searching grasp and nudged the first drink back towards him. "Finish that, I don't want to waste good booze."

He sighed heavily but his grin didn't drop as he quickly drained the first drink. He did his best to hide the grimace from chugging a cocktail, but he couldn't stop the little shiver down his spine as he traded you glasses.

"That bad huh?" You joked.

He shook his head and stared into the new drink. "not my favorite."

You snorted and held up the honey bottle. "Well I'll make you a Bee's Knees once you've tested that one, how about that?"

He eyed you over the rim of his glass. “you trying to get me drunk?”

You shook your head but shot him a grin. “One of us has to sad-drink over the departure of my best friend and I’m working so…” You gesture at him and lean on the bar.

He rolled his eye lights and took a sip. He blinked and looked at you then down at the drink. He took a larger drink then plucked out the orange twist so he could drain it.

“Good I take it?” You asked as he went after the honey around the inside with a distal.

He nodded and held up his finger with the drop of honey sticking to it. “can’t go wrong with missy’s spider honey.”

“Oh I’m sure it doesn’t go with everything.”

“i beg to differ.”

You grinned and randomly selected a few bottles from behind you. “Would you like to test that theory?”

Honey did not go well with everything. As much as Stretch tried to pretend it did, there were several drinks he refused to finish and you had to cut him off when he could barely make it outside for a smoke break.

“I can call Papyrus to take us home.” You giggle as the two of you weave your way across the empty parking lot. Stretch had an arm draped around your shoulders and he was leaning heavily on you.

“naaaww, ‘ve made it home like this before.” He slurred. Bringing you to a halt, he hugged you to his chest and you felt the sidewalk leave your feet only to appear again moments later.

Well, you were definitely not in front of the Crown any more. You recognized one of the street signs in your neighborhood. The two of you were close but not quite home.

“hold on, lemme try again.” Stretch mumbled.

You laughed and moved him so the two of you could walk side by side. “I think we’re close enough, I’m too sober to condone teleporting while under the influence.”

He protested, but with your arm around his back, he followed along easily enough. Turns out, tall skeletons with low alcohol tolerances lost all ability to control where their feet went. The two of you ended up on someone's lawn several times before you managed to get him all the way down the street to your lone house, in the front door, and up the stairs. Despite the fact that it was November and your clothes were wet from falling onto wet grass several times and once into a puddle, you didn't feel the cold until you got back inside.

"shhh sh shh, sans'll be mad that i drank too much." Stretch whisper-yelled into your ear as you leaned him up against the wall so you could get his door open. You hadn't stopped giggling after the second time he had dragged you down onto someone's front lawn and tried to snuggle up to an unsuspecting garden gnome.

"Bed time big guy." You hauled the lanky skeleton into his room and over to his mattress.

He flopped back onto his bed, dragging you down with him. "don' let fisshsee me drunk." He waved in the direction of the fishbowl sitting on his desk containing your pet.

"I don't think he'll mind." You giggled, "And his name's not fish."

Stretch huffed and held you tighter. "it iiis though."

"Nuh-uh."

"mm-hmm, come up witha better name."

You snorted and worked at escaping from Stretch's iron clad hold. "Goldie."

His arms loosened a little as he blinked down at you. "... wha', cuz he's a goldfish? how's that better than me callin' 'im fish?"

"Okay, fair point. But I don't accept that as his name." Finally detangling yourself from him, you knelt to get his shoes off. " Either way, *you're* not a goldfish so let's get your wet clothes off."

"nooo i can do that." He said sitting up.

His hands fluttered uselessly around yours as you got the footwear and socks off. You laughed to yourself and raised his arms above his head so you could pull off his wet hoodie. The tank top underneath was also wet so that had to go as well.

“you’re cold.” He mumbled as you debated whether or not you wanted to try and get his jeans off. They were wet as well, but he also didn’t seem to feel the chill like you did.

“I’ll take a hot shower once you’re settled.” You replied. Making up your mind, you pat at his femur. “Come on, you can’t sleep in wet clothes.”

He huffed, but managed to stand and remove his pants, leaving him in a pair of black boxers. His hands pat at your back as you attempted to untangle the ball of blankets on his mattress.

“your clothes are wet.” He murmured.

“Well, a drunken skeleton rolled me through a puddle.” You grinned and spread the wrinkled blankets out.

“i did that?”

You paused at how distraught he sounded. “Oh sweetie it’s fine, I’ll just change in a bit.” You turned to give him a reassuring look, only to find him on the other side of the room.

He was holding onto the door frame of his closet with one hand as he pulled on something with the other. Once he had it free, he stumbled back over to you. “take this.”

An orange and black hoodie was pushed into your arms, though you immediately dropped it as Stretch’s hands followed and he began tugging at your wet jacket. You sighed and let him take it off. Unfortunately your shirt was also wet in places. Stretch didn’t seem to notice as he dropped your jacket on the floor and tried to herd you into his bed muttering about your body temperature.

“you’re cold, lemme… help? naw that sounded wrong, ’m not gonna do anything, jus’ cuddles… you’re cold, humans shouldn’t be that cold.”

You laughed and dodged him so you could push him onto the mattress. “Fine, I’ll stay just give me a minute.”

He started to protest, but shut his mouth when you tugged your shirt over your head and threw it at him. Retrieving the hoodie he had offered before, you slipped it on as you kicked off your shoes. Your wet socks, bra, and pants followed, then you crawled under the covers and pressed your icy toes up against his surprisingly warm ones.

“How are you warm already?” You grumbled as you got comfortable.

“mmmagic.”

“Well… share.”

“my magic?”

“Your heat.”

Stretch’s arms pulled you to him as he laughed. His hands balled into his hoodie covering you and you ended up with your nose pressed against his sternum. It wasn’t the most comfortable position but you made it work. Slipping your own arms around him the best you could, you let his warmth seep into your limbs.

He had drunk far too much. Stretch groaned at the one blade of light that made it through his curtains to stab him in the sockets. Grumbling, he tried to roll onto his side. A weight on his right moved and soft fingers curled around a rib. His sockets flew open despite his protesting magic and he cautiously searched out the weight curled against him.

He didn’t have to search far as your head was resting on his shoulder. You had one of his hoodies on with the hood pulled around to cushion your cheek against his bones. Your arm was draped over his bare chest and your fingers threaded through his ribs. One of your legs was hooked over one of his as well keeping you cuddled tightly to his side.

Squeezing his sockets shut, he ran the hand that wasn’t around you down his face. What happened to get here? Not that he was upset to find you in bed with him, he just wished he could remember how it happened.

He had been at the bar with you testing your monster drinks. Then he had a vague recollection of being outside for a while, and now here he was. Skull pounding and his mate barely clothed and sleeping mostly on him. Groaning again, he held up his hand to block out the little ray of sunlight and shut his sockets.

“i waited my entire life to finally see you.” He grumbled at the light, “how dare you betray me now that i’m surface-side.”

You shifted again and he heard a sleepy laugh. “Good morning sweet tooth.” You mumble. “How’s your head?”

He grunted in response and cracked a socket open to watch you prop yourself up on your elbows to look down at him next to you. Your fingers reached up to glide over his skull, rubbing and massaging at the bone. It did help, and he sank back into sleep.

You smiled as his face relaxed under your fingers. He would be feeling the hangover again once he woke back up. You felt bad as it was your fault he had drunk so much. Easing out of bed, you rolled the too long sleeves of his hoodie back and slipped out of the room.

Making it down to the kitchen, you put on the kettle and got out two mugs and the box of golden flower tea. As you were rummaging around in the pantry for some non-magical honey, you noted Edge entering the kitchen.

“Morning!” You greeted him on your way back to the counter.

His brows rose at your frame swamped in the large hoodie, but he returned your greeting and went about making a bowl of oatmeal. “GOLDEN FLOWER TEA?” He asked.

You grinned and nodded as you poured the water over the bags. “Yea, kinda went overboard on having Stretch taste test my drinks last night.”

He had no response so you finished making the tea and moved to head back upstairs. Before you could make it out, Edge caught you around the waist, bringing you back to him so he could pluck at the hoodie with his other hand.

“YOU LOOK BETTER IN MY CLOTHES.” He rumbled, pressing a kiss to your head. “REMEMBER THAT.”

You blinked in surprise but nodded mutely. He smirked and went back to his breakfast. Letting out a breath, you scurried back up the stairs and into Stretch’s room. He was awake again, sitting up and rubbing at his skull.

He gratefully took the offered mug and drained it, sighing as the herb did its work. “not that i’m complaining, but why are we in our underwear together?” He asked as he moved so he could sit behind you, his hands running over the bare skin on your thighs as you sipped your own tea.

“Do you want to know, or do you want to fantasize?” You teased.

“nyeh heh, i’ve fantasized enough. how did we get here?”

“I’ll have you know I had to fight off two garden gnomes and a mailbox to end up in bed with you mister.”

Stretch snorted and pressed his face into the crook of your neck. “never mind, i’ll hold onto the fantasy.”

“Aww, but prying you off of a mailbox was fun.”

“heh, did i totally *envelope* it?” His face was still in your neck, and you could feel his grin growing as the pun left him.

“It apparently had your *stamp* of approval.” You shot back, taking a pleased sip of your tea.

“followed my standards to the *letter* huh?”

You sighed. “I got nothing else.”

“i do.” He murmured and took your tea cup from you, setting it aside and flopping over so you were back to laying on the bed. Instead of moving to spoon you, he once again arranged you so the two of you were facing each other. His hands slipped up under his hoodie to trail over your side and back, pulling you closer and into a kiss.

You sigh into it, slipping your own hands around his neck. His hand ran down and dug into the barely clothed flesh of your ass, dragging you impossibly closer and making your breath hitch. The slow burn of magic sizzled against your skin and lips making you whine. It was suddenly too hot, you had a hoodie on, why did you have a hoodie on?

As much as you tried to articulate this, Stretch held full command of your mouth so your point came out as a muffled moan. Stretch growled back, deep in his throat as his hands continued to explore.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

You jumped at the fist pounding on the door. Stretch broke away from you with a growl. His arms kept you close as he glared around at the door.

“a bit busy!” He yelled.

“whatever man, ‘m headin’ out. ya comin’?” Mutt’s voice sounded through the wood.

Stretch opened his mouth to shout back but went rigid and clamped his mouth shut with a whispered curse. Looking back down at you he appeared pained.

“Everything okay?” You asked.

“i… yea… no. fuck, honey i gotta go.” He nuzzled into your cheek then let go so he could roll out of bed. The sudden disappearance of the scorching heat from before left you reeling.

“sorry… i have a thing at the lab.” He explained. “Been working with a group of your human astronomers recently and we found something.” Stretch was stumbling around, grabbing seemingly random clothing to throw on as he continued. “ngc thirty-one forty-seven is, stars it’s beautiful. the debris around it is moving at over eighteen thousand miles per second. *per second* . you know how fast that is? that’s… about ten percent of the speed of light and we can *look* at it.”

You stared wide-eyed at how energetic he was. “Stretch, slow down. What is going that fast?”

Stretch grabbed up a stack of papers from his desk before pausing his rant to look back down at you, excitement on his face dropping as you crawled out from under the covers to go to him. “i’m really sorry honey… we’ve just… we’ve never been able to so easily observe two theories of relativity before. this black hole shouldn’t exist but it *does* .” He wrapped his arms around your waist

“Making me share you with science?” You teased slipping your own arms around him.

“... sorry? fuck. i know, you can tear my hypocritical coccyx apart later.”

“ *wow* carrot stick.”

Both of your heads whipped around to find that Mutt had opened the door at some point and was casually leaning on the door jam watching the pair of you.

“i didn’t say come in, get out of my room.” Stretch growled, his arm darted out and punched Mutt in the shoulder.

“i ain’ even in yer room calm down.” Mutt returned the hit with a grin.

“Uh, good morning Mutt.” You mumble.

“mornin’ duchess.” Mutt winked at you then redirected his look to Stretch. “c’mon, thirty-one forty-seven ain’t gonna observe itself.”

Stretch sighed and rested his chin on the top of your head. “yea okay.”

He let go of you with a quick goodbye and the two skeletons disappeared. You sighed and began picking up your discarded clothes from the previous night. The buzz of magic ghosted over your skin and you turned to find Stretch digging through his desk drawer. You giggle and he holds up a card.

“forgot my id.” He pockets it and comes over to you, wrapping you up in a hug and kissing you fiercely. “keep the hoodie.” He murmured against your mouth. You nodded and nearly fell over when he stepped away and teleported out again.

Picking up your still damp jacket, you turned to feed your goldfish sitting on Stretch’s desk. “You wouldn’t leave me for science would you?” The fish greedily consumed the little flakes but didn’t answer.

Turning towards the door, you squeaked when Mutt was suddenly in front of you blocking your exit. “You forget your ID too?” You asked.

Mutt snorted and shook his head. “ya doin’ sleepovers now?” His tone was light and teasing as he nodded at your attire.

“It just kind of happened.” You replied. “Aren’t you supposed to be at the lab?”

Mutt snorted again and draped an arm around your shoulders so he could steer you down the hall towards your room. “they don’ need me yet. jus’ wanna know where yer at on this sleepin’ with eight thing.”

It was your turn to snort. “You know you can just ask for a sleepover right? I’m not going to get mad at you.”

“know now.” He said, stopping in front of your door. “catch ya later duchess.” Leaning down he pressed a kiss to your temple then teleported out.

Shaking your head, you slipped into your room and found some clean clothes to change into. As you settled down, your phone buzzed.

RazorEdge - COME TO THE LIBRARY

RazorEdge - WE HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS

Chapter End Notes

I've been having too much fun with Stretch and Mutt's dynamic if you can't tell.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

If I Can Live Through This

Chapter Summary

A long time ago, in a Fell universe far far away...

Chapter Notes

This chapter... this damn chapter! This is one of those scenes that played over and over in my head and I was like, Fuck! I need to put it in a fic... and here it is. Some of Edge's past. I hope it comes out as clear as it was in my head!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You hold. Understand?”

“CAPTAIN.” Edge saluted Undyne then turned sharply on his heel to march out of her house in Waterfall. The leather of his gloves creaked as he curled his fingers into fists at his sides and his eye lights roved back and forth for danger as he made his way back to Snowdin to gather the K9 unit.

Heats Flamesman was on the warpath again. Edge was going to have words with Grillby for taunting the small mob boss of Hotland. The purple elemental’s shitty little dive wasn’t even worth it. But Undyne had commanded him to hold. So he would hold.

Exiting the damp marshes, the wall of mist separating his snowy home from the warmer air of Waterfall came into view. This would be a good place to set up a barricade. The dense fog would hinder the Hotland monsters and help to hide traps. The river on one side and dense trees on the other would bottleneck any monsters Heats would bring too.

Decision made, Edge passed through the fog bank and entered Snowdin town. No-one stopped his march through the trampled snow and into the forested area beyond.

“DOGGO!” He yelled, as he approached the hound’s watch station.

The spotted monster leapt up. “Sergeant!” His eyes squinted as he searched around for his commanding officer, but Edge had stopped to stand in front of the station. “Sergeant? Are you there?”

Damn his poor eyesight. Nothing could escape Doggo's attacks as long as they were a moving target. He was a decent soldier, but he could have been so much more.

"HERE DOGGO, WALK WITH ME." At Edge's wave, the scared dog noticed him and followed his lead.

"GATHER THE UNIT AND PROCURE ICE FROM ICE WOLF, I WANT A BARRIER IN THE MIST WITHIN THE HOUR."

"Within the hour? Sir, Ice Wolf doesn-"

"WITHIN THE HOUR PRIVATE, OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO HEAD OFF THE PYROPES BY YOURSELF?"

Doggo stuttered out a negative then bounded off to do as he was commanded. Edge continued on back into town. He needed to stop off to get some supplies, then he too would be moving to the defense line in the mists.

Townsfolk scattered as he marched towards home. Good. He hadn't clawed his way up to being the commanding officer in Snowdin for the residents to not jump and move at his approach.

Slamming the door of his home open, his eye lights landed on his brother asleep on the couch. Annoyance spiked and he kicked the cushion under his brother's head "GET UP YOU LAZY SACK OF DUST!"

Red startled awake, a wall of bone attacks rocketing out from him. Edge easily deflected them and stomped past on his way up the stairs to his room. Ropes, he needed ropes, spikes, and maybe some of his platforms to obscure a trap.

"boss?" Red's tired voice sounded from the doorway.

"GO TO ICE WOLF, I NEED BLOCKS IN THE MISTS." He commanded.

"wow, ya actually need my 'elp on somethin'? what 'appened, hotland freeze over?"

Edge rounded on the shorter skeleton. "I DON'T *NEED* ANYTHING FROM YOU YOU PATHETIC WHELP! YOU'LL JUST BE OUT OF THE WAY IN THAT PART OF TOWN."

Red's brow quirked but he remained in the doorway. Edge growled as

he advanced on his brother, grabbing him by the collar and yanking him down the hall. “FOR SOME REASON ICE WOLF TOLERATES YOUR EXISTENCE ENOUGH THAT YOU MAY BE ABLE TO QUICKLY PROCURE WHAT IS REQUIRED FOR A BARRICADE. NOW MOVE BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND AND USE YOU AS BAIT INSTEAD!” With a final shove, Edge turned back to his room. The lack of crashing on the stairs told him Red had teleported out.

Collecting his supplies, he locked down the house and moved to the choke point at the edge of town. Dogamy and Dogaressa stood together at the far end of the mists staring into Waterfall.

“REPORT.”

Dogamy turned to address him as his mate continued to watch for danger. “Smells… quiet sir.” The Dog’s nose twitched. “But there is a far off scent of burning, gray rating if my nose is correct.”

Edge growled and nodded, his nose was very rarely wrong. “HOLD POSITION, SIGNAL IF THE RATING TURNS BLACK.” Dogamy saluted and turned back to stand at his mate’s side.

Turning on his heel Edge marched back into the mists. Summoning several bone attacks he launched them into the ice-packed ground to create holes. In the distance he could hear Greater Dog panting and moving something heavy. They must have the ice blocks.

More holes were drilled with his magic and filled with spikes with strategic icy platforms hidden around them to send enemies sliding into the traps. As long as the scent rating remained gray from his sentries, he could continue to fortify the little stretch of ice between Waterfall and Snowdin. Greater Dog and Sans worked at the barricade under Doggo’s direction stacking it three massive blocks high and spanning the stretch of land between the river and the trees. Edge was tying off a loose rope on the treeline when the baying of his sentries alerted him to the glow of flames coming from the Waterfall side of the mists.

“TO THE BARRICADE!” He bellowed. The dark shapes of Dogamy and Dogaressa flashed past and he scrambled to finish his trap. The dense forest on the one side was both a blessing and a curse. The hardened trees prevented any potential ambushers from passing into his town, but the nearly petrified wood made for poor flexibility when he needed it.

Grumbling to himself, he left the loose ends and retreated to the wall

of ice now separating Snowdin from Waterfall. Kicking snow over a strategically placed rope, he summoned his rapier and stood at attention in front of the frozen wall to wait for the approaching mob.

The orange glow thinned the mists as the fiery monsters from Hotland burned away the cover in front of him. The heat hit his front, warming his bones and contrasting with the icy chill at his back. The familiar spike of magic tingled at his fingertips in response to the threat of other monsters moving in.

This was why he hated Hotland. Not only did nothing there make sense, but the residents had no sense of fear of him or his reputation. They would learn today.

“Sergeant Papyrus!” A small voice called from the fog.

“HEATS FLAMESMAN.” Edge called back.

A small fire sprite became visible through the mist as he approached. He was flanked by two Vulkin and the glow behind promised more monsters.

“You remembered my name! Excellent!” The little monster smirked and strutted forward. “For that I’ll only burn part of your town to ash.”

“YOU WILL RETURN TO HOTLAND!” Edge snarled, bringing his rapier up into a ready position.

“I have been *insulted* !” Heats screeched. “ *Mocked* by that bartender calling himself an elemental and he will pay with his dust!” Little sparks crackled from the top of his head, hissing as they fizzled in the damp air. “If you are defending him then I will happily take yours as well!”

The Vulkins stepped apart as the sprite turned and together they marched back into the fiery glow behind him. A dull roar sounded from the Hotland monsters as Heats passed them, and Edge lept to the top of the ice barrier.

“ENGARD.” He muttered, confirming the positions of his unit. Dogamy and Dogaressa flanked him on the far ends of the blocks. Greater dog stood on the ground behind the wall with Doggo perched on one of his massive pauldrons, ready to spring over the barrier. All were in place and it appeared that Sans had followed orders this time and had retreated back to Snowdin.

Heat's gang wasn't tiny, he had coerced enough of them into helping him take over a section of Hotland after all. But they were simply a rag-tag group of monsters fighting over turf and the whims of their leader. He had a trained royal guard unit at his back. He could hold them off until Undyne arrived.

Three Pyropes surged forward, followed by a small group of five Vulkins and a few Tsunderplanes. The rest of Heat's monsters hung back, waiting for a clear path to open into Snowdin. Edge smirked as several attackers slid into his traps, impaling themselves on the spikes and decorating the snow with glittering dust.

Curses could be heard as the surviving Vulkins took the lead, pouring lava from their heads. The burning liquid hissed over the ice, melting his platforms and scorching the spikes into lumps. Edge tisked but remained where he was atop the ice barrier.

"HOLD." He growled to his unit. Undyne would come, she was at the capital procuring a warrant. For Heat's death or arrest, Edge did not care. He would hold.

The cooling lava sent plumes of steam into the air, thickening the fog. Reinforcements replaced the dead monsters and the flaming hoard charged forward again. Pyropes slammed against the eight foot tall ice wall, their flames slicking the surface.

"HOLD!" Edge bellowed, his unit whined and sniffed the air adjusting their weapons in anticipation. It seemed that they were itching to fight just as much as he was but they held, they knew better than to go against his order.

His own magic thrummed in his bones, begging for a fight but he stood still to observe the enemy trying to melt the ice under his feet. The line of Pyropes working at the ice stood alone. The rest of Heat's mob stood back, jeering at him while waiting to charge when an opening presented itself. As long as they were trapped on the Waterfall side of the barrier, Edge would keep his unit back. A yelp sounded to his left and he caught sight of Dogaressa running toward him.

"Vulkins!" She barked. "I smell Vulkins pouring lava into the river!"

"THEY'RE TRYING TO FLANK US ARE THEY?" Edge growled, then glanced back at the monsters behind him.

"GREATER!" Edge called over his shoulder. "DEFEND THE RIVER

WITH DOGARESSA! DOGGO, TO ME!" The ice beneath his feet was getting thinner forcing him to step sideways onto more solid ice. The clanking of armor and the scent of burning dog treats told him his orders were being followed.

"I will help my wife!" Dogamy was also moving in at the sound of his mate's voice.

"NO! YOU WILL HOLD POSITION FROM THE TREELINE!" Edge commanded. Dogamy looked like he was going to protest. "YOU WILL HOLD THE TREELINE DOGAMY, HOLD OR I'LL DUST YOU MYSELF!" The canine shrunk back and looked to his mate before returning to his post. Edge watched him go.

"You needed me, sergeant?" Doggo had made it to his side and was squinting down at the flickering Pyropes.

Waving to get his attention, Edge launched a bone into the field behind the Pyropes for Doggo to see. "WHEN THEY BREAK THROUGH, WE'LL MAKE A STAND THERE."

Doggo growled his assent and chomped on the smoking dog treat.

"Turn up the heat here!" The cluster of Pyropes let out a victorious shout as part of the ice wall caved in on itself making a gap. The flaming monsters parted and pushed their flames out to widen the opening. It was time to fight back.

"READY." Edge dismissed his weapon and crouched down.

"To the hole! Make Snowdin pay!" Heat's voice screeched from behind his invading monsters.

"ON MY COMMAND."

"Turn them to ash!"

"NOW!"

Edge launched himself from the top of the ice wall, over the Pyrope's heads, aiming for the dust littered snow between the widening hole and the rest of Heat's mob. He hit the ground and rolled forward. Once his feet were underneath him, bones erupted up from the frozen earth, pointing their sharp edges at the advancing line. The click of claws on snow told him Doggo was at his back.

There would be no encounters today, no polite exchange of attacks. No, this would be all out until Undyne arrived. He would hold.

The enemy paused only briefly at his bone wall before summoning their own attacks to break through. Edge happily met them.

Block.

Dodge.

Right strike.

Summon defense.

Stab.

Dodge.

Doggo howled and Edge dropped to the ground. A large blue blade spun over his head knocking back a swath of charging monsters. Digging in his feet, Edge surged upward, planting his fist into the side of a Vulkin's head, knocking the volcano to the ground.

Left block.

He had to get to Heats Flamesman.

Upward thrust.

Dust rained down from the Tsunderplane that was no longer above him.

Parry.

He could end this if he got his hands on their pathetic excuse for a leader.

Left strike.

Dodge.

Roll.

"Sergeant!" Doggo shouted

A large shadow loomed behind Edge, the smell of molten rock seared his nasal cavity as he jumped out of the way of the Vulkin threatening

to bury him in lava. Spinning around he grinned at the magically frozen monster. They didn't even try to fall back or get out of the way. They just stood there with a mixed look of fear and rage on their face as his rapier turned them to dust.

Another wave of monsters were charging and Edge retreated to Doggo's side. They were exactly where he wanted them. "ON MY MARK, RETURN TO THE WALL." He commanded.

Doggo grunted his understanding. His twin blades swinging hard at the attacker in his sight.

Edge pushed back a flaming monster before once again pulling bone attacks up in a wall between himself and the invaders. "READY!"

He straightened up holding an attack in each hand. Doggo stood at his back as Edge extended his arms out. One attack pointed at the collapsing ice wall, the other at his own construct.

"NOW!"

Doggo shot off after the moving target that was his bone attack, guiding him back to the ice barrier to help mop up the two Pyropes still there. The other attack shattered his bone wall and flew into the trees. A few monsters watched it go and began laughing at his miss.

Edge just smirked and glanced down at the trampled snow under his boots.

Snap!

The sound of splintering wood rocketed through the ranks and brought their charge to a halt. Edge glanced to the side and took four steps back. Kneeling down he scooped up a buried rope and smirked over at the line of monsters.

"YOU'RE NOT WELCOME IN SNOWDIN!" He jeered.

Pulling hard, more snaps and pops rolled up the line of trees. He hadn't had the time to get all of them rigged, but this would have to do.

"I AM THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS! AND YOU WILL REMEMBER *MY* NAME!" He spat and gave one last pull on the rope.

The monsters in front of him shrieked and fell back as a wall of trees

came crashing down. Most of them would make it. The petrified wood broke slow enough to make a retreat possible. It also made for an impressive display. Edge jumped up onto the nearest downed trunk, then hopped to the next, then the next. Eye lights noting trapped monsters and searching for the tiny mobster of Hotland.

The lull his stunt made gave him the time to cross the choke point unchallenged. He found his mark, he always did. Only one Vukin guard was standing by Heats. The fire sprite backed away, hissing threats at the volcano as he went. Edge's eye lights narrowed in disgust and he sliced open the guard before they could attack. What kind of leader cowered at the back of the battlefield?

"HEATS." He growled.

The child sized flame sprite glared up at him. He had been far back enough to avoid the trees but he wasn't going to attack in a one on one setting.

"Heats Flamesman! Its Heats *Flamesman* ! You will use my full name or I will turn you to ash!"

He spat sparks at Edge only to recoil when an electric blue spear thudded into the ground in between him and Edge.

"Heats Flamesman, you are under arrest!"

Edge snapped to attention at the sound of his superior's voice. Heats hissed and sputtered in rage at the captain of the royal guard as she strode out of Waterfall, flanked by two other armored monsters who detained the little mobster in silence.

Snow from the fallen trees behind Edge was settling and the figures of monsters began to claw their way out. A wail arose from a Vulkin at the sight of their leader being held by a guardsman. Magic flared in their anger and a fireball pulsed to life, ready to be launched at the captain. Undyne sighed and a spear materialized behind the Vulkin. Flying forward it skewered the enraged monster then flickered out as their dust fell to the ground. The remaining Hotland monsters clustered together, regarding the captain in fear and hatred.

"Take him to the capital." Undyne ordered, handing an envelope to the guard not holding the sprite. "If he gives you too much trouble just make sure you get enough of his dust there for identification." The guards saluted and turned to leave. Heats screamed and protested as they hauled him back into Waterfall and the caverns beyond.

Undyne surveyed the battle field. The remaining monsters that had come with Heats were trying to slink past the Captain of the Royal Guard. “Go home!” She snapped, they didn’t need to be told twice.

Her single yellow eye landed on Edge. “Sergeant. Report.”

With a salute, Edge recounted the battle. The two of them walked and talked over the downed trees until the ice barrier came into view. There were no remaining Pyropes.

“Well done.” She clapped his shoulder. “Snowdin is in good hands.”

“THANK YOU CAPTAIN.”

She regarded him for a moment longer, then extended an armored hand. “I’d like you to be my lieutenant. Could use tricks like these elsewhere.” Her other hand swept in the direction of the fallen trees.

Edge stared at her in disbelief. She wanted him to be her lieutenant. She liked his traps. He could keep his brother safe be closer to the top.

“I WOULD BE HONORED.” He said, reaching out and taking Undyne’s offered hand. She burst out laughing and yanked him forward into a headlock to noogie him.

“Of course you would bonehead, you have no choice after all! Fuhuhuhuhu!”

“CAPTAIN! THIS IS NYEEH! HIGHLY INAPPROPRIATE!” Edge wriggled free of her and stepped back. She just laughed again and turned to leave.

“Whatever punk, report to me tomorrow for your new rank.” And with that, she marched off.

Edge gave her a final salute then straightened his armor. “WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?” He snapped at the watching K9 unit. “CLEAN THIS MESS UP!” They jumped and moved out to start clearing away the evidence of the battle. Edge sighed and started for home. He would have to buy them a round of drinks tonight while he was in the bar to give Grillby an earful.

“LIEUTENANT PAPYRUS.” He muttered to himself, and smiled.

“You’re a lieutenant?”

Edge turned to look down at you sitting in one of the cushy reading chairs in the library.

“YES, I WAS. I WILL BE AGAIN.” You blinked up at him. “I HAVE BEEN DEEMED TRANSITIONED ENOUGH TO RESUME DUTIES AND… I WOULD LIKE YOU TO BE AT MY SIDE WHEN I AM REINSTATED.”

You jumped up from your seat and approached him. Soft and fragile fingers slipped between his chipped and sharp phalanges. “I’d be honored.”

Edge let a small smile pull at his mouth and he leaned down to press his teeth to your brow. “The Honor Is All Mine.” He wrapped his arms around you in a tight embrace.

He would hold.

Chapter End Notes

Reinstatement ceremony! Edge is going back into the guard! :D

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Three to get Ready and Four to Go

Chapter Summary

With the reinstatement ceremony is approaching. What to wear?

Chapter Notes

I'm glad y'all are as in love with Edge as I am. Here's more of him!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You stared at the soft black dress hugging your waist and dropping to mid-shin. The changing room was surprisingly spacious, giving you enough room to twirl experimentally. Edge had brought you out shopping for an outfit to accompany his reinstatement into the Fell Clan's Royal Guard. Adjusting the halter straps, you turned and opened the door for Edge to see.

"How about this?"

Edge looked up from his phone to scrutinize your outfit.

"NO."

You deflated, you had liked this dress. Edge seemed to notice as he stood and circled you.

"THE DRESS IS FINE, JUST NOT FOR THIS OCCASION." He peered into the changing room at the other dresses hanging in the corner. "YOU NEED SOMETHING DIFFERENT. WE WILL BE IN FRONT OF MY KING AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FELL ROYAL GUARD."

"Oh." You said.

"I WILL GO FIND SOMETHING FOR YOU, TRY THOSE ON AND SEND ME PHOTOS, BUT STAY HERE."

"Okay, uh. Do you need my size for anything?" You backed into the room and shut the door.

Edge scoffed and you heard him mutter to himself as he marched off. "I Know Your Size."

It made you laugh at least. Pulling out your phone you took a picture in the mirror and sent it to Edge. Good enough. Dropping the phone

on your regular clothes, you stripped out of the dress and hung it back up. Edge said it was fine so you placed the hanger on an empty rack and grabbed up the next dress you had picked out.

This one was a tighter fit. The dress was also a halter, red in color that clung to you all the way down to just above your knees. Black lace overlaid the red making it appear darker. There was no twirling in this one, the fabric was too tight. Definitely an outfit for a trip to a bar or fancy restaurant, probably not court worthy.

You snapped a picture anyway and went to send it to Edge. Only to find four responses to your first photo. Frowning, you opened the chat.

RedDead - dmn doll, to what do i owe the pleasure?

Li'l Blue - YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN!

RedDead - aww, everyone got it?

Sansy - nice, whats the occasion?

You snorted and attached the next picture. Guess you had sent the first photo to the group chat instead of just Edge.

You - Looking for court attire with Edge, what do you think?

Dropping your phone, you shimmied out of the dress and hung it back up. The next one was a bit more casual. Edge was always putting his sweaters on you so you figured you would try on a sweater dress that was actually made to be a dress. Black in the body, the hems were folded over to show a dark gray weave underneath. Simple but cute.

Your phone buzzed signaling the boy's reactions to the second dress.

RedDead - definitely that one, red n lacy all the way

RazorEdge - I TOLD YOU TO SEND ME THE PHOTOS NOT THIS LOT

RazorEdge - KEEP THAT ONE

Sansy - you and edge are going to court?

Papaya - There are no monster and human cases scheduled this week.

PuppyDog - 10/10

Fiddling with the fabric on the sweater you looked yourself over in the mirror as your phone continued to blow up.

RazorEdge - MY KING HAS ASKED FOR MY RETURN TO THE SERVICE

RazorEdge - IT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU

Sansy - just makin sure youre not getting her in trouble

Li'l Blue - YOU'RE GOING BACK INTO THE GUARD? CONGRATULATIONS!

RedDead - takin her with ya for the ceremony huh?

RedDead - wait why ya puttin her in a dress for that?

RedDead - your choice but it aint that kinda party

RazorEdge -I KNOW THAT!

RazorEdge - I AM CHOOSING HER ATTIRE AS WE SPEAK

Snapping another photo you interrupted the chat with the sweater dress.

You - Dresses were my idea, thought it was jsut a formal thing.

The messages poured in and you went to try on the last dress. This one was much looser. A high/low hem of billowy crimson fabric met at your waist and traveled up to a modest neckline held up by shoulder width straps. A false black waist trainer shaped your midsection completing the look.

You checked to see how they liked the sweater dress.

Sansy - yes

Sansy - but blue

Li'l Blue - AGREED

Li'l Blue - STILL VERY PRETTY ON YOU THOUGH!

TheBeesKnees - whaaat is happening right now?

PuppyDog - 10/10

RedDead - scroll up bee vomit

RazorEdge - THE COLOR IS FINE

RazorEdge - I'M ON MY WAY BACK OVER

TheBeesKnees - nvm figured it out, get something orange

Papaya - Class is starting soon, can we wrap this up?

TheBeesKnees - and beachy

BlackBerry - I HATE ALL OF YOU

BlackBerry - WHAT IS SO IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW?!

You - Lst dress guys, what do you think?

"I THINK YOU SHOULD PUT THIS ON."

You jumped at Edge's voice on the other side of the changing room door. Still wearing the flowing dress, you unlocked it and opened the door for your mate who had a full outfit stacked in his arms. He paused to take in what you were wearing before pushing past to hang everything up.

"THIS WILL BE SUFFICIENT FOR THE EVENT. TRY IT ON." He turned to the dresses hanging off to the side. "DO YOU WANT THESE?"

You stare at them then shrug. "I don't have any need for fancy dresses. They're pretty, but I don't think I'd get to wear them that much."

Edge stared down at you then at the dresses. Growling to himself, he plucked all three off of the rack and swept out.

You shut the door behind him and started to change into his chosen outfit. Tapping at your phone you read through your messages as you went.

PuppyDog - 20/10

RedDead - eh i like teh lacey one

LilBlue - YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL IN EVERYTHING MAIDEN

TheBeesKnees - do a spin

Sansy - id like to a-dress the fact that you are shoe beautiful

RedDead - ya can't see her spinning dipshit

RedDead - @classic heh

PuppyDog - heh

TheBeesKnees - video is a thing red

Papaya - You look wonderful dear, I'm silencing my phone now so I'll see you after class

Li'l Blue - CAN WE NOT PUN IN THE GROUP CHAT?

Sansy - see ya later paps

BlackBerry - I FAIL TO SEE WHY YOU'RE STILL TRYING ON DRESSES

BlackBerry - THEY WON'T SERVE YOU IN A REINSTATEMENT OF RANK

You frowned as you laced up the given boots. Edge and Red had also talked about not wearing something nice to the court. Setting aside your phone you stood and looked at yourself in the mirror.

Deep crimson combat boots layered over a pair of black skinny jeans. The leather jacket he had given you was much shorter than your riding jacket. It reminded you of G's coat in how short it was and how the sleeves only made it to your elbows. This one didn't have a hood, but there were little silver studs decorating the shoulders. It contrasted nicely with the dark red tank top underneath.

You looked very punk. It fit well with Edge's aesthetic, but you failed to see how this was appropriate court attire. Unlocking the door you stepped out.

Edge was once again on his phone, from the consistent buzzing, he must be in the group chat with the others.

"How do I look?" You asked.

His eye lights jerked up to take you in. They inspected you head to toe before he stood and strode over to circle you once. Stopping in front of you, he zipped up what little he could of the jacket then ran his claws through your hair to gather it up at the back of your head.

Nodding to himself he leaned over to peer into the changing room.

“WHERE IS THE BELT I GAVE YOU?”

You shrugged and looked down at yourself. “The jeans fit great, didn’t need the belt.”

Edge dropped your hair and stepped past you into the dressing room to retrieve the item. “WEAR THE BELT… PLEASE.”

Grinning, you took it from him and proceeded to loop it around your hips. “Well, since you asked so nicely.” Securing it in place you did a single turn. “Better?”

“MUCH.” When you completed your turn, Edge grabbed your wrist and pulled you into the changing room with him. “FIT FOR THE KING.”

Swinging the door closed, he backed you into it and was immediately on you. His teeth nipped impatiently at your lips as his sharp fingers rested on your hip and cheek respectively. Your hands balled into the front of his shirt.

“Edge.” You whispered between kisses. “We’re in public.”

“Better Not Make Too Much Noise Then.” He growled back.

“Says the guy who’s… natural volume is shouting.” You shivered at his low chuckle and the sensation of his teeth ghosting up your jaw to your ear.

“Watch Your Mouth Kitten.”

“Or what?”

The claws on your hip sank through the denim to prick at your skin. “Edge! The clothes!” You hissed as you jerked away from the door and into him.

“It’s Fine, I’m Buying Them.” He murmured against your neck.

You huffed and curled your fingers deeper into his shirt. “What are you, my sugar daddy now?”

Edge paused his ministrations and pulled back to stare into your eyes. Tugging you away from the door, his arm encircled you while his other hand cradled the back of your head. “You Know Who I Am.”

You grinned and leaned up to kiss his cheek bone. “You’re my mate.”

His eye lights flashed and your head was tugged back by your hair, exposing your throat to him. “Try Again Kitten.” He growled. Sharp fangs pricked at your neck and you fought back a moan.

“Mma-”

“Only one person is allowed in the dressing rooms at a time. I’m going to have to ask one of you to step out.”

Both of you jolted at the sound of the store clerk through the door. Edge’s teeth scraped roughly against your neck as he jerked away from you. Absolute murder was on his face and you had to quietly convince him to not rip whoever’s head off for ruining the moment.

Once he left, you quickly changed back into your regular clothes and apologized to the clerk while Edge paid. He ended up buying all four of the dresses along with the court outfit he had picked out.

On your way back to Papyrus’s car you had to ask. “So what is going to happen at this reinstatement thing?”

Edge glanced down at you then back up at where he was going. “WE’LL GO THROUGH IT ON THURSDAY.”

“We’re practicing a ceremony instead of training?”

“YES.”

“Oh, okay.”

“IS THAT A PROBLEM?” The two of you had reached Papyrus’s car and you buckled in the passenger seat as Edge loaded the bags in the back and got settled behind the wheel.

“No, I’m just getting more nervous about this as we go.”

Edge scoffed and started the car. “I WOULDN’T HAVE ASKED YOU TO BE BY MY SIDE IF I WASN’T CONFIDENT IN YOUR FIGHTING ABILITY.”

“We’re going to fight at the ceremony?”

“I HAD TO PROVE MYSELF IN BATTLE IN ORDER TO ATTAIN THE RANK I HAD. I MUST PROVE MYSELF AGAIN.” Edge smirked and glanced over at you as he drove down the road. “IF YOU ARE

FIGHTING WITH ME, I HAVE SOMETHING WORTH EARNING THE RANK FOR.”

“Aww, Edge.”

“DON’T GET COCKY, I SAID I WOULD TURN YOU INTO A COMPETENT WARRIOR. IT’S TIME TO TEST IF I TRULY HAVE.”

Chapter End Notes

I love the chaos of a good group chat lol.
And we're off to the ceremony! Let's hope Edge can get his title back.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

I Can Do Anything

Chapter Summary

The reinstatement ceremony is here!

Chapter Notes

Y'all want more fights? I present you with more fights! With our one and only Edge!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fell ceremonies were weird. You were hesitant to even call a knock-down drag-out fight a ceremony, but here you were. Edge stood in front of you in the monster embassy in full armor. He was carefully fastening a pair of gauntlets to your wrists. They were apparently an old set of his from when he was younger.

“YOU ARE NOT A MONSTER SO YOU HAVE NO MAGICAL DEFENSE. THESE WILL SOMEWHAT PROVIDE THAT FOR YOU.”

“Somewhat?”

“DON’T RELY ENTIRELY ON THEM FOR PROTECTION.”

“Gotcha.”

“STAY BEHIND ME AS MUCH AS YOU CAN.”

“Edge.”

“DID YOU BRING YOUR KNIFE?”

“Edge.”

“YOU’RE ALLOWED A WEAPON, SO DID YOU-”

“I have it.”

“GOOD, THEY WILL CALL THE MATCH IF TOO MUCH DAMAGE IS GIVEN SO DON’T BE AFRAID TO USE IT.”

“I know.”

“AND DON’T FORGET TO-”

“We’re going to be fine.” Edge had finished securing the armor to you so you slipped your hands from his to cradle his skull. You pressed a quick kiss to his teeth.

“You’re going to be lieutenant again.”

Another kiss.

“And our lives will go on.”

The sharpened fingertips of your gauntlets grazed lightly along his jaw and you watched him relax. A Loox approached and cleared their throat.

“They are ready for you now.” It said before turning sharply on its heel and marching away. You pulled away from Edge and smiled. He gave you a nod and took your hand before following after the Loox.

The two of you were directed to a pair of large doors. The Loox bid you to wait as they slipped inside to announce your presence. Edge was staring straight ahead but squeezed your hand.

“I WILL RECLAIM MY TITLE.” You glanced up at him from the corner of your eye. He tilted his skull just enough so his eye lights could dart over your face before returning to the door. “I WOULD LIKE TO CLAIM YOU WHEN IT IS OVER.”

You couldn’t stop the smile from spreading over your face. “I guess you better get that title then.”

He chuckled and the doors swung open. You quickly schooled your face into what you hoped was a neutral look and the two of you strode hand in hand into the court hall.

You couldn’t help but glance around as you approached the Fell King. Several dog monsters lined the walls, all armed with medieval looking weapons as they watched your passage. The court itself was impressive. High vaulted ceilings covered the spacious hall. Tall glass windows let in natural light, and a raised platform at the end held several stands for multiple monsters to sit. Only one was seated today.

Two fully armored monsters flanked the king. You couldn’t tell what kind of monsters they were but their matching black armor and drawn swords promised a bad time if anyone tried anything. The king himself was an imposing figure. You had only seen the royal families on TV and you knew they were large monsters but… it was one thing

to see a size comparison on a screen and another to be physically dwarfed by the giant goat man.

“Papyrus Corbel Skeleton.” He rumbled when the two of you halted below the platform. Edge bowed and the king announced your name prompting you to do the same.

Another armored monster emerged from a side door carrying a file. You recognized Fell’s Undyne as she handed the paperwork over.

“You have completed your transition classes. And your surface therapist is pleased with your progress.” The king was saying. His eyes raised from the papers to land on you. “And it appears that you have found a human mate.”

Edge remained silent and at attention. The king continued to stare for a moment then went back to the paperwork.

“The surface is more peaceful than what we came from Papyrus, do you still wish to return to my service?”

Edge immediately responded. “YES YOUR MAJESTY.”

The king nodded then shared a look with his captain. “Very well. Take your title.”

You blinked in confusion as Edge pulled you up to the stand with him to sign a few papers. You added your signature as a witness and then retreated to your place in front of the platform. Everything was filed back into the folder and set down in front of the king.

The king hovered his hand over the folder and suddenly flames erupted in his palm. “Now defend it.”

Edge grabbed your arm and dragged you backward as an electric blue spear pierced the ground where you had been previously standing.

“Fuhuhuh, don’t tell me your mate can’t hold her own in battle Papyrus!” Undyne jeered, she had two more spears at the ready as Edge flung you back. His rapier materialized and he charged forward with a snarl.

You didn’t have the luxury of being able to watch the fight from the sidelines as you had to quickly dodge out of the way of a pair of axes.

“Here’s a smell! (Destroy the smell!)” Two of the dogs you had seen

earlier charged forward. You lept over one of their axes and ducked under the other. They were slower than Edge in a fight, but there were two of them and only one of you. Remembering your knife, you slipped it out of your boot and turned to face the dogs.

Dodge.

Roll.

Jab.

Fall back.

You grimaced and dove out of the way of the ever shifting axes. There was no way your little blade was going to do anything against those. Sheathing your knife you readied yourself for their next attack. They advanced again and you continued your retreat glancing over at Edge who was fending off a hailstorm of spears.

You were on your own.

An ax came down and you dove forward. Before the other ax could swing, you grabbed for the handle. The sharp tips of your gauntlets scraped over a set of paws and they recoiled. Their partner jumped to their side, brandishing their weapon furiously. You raised your hands in defense and braced for a hit.

It never landed.

Peering around your outstretched hands, you raised a brow at the two dogs. They were both frowning and sniffing the air in front of them.

“That smell. (Lieutenant?)” They shuffled forward and sniffed at your hands. Your eyes darted from their weapons to your borrowed armor.

“We’re supposed to test the mate. (Lieutenant smells funny.)”

You stared at your hands. The gauntlets belonged to Edge, they probably smelled like him to the sensitive noses of dogs. Reaching forward, you pat their heads, you didn’t know what it would accomplish but as long as you had your hands up, it seemed like they wouldn’t attack. Both dogs jumped and looked at each other wildly.

“Lieutenant has pet me! (Me too!)... Is the battle over? (We can go back to our post now!)”

You stifled a laugh as the pair nuzzled each other and took off to their

spot along the wall. Dropping your hands, you looked around to see how Edge was doing.

Only you were suddenly knocked down by a huge weight. Your back hit the floor and you gasped for air. A massive armored dog loomed over you. There were more?

The dog let out a loud bark and raised its spear. You were still trying to get your diaphragm to pull air into your lungs. Groaning, you made an attempt to roll to the side. As the spear came down you screwed your eyes closed.

A loud clattering sound made you open your eyes in time to see the butt end of the spear bounce off of the floor next to you. The dog had turned its head to the side with a growl. You followed its gaze to see Edge turning away from you to engage with Undyne once again. Looking to your other side, you saw a row of bones impaling the far wall.

The lull gave you enough time to scramble away from your attacker. They retrieved their spear and faced you again with another bark. Taking a few deep breaths you held up your hands. The dog tilted its head to the side but drew back and launched the spear at you anyway.

Dropping to the floor again, you let it sail over your head. Apparently it didn't care that you had Edge's smell on you. Slipping your knife from your boot, you scrambled to your feet. The armored dog was retrieving its spear.

Panting happily, it turned and bounded towards you, spear pointed forward. Again, they were much slower than Edge was so you could step out of the way. You were loath to actually hurt the monster. Even with the sharp fangs and weapon, all you saw was a big fluffy puppy in a suit of armor. Your knife scraped harmlessly over their pauldron as they passed.

The impact knocked the blade from your hand and sent it skittering across the floor. Gasping at the shock wave that jolted up your arm you missed the dog's ears perking up. You did watch them cast their weapon aside to chase down your dropped item.

Shit they were charging back at you now. Knife in their teeth. You jumped back as they skidded to a halt in front of you. Your knife was spat onto the floor and the dog looked at you expectantly. Frowning, you slowly scooped up the slobbery weapon and watched your

opponent prance back and forth in front of you. They… wanted to play fetch? With your knife??

Winding back you hurled the knife towards the hall entrance. Sure enough, the dog took off after it barking happily. The odd game of fetch continued until they plopped down on the floor where your weapon had landed and promptly fell asleep.

“That was weird.” You say to yourself. Turning around you looked to see if Edge needed help. Only the second you moved a bright blue light shot your way. Freezing in surprise at the attack, you shivered at the sensation of the magical blade passing through you. Your movement sent a line of pain out from where the blade touched and you clutched at your side where it exited.

You didn’t feel any blood, why did that hurt so much?

“DON’T MOVE!” Edge’s voice rang out through the clashing of weapons and you froze up. Footsteps circled you and a slender dog prowled into view.

“I know you’re there, show yourself!” They growled. Their eyes were narrowed as if straining to see something as they darted back and forth. Your own eyes wearily followed the twin swords in the monster’s paws.

From your spot you could see Edge and Undyne engaged in an all out fist fight. They seemed evenly matched, but you noticed that your mate would occasionally take his eyes off of the battle to search you out.

Undyne took notice of you standing still and leapt away from Edge’s fist. “She’s right there Doggo, get your ass in gear!” Summoning a spear, she threw it at you.

Letting out a yelp, you dove to the side to get out of the way. Unfortunately, Doggo noticed your movements and jumped to intercept you. His body collided with yours as you slid over the smooth floors. He managed to pin you beneath him in the struggle.

You grabbed at his wrists so he couldn’t use the swords and hooked your feet around his so you could roll. His weight sank even more onto you preventing the roll and his teeth snapped frighteningly close to your face. Jolting in fear, you released one of his wrists to shove at his face. The claws on your armor caused little trails of dust to trickle from his cheek and onto you. He yelped at the hit and reeled back.

Blinking away the grit in your eyes, adrenaline shot through you at the sight of your enraged mate standing over you and Doggo.

“GET. OFF OF HER!” He roared, grabbing your opponent by the scruff of his neck and dragging him away. Doggo yelped again and whimpered in his hold.

“Lieutenant! I was just doing my part in the test!”

You got to your feet and reached for your mate. “He just ended up on top of me Edge, I’m okay.”

Edge’s eye lights cut to you then back to Doggo. “YOUR PART IS OVER.” He growled. The other monster nodded quickly and retreated to the wall once he was dropped.

You smiled up at him. “Thanks.”

He opened his mouth to respond but turned at the splintering sound behind him. Undyne was breaking through the cage of bones she was in. “How dare you abandon our battle! I am your opponent and you will defend your title or lose it!”

Edge growled and moved in front of you. “A LEADER CAN FIGHT AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE REST OF THE BATTLE. I SIMPLY DEDUCED WHERE I WAS NEEDED MOST.”

“If she can’t hold her own then that is her problem, I expected a tougher mate from you Papyrus!” Spears appeared in the air around her and Edge readied himself.

“That’s enough.”

The deep voice of their king echoed through the hall. The spears disappeared and Undyne turned to quickly bow. “Asgore, he left the fight.”

“I know Captain, I saw.”

Undyne bowed again and moved to stand beside the Fell Asgore. Edge went to attention but didn’t move away from you. Unsure of what to do, you crept out from behind him and stood at his side. The king was addressing his guard.

“Are You Hurt?” Edge whispered to you.

“Just sore.” You replied. Your side still throbbed from Doggo’s magic

attack and your back was stiff from being knocked to the ground by both Doggo and the armored dog, but you weren't bleeding and you could still move around so you saw no reason to worry your clearly stressed mate.

"Papyrus." The king had turned to address him.

Edge bowed and moved to the front of the platform, you followed, glancing between the king and his captain.

"The surface has softened you." The king said.

Edge flinched and ground his jaw.

"Though, I suppose it has softened all of the monsters from Fell." He rumbled. "You fought well against your opponent, but gave aid when required to your ally." You swore you could hear Edge's bones creaking from how tense he was. "You also listened and ceased an assault at your mate's words… then protected them at risk to your position."

Asgore picked up the still intact folder and passed it to Undyne. She stepped down from the platform and handed it to Edge. "Welcome back to the guard punk. You are to report to me tomorrow morning."

"CAPTAIN." Edge saluted her then bowed to Asgore.

Before he could straighten up, the fish woman put him in a headlock and proceeded to knuckle his skull.

"Lighten up bonehead, you passed. Let's get a beer!"

"NYEEEHH! RELEASE ME! WE ARE IN COURT FOR STARS SAKES!"

"Fuhuhuhu! Afraid your little human will see you as weak? Come on punk let's get those papers filed."

You stared wide eyed as Undyne proceeded to move down the hall with Edge still in a headlock, laughing and chatting all the way. You looked back up at the platform to find the king leaving through a side door with the other armored guards. Was that it? A fight then paperwork? Fell ceremonies were weird.

Running to catch up to Edge and Undyne, you followed them out. Edge managed to talk his way out of a beer while his papers were processed and got the two of you home for a celebratory dinner.

You were in the kitchen helping Papyrus wash dishes when your phone went off.

RazorEdge - I STILL HAVE MY PRIZE TO CLAIM

RazorEdge - WHEN YOU ARE READY COME TO MY ROOM

You were up the stairs in record time. Pausing outside his door you looked down at yourself. You were still in the clothes you had worn to court. Chewing the inside of your cheek you stepped away from the door and continued down the hall to your room instead.

Flinging open your closet doors, you stared at the four dresses Edge had bought for you. The sweater dress would do nicely. Pulling it down along with a cute pair of underwear, you changed and brushed out your hair. He said to go to him when you were ready, and you wanted to be ready. You stopped by the bathroom to brush your teeth then presented yourself at Edge's door, excitement and nervousness making you giddy as you knocked.

Edge's voice came clearly through the wood.

"ENTER."

Chapter End Notes

> Heh heh, I hope y'all know what's gonna happen next, it's been a long time coming.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

My Soldier*

Chapter Summary

> He ran his hands over my past, lingering over the dents and worn edges of my heart. And when I thought he'd run away like the others had... he told me I was a warrior, and that I'd never fight another battle lone. ~Alfa

Chapter Notes

> Y'all know what's up. Skip the chapter if you're not here for the smut!
>
> Smut themes:
> Light bondage
> Sensation play
> Light impact play
> Dom/sub relationship

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taking a breath, you turned the handle and followed your mate's command. The room was dim. Only the light from his desk was on. Edge sat next to it still in his armor, reading a book. When the door clicked closed behind you, he turned and took you in. A smirk spread across his teeth and he motioned you over.

"I WAS WONDERING WHAT WAS KEEPING YOU."

"Is this okay?" You moved over to him and he pulled you into his lap.

"OF COURSE, THOUGH I LIKED THE BLACK HALTER BETTER."

"Should I go change?"

"NO, THAT DRESS IS FOR A PROPER OUTING, THIS ONE WON'T BE ON YOU LONG ENOUGH FOR IT TO MATTER."

Excitement spiked at his words and hands running over your stomach and playing with the hem of your dress.

"BUT BEFORE WE GET TO THAT… I MUST KNOW WHAT YOU ARE WILLING TO EXPERIENCE."

You blinked at him over your shoulder, not fully understanding. He plucked a key from his desk and handed it to you, motioning with his other hand at the chest at the foot of his bed. Raising a brow you slipped from his lap and moved over to the chest.

“UNDERGROUND, I BECAME ADEPT AT GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF MONSTERS BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY. SOME TECHNIQUES CAN BE TRANSLATED OVER TO SEXUAL PLAY IF YOU ARE WILLING.”

You had unlocked the chest and was staring down at a neatly stacked array of toys. There were flails, some tipped, some soft. Ticklers and crops of varying lengths and thicknesses. Paddles made of different materials. Coils of rope and other restraints sat innocently in their places. And then there were some more intense things. Clamps and hooks, even a small box containing razor sharp blades of varying sizes.

“You use these?” You asked, nervously running your fingers over the gleaming knife handles. Edge had come up behind you.

“YES, BUT ONLY IF YOU WANT THEM.”

“I don’t want them.” The words left you in a rush and Edge’s hand reached past you to quickly snap the little case shut.

“THEN THEY STAY IN THE CHEST.” He carefully slipped the knife case back into its spot and sat on the edge of the bed so he could watch you explore the rest of the items. “YOUR COMFORT IS PARAMOUNT, I WILL USE ONLY WHAT YOU HAND ME, IF ANYTHING AT ALL.”

A tension you didn’t know you were holding eased and you picked out a medium sized crop. “Can I use something on you?” You waved the crop in front of him and his smirk returned.

“EARN IT AND I MIGHT ALLOW YOU TO.”

You snorted and put the crop back. This kind of play wasn’t, unfamiliar to you. You had just never had much chance to really explore it.

Edge sat patiently, asking questions and proposing various scenes based on your answers and the items you picked up. He never reached into the chest itself. Only took toys you directly handed him. By the time the chest was closed, you were genuinely excited over what was

going to happen.

Edge took a few minutes to set some things up and even sent you down to the kitchen for one other item you had agreed to let him use. This was the most prep work you had ever put into a night with someone and the anticipation was starting to drive you crazy.

Stepping back into the room you jumped when Edge's scarf descended into your vision, blinding you as he tied it snugly around your head. The little tray of ice was removed from your hands and you stood stock still as you listened to your mate's footsteps moving away and the gentle click of the tray being set down.

"Come Here Kitten."

Edge's voice called from across the room and you gingerly began to move forward. His room wasn't that big, but the fact that you couldn't see made the journey feel like you were crossing a football field. Gloved claws grazed over your outstretched hands and you were pulled up against his armored chest.

"Good Girl." Your head was tilted up and he kissed you. The burning taste of cinnamon overwhelmed your senses as he dominated your mouth. His hands hiked up the hem of your dress above your hips and you were pushed down to sit on the bed.

You were directed to raise your hands above your head and the warmth of your sweater dress was removed from your body. The cool air of the room made you shiver and an equally cool hand pressed you back and urged you to turn so you lay stretched out on the mattress.

His touch left you for a moment and you listened to him pick up the ropes you had handed over just minutes ago. He had secured the ends of the ropes down but there was enough length left for him to drag the other ends over your chest and up your arms to bind your wrists in place.

"Comfortable?" He inquired.

You nodded.

"Words Kitten." His voice was suddenly in your ear making you squeak out an affirmative.

"Do You Remember Your Safeword?"

“Yes.”

“Say It.”

“But I don’t want you to st-”

“Say It So I Know You Know.”

“Chamomile.”

There was a growl of satisfaction then silence. Considering that you were now bound and blinded and the scent and taste of cinnamon still clung to your tongue and nose, all you could do was strain to listen for your mate’s next move. The mattress dipped and you felt his weight settle in between your spread legs near the foot of the bed.

There was a faint creaking of leather, then the sound of one then two things being set down on the bedside table he had moved to the end of the bed earlier. A few more seconds of silence then you twitched at the sound of soft tassels being dragged along the mattress. He hadn’t touched you yet but you were fully braced for it. A weight pressed itself into the pillow next to your head and the tassel sound stopped. He must be leaning over you.

The ice cube suddenly being dragged from your navel to your throat caused you to gasp and strain at the ropes around your wrists. He touched your lower lip with the ice cube in warning before dropping it in your mouth. The cold on your body was quickly negated by a long hot tongue covering the same track, navel to throat to lips. Goosebumps erupted over your torso and you squeezed your thighs together as best you could with him kneeling between them.

He kissed you hard, shocking your mouth with the heat of your bodies and the cold of the melting ice. You moaned against his teeth and tugged at the ropes above your head that were keeping you from reciprocating with touch. The now ungloved hand that wasn’t supporting his weight above you grazed lightly down your side and hips to press your legs back down flat from where you had curled them in earlier.

The hand disappeared and his mouth withdrew from yours when the ice cube was gone. Then claws trailed up to circle your breasts. You hadn’t worn a bra with the dress so you were only clothed in a pair of underwear at the moment. The claws drew smaller circles until he could give your nipple a rough pinch.

You heard him chuckle this time as you gasped and twitched under him. “Doing Okay?” He murmured. The dip in the mattress moved from the end of the bed to the side.

“Y-yes.” You replied.

“Good.”

You cried out in surprise at the flail whipping down across your left thigh. Then again on your right hip, and once more over your left breast. You had chosen the most gentle flail in the chest, tassels made of soft hide and un-tipped. It didn’t stop the sting as they slapped against your skin followed by the tickle of them running softly over the same spot.

The toy was dragged across your breasts at the same time his claws ran up your thigh to graze teasingly over your clothed entrance. You gasped and whimpered, trying to press up against his hand only to have him pull away with a chuckle. The flail also disappeared and you strained against your ties to find your mate.

Your blindfold shifted and was pushed up to your forehead. Edge smirked down at you from where he knelt at your side, all sharp edges in his armor. There was a faint glow at his pelvis, obscured by his pants. You squirmed and pulled at the ropes, you wanted to get at that magic.

This time you could see when he picked up the flogger and lashed your thighs three consecutive times. You jerked and moaned at his gentle hand rubbing the abused spots. The flogger dragged upwards to circle your navel then traveled slowly up your torso.

“Tell Me Who I Am Kitten.” He murmured.

You almost missed his words, your mind was flooded with endorphins from the lashes and his claws. Ice jolted you into the moment and you hissed out his answer.

“Master!”

Another growl and the ice disappeared; then he was on you. His scarf was forced back down over your eyes and his teeth crashed into your lips. Magic flooded your system through his kiss, highlighting the burn leftover from where the flail had hit you and drowning out all other thoughts except for you and Edge. His mouth left yours and you shivered at the loss. Claws grazed lightly down your sides and hooked

into the thin fabric of your panties.

Cool air against your core pulled you from the wave of magic, and you lifted your hips so Edge could easily slide your underwear off. A distal ran experimentally up your slit and grazed lightly over your clit making you whimper. Edge shushed you as he pressed a single digit in. Prodding and prepping with one hand, he ran his claws up to your breasts with the other.

“Ahh!~ Edge, please!” You thrust upward with your legs, trying to get more of him inside. At your words he pulled away.

“I’m Sorry, Who Are You Addressing?” He rumbled above you.

You decided to poke the bear a little. “Edge-ahh!”

The flail slapped across your hip. “Who?”

“The great and terrible Papyrus.”

The flail fell again, this time over your breasts. You hissed at the sting and rubbed your thighs together.

“Try Again.”

“M-my fell lieutenant.”

He chuckled darkly and claws scored up your inner thigh ending just below your sex. Ice followed, relieving the burn and tearing another moan from you.

“Use That Pretty Little Head Of Yours, Who Am I?” He had readjusted his position to once again sit in between your legs. You felt the mattress move as he settled. Air chilled the slick of your core, telling you just how close his face was to your sex.

Ice circled lightly over your puffy nether lips, melting and running down to soak the sheets beneath you. Shivering, you bit back your words and shook your head in defiance. Edge pressed part of the ice cube into you. His free hand held your hips down and in place so you couldn’t move.

“Tell Me.” He murmured, pressing more of the ice into you.

“Your my- ahhh~! Master, you’re my master!”

The ice disappeared to be replaced by a long hot tongue. The

dexterous appendage licked up your slit to press against your clit over and over again. Your legs trembled and clamped down around his skull as your arms strained at their ties. He growled against you sending pleasant vibrations up your spine, the already primed coil of pleasure tightened with every touch of his magical tongue.

“Cum For Me Kitten.” He murmured into your cunt.

You didn’t need to be told twice. Pleasure rocked through you as you cried out, body twitching and buzzing in bliss. Edge carried you through, lapping up your release. As your body went slack in the afterglow, you felt him press your legs apart and the mattress dipped on one side.

Your mate’s face appeared in your visage as this scarf was completely removed and the ties around your wrists loosened.

“Good Girl.” He murmured, sitting you up and pulling you into his lap. You grinned and kissed him, slow and sweet. The cool metal of his armor pressed against your flushed body and you blindly searched for the buckles securing it to him. He chuckled and guided your hands to them without breaking the kiss.

Your mouth burned and tingled with the spice identifying this magic. He had allowed you just enough control to work off the chest piece but that was it. The armor thudded to the floor then you were once again on your back with him looming over you.

He pinned your wrists to the bed and you automatically locked your legs around his to roll the two of you over like he had trained you to do. Only, his bed wasn’t that big, and the two of you tumbled off of it and onto the floor. You laughed and scrambled up only to be grabbed and tossed back onto the mattress to the sound of Edge’s own laughter.

“I Told You A Long Time Ago, And I’ll Tell You Again.” He rumbled as he pinned you down more securely. “I Wouldn’t Suggest Running.”

You struggled against his weight in vain, earning you an amused look. Huffing in false annoyance, you stuck your tongue out at him. “Guess I don’t follow instructions very well.”

His dark chuckle made your skin prickle in renewed excitement and desire. “Take Your Punishment Then.”

Edge moved off of the bed so he could unbuckle and kick his pants off.

Your eyes widened at the crimson member that sprung forth. He crawled back over you to pin your hands again with one of his. It was long and curved up over your belly from his position above you. What looked like little barbs spiked intermittently down the underside making your eyes go wide. You were all for a bit of pain play but you did *not* want your insides torn to shreds with that.

“Edge, I-” You started only to stop as he stroked himself with his free hand. The spikes bowed and moved as his hand passed. The absence of scratching or catching on his scarred hand helped ease your mind.

He caught your hesitance though and paused. “What’s Wrong?”

“Uh, can I..?” You angled your head towards his cock.

Edge stared at you for a moment, then let your wrists go and sat up. You followed the movement and gingerly reached for him.

Your fingers slid experimentally over the little barbs adorning his dick. They were malleable and moved with your touch. You glanced up at the quiet hiss from your mate.

Edge’s face was a soft shade of red as he stared hungrily down at you. With your concern alleviated, you smirked up at him and gripped him more firmly for a few quick pumps. He choked back a moan and yanked your hand away from him to pin you once again.

“Is It Everything You Wanted?” He growled into your neck.

“M-hm.”

“Words.”

“Yes.”

His free hand stroked over himself as he moved to line up with you. As the hot tip of his cock slid up your entrance to wet it, he lifted his skull to look into your eyes. Those twin embers in his sockets silently begged for consent.

You rolled your hips up and the two of you shared a moan as the motion pushed part of him into you. Edge recovered first and released your wrists to sit up and grip your hips.

“I’ll Have To Punish You For That.” He grunted as he drew back out.

“You can trahhh~!!” Your snark turned into a scream as Edge thrust

down hard, burying himself to the pelvis.

Shuddering at the sudden sensation of being filled, your hands collected fistfuls of his sheets in an effort to anchor you to something. He remained still, leaning back over you and giving your face little kisses as your body adjusted to him. Your fingers relocated and grazed over the nics and chips of his ribs marking the numerous battles he had endured in his life making him growl. As he once again began to move, your exploration halted in favor of the need to hold on.

The little barbs dragged against your walls, not solid enough to hurt, but solid enough to give that extra texture that you hadn't experienced before, making you keen as he labored above you.

His teeth found your lips again, muting your shared noises. Fevered and desperate, he crashed into you again and again as his teeth chapped your lips. All banter forgotten in your coupling.

Edge could feel you tightening around him as he worked. Barely breaking stride, he sat up and pushed one of your legs up so your knee was braced against your chest, giving him a better angle. Good thing he had worked so hard to improve your flexibility. His soul pulsed at the noises you made. There weren't any more beautiful sounds in the world to him.

“E-edge~!” You cried, but gasped and corrected yourself at his growl and harsh thrust. “Master! There… again, please!”

He smirked and briefly wondered which of your other mates you had consummated with had taught you how to beg so wonderfully. Banishing the thought, he sped up his movements and was rewarded with the sight of your wrecked face screaming his name as your walls clenched and fluttered around his cock.

Riding you through it, he slowed so he could release your leg. He was agonizingly close himself. You had given him permission to finish where he pleased beforehand but he was loath to spend himself so quickly.

“Kitten.” He cooed, brushing his claws down your cheek. Before he could check in further, your eyes locked with his. The adoration in your gaze was like a shot to his soul.

Sitting up, he pulled you up into his lap and gripped your hips setting a merciless pace. Pleasure rolled through him from your hands and cunt holding him tightly. Clenching his teeth together he buried his

face into your neck.

You cried out as his hot release scorched your insides. The magic burned pleasantly in contrast to his claws as they raked over your hip as he held you down on him. The scent of cinnamon and cherries bled from every part of him, surrounding the two of you in the spice of his mark.

As his hold slackened, you peppered his skull with light kisses. He hummed and held you close pressing a few content kisses to your neck and shoulder. Leaning forward, he laid the two of you back down onto the mattress.

“I Hope You Learned Your Lesson.” He murmured.

You giggled and ran a hand up his spine. “Oh yea, I’m never running from you again.”

He snorted and propped himself up on an elbow to look down at you. “You Still Think You Can Run? I Must Be Out Of Practice.”

“What, that wasn’t your best? I thought the great and terrible Edge always put out one hundred perce-eent.” You choked on your last word as he rocked against you, reminding you that he was still buried pelvis deep inside of you.

“Fuck, you can still go?” You panted.

Edge chuckled and pulled out of you to reveal his still fully erect member. “I Could Go For Days Kitten.”

“Wanna put your money where your mouth is?” You tease.

“Nyeh Heh, Careful What You Wish For.” He laughed and reached over to his side table. “Open.”

You obeyed and opened your mouth to accept a melting ice cube. The cold water trickled down your throat, quenching your thirst.

Edge had moved off of the bed and was pulling a cloth out of a bedside drawer. “Lie Back.” He instructed as he sat back down next to you. Relaxing into the soft sheets, you allowed him to clean you.

Task done, he rolled you onto your side so he could slide in bed behind you. As his hand came to a rest on your hip, you hissed and grabbed at him.

“Ow! What-?” You looked down over yourself to see the broken skin where he had clawed you earlier. Edge followed your gaze.

“Do You Want Me To Heal That?”

You inspected the scratches then shook your head. The little bleeding he had caused had stopped. You would survive. “No it’s fine. Just surprised me.”

“Good.” He rumbled, and you gasped as he pressed his hard magic up against your back. “Because I Have Better Uses For My Magic Right Now.”

“Mmn. Yea?” You adjusted yourself to allow his cock to slip between your thighs and rub up against your sore cunt.

“You Did Ask Me To Put My Money Where My Mouth Is.”

“Hah, yea I did.”

“Are You Sure You Want Me To?” His hands grazed lightly over your stomach and breasts as he murmured into your ear.

“You don’t see me running do you?”

Edge chuckled and tapped your hip above his claw marks. “Good. On Your Knees.”

Scooting away from him, you quickly obeyed. When he settled in behind you, you shivered as he pressed back into you. The tingling pleasure of his member outweighed the ache of your abused hole.

“Is This What You Want?” He growled. His pace was moderate as he worked you.

“Y-yes!”

“Yes What?” The tassels of his flail lightly fell over your shoulder and was dragged down the length of your back.

“Yes, ah~ master!”

The flail clattered to the floor accompanying the sound of his satisfied growl. Oh he would show you just how long he could go.

You were his after all.

And he was irreversibly yours.

Chapter End Notes

I love me some Edge time! His is one of my favorite growth arcs, it's up there with Mutt and Red's ^_^

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

When They Make a Darker Color

Chapter Summary

The morning after drama isn't from who you'd expect.

Chapter Notes

Okay, I'm gonna give you a bit of angst now so I can drown you in fluff later. Deal? Deal.

Chapter Warning!
Strangulation
Panic

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I wish you didn’t have to go this early.” You murmured as Edge de-tangled himself from your arms.

“THE WORK OF A LIEUTENANT IS NEVER COMPLETE.”

“You’ve haven’t even been a lieutenant for twenty-four hours yet.” You sat up to run your hands around the scared and chipped ribs of your mate sitting at the edge of the bed in a feeble attempt to drag him back under the covers.

He only chuckled and turned to lean back down over you. “I’LL BE BACK BEFORE YOU GET HOME FROM WORK KITTEN, CONTAIN YOURSELF UNTIL THEN.”

You accepted his kiss and flopped back into the blankets. Edge collected his armor before throwing on a pair of sweats. “CARE TO JOIN ME FOR A SHOWER?”

“Mn, would love to, but I’m also very attached to this warm spot here.”

“I DID OFFER TO HEAL YOU SO YOU COULD WALK.”

“I can walk.”

“PROVE IT.”

You rolled your eyes at the smirk on your mate’s face and made a show of dragging your tired self out of his bed. Edge scoffed and

threw your sweater dress at you.

“SUCH A CHILD, WHY DO I PUT UP WITH YOU?” There was a glint in his eyes that took the sting from his words as you pulled the dress over your head.

“You love me, that’s why.” You shot back, tugging the dress into place then raising up on your toes to press a kiss to his cheek bone.

“THAT I DO.” He murmured and returned the kiss.

The two of you shared a smirk before he slipped a hand around your waist to guide you out of the room. The hallway was empty as he ushered you to the bathroom. You weren’t sure what to expect from a shower with him, but being pounded into the wall before doing any actual showering was definitely not an unwelcome activity.

Once you were clean and wrapped in a towel, Edge tossed you over his shoulder after he was dressed to stride down the hall to your room as you laughed at his not so subtle groping. You let out a loud ‘oof’ as he dropped you on your mattress. Cutting off your giggles with a heated kiss, he pressed you down and covered you in the many blankets on your bed.

“BE A GOOD GIRL AND STAY HERE. I’LL HAVE BREAKFAST BROUGHT UP.”

“Ooh, room service and breakfast in bed? How are you gonna manage that before you have to leave?”

Edge chuckled and turned to go. “DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE MY ABILITY TO DELEGATE.” Pausing in the doorway he looked back over his shoulder “UNLIKE SOME RESIDENTS HERE, I AM NOT OPPOSED TO OTHERS CARING FOR YOU WHEN I AM UNABLE.” A smirk quirked at his teeth. “AS LONG AS YOU REMEMBER WHO I AM TO YOU THAT IS.”

You smiled and relaxed into your bed. “Of course master.” The statement was followed by a wink and you sticking your tongue out at him. He chuckled and shut the door behind him as he left.

Edge made sure your door was closed then strode down the hall to the stairs. He hoped that today would be mostly introductions into what his role as a fell lieutenant on the surface would entail. He may have pushed himself a little too hard last night in his endeavor to prove just

how long he could go with you.

He paused at the base of the stairs at the sight of Red exiting the kitchen with a cup of coffee in hand.

"'ey boss." He greeted with a yawn.

"SANS." Edge returned, "WOULD YOU DO ME A... FAVOR. THIS MORNING?"

Red paused and blinked up at his brother. "sure, wha's up?"

A gentle nudge interrupted your rest.

"Just a few more minutes." You grumbled

The nudge became more insistent.

"Mmmm let me sleep."

"norm'lly i wouldn' interrupt yer snoozin' doll, but orders 're orders."

Wait, that was the wrong fell brother. You cracked open your eyes to find Red standing by your bed with a tray in hand.

"Red?" You rubbed at your eyes and sat up groggily.

Red coughed and quickly found your ceiling interesting. "uh doll, yer towel."

Glancing down you snatched the blanket up to cover your chest with a muttered 'sorry'. Your towel from the shower had loosened in your sleep and had fallen off. Red shrugged and offered you the tray in his hand.

"thought ya'd like somthin' ta recharge yer batteries."

A neatly stacked breakfast sandwich sat on a small plate next to a bowl of raspberries and a cup of orange juice. Your stomach grumbled and Red chuckled as you blushed.

"Eat up doll, ya got work 'n a few hours."

"Uhg, don't remind me." You took the tray and dug in. "Damn Red, this is good."

Red's skull lit up a light red and he quickly turned to sit on the floor with his back leaning against your bed. "'s jus' a sandwich." He muttered

"A delicious sandwich." You snorted at his grumbles as he shrank into his parka. The food made you feel immensely recharged. Some magic must have been mixed in because your soreness faded to almost non-existent as you finished everything on the tray.

Setting it to the side you snuggled back down into the covers. "Thanks Red, I really needed that."

"heh, don' mention it." He glanced up at you then stood. Leaning over you to retrieve the tray. As he straightened up he grinned and ruffled your hair with his free hand. "thanks fer makin' my bro 'appy."

"Are you happy?" You asked as you reached up to grab his hand.

"don' matter what i am, 's long 's you two 're good."

"Red, you're a part of this too."

He simply smiled and backed out of your room, "go back ta sleep doll. black n' blue 're around if ya need somethin'. i gotta get ta work."

Before you could reply, the door clicked closed.

…

..

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"y0u h4v3n'7 d0n3 4ny7h1n9 h4v3 y0u?"

You jolted at the broken words coming from the foot of your bed.

"Error?" Bolting upright you stared wide eyed at the glitching skeleton. Fear threatened to reject the food in your stomach and your eyes darted to your door. You opened your mouth to shout only to have it die in your throat as the threads circling your neck constricted just enough to cut off any attempt you could make to call for help.

"5hu7 y0u2 m0u7h p1x31," He handed you a piece of paper, "y0u h4d 0n3 j08."

The paper dropped uselessly onto your blankets as you clawed at the

strings at your throat. Tears sprung to your eyes, he was either going to suffocate, or decapitate you with how tightly he was squeezing.

Through your struggling, the blankets fell from you. There was a strangled gurgling sound, then the threads loosened enough to let you breathe but remained tight enough to remind you that they were there. You sucked in air, coughing and gasping as you stared fearfully at him through your tears.

Error was glaring off to the side. His eye lights darted to you then away again. He gestured at the paper on your bed with a tight flick of his phalanges then shoved both hands into his sweatshirt pockets. Your fingers continued to tug at the strings with one hand as you shakily picked up the paper with the other.

i told you to get your bonds sorted and here you are deepening them. if you're going this route there is no going back. are you that confident in your ability to persuade ink?

i won't hesitate to delete abandoned universes pixel, how you handle this is entirely on you.

The pressure around your neck vanished just as you finished reading the note. Your eyes shot up to find that Error was no longer in your room as you gulped down oxygen. Tears leaked from your eyes as you flung your blankets off and stumbled out of bed. Fuck. Who was home? Red had mentioned Black and Blue right?

You were halfway to the door when it opened.

"MAIDEN? RED SAID YO-"

A sob bubbled up as you crashed into Blue.

"WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT HAPPENED?!" He caught you, easily bundling you to his chest and sinking to the floor.

"Error!" Your voice felt rough and your breathing ragged as you clung to him.

"ERROR? MAID- YOU'RE NAKED… WAIT, DID HE DO THIS TO YOU?!" His hand lingered uncertainty over the scratches on your hip, eyelights flashing a bright electric blue. You shook your head but didn't say anything as you buried your face into his shirt.

"EDGE THEN… LET'S GET YOU BACK IN BED."

You nodded but didn't release your death grip from where your arms were locked around his neck. Blue pat at your back then adjusted you so he could lift and carry you back to your bed.

"Had You All Night And Didn't Even Bother To Properly Dress You After." He grumbled to himself as he coaxed you back under the covers. "WHAT HAPPENED WITH ERROR?" He prodded.

You grit your teeth and absently tugged at the now loose strings around your throat. "Um… Remember when I told you guys about last time he showed up?" You let yourself be propped up on pillows and tucked in. Blue remained sitting on the edge of the bed. He nodded and gripped your other hand.

"Well I uh, I guess he's not happy about me not really doing anything." You tugged at the blue strings sitting innocently around your reddened neck again.

Blue watched the movement and scowled. "WHAT DID HE DO." You glanced over at the dead tone of his voice. His normally large blue eye lights were tiny in his sockets. Almost the same size as Sans's normal pin pricks.

You told him of the encounter and showed him the paper he had left behind. Blue listened quietly and sat by your side for a long while, rubbing your ink stained hand and turning on a random show for you to watch in bed when you were done.

"IMPOSSIBLE, MY DOOR IS CLOSER TO HERS, I WOULD HAVE HEARD SOMETHING." Black grumbled.

"THEN HOW DID THIS END UP WITH HER? SHE WOULDN'T LIE ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THIS BLACK, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE MARKS AROUND HER NECK." Blue stood with his edgy double at the top of the stairs. The note Error gave you was in his hand.

"… TRUE," Black peered down the hall at your partially open door. "I'LL CALL THE AIRLINES, I PROPOSE WE MOVE OUR SURPRISE UP IN ORDER TO GET HER AWAY FROM HERE FOR A WHILE."

Blue nodded and pulled out his phone. "I'LL LET THE OTHERS KNOW AND TALK TO HER BOSS." He glanced toward your room. "STAY WITH HER WHILE I GO SEE HIM?"

Black nodded and waved him away. His phone was already up against

his skull.

Steeling himself for a lone motorcycle ride, Blue ran to his room for his leathers. You wouldn't mind if he borrowed your bike for a quick trip to your work and back. He just hoped that this wouldn't sour the vacation plans they had already wanted to surprise you with… and he hoped Error wouldn't be able to find you when they all left.

"GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT." He said to himself.

Chapter End Notes

Error Translations:
"you haven't done anything have you?"
"shut your mouth pixel."
"you had one job."

Rip the angst off like a band aid friends, up next we have a touch of trauma followed by oceans of fluff, that's a Sans the skeleton promise!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Prelude to Our Own Fairytale

Chapter Summary

One must be prepared when travel is immanent.

Chapter Notes

Is your birthday in June? Well Happy Birthday! Apologies for the later upload, it was both the solstice and our annual June party. Most of my friends were born in June, including myself and my daughter and instead of trying to coordinate a bunch of different little gatherings, we just throw one big party for everyone!
Now I must get back to the fire pit so enjoy the chapter! xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Grape vodka, triple sec, and razzmatazz schnapps in a shaker with ice.

“and i said, on this *partical* day the light is doin’ the *wave* .”

“Sans.” You shook your head as you strained the mixture into a martini glass. “You know I don’t understand quantum physics jokes right?”

“what, don’t have the *energy* for them?”

You handed off the grape cosmo then turned to your mate. “I don’t even know how to correctly respond to that.”

Sans just chuckled and squirted some ketchup into his mouth with a shrug. It had been a few days since Error’s visit. Blue had apparently alerted everyone to what happened because every single mate had shown up during your shift that night. Edge was insisting he stay with you as you slept, and both Black and Blue had taken it upon themselves to escort you almost everywhere.

You were thankful for their serious response to this but you couldn’t help but feel a little smothered. Sure, Edge was a polite and warm bed companion. Black and Blue mostly stayed out of your immediate bubble as well but… you also missed looking out for yourself sometimes too. If only you could get away from all of this for a while.

“-other kinda waves.” Sans was saying something to you.

You tuned back in with an apologetic smile. “Uh sorry, totally didn’t catch anything you just said.”

He just shrugged and slapped a small piece of paper onto the bar top. You blinked at him then down at the paper. Wait, that was a plane ticket.

“Where are you going?” You asked.

Sans chuckled and slid the ticket closer to you. “wherever you’re going.”

“I have a full time job, I can’t go anywhere.” Drawing back, you glanced down the bar to see if anyone was waiting to order a drink.

“don’t go fight or *flight* on me princess, we took care of yer time off.”

“But-” You looked back down at the ticket.

“hey.”

Your eyes pried themselves from the ticket to look at Sans.

“it’s okay ta worry about yer shifts.” His eye lights were soft as he looked at you. “but ya need a vacation, let us spoil ya some yea?”

“We had to return your ticket, bad kids don’t get good things.” The voice of your mother echoed in your head and you took a step away from Sans and the slip of paper on your bar top.

“whoa hey, this is good news princess look at me.” Sans was suddenly behind the bar with you, wiping at your cheeks. “how about ya hold onta this yea?” The little slip of paper was pressed into your hands and you felt little tingles of cool magic dance over your knuckles. “we’d never leave ya behind. i promise… ya hear?” You nod numbly, “i *promise* princess, we’re gonna go and relax and forget about all the crazy that’s been happening lately.”

“... Okay.”

“yea?”

“Yea.”

“Sans, what are you doing behind my bar?”

Sans peered over your shoulder at your boss then winked at you

before teleporting back to his stool. You shook yourself and quickly wiped your eyes before shooting Oliver an apologetic smile. Hurrying off to check on the other patrons nursing drinks along the bar you vaguely heard your boss scolding your mate.

That evening you let Edge know that you would be crashing with Sans instead of with him in your room. He accepted it, but gave Sans thorough instructions on how to protect you through the night to which he got a shrug and finger guns.

Blue woke you up the next morning, shushing you and somehow managing to both maneuver you out of Sans's death grip and get a pillow substitute in your place without disturbing him.

"Come Make Breakfast With Me Maiden, We Have Many Things To Take Care Of Today!" He whisper-yelled as he guided you out of your dimly lit room.

You yawned and nodded, scooping up a nearby hoodie as you followed him out. The house was chilly and you were thankful for the oversized orange and black garment, looks like Stretch's clothes were going to keep you warm this morning.

Food was already laid out over the countertops for preparation. Eggs, hash browns, and sausage links sat by the stove and a large electric skillet. A blender had been pulled out and a menagerie of fruits and yogurt was clustered next to it.

"Wow, got enough stuff for us to eat there Blue?" You teased as you fiddled with the coffee machine.

"MWEH HEH HEH! A BALANCED BREAKFAST IS ESSENTIAL BEFORE A SHOPPING TRIP!" You giggled and pulled down a mug.

"We're going shopping? For what?"

Blue bounced on the balls of his feet in front of the stove. He pushed the cooking sausages around and glanced at you, stars in his eyes."

"WE NEED OUR VACATION ESSENTIALS!" He pulled a plane ticket out of his pocket and waved it at you. "THIS IS GOING TO BE EXCITING! I HAVEN'T SEEN THE SURFACE OUTSIDE OF THIS CITY YET!"

You stared at the ticket in his hand. He could leave on his own trip with that, he could go without you… like your-

“MAIDEN? WHAT’S WRONG? YOU’RE CRYING!”

Were you? “Oh, uh sorry Blue. I just… never got out much either.” You wiped at your eyes and took your coffee over to the electric skillet to start on the hash browns. Blue watched your movements, and joined you.

“HERE.” He slid his ticket into the front pocket of Stretch’s hoodie. “HOLD THAT FOR ME WILL YOU?”

Glancing down at him, he smiled brightly and leaned up to press a tingling kiss to your cheek. “NOW LET’S MAKE BREAKFAST!”

Your pocket filled up with more plane tickets as the morning went on. Papyrus said that he didn’t want to lose it at school or close it in one of his textbooks. You raised a brow at that. Papyrus didn’t lose many things, he was too organized. Didn’t stop you from taking it though.

Black said he had too many other things to take care of. What he was taking care of was a mystery to you but you accepted the ticket.

When Red and Stretch came yawning into the kitchen, you were first smothered by your taller mate in his delight at finding you in the hoodie he had given you. Later, you found that at some point during his nuzzling he had snuck his ticket into your pocket.

Red simply handed you both his and his brother’s tickets saying that he couldn’t keep track of his own skull sometimes so it was for the best.

Mutt caught you while you were washing the breakfast dishes with Black. He curled down around your shoulders and attempted to stick his ticket down the front of your hoodie. When that didn’t work he distracted you by nibbling at your ear. As you laughed and tried to swat him away, he managed to get his ticket up under your hoodie and pinned to you by your pajama pants waistband.

Blue eventually shooed you back up to your room to change. As you stepped in, you noticed a note on your bedside table along with another plane ticket. Ignoring the ticket, you picked up the note.

you’re not going on a vacation with us. we’re going on a vacation with you. you have the power here, we go if you bring us.

have fun with blue today, i’ll see ya after your shift.

love ya princess,

sans

You read and re-read his note until it became blurry. They gave up their ability to leave to you. It was your decision. Your vacation… your trip. Scrubbing your face, you dug out everyone's tickets and added them to where you had stashed yours. You had to get dressed for the day, Blue was waiting downstairs.

Throwing on comfy street clothes, you opted to keep Stretch's hoodie on. It hadn't snowed yet, but the weather was definitely feeling like winter. Last but not least, you shoved your wallet into the hoodie pocket in lieu of bringing your entire purse before heading downstairs.

Both Stretch and Blue were waiting by the front door. "little cold for a bike ride don't you think?" Stretch said, draping one arm around you and the other around his brother. "all aboard the skelexpress."

You giggled and wrapped your arms around his ribs. The entryway vanished and was replaced by a rack of clothes. You clung to Stretch a moment longer to let the wave of teleportation dizziness subside. He happily let you hold on while Blue went over a list of things he was apparently here to look at.

"alright honey, i gotta get to work," He gave you a long squeeze before pulling away just a little, "don't do anything that i would."

You snorted and grinned up at him. "And what exactly *would* you do sweet tooth?"

His mischievous smirk was plastered across his features and he tilted your chin up further. Leaning down, his skull passed your face so he could whisper into your ear. "anything and everything you asked of me."

Fuck, that was smooth. Why did he have to be that smooth?!

Your flustered mind attempted to come up with a come-back but he had already pulled away. Blue grumbled at some joke he made then Stretch disappeared leaving behind his easy laugh.

"MAIDEN ARE YOU READY TO START?"

Inwardly shaking yourself you focused on Blue. "Start what? Shopping?"

“YES! OUR SHOPPING DATE!”

This was a date? You glanced down at his brother’s hoodie swamping your frame. “You should have told me this was a date, I would have worn something else.”

Blue waved your protest off in favor of linking his arm through yours and moving out of the clothing racks. “DON’T WORRY ABOUT IT! IT HELPS PAPY A LOT TO SEE YOU CARE FOR HIM WHILE YOU’RE WITH ONE OF US.”

“Is this still that hard on him?”

“HE’S STRUGGLING,” You winced, “BUT I HAVE ALSO NEVER SEEN HIM PUT SO MUCH EFFORT INTO ANYTHING ELSE IN HIS LIFE.” Blue shot you a starry eyed look. “I CAN TELL THAT HE IS DOING MUCH BETTER THAN HE WAS JUST A MONTH AGO, SO THANK YOU FOR STICKING WITH HIM!”

That did ease your mind a bit. You were happy to have your honey loving flirt back, but this time with more understanding of what your relationship entailed.

“BUT THIS IS OUR DATE! SO TELL ME WHICH ONE OF THESE YOU LIKE BEST!” He had led you into a winter clothing section.

“Uh,” You looked down the row of snow pants and coats, “I don’t really do any winter sports. I’ve been ice skating a few times, but that’s about it.” You looked back over at your mate a bit sheepishly. He only nodded as he quickly texted someone.

Putting his phone away, he reached for your hand. “YOU STILL NEED WARM CLOTHES TO ICE SKATE! LET’S LOOK OVER HERE!”

As he dragged you down the racks, you could have sworn you felt Stretch’s magic burst into existence behind you. But when you checked over your shoulder, you found nothing. Huh.

Blue had you try on coats and snow boots until you found ones you liked, oddly enough he didn’t want to purchase anything today. When pressed, he would just shrug and pull you away to look at something else. He seemed to be keeping track of your likes on his phone, because he would pull it out to type something in at the end of each store visit.

You tried on sweaters, and ice skates at the sports store, he led you

over to a formal wear shop to model dresses for him, then he found an outdoorsmen store for you to look through camping and hiking gear. The two of you even perused through a few of the kiosks in the center of the walkways on your way to the food court.

You kept feeling little bursts of magic throughout the day. At first you thought that they came from some of the other monsters who were enjoying the mall, but that was quickly dismissed as you distinctly recognized Sans's cold pine magic through a rack of flannel shirts.

"So what are the other guys up to today?" You asked Blue as the two of you stood in line for food.

He shrugged. "I BELIEVE PAPY AND THE OTHERS ARE AT THE LABS, EDGE IS AT WORK TOO. PAPYRUS MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING A TEST? AND BLACK HAS A SESSION WITH HIS SURFACE THERAPIST SOMETIME TODAY."

You hummed and decided on what you were going to eat. Maybe you were just so used to them popping up around you that your body was giving you false signals. It was possible, weirder things had happened to you before.

Blue ordered for the two of you and insisted on feeding you fries himself as you worked through your meal. "THERE'S JUST ONE MORE STORE I WANT TO LOOK AT, DID YOU HAVE ANY OTHER PLACES IN MIND FOR TODAY?"

"No, I'm not sure what we're even shopping for." You frowned and tossed your garbage. "Come to think of it, I don't even know where we are going on this vacation."

Blue just grinned and laced his fingers through yours, "THAT. FAIR MAIDEN, IS A SURPRISE!"

He was already tugging you along after him, "But how will I know what to pack?"

"YOU WILL HAVE WHAT YOU NEED, DON'T WORRY!"

You were a little worried.

Contrary to the snow clothes you had tried on earlier, Blue found a little store that was still selling swimwear in November. You picked out a couple suits to try on along with a few that your date handed you. It was still odd to you that he wasn't buying anything, or letting

you buy anything for that matter.

The swimwear store had the heaviest feeling of your mate's various magic but you still couldn't find proof of anyone but you and Blue wandering around.

"Hey why don't you try something on?" You asked, pulling a pair of swim trunks off of a rack.

Blue eyed you but came over to take the swimsuit from you. "I SUPPOSE THAT'S FAIR. GIVE ME A MINUTE."

Grinning, you followed him back over to the changing room. While he dressed you checked your phone.

Nothing.

About this time, at least one of the boys would have usually texted you. Sans hadn't sent a pun over lunch, there wasn't a status report request from either Black or Edge, and Papyrus would sometimes have some college kid observation to share with you. Not even the odd pick up line from Mutt sat in your messages.

"BEHOLD!" Blue's voice broke through your thoughts. He stood in front of the open changing room door, one fist on his hip, and the other thrust into the air in a heroic pose. The swim shorts he had on were deep blue with little galaxy like swirls of yellow.

Your eyes traveled up the pristine bones of his rib cage to finally land on his face. His smug expression that told you he knew exactly what you were staring at.

"HOW DO I LOOK?" He asked.

You stood and pretended to inspect the swimsuit he was modeling for you. "Looks good, you even have pockets!"

Blue glanced down to confirm that he did indeed have pockets in the swim suit. When he looked back up, his eye lights were large and liquid. If he had lips, he would be pouting.

"BUT HOW DO *I* LOOK MAIDEN?"

You snorted and once again pretended to think as you walked all the way around him making little thoughtful noises as you went. Blue bounced lightly on the balls of his feet as you continued to ponder his

appearance. Opening your mouth, you let out a breath and closed it again only to hum and contemplate him further.

Apparently Blue couldn't take your scrutiny for that long because he cleared his non-existent throat. "YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY THAT I LOOK DASHING, OR HANDSOME, OR STRIKING!" With each descriptor, he struck a different pose.

You snorted and ceased your circling. "I didn't know there was a script."

Blue puffed out his cheek bones and huffed as you giggled. Unsure if you had actually offended him or not, you threw an arm around his bare shoulders and turned the both of you to look in the changing room mirror.

"Well it's a good script because you look very handsome," Blue's cheeks lit up the same color as his nickname, "Incredibly dashing," you continued, "and just the right amount of striking."

Your mate squeaked out a thank you and bolted back into the changing room. It felt good to be able to tease him. Usually it was always Blue taking you by surprise with suggestive words or actions. Good to know you could get under his metaphorical skin.

Sticking with the theme of not actually buying anything after trying stuff on, the two of you wandered empty handed out into the mall again.

"DO YOU WANT TO STOP BY ANYWHERE ELSE?" He asked. His fingers laced through yours as he walked by your side.

"Not anywhere in particular." You gave his hand a squeeze.

He nodded, squeezing your hand back, idly looking into the stores as you passed. This was nice. Casual window shopping and people watching with your mate. Trying things on had been fun but you were none the wiser on where you were going on vacation.

At first you had thought they were taking you to a ski lodge or something with all of the winter sports gear Blue had you try on. But he had also had you model dresses and swimsuits for him as well, not to mention all of the camping gear the two of you had looked through. For all you knew the stores you visited were just for fun and didn't have anything to do with wherever they were taking you.

“WHAT’S IN THAT STORE?” Blue’s voice broke through your thoughts and you blinked over at where he was pointing.

“Spencers?” You replied. “They have a lot of pop culture clothing and stuff, lots of party supplies and uh… sex toys.”

Blue’s eye lights swept over the neon display of t-shirts in the front windows. “LET’S TAKE A LOOK!”

Shrugging you followed him in. Blue immediately started looking through the shirts and you found your way over to the case of body piercings. There were so many fun ones. Maybe you should get a new piercing. As you turned the case and contemplated where you wanted to punch a hole in your body, you absently noted Blue moving farther back into the store.

A whiff of Mutt’s odd floral magic made you turn. But of course, there wasn’t any trace of your tall mate to be seen, just like how the rest of the day had been. There was however, a case of party games behind you, some looked fun.

Perusing through the boxes, your wandering steps took you towards the far end of the store where Blue’s voice carried to you. He was talking to another monster it seemed. One that looked like a muscular version of Sans’s science friend Alphys. They were both intently looking at something in the buff lizard woman’s hands.

“I DON’T KNOW CAPTAIN, I THINK THE MAID ONE WOULD BE BEST.” Sans said, turning away from her to dig through the clothes on the wall.

“You think?” She said.

Sans nodded and held up a maid costume… a very sexy maid costume. Stars he was debating lingerie with this woman.

“DEFINITELY! YOU KNOW HOW SHE’S ALWAYS GOING ON ABOUT THOSE ANIMES WITH THE MAID CAFES IN THEM RIGHT?”

The lizard monster nodded.

“SO THIS WILL BE PERFECT!”

His friend took the hanger from Blue and inspected it. “I’ve never seen any of those animes Sans what if I mess that part up?”

Blue rolled his eyes “SHE’S YOUR MATE ALPH, I’M SURE SHE’LL BE THRILLED THAT YOU THOUGHT OF THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE.” His arm extended out toward where you were half hiding behind a display and waved you over as he continued to speak. “YOU’RE ALREADY ENGAGED TO EACH OTHER SO THIS SHOULDN’T BE THAT HARD.”

His friend laughed and eyed you as you joined them. Sans threw an arm around your waist grinning wide. “I’LL EVEN SHOW YOU!” His bright eyes turned to you. “MAIDEN! WHICH COSTUME DO YOU LIKE BEST?” His hand that wasn’t around you gestured at the wall of role play lingerie.

You blinked at him then up at the display. Both monsters watched you expectantly.

“Uh.” Your eyes swept over the sexy costumes. Blue’s friend shifted in your peripheral and you grabbed up a costume at random.

“Nurse huh? Not a bad choice.” The yellow monster said.

“MWEH HEH HEH! IT’S A WONDERFUL CHOICE!” Blue took the lingerie from you but held onto it. “BY THE WAY, THIS IS CAPTAIN ALPHYS! SHE USED TO TRAIN ME WHEN WE WERE UNDERGROUND!”

Alphys nodded to you then addressed Blue. “She a friend of yours?”

Sans squeezed you tighter against his side. “SHE’S MY MATE!”

“Hi,” you gave an awkward wave as you told her your name. “Nice to meet you!”

Alphys burst out laughing and punched Blue’s shoulder. “You got a mate? Damn boy ‘Dyne is gonna love this!” Her sharp eyes landed on you and her face sobered. “You look after him now, bundle of trouble is what he is.” One of her claws poked into your sternum. “He’s a good guy though so I better not hear of you mistreating him you hear?”

“ALPHYS!” Blue grumbled.

You shook your head at him and smiled at Alphys. “I wouldn’t dream of hurting him, you have my word.”

She stared at you a moment longer before smirking and clapping your shoulder. “Good to hear,” Her gaze shifted to Blue and she gestured

with the maid outfit still in her other hand, “Thanks for the help, see you around punk.” And with that she waved and moved off to check out.

Blue called out a goodbye after her then turned to face you. He held up the nurse costume and grinned. “WOULD YOU ACTUALLY LIKE THIS OR WERE YOU JUST HUMORING ME?”

You shrugged and took the lingerie to actually look it over, “To be honest, I’ve never really done role play before.” Blue’s face didn’t change as he watched you. “But I’m open to trying it out, this is pretty cute too so win-win.”

The hanger was pulled from your hands and hung back up on the rack. Blue’s smile was wide as he slipped his arm back around you and led you out of the store.

“What, you’re not gonna buy it? I said I was cool with it.” You said as he pulled out his phone to text someone as the two of you walked.

“HMM? OH WE’RE NOT HERE TO BUY ANYTHING TODAY MAIDEN REMEMBER?” His starry eye lights glanced up at you. “PLUS THE PIECE YOU PULLED WASN’T THE RIGHT SIZE.”

You laughed and shook your head. “Of course… Does that mean you’re coming back to get it later?”

“MOST DEFINITELY.”

You snorted at the conviction in his voice. He led you back into the store you had first arrived in to find Stretch loitering where he had dropped you off.

“find what you needed?” He asked.

You shrugged and Blue nodded. “EVERYTHING AND THEN SOME!” He bounced around to hook an arm through his brother’s. You followed suit on his other side.

“and then some huh?” Stretch eyed his brother then glanced at you.

“Don’t look at me, I don’t even know where we’re going on vacation.” You said, hugging his arm.

“fair enough.” Stretch replied then pulled the three of you through the void. “i’ll be downstairs when you’re ready to go to work.” He said

once everyone landed in the upstairs hallway.

You thanked him as he slouched away. Blue walked you to your door and left a tingling kiss on your cheek. “HAVE A GOOD NIGHT AT WORK MAIDEN!”

“Thanks Blue, I had fun today.”

Blue beamed up at you. “THE MAGNIFICENT BLUE ALWAYS KNOWS HOW TO SHOW HIS GIRL A GOOD TIME!” In a flourish, he took up your hand and bowed deeply. “WHATEVER KIND OF DATE YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE, I CAN PROVIDE!” His vibrant eye lights peered up at you from the edge of his sockets as he pressed his teeth to the back of your hand. “I CAN GIVE IT ALL TO YOU, AND THEN SOME.”

Chapter End Notes

Where are we going on vacation friends?

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Drift Away

Chapter Summary

Vacation Start!

Chapter Notes

Do you guys know when the trip was originally planned to happen? About 36 chapters ago. But then we got sucked into another universe so... we're going now instead.

All aboard! We're going on a feel trip! ;P

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“time to get up princess.” Sans’s voice drifted into your muddled consciousness. “our flight is in two hours, we gotta get out the door soon.”

You grumbled and cracked open your eyes. “Since when are you an on-time kinda guy?”

His deep chuckle tickled your insides as the edge of the bed dipped where he sat down next to you. “since i getta spoil ya on vacation for the next seven days.”

You snorted and scooted closer so you could curl around him. “So we’re really flying out somewhere?”

He nodded and threaded his fingers through your bed head. “nervous?”

“A little.” You conceded. “I’ve never been on a plane before.”

Sans hummed. “me neither. but i bet i can help us both relax so it isn’t so scary.”

“Yea?” You watched him hopefully as he stood and turned to crawl over you.

Burrowing under the covers, he pulled you up against him. “yup, good ol’ fashioned stress relief.” His teeth nuzzled into the crook of your neck sending little sparks of magic over your skin.

You giggled and squirmed under his wandering hands. “I thought you

said we had to get going."

"ehh, we gotta half-hour until paps comes knocking."

"A half hour huh?"

"give or take a few minutes, what do ya say princess? wanna de-stress with me?" His hand creeped up under your shirt, tickling your skin and making you melt beneath him.

"Stars please."

"heh, good answer."

Ebott airport was huge. With the city being ground zero for monster residency, the area became a hub for tourists coming in to see the creatures from underground. The area expanded ten fold in just a year after the first monsters gained basic rights ending in the behemoth airport that you found yourself in.

It wasn't common for monsters to travel by plane. Being a tight knit society, not too many monsters would need to take a flight to go visit friends. Because of this rarity, the attendants were somewhat befuddled with the herd of skeletons and a single human all working their way through security.

You stood at the other end of the checkpoint and fidgeted with your carry on bag. Almost every one of your mates were being thoroughly searched. Papyrus made it through quickly as he had once been the monster mascot and was still listed as a royal attendant because of it. Sans came second only because he was from the original emergence and his relation to Papyrus. Everyone else received a more critical eye.

You checked your phone. Still forty-five minutes until take off. "Sans." You nudge your mate who was standing next to you.

He hummed in response and tilted his skull towards you to show he was listening without taking his eye lights off of his phone screen.

"I'm nervous again." You mutter.

Sans snorted and looked over at you. "kind of a public place ta wanna de-stress in princess."

You giggled and elbowed him. "Not what I meant you egg, we have

less than an hour before our flight and they're taking a long time to get everyone through security."

Sans eyed the guards rifling through carry on bags and patting down the other skeletons. "we'll make it, don't worry."

"I'm worrying."

Sans watched you fidget for a minute before turning to his brother. "hey paps, our lady is worrying."

"What? About what?" Papyrus's skull whipped around from his book.

You suddenly had a tall skeleton waving a detailed itinerary in your face, pointing out how close your terminal was, and that he had plenty of entertainment in his bag to keep you going through the five hour flight.

By the time you managed to get him to pack everything back into his carry on, Stretch, Blue, and Mutt had all made it through.

"whatcha nervous 'bout darlin'? 'f the plane starts ta go down i c'n port ya ta safety." Mutt had circled you to drape his arms over your shoulders and rest his chin on the top of your head.

"I wasn't nervous about that until now." You grumbled.

"don't freak her out mutt." Stretch said, giving Mutt an annoyed look.

"said i'd pr'tect her didn' i?" He rumbled above you. He squeezed you more firmly against his chest and laughed at Stretch's glare. "pop fly carrot stick." One of his hands darted out to hit Stretch in the shoulder.

Stretch bristled, his eye lights cut to you then away. Sighing heavily he fished around in his pocket to pull out a lollipop he had somehow gotten through security. Sticking it between his teeth he moved away from you and Mutt.

"Pop fly?" You questioned.

"don' worry about it."

"I'm worrying."

Mutt's laugh vibrated against your back as he nuzzled into the top of your head. By this time, Edge had made it through security. He

dropped his bag next to yours grumbling to himself about how he shouldn't be subjected to such searches due to his rank. Peering around him, you tried to gauge how long Red and Black were going to be held up.

Red had forgone his parka and collar for the flight. He stood looking bored in his airbrushed 'beast' t-shirt from the festival and a pair of jeans as an officer waved a wand around him. It kept beeping which prompted him to pull out an obscene amount of change from his pockets along with a whoopee cushion and five packets of mustard. The officer looked just as perplexed as you felt at the assortment.

Black was putting his shoes back on as another officer searched his bag. He smiled and spoke politely when the guard addressed him but his expression dropped to pure loathing the second they looked away.

You checked your phone again. A half hour until take off. Mutt noticed the movement and plucked your phone from your hand.

"relax duchess, we'll make it." He murmured. You made a swipe for your phone but he held it up and away from you. His sharp fingers tapped at your screen before he held the device out in front of you. "smile darlin'."

He had opened your camera and was angling the lens for a selfie. You stuck your tongue out at him in frame as he grinned down at you. There was a click as he took a picture then he shifted his hold on you so he could position his skull next to your head.

"we doin' fun photos huh?" You laughed and made a face at your phone. Just as his thumb moved to take the picture, he turned his head and licked up the side of your face.

"Ahh! Oh my god warn me next time!" You jerked away laughing from the sudden wet line running from your jaw to your temple.

"made a great pic though."

You rubbed at the magic saliva as Mutt showed you the photo. It was pretty funny, your face was halfway between the silly face you had started with and shock at Mutt's tongue sliding up your cheek. Your smug mate's eye lights were angled at the camera as he winked.

"STOP MESSING AROUND MUTT, WE HAVE A TERMINAL TO GET TO!" Black and Red were finally past the security checkpoint. Mutt shrugged and handed you your phone. He scooped up both of your

carry on bags as well as his brother's and fell into step behind the others as everyone began the trek to the terminal.

There was a line of other passengers already being checked in at the doors by the time your group found where you needed to be. You had already handed everyone their tickets when you first arrived at the airport but they made sure you were the first one of your group to be ushered onto the plane.

The flight itself was uneventful. You had a window seat with Black next to you. Red and Edge sat in the row in front of you, Papyrus and Mutt behind. Sans sat with Stretch across the aisle and Blue talked the ear off of the person sitting next to him in front of his brother.

You immediately concluded that this was a beach vacation when you stepped out of the airport to a balmy breeze and sunshine.

"WOWIE! IT REALLY IS WARMER HERE! IT'S SO COOL THAT THE SURFACE HAS DIFFERENT TEMPERATURES IN DIFFERENT PLACES!" Blue was beside himself in excitement as he darted around the sidewalk while the rest of you waited for two large taxis to become available.

"there were different biomes in the underground." Stretch pointed out.

"YES BUT EVERYTHING WAS CONTAINED IN THEIR OWN LITTLE AREAS. UP HERE EVERYTHING IS OPEN!" You laughed along with a few of the others at his joy then piled into a large taxi with Sans, Papyrus, Red and Edge. Everyone else flagged down another.

"Sooo we're visiting a beach?" You prodded as you were driven down the road.

"Beach *house* !" Papyrus corrected. "I know we have a little stretch of ocean near Ebott but it's too cold there for you to enjoy it at the moment."

A beach house! You had always fantasized about a getaway weekend at one of the little huts down by the water back home. But now you were going to one with all of your mates somewhere new, somewhere you had never been before. They had effectively extended your summer by flying you south. Red chuckled as you bounced in your seat next to him.

"good surprise i take it?" He asked.

“Best surprise!” You squealed and leaned over his lap to gaze out of the window at the little beach town you were passing through.

“best huh?” Sans chipped in from your other side. “guess we’ll need ta up our game for future trips.”

The smile fell from your face. More trips? Trips that they could take away if you weren’t a good mate? Trips that you were only allowed to participate in if they were happy with you? Trips that-

“breathe doll, i gotcha.” Red’s voice tumbled through the fog of your mind. His hand ran up your back while his other rubbed at your fingers which were clamped desperately to the taxi’s window sill from your place stretched over his lap. He helped you sit back up in your seat and continued to rub at your hands.

Sans shifted in his seat next to you. “sorry princess, i meant future vacations…” boney fingers turned your head to look at him. “and you’re going on all of them. no strings, no nothing, kay?”

You nod and give him a weak smile. This was Sans, your friend, your mate. Not your parents. He’s never left you behind before.

Sans and Red each held onto one of your hands for the remainder of the taxi ride to the beach house. How the cute little two-story building was going to house the nine of you was a mystery to you but apparently it could be done.

Papyrus shooed you away from the luggage, handing you a piece of paper with a key code instead. “Go take a look at our home for the week dearest. Let us know what you think!”

Taking the paper you dashed down a little board walkway to the beach house’s front porch. The click of the lock disengaging at the code being punched in urged you to push open the door. A spacious living area greeted you. The main floor had an open plan so the kitchen and breakfast nook were all in the same area as the living room. Large windows with sheer curtains pulled to the side displayed a covered lanai and the not so far off shoreline . A set of stairs led up to a second floor on your right and there was a short hallway off to the left leading to a master and guest bedroom as well as a full bathroom.

A few skeletons had made it in by the time you had finished exploring the first floor. “It’s beautiful!” You exclaimed as you raced passed them to climb the stairs. Laughter followed you up.

The second floor had a small lounge space and four doors. Three lead to more guest bedrooms and the final was another full bathroom.

“whatda think?” Sans appeared behind you as you stared out of one of the upstairs windows at the long stretch of beach.

You turned and threw your arms around his neck. “It’s perfect Sans, thank you!”

He chuckled and squeezed you back. “this was all black and blue’s doing, they put everything together.”

“Well thank you anyway.” You murmured into his shirt.

Sans settled his arms around you more comfortably. “sure thing princess.”

The two of you stood in each other's arms until the sound of footsteps came pounding up the stairs.

“I AM NOT ROOMING WITH YOU AND THAT’S FINAL!” Black’s voice rang out.

“BUT IT’LL BE LIKE A BIG SLEEPOVER!” Blue was chasing him up the stairs. “PAPYRUS IS ALREADY MOVING STUFF AROUND TO MAKE A FORT FOR US!”

Black stormed past you and Sans and into an empty bedroom. Mutt trailed behind with both of their luggage in hand. Blue was on his heels. More noise on the stairs could be heard then Edge, Red, and Stretch all clamored up with their bags.

Edge chose the door farthest from the one Black and Mutt had disappeared behind. Red followed him in leaving Stretch to the last bedroom. He paused with his hand on the handle to look over at Sans.

“looks like we’re rooming together.” He said. “blue and papyrus are in the guest room downstairs.”

Sans shrugged, “no skin off my nose.”

“You don’t have a nose.” You teased.

“exactly my point.” He grinned back at you then left a kiss on your cheek before he shuffled back down the stairs for his own bags. You snorted and followed. Might as well get moved in.

Your things had already been placed in the master bedroom. It had an attached bathroom with a luxurious bath and separate walk-in shower. Returning to the bedroom where your bags were, you opened up the suitcase to see what was all packed. Blue had been right when he said you would have what you need… and then some.

There was an assortment of different swimsuits, a selection of sun dresses, and of course a few sets of your regular clothing for the week along with underthings and toiletries. There were even some card games and snacks tucked away in a side pocket.

Snorting to yourself, you went about unpacking your stuff into the little vanity dresser in the corner of the room. Once done, you kicked off your shoes and changed into a pair of shorts. It was so warm here, jeans were too much.

Forgoing footwear, you wandered out of your room to peek into the open door of the other bedroom on this level. Papyrus and Blue had rearranged the twin beds so they could set up a little blanket fort for themselves.

“Looks like a party in here.” You say, announcing your presence.

Papyrus turned and waved you in. “Vacations help you break away from the normality of everyday life.” He stated. “What better way than to sleep in a fort every night while we’re here!”

You laugh and lean down to look inside the blanket curtain. “Sounds logical enough. Wanna check out the beach with me?”

Both skeletons nod and happily follow you out into the main room. You run over to the stairs and yell up to the occupants. “Gonna go check out the beach!”

There was a muffled ‘kay’ in response so the three of you headed for the glass back door leading out to the lanai. You sighed happily at the warm air on your skin. Winter wasn’t your favorite so the tropical air felt like heaven.

You discovered that there was a grill and small outdoor bar along the railing. Sans and Red were already digging around behind the bar. They waved at you as you passed. You were only interested in getting your toes in the sand.

The second your feet hit the fine sand of the beach. A laugh bubbled up and you couldn’t stop yourself from taking off running towards the

water. You vaguely registered Blue and Papyrus at your heels.

You were on vacation! A real vacation to somewhere you had never been. You were here with your mates. Your parents weren't around to tell you that you couldn't go, that you had to stay home again, that you hadn't been good enough.

Salty water splashed against your ankles and a rolling wave hit your calves throwing you off balance as you plowed into the water. Slowing your head long run to a halt, you stood and laughed at the ocean as the water hissed and sucked at your feet in its retreat.

"MAIDEN! YOU DON'T HAVE A SWIMSUIT ON!"

"Are you okay dearest?"

Your mate's voices made you turn. Both Papyrus and Blue had followed you out onto the wet sand. Both looked halfway between sharing your joy and being concerned over your sudden charge into the vast body of water.

Another wave rolled in and warm water washed up around your calves. Equally warm and salty tears escaped through your lashes as you slogged back to your mates. Before either of them could do anything, you wrapped an arm around each, pulling them into a hug.

"This is just so perfect." You cried. "Thank you!"

Boney arms encircled your waist and shoulders. Water carved little canyons around your feet in the sand and the late afternoon sun smiled down from above.

You weren't sure how long the three of you stood in the wet sand just holding each other, but the sound of laughter brought you out of the moment.

Mutt was wandering down the beach with Black. The taller of the brothers had rolled up his pants to the knees which looked rather odd as he still wore his long fluffy duster. Black had changed into a t-shirt and swim shorts. Both made their way over the sand to your little group.

"don' tell me yer *salty* 'bout the place darlin'." Mutt teased. "i wouldn' wanna be washed out ta sea 'n those tears a yers."

You pulled away from Papyrus and Blue wiping at your eyes. "No, I'm

happy, really. It's just…" You gestured out at the water and up at the beach house. "I just never thought I would be able to do something like this, trips were always my parent's thing… and…" Your throat tightened again. "It's just… really nice." You choked out lamely. Tears blurred your vision for the second time and you found yourself once again crushed to Papyrus's chest.

"Hush dear, you're with us now." He murmured. "You can go where you please."

You nodded and squeezed him back.

"'ey duchess." Mutt had come up behind you. Papyrus let you out of his grasp as you turned to acknowledge him.

"c'me 'ere." He opened his arms for a hug. You stepped forward only to squeak as he bent to scoop you up into a bridal carry. "le's see what the big fuss 's about yea?" He turned abruptly and began to stride out into the water.

"SHE ISN'T WEARING A PROPER SWIMSUIT! GET BACK HERE!" Black's shouts fell on deaf ears as Mutt continued out through the waves lapping higher and higher at him. You giggled and blinked your tears away as you held on tight. His pants were soaking now and the tail of his duster floated out behind him as the water deepened.

"What are you doing?" You squeaked when a wave slapped at your feet as it passed.

Mutt chuckled and forged ahead. When the waterline reached just above his pelvis he stopped and grinned down at you. "what, can a guy not wan' ya wet when yer with 'im?"

Your snort turned to a gasp as a wave broke in front of you briefly splashing against your hips and sides before passing on leaving salt water to drip from your shorts.

"Thought you said you liked the chase more." You teased.

Mutt laughed again and turned around to face the others on the shore. "caught ya didn' i?"

"I guess?" You glanced between the skeleton holding you and the three hanging back in the shallower water.

"deep breath now."

You didn't have time to form your confusion into words. Mutt fell backward. A wave broke against his back splashing around both of you and briefly suspending your plunge into the ocean which gave you enough time to suck in a breath and squeeze your eyes shut.

The salt water whipped your hair around your face and you could feel sand particles ping off of your skin as the water engulfed you. Mutt's arms held you firmly against him as his back bumped into the sandy floor beneath the waves. The roar of bubbles in your ears disappeared only to be replaced by the rush of water as Mutt pushed back up towards the surface. The water wasn't that deep where he had stopped but the surprise of the fall paired with the foreign feeling of the bath-like temperature of the ocean made the experience feel like an eternity.

Your heads broke the surface and you took a deep breath. Mutt's laugh rumbled in your ears as he staggered to his feet, dropping your legs in the process so you could stand as well. His other arm remained around your shoulders to steady you in the ever-moving water.

"Oh my god, warn me next time!" You gasped, laughing at the absurdity of what just happened and staggering at another wave washing past.

"i did." Mutt said, pulling you upright against him.

"Give me more of one next time."

"nyeh heh, more? a'right, 'm gonna kiss ya now."

Your chin was tilted up, your wet hair brushed from your forehead and cheeks, and you were met with Mutt's smug grin as he moved in.

His teeth moved over your lips and his tongue darted out to taste the salt on them before diving past into your mouth. Water swelled up around you again as a wave passed making your cling closer to him.

A shout from the shore made Mutt pull away and look up. You turned to see Black halfway out to you, purple in the face. At your acknowledgement of him, he threw his arms up in exasperation and whirled around to head back to shore.

"oops." Mutt muttered above you. "musta scared 'im."

"Scared him?" You pulled away and the two of you began to wade back inland.

“mm-hmm, li’l bro an’ mate suddenly disappearing under ocean waves… damn it, didn’ think.” His worried face turned to you and he grinned. “‘as fun while it lasted though.”

You laughed and agreed, Mutt always had unconventional ways of getting your mind off of things.

Black scolded his brother all the way back to the house. Mutt accepted it readily, apologizing and looking the right amount of guilty during the trek back. He kept shooting you little grins and winks behind his brother’s back though, which told you he would do it again in a heartbeat if his brother wasn’t looking. Papyrus ran ahead to get towels while Blue insisted he give you a piggyback ride all the way up to the house.

“what ‘appened?” Red greeted your little group on the porch. He was at the grill, cooking hotdogs and burgers. Edge was nearby slicing tomatoes. Both looked over your waterlogged self in concern as you slid off of Blue’s back.

“I’m fine guys just got carried away.” You waved dismissively and shot a grin at Mutt who chuckled and peeled off his dripping duster.

“FINE INDEED!” Black scoffed. “I CANNOT *BELIEVE* YOUR UTTER DISREGARD FOR THE OCEAN AND ITS DANGERS!”

“said i ‘as sorry.” Mutt pouted.

Papyrus came out with an arm full of towels for the three of you. Blue helped you pat your clothes dry enough so you wouldn’t drip sea water through the house and wiped your feet clean of sand.

“GO TAKE A SHOWER MAIDEN, WE’LL HAVE DINNER READY WHEN YOU’RE DONE.” He said.

You nodded and slipped inside. Sans and Stretch were just about to head out the front door as you made your way towards your room.

“what happened to you?” Stretch asked.

“Got too excited over the ocean.” You replied. “Where are you two off to?”

“liquor store.” Sans said. “come on, ride share is here.” He nudged Stretch who gave you one last concerned look before following him out.

Shivering at the cool air in the house against your damp clothes, you continued into your room to try out the big walk-in shower. The hot water felt amazing as it sloughed the salt and sand from your skin and hair.

Washed and feeling fresh, you dug out clean underwear and tried on one of the sundresses that had been packed for you. It was a green knee-length a-line spaghetti strap dress with repeating white and red flowers on it. You remembered trying this on at the mall with Blue. You gave it an experimental twirl in the vanity mirror. Satisfied, you skipped out to the lanai to check in on the food preparation.

Red was still at the grill. Though he was cleaning off the grate now. A small mountain of cooked hamburger patties and hotdogs sat on a pair of plates off to the side. Edge was arranging the other parts of the meal on the large picnic table with Blue's help

"'ey doll, lookin' good." Red called to you.

You grinned and did another twirl as you made your way over to him. "Need help with anything?"

"heh, c'n ya bring these over ta boss fer me?" He nodded at the plates of meat as he continued to scrub at the grill grates.

Nodding, you took up the plates and brought them over to the table. Edge was setting out an array of condiments and toppings for both burgers and hot dogs. He took in your appearance with a small smile.

Black emerged from the house, with a stack of paper plates and plastic ware. You and Blue helped him lay everything out then joined Red. He had finished cleaning the grill and was leaning on the porch rail, looking out at the ocean and the lowering sun.

The heat from earlier was easing off but the air remained pleasant. When Sans and Stretch returned, they dropped off their haul from the liquor store and wandered over to watch the sunset as well. Before too long the rest of your mates had joined in.

It was a quiet observation, there was no bickering over how close together everyone was, or anyone's proximity to you. When the silence of the moment hit you, you looked around at Red who was standing at your side.

The soft light of the setting sun on the water bounced off of his skull making him appear lighter. His jaw was uncharacteristically relaxed

with a touch of a real smile pulling at the corners. He looked softer. Content.

Smiling, you turned to take in the others. The same gentle happiness rested on every face. Every eye light could only stare at the unobstructed descent of the sun into the water. You couldn't help the smile that threatened to split your face in half as you returned to leaning on the rail to enjoy it with them.

They needed this vacation just as much as you did. This was going to be a good week for all of you.

Chapter End Notes

Mmm, warm fuzzies all around ^_^

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Tropical

Chapter Summary

Enjoying your beach vacation? Not yet you aren't.

Chapter Notes

I'll admit, this is purely a set up chapter for the next two. I'm not done with the fluff. I got carried away and now I can't escape the sweetness of this vacation. Help!

Songs in this chapter are all by Radical Something
Tropical
Lemonade
Tequila Kiss

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The thing about beach houses, is that they are much smaller than the house you occupy in Ebott with your eight skeleton mates. You were awoken early at the sounds of Blue, Papyrus, Edge, and Black thudding around as they warmed up for their morning run. Once they were gone, you drifted off only to be startled back awake when they returned.

Groaning, you felt around for your phone. It was eight in the morning in whatever time zone you were in right now. You were not ready to be awake yet. Dragging the covers up, you made an attempt to ignore the sounds of whatever was happening in the kitchen for just a little more sleep.

You almost did it too. The door to your room clicked open just as you were about to fall back into oblivion. It was almost laughable at how quiet your visitor was trying to be. They tiptoed to your bedside and you felt the presence of whoever it was leaning over you to check if you were awake. Cracking your eyes open, you squinted up at your visitor.

Papyrus was looking down at you, a mug of what you assumed was coffee in his hand. At the sight of you staring back at him, he perked up and set the beverage down on the bedside table.

“Good morning my dear,” He whispered. “The tide is on its way out, would you like to join me in exploring the pools it leaves behind?”

“Pools?” You yawned and sat up. It was so hard to say no to Papyrus.

“Yes! There is a rocky area just down the beach that was partially underwater earlier this morning.” Now that you were up and sipping coffee, Papyrus stopped whispering and began to explain tide pools to you as he rummaged around for something for you to wear.

“I’ve read that all sorts of little creatures can get stuck in the pools until the tide comes back in.” He was saying. “Which shouldn’t be until late this evening so we have plenty of time!”

You nodded then laughed as he tossed clothes at you then crawled up from the foot of the bed to sit straddling your lap. “But you must be properly dressed for such an excursion. So arms up!”

Setting the half empty coffee mug aside you grinned and let your friend remove your sleep shirt. He was much more bold with where his hands went these days. You didn’t mind, it was just funny to see how much he reveled in being able to give you casual affection in the form of touches and proximity.

You snuck in a few heated kisses as you fought him every step of the way in getting you dressed. In the end he won, but you didn’t mind. He left you to brush your teeth and untangle your bed head. Fifteen minutes later, you had shoveled a quick breakfast into you and was following your mate out the door to explore the tide pools.

Edge, Black, and Blue apparently had the same idea because they were already out, crawling over the rocks and hunting down the islands of water that were abandoned by the ocean. The rocky area was at the base of some cliffs. There was a slope off to one side that one could make it to the top of said cliffs, but only if they wanted to clamber over a sea of driftwood. You could see trees packed in a dense grove up there too. Something to explore later. For now you were interested in what rested at the cliff’s base.

The sun was already warming the sand and you were glad that Papyrus had chosen something light for you to wear. You were sweating by the time the two of you caught up to the others.

“MAIDEN! I FOUND A POOL WITH A FISH IN IT!” Blue called out as you were following a crab.

“I FOUND IT YOU IMBECILE! YOU DIDN’T EVEN SEE THE CREATURE UNTIL I POINTED IT OUT!” Black screeched and shoved at Blue standing next to him. You made your way over to peer into the

decent sized pool.

“What kind of fish is that?” You asked as you watched the animal circle the bottom. Your companions shrugged and poked at the anemones clinging to the rocks.

“I DON’T KNOW, BUT LOOK AT THESE THINGS! THEY GET SCARED WHEN YOU TOUCH THEM!” Blue said as he gently ran his finger around the side of the anemone to watch it curl in on itself.

“I don’t think you should bother it.” You say, picking your way around the rocks to get to another pool.

“WHY NOT?” He asked.

“WE ARE THEIR SUPERIOR PET, THEY SHOULD COWER IN FEAR!” Black was nimbly running over the rocks to join you.

“It’s still a living thing.” You point out. “Unless you want strangers poking at you.” You nudged him when he made it to your side then started poking at his face. He jerked away and wrestled your hands back to your sides.

“I GET IT!” He grumbled. He looked annoyed but his face softened at your laugh and he let your wrists go. “LET US DISCOVER MORE OF THESE CREATURES.” He proposed. You smiled and agreed.

You explored the area for the rest of the morning. The sun eventually chased you back inside as you had neglected to put on sunscreen after breakfast. The rest of the boys were up by the time you wiped the sand from your toes and stepped inside.

“what were ya off doing?” Sans asked from his place lounging on the couch.

“We were checking out the tide pools.” You say. “What are your plans for today?”

Sans shrugged and turned his attention back to the book he had in his lap. “was waiting ta see what you were thinking of doing.”

“Lunch.” You were already digging around in the fridge. There wasn’t much, but you managed to cobble together a sandwich for your grumbling stomach. Sans assured you that they would go shopping for some food for the week later.

After eating, you retired to your room to change into a swimsuit. Right. They had packed a selection of suits for you. Of course they did. You snorted to yourself and rummaged through them.

The first suit you pulled was an all black one piece. It had a plunging halter neckline, with black sheer around the middle that was made more modest by the zig zagging solid black fabric cutting through it.

Next came a sailor esque bikini set. The bottoms were high waisted, they would come up to sit just at your belly button with little white buttons running down the front of each hip next to the little pockets. The top was a simple white halter that tied in the back

You had to take a minute to figure out how the dark orange and bikini would even be worn. The bottoms were easy enough, no ties or anything, just a simple bikini bottom. The top took some experimenting though. The straps that rested around your neck and back were the only parts connected. You eventually figured out that you had to hang the swim suit around your neck with your arms through the space between the straps and cross the cups over your breasts to tie in the back. Interesting.

The deep violet tankini was surprisingly modest. The top's fabric was loose so it could swish around as you moved. It was also long enough to almost completely cover the bottoms beneath.

Another tankini sat under the purple one. This one was a slimmer fit but it still covered your entire midsection unless you stretched up. The color was a deep blue with white zig zagging across it.

The sunshine yellow bikini with white polka-dots made you laugh. You felt like you could blind someone with this if you went out in the sun with it. The top was almost bra-like and there were no ties, just clips at your back and neck. The bottoms were high-waisted, only leaving about three to four inches of skin showing between the top and bottom.

You marveled at the beautiful crocheted design on the boho style bikini. The orange swimsuit itself was pretty basic. But the crochet pieces on each hip and covering most of the chest was really pretty. The hip parts showed off the orange fabric underneath and the chest part would let your skin peek through in the sun.

The last piece was dark red and black. Modesty was out the window with the thin strings hugging the hips of the bottoms. The top gave you basic coverage but it looked like a casual nudge would pop a

string and expose you to the world.

You had been outside all morning so you went for the purple tankini. It covered more of you so there would be fewer places to burn this afternoon. The other suits were stashed back in a drawer and you fished out a bottle of sunscreen and a towel before returning to the main room.

In the time it took you to sort through and choose a swimsuit. All of the boys had also changed. And oh boy there were rib cages a plenty in the living room. You made an attempt to hide the smile on your face as you began to rub sunscreen into your own exposed skin.

“Can one of you get my shoulders?” You asked. You were finishing up rubbing the goop into your face and over your ears so you didn’t see who picked up the bottle.

“SIT DOWN PET, I’LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.” There were some snorts from a few of your other mates as Black directed you to one of the chairs in the breakfast nook. “YOU HAVE GOOD TASTE IN STYLE PET, THE SUIT LOOKS JUST AS BEAUTIFUL ON YOU AS I SUSPECTED IT WOULD.”

There was a definite smirk in his tone as his hands massaged the sunscreen over the skin showing on your back. You muttered a ‘thank you’ as you tried to fight down a blush from his compliment.

With sunscreen applied, you hopped up and joined everyone as they moved out of the house. Papyrus had a small cooler with him and Edge was carrying a large umbrella over his shoulder. Your group marched down the sandy path out onto the beach.

You had been out on the sand twice already this trip but the bubble of joy that threatened to split your face in half was just as strong this time around. Sans caught your smile and chuckled.

“find us a spot princess.” He said.

The stretch of beach you were on wasn’t private. The other beach houses along the strip with occupants had just as much access as you did. There was a group of people just down the way so you staked out a spot closer to your beach house.

Towels were laid out and the umbrella was set up. Most of your lazier mates chose to lounge but you wanted to play.

“Let’s go look for shells! Oh! Or body surf in the waves, I’ve always wanted to try that!” You chattered to Black who had stuck by your side ever since he had helped you with the sunscreen.

“WHATEVER YOU PLEASE PET, JUST REMEMBER TO BE AWARE OF THE WATER AROUND YOU.” Black cautioned as you tugged him towards the ocean.

“Yea, yea, come on!”

The water hissed across the sand as the waves exhausted themselves on the shoreline. You skipped out into the fray, leaping over small waves as you went. Black followed more slowly but kept up. You waded out until the ocean was up around your chest and you could comfortably leap up and bob over the unbroken waves as they made their way inland.

You wanted to try body surfing. You had had it explained to you before and you had seen videos of others doing it so you wanted to try. Your eyes scanned the incoming waves for one to ride back in on. A sputtering sound behind you broke your concentration.

Black was just a few feet behind you. He must have gone under because water was running off of his skull.

“You okay?” You felt the water behind you begin to rise so you gently pushed up and let yourself go up and over the crest. Black didn’t. He stood there. Glaring down the wave as it rushed over him.

“Holy shit, Black!” Once your feet touched sand, you fought against the water to get over to where he had been. As the wave passed, Black surfaced, shaking his head and untangling a clump of seaweed that had attached itself to his ribs.

“Are you okay?” You made it over to him and helped to pull the last few strands of the seaweed from his ribs.

Black nodded. “INDEED. BUT YOU NEED TO BE MORE CAREFUL!”

“Hey, I’m fine, I can swim pretty well.” You searched his face. “Can you? Swim? Is that a thing skeletons can do?” It had never occurred to you that your mates may not be able to swim. You had never been around a body of water with any of them before so this was brand new territory.

A wave took you by surprise as you were concentrating on Black’s

face. It pushed you forward and down. Something solid latched around you, holding you in place as the wave carried on. Your head broke the surface and you spat out a mouthful of seawater, sucking in air and coughing.

“STILL FINE?” Black’s voice was in your ear as he helped to set you back on your feet.

“Yea,” You gasped. “That one just surprised me.”

As you steadied yourself you looked over your mate. You knew he was strong, but he hadn’t budged when the water washed over him. He should have at least been pushed around a little. Water was a force to be reckoned with and Black was shrugging it off like nothing.

“How-?”

“JUMP.”

His hands grabbed your hips and lifted you as another wave came rolling in. You felt him twist and push you to be carried inland by it so you paddled and kicked to help the motion along. The momentum petered out and you managed to stand. The water was now just below your hips. Waves would hit you but you didn’t have to jump to keep your head above water.

Black came wading in after you. Eye lights searching your form and the immediate area. Then a wave crested just behind him.

A human’s skeleton is covered by muscle and skin, making them a solid mass to act as a wall. Water divides and flows around a person when it encounters this wall. Black has no such coverings. It was a bizarre and unnerving experience to watch water not only explode out to the sides around him, but also through him. Salt water rushed past his spine and came bursting through the spaces in his rib cage. Then just as quickly as it hit him, the wave passed on and he made it back to your side.

“I PROPOSE YOU TRY THIS BODY SURFING IN THE SHALLOWER WATERS.” He was completely unperturbed by the ocean.

Your hands unconsciously found his chest, curiously catching the drops of water hanging off of the scarred bones and threading through his ribs. It wasn’t often that you really thought about how your mates were actually monsters. A completely different species that interacted with the world on a different level than you did. It was amazing.

You shuddered to think about water running through you instead of around. Of being able to dig in and calmly hold your footing as a wave rushed over your head. They technically didn't need to breathe, could they just walk off into the water without diving gear? How did sand feel to them? How-

Black's fingers wound tightly around your wrists, halting your dazed exploration and bringing your thoughts back to the present.

"THIS IS NOT THE TIME OR PLACE PET."

Your eyes jumped to his face. A light dusting of purple colored his cheekbones and his teeth were tightly set together. Water crashed and swelled, rising up around the two of you before dipping back down. Your name came out of him in a hiss as he tugged your fingers away.

With a jolt, you let go with a muttered apology. In a flash, he dropped one of your hands and twisted you around with the other. You were forced down into a kneeling position with your arm pinned to your back. The water lapped up around your shoulders and you felt Black press up behind you.

"Such A Handsy Pet You Are." He growled into your ear. "If I Knew You Were Going To Be This Needy I Would Have Insisted We Stay In The House."

His free hand found the knot holding your swimsuit up around your neck. "Could Have Found A Better Use For These Ties Too." His hand briefly gripped the back of your neck before he let go completely.

You flailed in the water as you fought to balance yourself. Scrambling to your feet you braced against a wave before turning to see your mate standing nearby, idly inspecting a chunk of seaweed that had floated into his vicinity.

His eye lights cut to you and he smirked. "DO BE CAREFUL OUT HERE PET, I'D HATE TO SEE YOU GO TOO FAR OUT IN THE DEEP AND BE TAKEN BEFORE YOU'RE READY."

Snorting, you splashed him. "What do I have to fear out here? You?"

He chuckled and took up your hand to tug you along with him back to shore. "I'M NOT THE ONLY CREATURE OUT HERE WITH SHARP TEETH WAITING TO SNAP YOU UP, I'D SUGGEST YOU TAKE A BREAK NOW."

You rolled your eyes but followed along. The two of you splashed to shore, passing Blue and Papyrus as they built separate sand castles. Red was also with them, but his sand castle appeared to be just a lump of sand with a small piece of driftwood poking out of the top.

Black pressed a tingling kiss to the back of your hand before depositing you on your towel and striding away to join the castle builders.

“needed a break?” Stretch asked. He was sitting on your right, guitar in his lap.

You nodded and felt yourself sway a little. It felt like you were still being pushed around by the waves. Weird.

Stretch’s laugh was soft as he watched you. Reaching back, he plucked a water bottle from the cooler and passed it to you. Taking it, you eyed him plucking at his guitar strings. Sans was on his other side, stretched out on his towel and fast asleep. Edge was next to him on a beach chair he had carried down from the house, his nose in a book. The umbrella was in between Sans and Stretch casting shade over the towels clustered near it, yours included.

“Working on a song?” You asked.

Stretch nodded and gestured at the surrounding area. “wanted to try a new vibe, less rock and more… beachy? tropical?” He shrugged and looked over at you. “dunno yet, but i’m figuring it out.”

You hum and take a sip from your water bottle. “Can I hear what you have so far?”

“it’s not much right now.”

“That’s fine, maybe I can help?”

Stretch hummed and picked at the strings some more. “Sure, why not?”

His fingers danced along his guitar in a simple tune, playing out a few measures before he began to sing.

White dress sailing on the sand

Come real close and take my hand

And I will, go where you go

Flow where you flow

And we can drift away

He paused to pick up a pencil. He scribbled out a chord and jotted down another on a piece of paper resting on the towel in front of his crossed legs. Frowning, he tapped the eraser end on the page. “i feel like something should come before those lines, make it a longer verse or something.” He said.

“yea, tha’s too short.”

Both of your heads looked up at Mutt’s voice. He was wandering past only to swerve and plop down on Black’s towel on your other side. His arm darted out across you to snatch up the song page from Stretch.

“at least on’ more part ta the verse an’ an intro should be added.” He continued.

Stretch glared at him but didn’t argue.

“start playin’ carrot stick, le’s figure out where this goes.” Without looking up from the song age, Mutt reached over again to slip Stretch’s pencil from his fingers.

Your head turned from side to side as Stretch huffed but began to pick out chords and Mutt hummed. Almost immediately, the tension in Stretch’s shoulders dropped and the two began to quietly comment back and forth.

The tune changed and Mutt grinned as he tapped his sharp fingers on his femur. “yea, tha’s more tropical, gimme a intro.”

Stretch repeated the tune and started to sing.

Got me burnin' up

Tropical

Mutt twirled his hand and the words were repeated. You had never actually witnessed the band’s song writing process. Stretch wrote a lot on his own, but the sound and structure were always fine tuned through the others it seemed.

“slow now,” Mutt muttered, as he jotted down the other skeleton’s words, “lazy sun, slow waves.”

Stretch tilted his skull toward you and kept singing.

I'ma let you

Do what you do

Cinnamon I'm caught up in your voodoo

This is your show

Movin' like the breeze blows

Sugar sugar lemme watch ya do it solo

White dress sailing on the sand

Come real close and take my hand

And I will, go where you go

Flow where you flow

And we can drift away

“yea!” Mutt grinned as he scribbled out the verse. “keep goin’ exotic, seduce ‘er now.”

Stretch stopped playing and snorted. “could you not?”

“wha’, can’t get inna mood righ’ now?” Mutt chuckled and gave you a nudge. “she’s righ’ ‘ere, seduce ‘er with yer music.”

Mutt leaned over to prop himself up by the elbow behind you, his collar clicked against his bare collar bones as he settled. His ribs brushed against the drying swimsuit covering your lower back and you could just feel his broken rib poking into the loose fabric.

“‘ow ‘bout this?” He was saying as he poked at Stretch with the pencil. “i love yer rush, exotic touch, then ya repeat the intro.”

Stretch stared down at him lounging at your back before muttering something to himself and going back to playing. They hammered down the pre chorus then went back and forth over how many ocean references they could cram into the chorus next to hot sun and breeze references.

Then Mutt completely took over the second verse with a lazy sounding rap. It was odd but it worked for some reason. They jammed so effortlessly together that the words just came spilling out of both of them.

(Mutt) **Palm trees, palm trees in the soft breeze**

Sway so softly till life gets rocky

And these hurricane girls turn into a tsunami

When I dive head first kamikaze

(Stretch) **And she said she said**

(Mutt) **Gimme the gimme the right stuff**

(Stretch) **She said she said**

(Mutt) **Gimme the right stuff right now**

I don't got time

I don't got patience

Or electric vibrations

I'm tired of waitin'

So you make me go

(Stretch) **Ooooh**

I love your rush, exotic touch

Ooooh

Got me burnin' up

Tropical

Girl the sun is under your skin

You move like a wave in the wind

I'm swimmin' in

Got me burnin' up

Tropical

Stretch repeated the chorus with slightly different wording. Just as he stopped singing Mutt cut in with a bridge. He sat up as he sang, looping his arm around you and dragging you into his lap. You giggled at the ridiculous verse. Stretch also seemed to think that it was weird because he stopped playing to give the other skeleton a look.

“i’m not using that as the bridge.” He deadpanned.

“aww, too sexy fer ya?” Mutt nuzzled into your hair earning him a glare from your other mate.

“no, i just don’t think it works with the song.” Stretch’s voice was a little strained as he glanced at you then back at Mutt.

“i’s too sexy fer ‘im duchess, ‘e ain’t ready fer the fun stuff.” Mutt’s voice growled by your ear in a mock whisper.

Stretch narrowed his sockets at the monster cuddling you. Mutt stared back, a grin plastered on his face. With a sigh, Stretch set his guitar aside and held out his hand.

“fine, just hand over the paper.”

Mutt’s grin grew and you were lifted out of his lap and plopped back onto your own towel. “i’ll do it carrot stick, calm down.” Stretch dropped his hand in surprise and Mutt continued as he jotted down his lyrics. “see ‘ow nice it is ta share? we got ‘rselves a song ‘n under an hour.”

That earned him a punch to the shoulder which he casually returned. You laughed and laid back. The sun had moved making part of your towel sit in the light. You didn’t mind too much. You weren't planning on sitting around for too long. You wanted to see how the other’s sand castles were coming along.

Just a few minutes to relax, then you’d go look.

When life gives you lemons put some vodka in your lemonade,

lemonade, lemonade

Was Stretch singing again?

I'll give you some sugar, put some sweetness in your lemonade, lemonade, lemonade

Yup that was definitely him. You stirred and took in your surroundings. Had you dozed off? You were no longer on the beach. The seat under you was definitely not your towel. You looked around to find yourself in Black's lap on a chair back on the beach house's lanai.

Took a trip to the valley, you don't seem happy with yourself

Mutt's voice cut through your confusion as he sang nearby.

Say your day's real crappy and bad shit's happening, I say, "What else?"

So you broke your nail today, money's low you'll be okay

You don't gotta worry 'bout getting paid, oh everyday

(Stretch) **And everyday, and everyday, and everyday**

The pair launched back into the chorus you had awoken to. Both of them were lounging on another set of beach chairs along with your other mates on the beach house's covered porch. Sans appeared to be stirring something together behind the bar and by the lax way he swayed over to his seat, you assumed he had had more than just that one drink.

"What time is it?" You looked around at Black who hadn't stirred under you.

He blinked then turned his head to squint at the lowering sun. "I WOULD SAY IT IS AROUND SIX IN THE AFTERNOON." He said.

"Six? How long was I out?"

Black shrugged and shifted you in his lap. "I COULD NOT TELL YOU. AND THE ONES THAT COULD ARE PLASTERED." He shot a look at Mutt and Stretch who were still singing. "BUT FOR AT LEAST A FEW HOURS WOULD BE MY GUESS." Black raised a glass of wine past you

so he could take a sip. He grimaced and set it back down. “THE WINE IS SUBPAR PET, STAY AWAY FROM IT.”

You blinked and rubbed the sleep from your eyes. You had wanted to play on the beach for a while but it looked like that plan fell through. Black let you off of his lap and you made your way over to the picnic table on the porch. It had a spread of finger foods that you happily grazed on.

Before long, you ended up behind the little bar figuring out what you could mix for yourself with the mishmash selection of booze available. You ended up stirring together a simple screwdriver on the rocks. On your way back over to Black, Mutt snagged you around the waist and dragged you down onto the lounge chair next to him.

“duch’ss, duch’ss listen.” He slurred heavily and he couldn’t seem to focus very well on your face as he spoke. “stretch ‘n i gotta song.” Reaching over, he smacked the other skeleton who appeared to be dozing off while hugging his guitar to his chest.

“what?” Stretch rolled his skull around to squint at Mutt. When he saw you he smiled. “oh heey honey, have a good nap?” He managed to sit up without falling out of his seat. Once upright he looked around him. His eye lights landed on Blue sitting not too far away talking to Sans. At the sight of his brother, Stretch quickly turned back to you and leaned over.

“don’t tell sans that i’ve been drinkin’.” He was probably aiming for a whisper, but the sentence came out at his normal volume.

Mutt nodded sagely and put a finger to his teeth in a shushing motion. You also nodded and took a sip of your own drink in an effort to hold in your laughter. Blue looked over at his brother and rolled his eyes while shaking his head before returning to his conversation.

“tell ‘er ‘bout the song.” Mutt was urging his counterpart.

“oh yea, honey we wrote another song.” Stretch fumbled with his guitar while settling it on his lap. “it’s a drinkin’ song cuz red… hey red! what did you say ‘bout the limes an’ stuff?” He turned and waved Red away from where he had been listening to Sans and Blue’s conversation. The way we swayed across the porch as if he were on a boat told you that he had also had more than a few drinks in him.

He wavered over to stand by Stretch’s chair. “tequila shots?” He mumbled.

“yea, those.” Stretch pointed at Red then at you. “and mutt was sayin’... he was talking about the salt an' how ya… prolly taste like salt from the ocean and... yea... wanna hear the song?”

You were curious at how well he could sing while this far gone to alcohol but you nodded anyway. Stretch fumbled around with his guitar and Mutt finished off the drink in his hand. When Stretch began to play, he stuck with the boho vibes he had been working with earlier. Plastered or not, his voice rang out clearly when he started to sing.

(Stretch) **When we watch the waves on these summer days she makes everything alright**

We'll take a shot to this with a lime to twist, I taste the salt on your lips

Tequila kiss

Tequila kiss

(Mutt) **Tequila, Corona, we chase it in the sun**

We got plenty of time when older

We're planning on being young and in love

At least we know where we're from

Keep it recorded, wake up wasted, and we watch it in the morning

(Stretch) **I helped you count your tips to an island song**

Sitting pretty counting fifties 'til I walked you home

(Both) **So take a shot to this with a lime to twist**

(Mutt) **And stop looking for a better life it doesn't exist**

You held in your laughter as both Mutt and Stretch swayed comically to their own song. Red was still standing nearby, bobbing his head and grinning like a shark. All three of them looked over the moon

happy to be singing about taking shots and kissing you.

(Mutt) **I shoot it she flaunt it**

Gold and silver she got it

Posted in the cabana she flipped a bottle and caught it

She got tricks, yo tricks up her sleeves

Behind the bar in my arms, man you wouldn't believe

(Stretch) **Bahama mama smelled like Piña Colada**

Blow my mind from SoCal down to Islamorada

(Both) **So take a shot to this with a lime to twist**

(Mutt) **And stop looking for a better life it doesn't exist**

(Stretch) **When we watch the waves on these summer days she makes everything alright**

We'll take a shot to this with a lime to twist

I taste the salt on your lips

Tequila kiss

Tequila kiss

(Both) **There's something 'bout the way that she poured it**

Filled it to the top man she never left me shorted

There's something 'bout the way that she poured it

Filled it to the top man she never left me shorted

They wrapped up the song and all three of them grinned at you. They were like children who just put on a puppet show and were waiting for their parent's approval. You clapped and complimented them,

making them glow in appreciation. After fishing for a few extra compliments they settled and began talking of other things.

Mutt and Red jumped into a surprisingly deep conversation about computer engineering that went right over your head so you got up to join Black as he passed your seat. Stretch had nodded off at some point, still snuggled up to his guitar.

“Choked down that wine?” You asked as the two of you made your way over to the bar.

Black made a face but nodded. “REMIND ME TO NEVER DRINK THAT BRAND AGAIN, MY TASTES ARE FAR TOO REFINED FOR SUCH FILTH.”

You snorted and worked on making yourself another screwdriver on the rocks. Black watched you deftly stir the drink together. He slid his empty wine glass away from him and tapped the top of the bar.

“PERHAPS YOU COULD MAKE SOMETHING TO MY STANDARDS.” He pondered.

“Perhaps I could.” You returned, making no actual move to make anything for him.

Black narrowed his sockets. “WELL?”

You took a long drink of your screwdriver. “Well what?

“MAKE ME SOMETHING! THE OTHERS ALL SEEMED TO ENJOY YOUR CONCOCTIONS, I WISH TO EXPERIENCE ONE!”

You leaned on the bar and continued to stare at him. Black squirmed in his spot. When your look didn’t drop, he glanced around at the other skeletons on the porch before leaning in close to you.

“Please… Make Me A Drink.” He hissed out through gritted teeth.

You smiled and set your own beverage to the side. It was surprising to you at how quickly he had broken. You had at least expected him to pout and demand a few more times before pulling out the ‘please.’ Oh well, you had yet to make him a special drink because he mostly drank wine or nothing at all when he visited the Crown.

Unfortunately, you didn’t have the entire Twisted Crown’s bar stock to consider for a special drink. What you had was a random selection of

booze and mixers from Sans and Stretch's run to the liquor store yesterday.

Black was like Papyrus, alcohol didn't seem to affect him like it did you or his brother so you could get away with mixing something strong. Strong, simple, and dark.

Picking up a glass you dropped a few cubes of ice into it from the bag sitting in the mini fridge's freezer under the bar. Next came a triple shot of black velvet whiskey. Black raised a brow bone at that but stayed silent as you dug through the various twenty-four packs of soda sitting on the floor next to the mini fridge. Finding what you were searching for, you cracked open a can of cola and filled the rest of the glass.

A few lime wedges sat nearby and you dropped one on top of the ice floating in his cup. The mixture fizzed as you handed it over to your mate.

"Try this." You urged.

"WHAT IS IT CALLED?" Black swirled the drink and eyed you over its rim.

"Uh, Black velvet and Cola." It was the two ingredients for the drink, there was no fancy name that you knew of.

Black watched you for a moment longer. Then he held the glass up to the lowering sun. He continued to inspect it for an obnoxious amount of time. Swirling the mixture around as if it was a wine, smelling it, and generally just making a show of determining if it was even worth tasting. You had drained half of your screwdriver by the time he finally raised it to his teeth.

Resting your chin in your hand you smirked at him. "Up to your standards my lord?"

Black set the glass down next to your elbow. "IT IS MARGINALLY BETTER THAN THE WINE."

You snorted and moved to take the glass with your free hand. "Well if you don't want it, I'll-"

He snatched up the cup just before you could grab it, taking another sip and narrowing his eyes at you. It was rather amusing to watch him compose himself enough to swallow what he had in his mouth and

calmly offer you his hand.

“COME PET.” He growled.

Taking his hand you made sure to take your own drink with you as he led you back across the porch to his chair. You were pulled into his lap and the two of you settled into a comfortable silence. Tid-bits of conversation from the others became clear as you focused in then back out of them.

Red and Mutt were still discussing coding and computers next to a slumbering Stretch. Sans and Blue were talking in low tones, their deep voices could be heard but no words could be distinguished. Edge and Papyrus were heading into the house debating dinner.

You felt Black’s claws idly brush over the knot holding your swimsuit around your neck, they grazed out to the end of your shoulder, then back up to your neck. You shivered at the light touch and glanced at your mate. He was staring out towards the ocean, his mixed drink in the hand not trailing over you. His usually tight expression was lax, dare you say zoned out.

At your movement his eye lights drifted back to your face. His fingertips on your skin traveled up to tangle in your hair. As if it was the most casual thing in the world, Black pulled your face down to his.

His sharp teeth captured your bottom lip, magic popping and tingling over you as this tongue tasted it. You squeaked in surprise but quickly melted into him. He was careful not to break the delicate skin but there was enough pressure to keep you in place.

You were released at the sound of someone clearing their throat. Both Sans and Blue were staring at you and Black from their seats. Red looked around at the sudden silence on the porch. Mutt simply tipped himself sideways so he could lounge more comfortably on his chair.

“forget about the present company?” Sans asked.

“NOT AT ALL.” Black replied, “IF YOU WANT YOUR TURN, YOU’RE GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT.” His claws wound more firmly into your hair as he glared down the other skeletons.

“A CHALLENGE THEN!” Blue exclaimed, hopping up excitedly from his seat and rushing inside.

You watched him go, “A challenge?” You asked.

Black chuckled and tugged you back down close to his face. “DO NOT WORRY ABOUT IT PET, FOR I’VE ALREADY WON.” Then all you could concentrate on was the scent and taste of black licorice.

Sans snorted and stood to also head inside. It was a dangerous game that Black played. No doubt Blue had already told Edge and Papyrus about it. Now all of them would be trying to steal the best kiss of the vacation… Not that he would be left behind of course.

He was definitely going to win.

Chapter End Notes

I'll get back to the plot eventually. Just not right now.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Shut Up and Kiss Me pt1.

Chapter Notes

> Okay, I'm sorry. I set up and got the chapter all ready to be posted at my usual time. But then fell asleep on the couch because my daughter was playing with my hair when I was supposed to be making sure my son doesn't get nail polish on the carpet(he's just figured out that he can put more than one color on a nail so, it's been a messy learning curve of adorableness). My husband somehow got me to bed over the baby gate (kudos for not dropping me!) And now it's morning and the chapter is late -_-
>
> So here is the next chapter! Has the vacation overstayed its welcome yet? Only one more chapter of sun and sand I promise, then we'll go home. I just had too much fun writing this though so bear with me for one more week!
>
> I had to split this into two chapters, it was was waaay to long to be a single one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In all of your years daydreaming about an ideal beach vacation. You had suspected chapped lips would be lower on your list of worries.

Sunburn? Always a possibility.

Sand irritation? You had heard enough stories about how it got everywhere to expect it.

Stepping on something sharp while out on the beach? It was a plausible danger.

Chapped lips because you have eight mates who are relentlessly competitive? Apparently that was the one thing you weren't prepared for.

Papyrus bought you some chap stick before the end of the week, but it seemed to only encourage everyone in their quest to give you the best kiss of your life.

Black had spent the night with you. Sitting dutifully outside your bathroom door while you soaked in the giant tub and helping you get tucked in under the covers. He himself took ages to settle, inspecting

every corner of your room and testing the door twice before he even came to bed and letting you cuddle into him. You inevitably drifted off first to the feeling of those sharp fingers ghosting over your skin again.

He was gone by the time you awoke. Most likely he was out doing his morning run with the others. You dragged yourself out of the cushy bed and blindly grabbed up the first swimsuit that your fingers touched from the drawer. Snatching up a clean sleep shirt you shuffled into the bathroom to get ready for the day.

You ended up with the yellow and white two piece that day, though you weren't quite ready for the beach so the sleep shirt was put on over it. Half asleep, you went through the motions of brushing your teeth and scrubbing the sleep from your face. Scooping up your hair brush, you wandered out in search of coffee to drink while you worked on the tangles.

It looked like you weren't the only one on a mission for caffeine. Stretch stood in the kitchen, staring blankly at the percolator as it did its work. No wait, he might actually be sleeping in his place leaned up against the counter. He twitched his eyes open at the sound of you digging around for a mug.

"m'rnin'." He mumbled.

You returned his greeting and poured two cups of coffee. A shot of creme and a sugar cube in yours. Stretch liked an obscene amount of sugar in his coffee but only a small amount of creme.

"Just eat the sugar cubes, you'll wake up from that buzz alone." You teased as Stretch dropped yet another cube into his mug.

Your mate snorted and stirred the cubes into his coffee as he followed you out to sit on the porch. "sugar's there to keep me sweet, the caffeine wakes me up."

You laughed and set your mug down to cool while you brushed out your hair. Stretch watched as he sipped at his own beverage. By the time his mug was empty, you had smoothed down your errant locks and had started on your own caffeination. The air was warm but not yet baking. You wouldn't want to go jumping in the water right now but you didn't feel the need to put anything else on in order to be comfortable.

Stretch had forgone his usual hoodie in favor of a black tank top with

a pair of gray and green swim shorts. He lounged in his seat, sockets closed and looking content. You left him to it and moved to the porch railing. You could just see your four energetic mates doing some form of exercise on the beach. Sometimes you wished you were a morning person… only sometimes though, you loved sleep too much.

Boney arms draped themselves over your shoulders and you felt Stretch rest his chin on the top of your head. “how’d you sleep honey?”

You grin and lean back into him. “Really well actually, the beds they have here are super comfortable.”

Stretch hummed and leaned his weight onto you. It wasn’t too much, he was just bones after all. “could i convince you to nap with me later?”

“I don’t know sweet tooth, I saw how much sugar you dumped into your coffee. Will you even be able to nap?”

The ribs against your back shook as Stretch let out a soft laugh. “i can always nap.” He said.

“Better start convincing then.” You took another sip of your coffee and watched the shadows recede as the sun worked its way further up into the sky.

The arms around your shoulders dropped away only to fall to your hips. In one fluid motion, Stretch had stepped back, turned you around, and lifted you up to sit on the railing. You squeaked and automatically wrapped your arms and legs around him to keep from toppling over backwards onto the sandy ground below.

Stretch held you against him so you wouldn’t fall. Your mug wasn’t so lucky. It clattered off of the railing and landed with a soft thud in the sand. As the railing was about your belly button height, your legs ended up around Stretch’s lower ribs. His hands slid up under the oversized sleep shirt to feel at the swimsuit underneath before settling around your back.

“please?” He murmured into your chest. “lay with me later, you don’t have to sleep. i just like having you near.”

Fuck, there was no way you could say no. Not that he needed to know that. You bit your lip and hummed as if contemplating. “I don’t know Stretch, I have a full day planned.”

“liar.”

“Am not.”

Stretch laughed and leaned away from you enough to look up into your face. “i know when you lie honey, we’re on vacation. schedules don’t exist here.”

“Have you met some of the guys we’re here with?” You tease, “A few of them live and breathe a scheduled life.”

Stretch only smiled and drew you to him. “that’s them darlin’ not you, and i know for a fact that you don’t have anything specific planned for today.”

His skull nuzzled into your cheek and you giggled, you had to lean forward to press your forehead to his. It was odd being taller than your lanky mate from your seat on the railing but he didn’t seem to mind.

“Now you’re the one lieing,” You murmured.

“yea?” Stretch moved so his teeth could brush across your lips. “how so?”

“I do have something planned today.” You gently pecked his teeth as you whispered into them. He hummed in question and you felt him grin at your next words. “I have a nap date with a sleepy skeleton.”

His chuckle was deep and breathy as magic stirred to life against your lips, engulfing your senses and burning away the feeling of cool morning air against your skin. You had no idea how long the two of you remained like that. He didn’t manafest a tongue to play with yours, choosing instead to press his teeth into your lips, your jaw, and your neck. Stretch’s magic had an odd way of being able to permeate your being without actually having to physically pass under your skin.

And it was currently moving you to a fever. You felt flushed and your skin felt like you had just spent hours out in the sun instead of minutes on the porch. In contrast, the bones of his hands felt cool as he pressed them into your back to draw you closer to him. Shivering at the different temperatures you hummed as you peppered his temple with little kisses.

Stretch rumbled against you and the heat of his magic doubled. His teeth met your lips again and you drowned in the thick sweetness that

was him. Just as you felt you were going to actually break into a sweat. He pulled you off of the railing and stepped back. Your feet hit the porch and he stepped away from you with a wink.

“it’s a date.” He said with a grin.

You leaned heavily on the railing, there wasn’t enough air in your immediate vicinity. Stretch scooped up his empty coffee mug and went back inside without another word. You stood there, mentaly calming the heat that wasn’t just from Stretch’s magic until the workout crew came up the porch steps. You must have missed their initial greeting because Blue was suddenly in front of you.

“ARE YOU OKAY? YOUR COFFEE IS ON THE GROUND, WHAT HAPPENED?”

Your illegally smooth brother happened.

“Nothing, just knocked it over earlier.” That wasn’t a total lie.

“IT’S ONLY THE SECOND DAY OF VACATION MAIDEN, YOU SHOULDN’T BE THIS SUN EXHAUSTED.” Blue was feeling at your forehead.

“I’m fine, really.” Your stomach made a noise. “Just hungry.”

Blue perked up and pulled you after him into the house. “LET’S MAKE BREAKFAST TOGETHER THEN! YOU CAN BE MY SU CHEF!”

You laughed, glad for the distraction. “Sure thing!”

“hey princess, we were gonna run inta town ta pick up a few things ta get us through the week, wanna come?” Sans nudged you from your place on the couch after breakfast.

“Uh, sure? Lemme just go put something else on.” You rolled off of the plush cushions and skipped back to your room to strip off the sleep shirt and try out another one of the sun dresses that had been packed for you. The ride-share arrived by the time you were able to fish out a pair of flip flops. You recognized them as one of the ones you had said you liked from your shopping date with Blue.

Speaking of, your energetic mate accompanied you and Sans out to the store. You were happy he came along. Sans worked on filling the shopping cart with snacks as your trio moved down the aisles. It

became a little game of who could get the most stuff into the cart. Blue inevitably won as he staunchly put most of the junk food back almost as soon as his counterpart dropped it in. You grabbed a few things that you wanted. To Sans's delight and Blue's dismay, it was junk food. Your selections stayed in the cart with only a whispered scolding from your starry eyed mate.

You made it home to a quiet house. It looked like everyone had already headed out to the beach for the afternoon. The three of you shared a lunch then you helped Blue put the rest of the groceries away. Sans had conveniently stepped out, claiming that he was late for his 'beach nap,' leaving the two of you to finish the unpacking by yourselves.

"ARE YOU ENJOYING YOUR VACATION SO FAR?" Blue asked as you handed him a box of cereal.

You nod and empty another shopping bag. "Yup, never imagined that I would be on a warm sunny beach in the middle of November, so kudos to you guys for the surprise."

Blue laughed. "THAT WAS THE PLAN!" He shut the cupboard and emptied your arms of groceries only to set them on the counter so he could grab both of your hands and twirl you around.

"Blue, the groceries!" You giggle and follow his exaggerated promenade into the living room.

"ALL OF THE PERISHABLES HAVE BEEN PUT AWAY, DANCE WITH ME MAIDEN!"

You take a mock gasp as he led you around the room in a clumsy foxtrot. "Who are you, and what have you done with Blue? Leaving groceries out, for shame!"

Your mate didn't miss a beat, "HE IS BEING HELD CAPTIVE! ONLY A TRUE LOVE'S KISS CAN SET HIM FREE, MWEH HEH HEH!"

Your dancing feet moved over the floor. "Where is he then, so I may rescue him?"

Stars glowed in Blue's sockets "HE IS HERE WITH US." His untrained feet knocked into yours and you found yourself tripping backwards.

You squealed as your momentum took you down. With your feet tangled with Blue's and his hands still holding yours, all you could do

was shut your eyes and brace for impact. The back of your legs hit something soft, then your back collided with the couch cushions.

Blue let go of you just before you hit so he could stop himself from landing directly on top of you. His hands slammed into the cushions but his grin remained in place. You stared up at him wide eyed and he chuckled.

“WHAT DO YOU SAY DEAR MAIDEN? WANT TO RESCUE YOUR MATE?”

Your brain was still processing how the fall was far too conveniently placed to be an accident, but you snapped to the present when Blue leaned back so he could grab your hips. He had his knees braced against the arm of the couch that you had fallen over. With ease, he dragged you towards him, settling your hips on the arm cushion so he could lean over you more comfortably.

The cushion above your head dipped as he braced his arm there. Those baby blues were huge, engulfing your entire vision by the time he was inches from your face. “WHAT SAY YOU?” He prodded.

“Well,” You swallowed and reached up to run your hands over his shoulders. “ I must fulfill my duty as his mate and free him.”

Blue’s chuckle sent your insides alight only to be chilled by the minty freeze of his magic as he kissed you. It started off soft and adoring. He let his magic play slowly over the sensitive nerves of your lips. A happy hum escaped your chest which was invitation enough for him to deepen it. A tingling tongue prodded at your lips, you opened for him and shivered at the cool appendage taking over your mouth.

Thud…

Thud…

Thud…

Were those footsteps on the stairs? Blue’s arm that wasn’t holding him over you wormed its way under your back to tug you closer to him. The sound of someone yawning passed over your awareness only to be drowned out again with magic.

“dude.”

Your eyes snapped open at the voice at the other end of the couch.

Blue withdrew his tongue slowly, he didn't seem bothered to be caught bent over the couch with you under him. As his sockets opened, he lifted his head to give the intruder an innocent look.

"DID YOU NEED SOMETHING?"

You craned your neck around to look up at a freshly awoken Red. His maw opened in a toothy yawn. He blinked down at you as his teeth clicked back together then his gaze jumped to Blue.

"not on the fuckin' couch man, we gotta all live 'ere fer the week."

You blinked at the blahze way he was addressing this. Red only stared for a moment longer before shaking his skull and shuffling out of view. Blue pushed away from you to squint at Red over the back of the couch.

"Uh Blue, maybe we should-"

"FOR STARS SAKE RED, USE A CUP!"

You twitched at Blue's ire. He straightened all the way up and you were suddenly alone on the couch, listening to Blue berate Red for drinking something directly out of the carton. Clearing your throat you swung your legs around and sat up to smooth the hem of your sundress back down. Your mouth was still numb from the sharp taste of your excitable mate's magic, it was as if you had been chewing extra strong mint gum for the past hour.

When it became apparent that Blue wasn't going to get right back to you, you decided to go find the other skeletons on the beach. It was a beautiful day out and you had spent most of it indoors.

"ya not sick 'f the sun yet?" You turned your head to see Papyrus and Mutt making their way over to you.

It was the third day of your vacation and you had taken off right after lunch to look for shells in the wet sand. Today you had decided to try out the black one piece swimsuit. You shook your head at Mutt's question and went back to wandering down the coast line.

They boys fell into step next to you, sand filtering into the spaces between the bones of their feet. You were once again struck with the slightly queasy thought of sand trickling through you instead of around your body parts.

“What does… wait what are you carrying?” Your original question was cut off when you finally noticed that Papyrus had a set of poles balanced over his shoulders and Mutt had a large bag under one arm.

“I’m glad you asked!” Papyrus beamed down at you and swung his burden around for you to see. Mutt had to bow to avoid having the metal hit him in the back of the skull but he didn’t look upset.

“I discovered a storage shed by the beach house and I found this!” Papyrus cheered.

You raised a brow and looked over what was in his hands. “Uhh, poles?”

“Beach volleyball poles!” Your mate could hardly contain himself. He was bouncing along next to you, looking very much like Blue would if he was sharing something exciting. Mutt chuckled and jostled the bag under his arm.

“got the net ‘n stuff ‘n ‘ere.”

You grin and gesture at the expanse of sand off to the side. “And I’m guessing you wanna set it up and play a few rounds right?” Mutt shrugged and Papyrus nodded. “Alright, let’s find a good place to try it out.” You veer away from the wet sand to trudge through the fine dry sand of the upper beach.

You met Edge along the way who agreed to assist in setting up the net. And by assisting, you mean he and Papyrus argued endlessly over the exact spot the poles should be placed in, whether or not the ground was even on both sides, and if that large chunk of drift wood was a good place for a referee to sit.

“‘ave ya played before?” Mutt asked. You were helping him empty the bag onto the hot sand near where the rest of your mates had laid out their towels. You shook your head, you weren’t much of a traditional sports person. You danced, and you could probably consider your training with Edge as some form of martial art, but you had never taken much interest in most other sports.

Picking up a volleyball, you bounced it a few times off of your arms. This shouldn’t be too hard. A shadow fell over you and a net came down over your head. You yelped and pushed it off of you.

“ah damn.” Came Mutt’s voice. “was ‘opin’ ta catch ya.”

You turned and glared at him as he reeled in the net. “You scared me!” You scold.

Mutt dropped the end of the net into the pile and approached you with an easy grin. “i ain’ done anytin’ remotely scary darlin’, trust me.” He made it to you and wrapped you in a hug. You huffed but returned it.

“What’s scary Mutt like then?” You asked as you trailed your fingers up a particularly deep scar running down his back. You mate’s grip tightened and he curled further down around you. When he spoke his voice was right in your ear.

“keep touchin’ me li’ that n’ you’ll only get a minute ‘ead start ta findin’ out.” He growled.

“Head start?” You shivered at the tone in his voice.

“oooh duchess, you’ll wanna be runnin’ from me when i get real scary.” Sharp teeth pricked at your ear which turned into a legitimate angry growl. He let go and you jumped away from him in concern.

Edge had a hand curled into the back of Mutt’s collar. “WE’RE READY FOR THE NET.” He said.

Mutt narrowed his sockets and glared at Edge who returned his stare with an icy one of his own. To your surprise, Mutt backed down faster than you thought he would, hunching his shoulders and scooping up the net to help attach it to the poles.

The rest of the set up went smoothly and you found yourself on one side of the net with Edge and Papyrus facing Black, Mutt, and Blue. You had been the only one with any knowledge of how volleyball actually worked. So with the idea that points could be scored if the ball hit the sand on either side and how to basically hit the thing back and forth, you served up the first volley.

You had two tall skeletons on your side to the one on the other side. Though, what Blue and Black lacked in height, they made up for in pure energy and determination to not let the ball hit the ground. It was all well and good because Mutt just seemed to want to stand in his spot and only hit the ball if it came into his immediate area. You weren’t much better, Edge and Papyrus did most of the work on your side, but you at least tried.

It was your turn to stand by the net, Black was up front on his side. At

this point you were hot and sweaty in your black swimsuit. You were going to have to call a break soon.

Papyrus served the ball over. Blue darted to intercept and bumped it back over to your side. It sailed directly at Edge who popped it up with enough momentum to send it back over. Blue dove for the falling ball and managed to save it before it hit the sand. Black received the ball and sent it on its way back over to your side. Papyrus had come forward to help Edge who had sent the ball bouncing off of his arm. It didn't look like it was going to make it across the net. You would have to help it over…

Or not. Papyrus had dashed up and popped the ball up into the air, only its trajectory was straight up. It wasn't going to go over. Without thinking, you got under it and jumped. The ball connected with the flat of your palm and you pushed it away from you and down. Black jumped just a moment too late and the ball passed him and collided with the sand.

"Spike!" You yelled and jumped into Papyrus's arms for a victory hug.

"IS THAT LEGAL? I THOUGHT WE HAD TO PUSH THE BALL UP ALL THE TIME." Blue asked.

"JUST SERVE THE DAMN BALL!" Black snapped.

"I gotta take a break guys, sorry." You had been set back down on your feet. Now that you weren't concentrating on the game, you could feel the sun baking into your skin. The fact that you were wearing black only served to cook you faster.

Your fellow players seemed to take notice and all agreed to come back to this later. Making your way over to the cooler air under the beach umbrella, you dug around for a can of iced tea. Edge reclined in his beach chair next to it. Once you made your selection, he caught your arm before you could go find your towel to sit on.

"SIT WITH ME." He said

You allowed yourself to be pulled down and settled between his femurs with your back to his ribs. Sighing happily, you cracked open your tea and took a long drink. Oh sweet nectar of the gods, this is what you needed after playing volleyball. Paired with your spot in the shade, you felt your body temperature return to normal.

Edge chuckled and rested one arm around your waist, the other held

open his book in your lap for him to read over your shoulder. The waves hissed over the sand and you watched a group of long legged birds run from the water as it washed up only to go back out at the wave's retreat.

The soft noises of the world around you paired with the sounds of your mates nearby lulled you into a light slumber. You were still aware of the ribs at your back and Edge's arms shifting every time he turned a page, but your mind blanked out on all thoughts.

"SHE'S ASLEEP AGAIN?" Blue's voice drifted into your semi-conscious state.

"I Suppose So, Did You Want Another Game?" Edge's response was soft from his place behind you.

"ahh, let 'er sleep blue. we 'ave another few days ta play still." That was Mutt. He sounded half asleep himself. There was some more gentle arguing which ended when Stretch agreed to hit the ball around with his brother. Quiet returned and you slipped deeper into unconsciousness.

...

"Kitten."

"Mmm."

"I'm Getting Up Now."

"Mmmmm."

Edge jostled your shoulders. You stubbornly kept your eyes closed and latched onto the first bone your hands came across. There was a sharp intake of breath and his hand covered yours.

"As Much As I Appreciate Your Boldness Kitten, This Isn't The Correct Place."

You grumbled and opened your eyes. The waves and beach focused in your vision and you lolled your head to the side in an effort to look up at Edge. His eye lights were focused elsewhere and you followed his gaze down to where you were refusing to let go of his femur.

With a muttered apology, you let go and sat up. Edge followed the motion and trapped you against him once more.

“I Can Make The Time Later Kitten, But I’ll Be Getting Up Now.”

“Fiiiine.” You groaned in mock annoyance.

Edge growled. “Don’t Take That Tone With Me.” One of his hands came up to tilt your head to the side. You didn’t have time to come up with a rebuttal.

The familiar sting of his magic nipped at your lips and chased the smell of salt from your nose. All too quickly the feeling dispersed. “Don’t Waste Your Entire Afternoon Napping Now.” He said into your mouth. All you got out was a breathy ‘kay’ before he took back over. His arm around your waist loosened and you felt claws trace over the light scars on your hip from where he had scratched you the night you let him into your body. A small moan escaped your throat only to be cut off by his teeth nipping the corner of your lip.

“Hush.” He growled.

You fell silent and his magic tingled over the spot he had bit, soothing it.

“Good Girl.” The hand on your chin, holding your face to his let go and you felt him stir. You had enough time to shift your weight forward so you didn’t fall when he stood and swung his leg over you so he was off of the beach chair. He turned and bent down for a final quick peck on the cheek. Then he strode off in the direction of Blue and Stretch’s voices.

You watched him go then stretched back out. Edge and Black were the only ones that dragged a chair down from the beach house to sit on. Everyone else, yourself included, simply sat on a towel.

Still groggy from your impromptu nap, you sat and watched the waves roll in. Wait, you had been out looking for shells earlier. You hadn’t had much luck, but you could always try again now, maybe get your feet wet and stay cool for the rest of the afternoon. Yea, that sounded nice.

That evening you found yourself showered and behind the little bar on the porch in a cute blue and purple sundress. Sans and Stretch really had only gotten stuff for basic mixes with one or two fancy drinks but you were attempting to get creative anyway.

“MAIDEN, GET OUT FROM BEHIND THERE! YOU ARE ON

VACATION!” Blue scolded.

You were picking through the half-filled bottles when he found you. “I’m making something for myself, don’t worry.” You said.

“I’LL MAKE YOU SOMETHING, PLEASE RELAX!” Blue pulled you around to the other side of the bar using as little effort as he would moving a book to the side. “I’LL BE THE BARTENDER TONIGHT AND YOU’LL BE THE CUSTOMER!” He returned to the other side of the bar and grinned up at you.

Giggling you leaned on the bar and hummed in contemplation. “Hmm, whip me up a peach whiskey sour barkeep.” You winked and gestured at the bottles.

Blue grinned and grabbed up a cup to place in front of you. Next he searched through the bottles until he found a whiskey. Jim Bean would have been best, but the boys had bought for quantity over quality. Blue was measuring a shot into a shaker. His eye lights darted up to you then back down to his hands.

“Go ahead and make it a double, I don’t need to drive tonight.” You said, hoping that that would be enough of a hint for him to know how much to put in.

He caught on and nodded adding a second shot. “MWEH HEH HEH! YOU LIKE YOUR DRINKS STRONG THEN?” He asked. The whiskey bottle was put away and he plucked up the sour mix.

“I do,” You replied. “Especially when I’m on vacation, it’s been a splash so far.”

Blue dutifully added a splash of the sour mix. Putting that bottle away he contemplated the alcohol selection again. Your eyes landed on the small bottle of peach schnapps that was the last ingredient. Blue followed your gaze and grabbed it. He turned back to you with a victorious grin on his face.

“ON VACATION YOU SAY? HAVE YOU BEEN OUT ALL DAY?” He unscrewed the cap and plucked up the shot glass again.

“Oh, just half of the day. I didn’t want to wear myself out all at once.”

A half shot joined the other liquids in the shaker which Blue capped and shook up. “I’M GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOU’RE PACING YOURSELF,” Blue said, he found the strainer and poured your drink

into the waiting cup. “A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN LIKE YOURSELF SHOULD NEVER HAVE TO FEEL EXHAUSTED WHILE OUT ON VACATION.”

You smirked and picked up the drink. It was pretty impressive at how quickly Blue had picked up on your hints on what to do without breaking character. It wasn’t perfect, he had used ice in the shaker but not in your cup, but that wasn’t a huge issue. The whiskey hit your tongue and slid down your throat. The burn was sweetened by the peach schnapps and sour mix. Not bad for having never made one before.

“That’s good stuff barkeep,” You say, “Is there a name to go along with your mixology skills? Or should I just call you mine for the rest of the evening?”

Blue’s eye lights flipped to stars then back to his normal large blue orbs. His grin grew and he leaned on the bar so his face was close to yours. “MINE IS PERFECT.” He continued to lean forward only to turn his head suddenly.

“don’ mind me, jus’ gettin’ a drink.” Mutt had slipped behind the bar with Blue and was reaching around him for the handle of vodka. You watched in horror as he filled his cup two-thirds of the way full of the alcohol before topping it off with a little orange juice.

“Stars above Mutt, you got enough booze in that?” You ask.

He only shrugged and swirled the concoction around a few times to mix it before wandering off again. You shook your head and returned your attention to Blue. He looked just as put-off as you felt about the sudden interruption and alcohol-poison-inducing beverage.

“‘ey doll, c’n ya gimme a hand ‘ere?” Red’s voice made you turn. He was toeing open the door to the house. A massive platter with a rack of ribs in his hands and condiments wedged under his arms. You glanced back at Blue who sighed and waved you off.

“I’LL GET YOU ALONE ANOTHER TIME MAIDEN, DON’T WORRY!”

Picking up your drink you made it over to Red as he set the platter down next to the grill. At your approach he grabbed your drink from you and set it aside.

“go wash yer ‘ands an’ bring me the bowl on the coun’er will ya?”

You blinked, but did as you were told. Black was in the kitchen chopping up vegetables for a salad as you entered and washed your hands. He greeted you and tilted his skull to the side when you leaned around him for the bowl of spices. You planted a kiss on his presented cheekbone before heading back outside.

Red motioned you over and took the bowl from your hands. “a’right, i need even parts ‘f all ‘f that mixed together.” He said, handing you a few extra spices that didn’t come out in the bowl.

You nodded and stood next to him at the grill as he started it up. “Does it matter how much of each?” You asked.

Red shrugged. “‘s long as we ‘ave enough ta cover the ribs. jus’ double up on the salt.”

You nodded and began measuring out spices in the palm of your hand. He said even parts of each so every spice got a small palm-full dumped into the bowl. There were quite a few spices too. Cumin, paprika, granulated garlic and onion, chili powder, brown sugar, kosher salt, cayenne pepper, black pepper, and white pepper. You mixed the spices around then showed it to your mate.

“nice, now start packin’ the ribs an’ ‘and ‘em ta me.”

“Pack the ribs?” You were a bartender, not a chef. You could follow a recipe and get something edible but most cooking terms went right over your head.

“yea, li’ this.” He demonstrated with a small section of meat before gesturing at you. Nodding, you picked up a section and began rubbing the spice mix into it. There appeared to be two full racks of ribs on the plate. All sliced into manageable pieces for the grill. The aroma of the spices cooking into the meat wafted into the air making your stomach rumble.

“That smells so good.” You groan. The last two sections of ribs were sitting in the bottom of the spice bowl, waiting for their turn on the grill.

“ya wanna, cook the last on’s?” Red asked.

You snorted, “I would probably burn it.”

“naaaw, c’me on i’ll ‘elp ya.” He pulled off a few ribs that were done and motioned at you with his tongs. “c’me ‘ere doll, it’ll be fine.”

You sigh and take the offered tongs. Red stepped back as you moved into his spot in front of the grill. He took your vacated spot and handed you the last sections of uncooked rib. Having watched him do this several times before, you took them and placed them on an open section of rack and closed the hood.

“How long should they be under there?” You ask.

Red shrugged. “we’ll open it ‘n a few. gotta check on the ones that’ve been on longer.”

You nod and go to pinch his nasal bridge with your tongs. He dodged and pushed your hand away. Clicking the tongs a few times you continued to poke at him. He moved out of the way each time making a grab for them when you got to close. You managed to keep them away from him though.

“don’ mess with the tools ‘f the trade darlin’.” He growled, making a grab for the tongs again.

You giggled and hid them behind your back, “You have to give tongs a few test clicks every few minutes Red, didn’t you know?”

Red frowned, “the fuck? when ‘as that ever been a thing?”

“Human rule.” You stick out your tongue and click the tongs in front of his face again. Red growled and went to grab them. You tried to hide them behind yourself again but Red was faster. His hand wrapped around your wrist as you attempted to get it behind your back. At the same time his other hand circled around you, dragging you forward and against him so you couldn’t get away.

You may have successfully gotten the tongs behind you, but now Red had you pinned to his chest and could wrestle them free from your hand. It wasn’t difficult. Red was much stronger than you. Surrendering, you relaxed your head on his shoulder. Your mate tensed and seemed to realize that he was basically hugging you. All sensation of him disappeared as he suddenly teleported away. You stumbled and looked around.

“le’s check on the ribs.” His voice came from behind you, making you jump. “sorry doll, didn’ mean ta scare ya.”

You whirl around on him as he raised the hood of the grill and poked at the cooking meat.

“Hey,” You rest a hand on his arm. “you okay?”

Red nodded and removed several done pieces of meat. Narrowing your eyes, you helped to rearrange the remaining ribs to better cooking spots

“You know you’re allowed to hug me right?” You prod.

Red tilted his head towards you. “ya sure? tha’ didn’ work out so well las’ time.”

“I’m sure.” You closed the hood of the grill and turned him by the arm to face you. “Can I hug you?”

There was a beat of hesitation, but he nodded and opened his arms. Stepping into them, you wrapped your own arms around him. As his hands found their way around your back, he buried his face into your hair. You couldn’t help but think that the last time you had had this much contact with him was the night of the thunderstorm after Edge had fallen asleep.

“Okay?” You murmured.

He nodded and nuzzled further into your cheek. You could hear him inhaling your scent in deep gulps. Without his parka and sweater, Red was a lot smaller and easier to hold. You could feel the broad bones easily underneath his t-shirt and you once again noticed the absence of his collar.

Red broke the embrace first. You let him step away and held in a laugh as he cleared his nonexistent throat and dutifully tended to the cooking ribs.

“Why don’t we go for a walk after dinner? Just you and me?” You asked. “We can enjoy the sunset from the beach.”

He nodded but kept his eyes firmly on his task. You giggle and pick up the empty spice bowl to load the spice containers into it for easy transport. “It’s a date.” You say and saunter into the house leaving behind a faintly glowing skeleton.

The sand was cool on your bare feet as you led Red away from the house and out onto the beach. The tide was back in but there was still a decent strip of dry sand to walk on. Red was a few paces behind you until you reached out and wiggled your fingers at him in an invitation

to hold your hand. He took it eagerly and kept pace with you in your wandering steps.

“shoulda brought a chair ‘r somethin’” Red muttered. His skull was turned to watch the sun sink into the water.

You hum and look the other way. There were some large chunks of driftwood laying around and you pulled him over to sit on one. Leaning your head on his shoulder, you relaxed into his side.

“i’ll never get tired ‘f this.” Red murmured.

You hum in question so he gestures at the sun. “this, night ‘n day. ‘avin’ a real star above my ‘ead. the air.” He trailed off and you felt his arm wrap around your waist. “‘avin’ you.”

You grin and pat his femur. “I like having you too.”

“even after i fucked up?” He prodded.

“We’ve already talked about this Red, you’re doing better.”

His sharp fingers drummed thoughtfully on your hip. “c’n i hug ya ‘gain?”

“You can.”

The giggles could not be contained as Red eagerly pulled you into his lap and promptly wrapped as much of himself around you as he could with your legs dangling off of his lap to the side. Draping your own arms around his shoulders, you sat in silence and watched the sun. Colors stained the sky as the sea swallowed the star. The temperature dipped but remained comfortable as you made quiet conversation.

“Not doing the collar thing anymore?” You asked after all comments on the weather and the day’s events had been exhausted.

“boss, said i could take it off ‘f i wanted.”

You frowned. “You needed permission to take it off?”

Red was quiet for a minute. When he spoke you could feel his fingers fidget nervously at the fabric of your dress.

“listen doll, things undergroun’ wern’ good...edge n’ i, we didn’ ‘ave the bes’ relationship.”

You remained silent so he continued. “edge joined the guard as soon as ‘e was outta stripes an’... ‘e ‘ad ta make a name fer ‘imself ya know?” Red’s eye lights remained glued to the horizon as he explained. “collerin’ me was a show ‘f force, ‘f ‘e could command ‘is asshole ‘f a brother… turn ‘im inta a piece ‘f property… we wouldn’ be messed with as of’en.”

“Oh Red.” You whispered. You had thought the collar was just a fashion choice. His edgy universe fit the bill for that kind of accessory so you had dismissed any other thoughts about it.

“don’ get mad at ‘im!” Red rushed to say at your look. “it worked, we could move aroun’ in relative safety. i hated it, but it ‘as necessary.”

“If it kept you safe, why did you hate it?” You asked.

Red briefly pressed his face into your neck, his gold tooth a cooler temperature against your skin than the rest of him. When he pulled away he let out a long breath. “bein’ property… started as an act. but it gets ‘ard ta separate reality from the act when yer actin’ all the time. public displays ‘f dominance became private displays ‘s well.”

“Wait, he *beat* you?” Your mind went to Edge’s chest of toys. There had been some dangerous looking items in there. Red must have felt you tense because his arms tightened around you.

“don’ go chasin’ ‘im down now. we’ve started group sessions with our surface therapists… ‘s part ‘f the reason i don’ wear the collar anymore.” He reached up and tilted your chin down to look at him. “relationships ‘ere dangerous down there, even families. ‘f ya showed ya cared too much, someone could use it ta blackmail ya ‘r somethin’.” He released your chin but you kept your gaze on him. “trus’ me doll, we’re gettin’ better. ‘m gettin’ my brother back an’ we’re buryin’ the bad.”

You searched his face. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“jus’ keep doin’ what yer doin’. it ‘elps more ‘n ya think.”

The two of you sat and watched the sky darken. The ever present waves continued their crashing and kept the silence at bay. You shifted in his lap, angling your body to face him more.

“Red.” You say. He hummed and returned your gaze. “I’m so proud of you.”

His face lit up and his eye lights darted around as if looking for an escape. “naw, doll, ya don’ ‘avta-”

“Can I kiss you?”

Red sucked in a breath and clamped his teeth together. He stared for so long that you were scared you had broken him. You were just about to take back your request when he hissed out a yes and leaned in.

You closed the gap and immediately sighed into the warm smokey magic that curled around you. It was like you were sitting next to a barely contained campfire, a barely contained campfire that bit and nibbled at your lips. You responded by running your tongue over his sharp incisors and golden fang. Red groaned and opened his mouth to you. The campfire turned into a bonfire, the scent of burning cedar with a hint of the mustard he loved so much washed through your senses.

All too soon, Red pulled away to once again hide in your neck. You hugged him to yourself and let the smokey warmth dissipate.

“we should ‘ead back.” Red mumbled into your skin.

You snorted and pet at his skull. “If that’s what you want, sure.”

He chuckled and lifted you out of his lap so he could stand. “i said we should ‘ead back, not that i wanted ta ‘ead back doll.” Reaching for your hand, he winked and started for the beach house. “‘sides, we gotta ‘nother few days ‘ere ta revisit this conversation.”

You snorted but followed along. “Conversation huh?”

“‘m quite a linguist ya know.”

“So you don’t always put your foot in your mouth?”

“oh, i’ll put somethin’ in my mouth doll, ya jus’ gotta say the word.”

You laugh and squeeze his hand in yours. “Don’t give me that kind of power.”

“heh, believe i jus’ did.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, that's half of them. More kisses to come! xoxo

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Shut Up and Kiss Me pt2

Chapter Notes

I think that this is the longest chapter so far. Lots of fluff but I added some plot relevant bits.

Sort of chapter warning? The end bit is a little intense. Almost smut, a little rough treatment but we're all good in the end :)

Song in this chapter:
Duality - Set It Off

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was day five of your vacation and you were starting to wonder if there was something else to do other than hang out at the beach. Sure it was warm and relaxing, but there was only so much to do. You were telling Stretch as much after he woke up from another one of your nap dates.

You weren't sure what you had expected the first time around but Stretch really just wanted to use you as a teddy bear or weighted blanket as he dozed after lunch. You didn't mind, it was nice.

"hmm, there's an aquarium in town if you wanna check that out instead of going down to the beach today." He said. You were curled into his side as he scrolled through his phone for options.

"Aquarium sounds fun." You reply. Stretch hummed agreement then in question when your head popped off of his chest. "Who's feeding *our* fish?"

Stretch stared at you for a second then chuckled as he pulled you back down onto him. "we got someone taking care of the house while we're here, don't worry about him."

You relaxed with a sigh of relief.

"did you seriously forget about our son until just now?" Stretch prodded at your cheek and laughed when you swatted him away. "geez honey, i oughta file for full custody."

"Don't you dare take my scale baby from me." You scolded.

“acknowledge his name is fish.”

“No.”

“i’m calling my lawyer.”

“No!” You laughed and swiped his phone out of his hand as he opened up his google app. You heard him chuckle as you rolled away from him but was caught before you could make it off of the bed.

Stretch was all limbs and could easily overtake your outstretched arm to wrestle the device back from your grip. Though you had training from a militant skeleton and was able to pin your lanky mate to the mattress and regain control of the phone.

“Ha!” You stuck your tongue out at him and stuffed it into your swimsuit top before he could reach for it. You had gone out to see the tide pools again this morning and was sporting the orange bikini with the white crochet decorations. Stretch was in his green and gray swim shorts again.

Stretch’s eye lights honed in on where he could see his phone case through the holes in the crochet. They then jumped to your face in a silent question. You had one of his wrists pinned but he still had a free hand.

“you think that’s safe there?” He asked.

“You think you can get it that easily?” You shot back and pinned his other wrist.

“admit his name is fish.”

“No, fuck you.” You giggle.

“oh, please do.”

Stretch’s right socket ignited and you were lifted into the air above him. You squeaked as you were rotated. Gravity did the rest and his phone slipped out from under your top and plopped onto the mattress.

“That’s cheating!” You yelled. You hadn’t let go of Stretch’s wrists in an effort to keep yourself anchored to something. Your mate chuckled and you were lowered back down to your original position above him.

“just using what i got honey.” His socket extinguished and you felt his magic release your soul.

You huff but let go of him so you could sit up all of the way. Raising your hands above your head you stretch up and yawn. “I should go change.” You say through your yawn.

“awww, i think this is a good look on you though.” Slender phalanges glide up your stomach and around your back to pull you back down to him. You felt him pluck at the strings tying your swimsuit to you but he made no actual move to remove the top. “can the aquarium wait?” He prodded, his voice dipped and rumbled pleasantly in your ear.

“Well I wanna go see it at some point.” You return.

“it’s open for hours honey, we got time.”

“Do we?”

“m-hmm.”

His teeth brushed over your cheek, warming it and leaving behind a light buzz.

“yea, that’s not happening right now.”

You shot up-right at Sans’s voice nearby. You heard a growl from Stretch as you watched Sans rummage through his bag on the other side of the room.

“we share this space stretch, don’t go getting frisky if ya don’t want ta see it from me.”

“Sorry Sans.” You mutter.

He shrugged and pulled out a clean towel before approaching you still sitting on Stretch’s horizontal form. “not your fault princess, ya said it yerself long ago, he’s gotta silver tongue.” Leaning over, he left a kiss on your cheek then shot a glare at Stretch. “take it somewhere else, carrot stick, or wait until we get home where ya have your own room.”

Stretch had propped himself up on his elbows. He didn’t say anything but continued to glare at Sans until he teleported out. Once the two of you were alone again, he sat up the rest of the way and hugged you to his chest.

“He’s right you know.” You say, returning his embrace.

“i know... i hate it.” Stretch replied before sighing and giving you a

tight squeeze. “go change for the aquarium.” He murmured.

You nodded and crawled off of the bed after he let you go. “Are you gonna come with me to see the fish?” You asked.

Stretch shook his head and followed you down the stairs. “naw, too much walking around, blue might go though, i’ll text him.”

Thanking him, the two of you parted ways. You into your room, and Stretch into the guest bathroom.

Papyrus, Black, Blue, and Sans all ended up coming with you to the aquarium. You had been to the small one back in Ebott, but it only had one big tank and a bunch of little ones. A few were interactive but you could walk through the place in ten minutes if you wanted.

The aquarium here was huge. There were glass tunnels going through gargantuan tanks that one could walk through to really see sharks and other large aquatic animals all around. There were tubes of jellyfish and interactive baths where you could feed and pet some of the animals too. There was so much to see that your group ended up splitting up and re-convening throughout the day.

Sans liked the jellyfish room, you ended up leaving him on a viewing bench after he made it clear that he was content to sit and watch the jellies float around. Blue found you and pulled you into the area with open tanks. Papyrus was there and the three of you fed seaweed to some small fish hiding in a coral reef then you had the pleasure of experiencing the feeling of feeding a ray.

The staff member at the tank directed you to hold your hand flat in the water with your palm up. A small dead fish was anchored in place between your index and middle finger. As the rays circled around, one glided over and sucked the food up as they passed. It was bizarre but cool. The rays themselves were soft and would routinely flap their fins at the people offering food. So far they were your favorite.

Blue became fascinated with the anemone tank and hung around to learn about the creatures he had found in the tide pools. You and Papyrus left him to it and found your way into the fossil area. Papyrus was floored to find out just how many sea creatures had skeletons in them.

“I knew that humans and other mammalian creatures had skeletons, but sea creatures too?” If his eye sockets were any bigger you would

probably be able to see the magic in them turn to stars. Black was found in front of a giant shark skeleton.

“THE WORLD’S LARGEST PREDATORY FISH HUH?” You watched his eye lights flick over the skeleton model in front of him. You nodded and read over the information on the plaque in front of the display.

“Yup, there are bigger sharks out there but they aren’t considered predatory.” You glance back down at Black who had manifested a tongue and was prodding at his own set of sharp teeth while inspecting the shark’s samples in a case. “Wanna go see some live ones?” You asked.

“LIVE SHARKS? THEY HAVE A GREAT WHITE HERE?” He eyed the shark skeleton again as if imagining it with muscle and skin. “HOW WOULD THEY KEEP SOMETHING OF THIS MAGNITUDE?”

You pulled out the aquarium map that you picked up at the entrance. “I don’t think that they have a great white here but there is a big shark tank we can go see.”

Black hummed agreement and followed you through the rest of the fossils and back into the live fish area. It took a little looking but the two of you found the entrance to the shark tunnel. It ran along the floor of the tank so guests could see the reefs and the eels living in them as well as the sharks and larger fish overhead.

“Wow.” You whispered as a tiger shark cruised along the top of the tunnel.

“THEY ARE INDEED IMPRESSIVE.” Black conceded. “YOU HUMANS REALLY ARE SMALL COMPARED TO MANY OF THE ANIMALS YOU SHARE THE SURFACE WITH.”

“Says you.” You grin and nudge your short mate.

He growled and gripped your arm so he could turn you to face him. “I DON’T NEED A LARGE STATURE TO BE DANGEROUS PET!”

“I know, I’m just teasing.” You giggled.

The annoyance on Black’s face faded and he let go of you and went back to looking through the glass. A group passed, being led by a tour guide who was describing the tank’s occupants. There were a few other people walking through the tunnel, but it wasn’t super busy. You followed Black’s meandering steps, stopping every once in a while

to watch a shark pass by or to take in the reef.

“It’s like being at the bottom of a swimming pool.” You muse, craning your neck to see the rippling surface of the water way above your head.

“DO YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME AT THE BOTTOM OF POOLS?” Black asked following your gaze. “I THOUGHT HUMANS COULDN'T BREATHE WATER.”

“Hah, no. We can’t breathe underwater but I think it looks cool to look up at the surface.” You turned your gaze down at Black who was giving you a look you couldn’t quite nail down. He obviously didn’t understand or didn’t agree with your statement but it was amusing enough to not argue about it.

He took up your hand again and stepped closer to you. “YOU’RE A STRANGE LITTLE HUMAN.” He mused.

“Little?” You raise a brow only to squeak and grab at your mate as his foot darted out to hook behind your knee and pull it out from under you. He caught you of course, with all of the smug satisfaction of being able to do so on his face.

“YES, LITTLE.” He rumbled. Pushing you back upright he kept a hold of your hand and led you closer to the side of the tunnel where a shark was passing by. “I WARNED YOU THAT THERE ARE OTHER CREATURES WITH SHARP TEETH WAITING TO SNAP YOU UP PET. I TRUST YOU DIDN’T MISS THAT I AM ONE OF THEM.”

“You trust correctly.” You say, still reeling from being tripped up then rightened so effortlessly.

“EXCELLENT. WHEN WE RETURN HOME, I WOULD LIKE TO GET YOU ACCLIMATED TO MY TASTES.”

“And what would those tastes be?”

Black chuckled and squeezed your hand. “I ENJOY TAKING CONTROL FROM OTHERS.” He eyed you out of the corner of his socket.

You raised a brow and glanced around the tunnel, this was an odd conversion to be having in public. Black also took in the other aquarium visitors and waited until you were mostly alone again before continuing. “ WHAT I WANT CAN BE DANGEROUS AND COULD RESULT IN YOU BEING INJURED IF PERFORMED

INCORRECTLY.” He turned to face you fully and gripped your hand in both of his. “I CANNOT HAVE YOU HURT SO I ASK THAT WE PRACTICE BEFORE MOVING OUR RELATIONSHIP FORWARD.”

You blinked down at your mate. Weird place or not to discuss relations, it was nice to hear him ask for your willingness to get comfortable with his desires. Dangerous possibility or not, he was making a conscious effort to inform you and give you a chance to try it before diving into anything.

You smile and nod, “I’m down to give it a shot.”

At your words, the edges of Black’s sockets relaxed and he released your hand to reach up and cup your face. “YOU WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF PET, TRUST ME.”

“I do t-” You didn’t get to finish your sentence. Black pulled your face down to him. His teeth hit your lips, their sharp edges biting into your soft skin. His magic followed, overpowering the pain with a rush of licorice only to leave behind a sweet aftertaste of raspberry.

His maw cracked open enough to be able to nip at, and run the points of his teeth over your bottom lip. They were already raw from the sun, saltwater, and your other mates, so the razor points being dragged along the sensitive flesh easily drew a quiet whimper from you. The malleable magic of his tongue swiped after his teeth to soothe the skin.

There was a gasp and the sound of someone muttering from somewhere in the tunnel prompting Black to break the kiss and look towards the noise. A human woman was shooting you and Black dirty looks as she herded her two children past.

You felt heat crawl onto your face at being caught. Black pinched your cheek and chuckled at your embarrassment. “IT MIGHT BE TIME TO RECONVENE WITH THE OTHERS, SHALL WE BE ON OUR WAY?” He asked.

With a snort you agreed and moved through the rest of the tunnel in search of the others. You found them in the gift shop where Sans was buying a plushie jellyfish. Blue and Papyrus didn’t buy anything but Black found a necklace with a shark tooth on it that he wore proudly out of the aquarium.

That evening after dinner, you found yourself curled into your bed earlier than you were used to. I wasn’t a bad thing, you had been

taking a ton of naps this vacation because you couldn't sleep through the early rising skeletons and you tended to stay up late with everyone. It would be an interesting time getting back on your regular sleep schedule when you got home.

"knock knock." Sans's voice came through your door with the sound of him actually knocking on it.

"Who's there?" You call from under your blankets.

"comet."

"Comet who?" You slid out of bed and headed for the door.

"*com-et* here and look at the stars with me?"

Before you could answer, there was a groan from the other side of the door and the sound of Blue and Papyrus complaining at your mate's joke.

"That wasn't even clever word-play Sans." Papyrus was saying as you opened the door.

Sans shrugged at his brother with an easy grin. "opened the door didn't she?"

Papyrus sighed, "Only because she knows your awful puns so well." He looked to you and added, "I love you dearest but please hold him to a higher standard of comedy than that."

You giggled, "I'll certainly try Paps."

Your tall mate bid you goodnight and re-entered his own room with Blue. Sans turned his grin to you and held out his hand. There was a blanket tucked under his other arm.

"how about it princess? wanna stargaze on the beach?"

"Only if you take that whoopie cushion off." You say crossing your arms.

Sans shrugged and slipped the hand whoopie cushion off and stuck it in his shorts pocket. You smiled and moved to his side, closing the door behind you. "Let's go!"

The stars were just starting to become visible by the time you and Sans found a spot to spread out the blanket. You were thankful for the

warm evenings here or your shorts and tank top pajamas would have not been enough.

“Mmm, are you actually here to look at the stars?” You teased as Sans sat down behind you.

He chuckled and produced a book that had been balled up in the blanket before he spread it out. “i’m always down ta look at stars.” He flipped open the book in your lap and rested his chin on your shoulder to read. “though what happens after is all up ta you.”

You snorted and squinted at the pages in the dark. “I wish I had night vision.”

“shoulda been a monster then.” He teased, “look over there for a little dipper shape of stars.”

Following his pointing finger you hunted down the shape. “What is it?” You asked.

“hydra’s head.” Sans replied. “see, there’s a trail of stars here… ta here. that’s the rest of it.”

“I thought hydra had more than one head.”

“yea, only one was immortal though. supposedly this is the one.”

Sans’s arms settled more comfortably around you so he could flip through the book in your lap. “ah, look over there for a sorta acute triangle looking one.”

“That’s so specific.” You giggled but searched the sky. “Mmm, that one?”

Sans’s chin lifted off of your shoulder to watch you trace a triangle in the sky, you felt him rummage in his shorts pocket behind you. “naw, look a little ta the left, should look like this.”

He held up something small and triangular to the sky. Snorting you watched him angle it to line up with a small constellation off to the left of the one you had pointed at.

“What is that? Do you carry tiny constellation models with you now?” You reached out and took the thing from him.

Your fingers closed around dulled ceramic edges and the oddly familiar shape made you frown. “Sans what is this?”

Your mate shifted behind you as you brought the item close to your face in the dark. “it’s the uh, piece of plate from your memory box.”

Recognition made the item feel sharper in your hand and you dropped it like a hot iron. Sans was quick to scoop it up as you pushed the book off of your lap so you could turn to face him.

“Why do you have that?”

The little pin pricks of light emanating from Sans’s sockets lowered to the shard of plate in his hand before finding your face again.

“this was a punishment from your folks right? and ya held onta it all of your life.”

You could only focus on his eye lights as they searched your face. “I bumped into mom.” You mumbled.

“yea? i bump inta stuff all the time.” He placed a hand on your shoulder and offered the shard to you. “you’re free of them now, ya can go on whatever trip ya want, with whoever ya want. don’t let this punish ya still.”

You stared at the little dark chunk of plate in Sans’s boney palm.

“Bad kids don’t get good things.”

Your mother’s voice echoed in your head and you chewed at your lip. What did Sans want you to do with it? Was it not enough that you enjoyed your vacation?

As if he read your mind, Sans nudged the piece closer to you. “break it, lose it, throw it in the ocean, it doesn’t matter. point is, it doesn’t control ya anymore.”

It doesn’t control you. Your parents didn’t have a say in you going on this trip. It doesn’t control you. Your mates all handed you their tickets and let you lead them here… it doesn’t control you...

Snatching up the ceramic shard you stood and strode off. Sans let out a surprised noise and you could hear him scrambling upright to follow. It was dark out but you had traversed this expanse of beach so many times in the past five days that you didn’t have any problem finding your way to the little cliffs where the tide pools rested in the morning. The only difference now was that the tide was in.

“Help me find a rock.” You said. Sans could see better in the dark than you could and he used it to hunt down a rock about the size of your fist. Taking it, you found your way to a chunk of driftwood away from the high tide line. Dropping to your knees in front of it, you placed the ceramic shard on a flattish part.

And proceeded to bash it to dust.

Sans stood back and watched you take your anger out on the inanimate object. It wasn’t the most violent he had ever seen you. He’d been to a biker rally with you before but the vehemence with which you obliterated the bad memory was more than what he was expecting. His fingers fidgeted with the other thing in his shorts pocket but he let you burn out your anger.

Eventually, there was nothing left of the plate piece and you were just wailing on a chunk of wood. Dropping the rock you leaned back. Boney hands found your shoulders and you let yourself be pulled to your feet and into a hug.

“it’s gone now.” Sans whispered in your ear.

You nodded and sagged into him. You felt exhausted and exhilarated at the same time. You had gotten in trouble for making your mom drop the plate and you were denied a vacation with them. But now you were on vacation and you were encouraged to break the plate further. Funny how life changes.

Sans led you back to the blanket and encouraged you to trace more constellations in the sky.

“should be down further.” He was saying, “will look something like this.”

You snorted and reached for the thing he was holding up. “How many things of mine are stuffed in your pants?”

“…”

“This isn’t mine.”

“is now.”

“What is it?” You squinted at the shape in your hand trying to discern what it was in the dark.

“i usually sell these on the sea shore but for ya i’ll make an exception.” Sans rumbled in your ear.

“It’s a seashell? Where did you find one? I’ve been looking all week!”

“heh, got it at the aquarium. figured ya should have something good ta put in your memory box when we get home… ya know, ta replace the other thing.”

You smiled and leaned back into him. “Thank you!”

“i’ll always *shell* out the good stuff for ya princess. now let’s *sea* if we can’t find some more constellations, yea?”

You giggled and turned in his lap to face him. “You’re the only *star* I wanna look at right now.”

Sans’s face began to glow a deep blue. It cast a faint pool of light on the shell in your hand. Finally being able to see it, you grinned and threw your arms around his neck and kissed him. Sans fell back onto the blanket with an exaggerated sigh and wrapped his arms around your waist to help you settle on top of him.

The familiar spark of icy magic laced with pine stung your lips. A cobalt tongue pried open your mouth to chill your insides and encouraged you to press closer. Hands dragged up to your shoulders then back down your back and slid over your shorts to cup your ass. Giving you a squeeze he broke away.

“didn’t know *uranus* was out at this time of year.”

“Don’t start, I’m enjoying this.” You warn and give a gentle nip to his cervical vertebrae.

“hahh, the *moon* ain’t got anything on ya princess.”

You sat up as he squeezed your ass again and gave his sternum a playful thump. “I’m over it now, good night.”

Sans chuckled and sat up, hugging you in the process. “aww, ya saying the sun has set on our moment?”

You snort, “Yup, me and my new shell are gonna go to bed now. You may join when you get the space puns out of your *solar system* .”

You didn’t have to be able to see in the dark to know that Sans’s grin was practically splitting his skull in half. He let you up and quickly

collected his book and the blanket while he spouted space puns with the same shit-eating grin all the way back to the beach house. You attempted to keep up the appearance of being annoyed, but he managed to get a few laughs out of you before bundling you close in your bed and promptly falling asleep. The little seashell was placed on your bedside table and you too drifted off.

“You know I can sort of see where we’re going right?” You say as you were led down the beach by Blue who was behind you with his hands over your eyes. He had woken you and Sans up that morning after his run. Shooing your other mate out, he pulled out the sailor swimsuit and urged you to change before bouncing out of the room again.

“I’M COVERING YOUR EYES MAIDEN YOU SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE ANYTHING!” He replied.

You giggle and cover his hands with yours. “You’re a skeleton Blue, your palms aren’t completely solid.”

While your mates didn’t quite match a human’s skeleton in proportions or bone thickness, they were still all bone. His metacarpals, while broader and more flat to emulate a functional palm, still had little spaces between the bones that you could see through.

“THEN CLOSE YOUR EYES! THIS IS A SURPRISE!” Blue was saying.

You kept your own hands over his and let him steer you down the beach to the sounds of your other mates. Papyrus and Edge were definitely there, a few other voices quieted down before you could identify them when you came to a stop.

“SURPRISE!” Blue flung both yours and his hands from your face making you squint in the bright sunlight.

As your eyes adjusted, they landed on Mutt who was sitting cross legged in the sand with a large surfboard in his lap. Edge and Papyrus stood behind him, each with another surfboard standing upright in the sand next to them. Blue bounced around to your front and took up a much smaller board from his brother who was standing next to Mutt.

“Where did you guys get all this?” You asked.

“surf shop ‘n town was rentin’ ‘em.” Mutt replied as he stood and tucked his board under his arm. “wanna catch a wave?”

You didn't intend to laugh at him, it just happened. Luckily, he didn't seem to mind and grinned back at you while you calmed down.

"Oh my god, I've never tried surfing before but I can't wait to fail at it, gimme."

Mutt chuckled and handed you the surfboard then helped secure the board's leash to your ankle. Edge and Papyrus already had theirs secured and Blue had one around his wrist.

"THIS ONE IS A BODY BOARD!" He explained on the way down to the water. "I WATCHED SEVERAL VIDEOS LAST NIGHT ON HOW TO USE ONE SO THIS SHOULD BE FUN!"

"At least you have that," You joke, "this is the first time I've even touched a surfboard let alone have any idea on how to get up on a wave."

"I HAVE THOROUGHLY RESEARCHED THIS SURFING ACTIVITY." Edge said, setting his board down in a calmer area of the water. You followed his lead with Papyrus.

"He read the WikiHow." Papyrus whispered to you.

You laughed and pushed yourself up onto your floating board. Edge demonstrated how to lay on it and paddle around. You were almost content to do that the whole afternoon but the waves breaking down the way were also so tempting. Papyrus and Edge traded off showing you what they read about standing on the board properly to actually catching a wave. It was a good few hours of finding your balance and searching for a good spot before you felt brave enough to try to do any actual surfing.

Blue stayed nearby, effortlessly using the incoming waves to body surf back into shore. For your first try, you opted to stay closer to shore. You wanted to be able to at least get your feet under you if you took a spill. Being closer in also let you cheat. Mutt stood next to you sitting on your board in waist deep water. He was holding onto the back of the board while you scanned the waves for one to ride.

"That one." You say, pointing at an incoming swell. Mutt nodded and swung your board around as you settled onto your stomach.

"paddle li' crazy now." He said as he gave you a strong push.

Adrenaline spiked as you furiously paddled to match the waves

momentum. When the crest of the wave approached, you placed your hands on the board and got your feet under you so you could crouch. The fact that you were still moving along the wave bolstered your confidence and you moved to stand. The board tipped before you could shift any of your weight to correct it and you felt yourself falling.

Water rushed up to meet you and you screwed your eyes shut just as the warm wave swallowed you whole. The leash tying you to your board tugged at your ankle as you tumbled under the wave. Your shoulder hit the sandy floor, then an arm hooked around you and you were being hauled to the surface.

“ya good?” Mutt’s voice sounded concerned in your ear as you sucked in air and pushed your wet hair out of your eyes.

“Yea,” You gasp out. “I think so.”

“ya looked good ‘til the board tipped.” He said tucking your legs over his hip bones so he could reel in your surfboard with a free hand.

“Thanks.” You had gained control of your breathing and rested your head on his shoulder. “I thought I had it.”

“ehh, was yer firs’ time, coulda gone either way.” Board in one hand, Mutt carried you back to shore through the rolling waves. He deposited you on your towel and knelt at your feet to remove the band around your ankle that tethered you to the board.

“get some water duchess.” He urged.

“I’m fine, really Mutt I think I can try again.”

Mutt fixed you with a stare. “don’ jump back inta the fray too soon, ya could make a dumb decision an’ end up ‘ith real injuries.”

“That sounds oddly specific.” You say.

Mutt’s stare dropped and he moved away to rummage around in the cooler for a water bottle. Finding one, he wordlessly handed it to you before taking your surfboard and heading out to try his own luck on the waves. You eyed the massive gap in his rib cage where one of the floating ribs was broken off as he slouched down to the water. The jagged point didn’t seem to bother him and it definitely wasn’t his only visible injury, but he always danced around the subject each time you tried to learn more.

You took your time sipping on your water and watching the boys chase the waves. Edge was the first to actually ride one standing up after many failed attempts. Mutt didn't seem to be putting any effort into riding the waves, he just sat on his board and let the water push him wherever. He only paddled around if he was getting too far away from where he wanted to be.

Sans was taking a turn on the body board and almost got hit by his brother when he finally managed to get up on a wave. Papyrus had to bail off to the side which curved the board enough to miss Sans as he coasted past.

"That could have been bad." You commented.

Stretch was sitting in a nearby hole that his brother had dug earlier and shrugged. "classic would have ported if he was actually going to get hit."

"You skeletons and your magic." You groaned in mock annoyance and pushed sand in on top of him with your foot. Stretch sighed and stared mournfully at the pile of sand now in his lap, though he made no move to remove any of it.

Papyrus and Sans were coming up the beach toward you and Stretch. Boards under arms and looking very much like they did this every day. Only Papyrus was lecturing his brother on wave etiquette. Both greeted you cheerfully when they made it over. Sans traded Stretch his body board for a seat in the sand hole. Why they liked it was a mystery to you, but if it made them happy, they could sit in a hole.

Papyrus took you out on his board to float around past the breaking waves. The water took on a deep blue color and got calmer. Your mate insisted that you were the one tethered to the board as well as having a life jacket on in the deeper waters.

"I will be fine in the water but you need to stay above the surface." He said as he tightened down the straps of your vest.

There would be no convincing him otherwise and you were actually thankful for the floating device. As a biker, you lived by the law of 'dress for the slide not the ride'. Even if it was hot out, leathers and protective gear were essential just in case something happened and you ended up sliding thirty feet over the concrete at high speeds. So a life vest on an excursion out to float around made sense.

It took some hard paddling, but you made it over the waves to the

gently bobbing waters beyond. Papyrus helped to angle the board so he could sit and keep any eye on the shoreline while you lounged on the other end of the board with your feet toward him.

“Gah, just imagine the weird stuff living down there.” You mumbled as you laid on your stomach to peer over the edge of the board.

“I can imagine dearest, we were at the aquarium just yesterday.” Papyrus reasoned.

“Those are the fish we know about sure,” You shuffled around so you could lie on your back and look at the sky. “but we have no clue about the rest. I read somewhere that we know more about our solar system then what’s in our ocean.”

Your mate hummed and rubbed your untethered ankle where it rested against his femur. “I guess you humans didn’t know that we were under a mountain. So not knowing about the ocean makes sense.”

“Sorry for being a dumb human.” You meant it as a joke but Papyrus either didn’t catch it or was ignoring your sarcasm.

His hands grabbed a hold of your ankles and dragged you down the length of the board. He settled your legs over his where they straddled the surf board and tugged you upright.

“You can’t be expected to know about everything that exists my dear.” Water rose up around your legs now that your combined weight was on one end of the board and you giggled as your mate hugged you tightly. His fingers tangled in your wet hair and he sent little sparks of magic into your scalp where he nuzzled.

“You’re perfect just the way you are.” He murmured.

You snorted into his clavicle. “Perfect is a strong word there Paps.”

“Well it fits, trust me, I only have good feelings about it.” He insisted.

Leaning back you reached up and rubbed at the side of his nasal ridge. “Looks like you have a little brown on your nose there.”

“Nyeh heh, well someone has to hoot about how good you are, stars know you’re not going to do it.”

“Aww.”

“I used to make Alphys run laps and do just that and we haven’t done

any training together in a long time so don't tempt me to make you do the same!"

You snorted and bumped your forehead to his. "Well you do such a good job, I couldn't possibly top whatever you say."

"Now who's brown nosing?" He teased.

"Shut up and kiss me yomph."

Papyrus took full advantage of your demand and proximity. As soft and sweet as he usually was, he was also thoroughly enjoying the wonders of being openly affectionate with you as a mate and not just a friend. It made for wildly varying and intense make out sessions but you didn't mind, and were happy to tell him so.

Though your mouth was currently full of his citrus sweet tongue so that would have to wait. The magical appendage set your teeth buzzing and you moaned at the sensation. His hands searched for skin not covered by the life jacket and your swimsuit to leave behind trails of magic that tingled and danced. You hooked your fingers through his ribs and let them glide aimlessly around them.

Papyrus groaned and folded over, which forced you to lay back onto the board. The redistribution of weight brought your hips back out of the water and your mate adjusted your legs around him so he could comfortably lean over you.

"Mmn, dangerous game you play here bone boy." You tease as his fingers knead at the meat of your thighs and his mouth kissed a trail down your jaw to your neck.

"Nyeh heh, tempting but I don't believe the board would support such activities."

You giggled at the mental image and ran your hands over his skull where he had rested it on the breast of your life jacket, the bracelet he had given you clicked against his bones where your wrist passed. The two of you laid there idly floating around. Papyrus would course correct as needed but for the most part you just lounged and made out with your eager monster.

"Dearest?"

"Mm?"

“When was the last time you applied sunscreen?”

You heaved a sigh and sat up. “Uh, just after lunch.”

Papyrus tsked and adjusted so he could start paddling back inland. “You’re turning pink my dear, as much as I’ve enjoyed this, it is time to reapply or head inside.”

You inspected your arms, they didn’t feel sunburnt. He was right though, you had been out floating around for a long time. Rolling over to your stomach. You helped to paddle into the surf so you could be carried to shore.

Sans greeted you with a can of iced tea as you peeled off your life jacket and detached the tether from your ankle. Thanking him, you downed the cold liquid and scooped up your towel. Stretch was back in his sand pit fast asleep while Blue worked on building a sand wall around the rim where his brother wasn’t draped over. Edge had approached Papyrus to collect his surfboard. All of the other boards were already gathered up, it must be time to return them.

Waving at Sans you headed for the beach house. Black was on the porch setting out plates for dinner as you came up the steps. Red greeted you from the kitchen as you passed and you noted a slumbering Mutt sprawled out on the couch.

Stepping into the shower you flinched away from the hot water. Your face was definitely burnt. Your arms and legs didn’t feel too bad, but they had definitely gotten a little too much sun out on the water. The rest of you had been covered by either your swimsuit or the life jacket. Maybe if you put on one of the bikinis you could just sunscreen your limbs and face to even out the color. That was probably a bad idea… you were going to do it. The sun would be up for a while yet and you had some aloe gel around somewhere so why not? You were going home tomorrow anyway.

Drying off, you left the sailor style swimsuit in favor of the small, dark orange bikini. One, you were not going to wrestle on a wet and sandy swimsuit, and two, the high sailor waist gave your midsection much more coverage than what you were looking for to even out your color.

The aloe gel was out on the counter along with your bottle of sunscreen. You paused before opening your door, this was the most revealing swimsuit you had worn out this entire vacation. The boys had all basically lived in their swim shorts unless they had to run into town so it wasn’t like you hadn’t been getting all of the skeletal eye

candy for a week. Not to mention that a few of them have already seen you naked… it was still a lot of skin. You grabbed a flowing tie-dye skirt that Stretch had picked up for you earlier in the week and put it on. You didn't want the sun on your legs anyway.

Feeling marginally better, you exited the bedroom and made a beeline for the aloe gel. Mutt must have not been asleep after all because he rolled off of the couch and trailed after you as you passed.

"need 'elp 'ith that?" He asked as you squeezed gel into your hand.

You had to hold back a laugh at how eager he looked. "Thanks but I got this, just need some on my face."

His shoulders drooped just enough for you to notice but he didn't press. When you finished with the gel and began to rub sunscreen into your arms and legs. He shuffled around and began to idly play with your hair. Red gave him a few looks from the kitchen which went ignored by the taller skeleton. By the time you had finished with the sunscreen and stepped out onto the patio, Mutt had decided to be your giant shadow.

Black was lounging on a chair and eyed you and your companion. "DINNER IS IN THIRTY, DON'T WANDER OFF."

"Where is everyone?" You asked, finding a seat for yourself. Mutt made it into the chair first and pulled you into his lap. His arms coiled around your midsection and you heard him humming faintly as you settled.

"SANS AND PAPYRUS ARE IN TOWN RETURNING THE BOARDS, I SUSPECT THE OTHERS ARE IN THEIR ROOMS OR SHOWERING."

Nodding, you accepted your fate and relaxed back against Mutt. You had wanted to go for a walk but it would have to wait until after food. Your mates all filtered out onto the patio as it got closer to dinner time. Mutt was teasing you about the loud noise your stomach had made just minutes before Red stepped out with a platter of what looked like seared fish. Edge followed with a bowl of fruit and some greens.

This would be your last dinner on the beach. The flight back to Ebott wasn't until eleven in the morning so you could at least get breakfast in, but the reality of the end coming made you a little sad. This break from your regularly scheduled shenanigans had been amazing and you weren't sure how easy it would be to jump back into your job and

regular life.

“AND WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?” Black inquired. You had finished your meal and felt it had sufficiently settled enough for one last long walk.

“Just want to get that last little bit of sun in.” You replied and hopped down the porch steps. When no argument was forthcoming, you moved off over the sand.

You kept to the upper beach. The tide was making its way back in and you weren’t looking to get wet again. A faint breeze pushed the warm evening air around, sending your skirt fluttering lazily. You took a deep breath in and smiled at the lowering sun.

“beautiful.”

Mutt’s voice made you jump. You hadn’t heard him following you away from the beach house. Your head whipped around to find him at ease, slouching behind you with his hands stuffed in his flame print swim short pockets.

“ *How* are you so quiet?” You asked, letting out a laugh to shake out the shot of adrenaline that spiked at his appearance.

He only shrugged and grinned down at you. Smiling back you turned to look out over the water again. “Well sneaky boy, you’re right. It is beautiful.”

Mutt chuckled and moved to stand in front of you. “not what i ‘as talkin’ ‘bout but sure. sun’s pretty too.”

Oh. Well now you’re blushing. You hoped that the burn on your face covered it but with Mutt you didn’t think it would matter.

“tha’s a good color on ya.” He was saying. One hand reached out to hook under the strap of your swim top and ran it up to where it looped around your neck. “good cut too, knew it’d be perfect.”

“You picked this one out for me?” You had figured that with eight different swimsuits, they had all picked one out. Mutt hummed assent and plucked at the skirt around your waist with his other hand.

“don’ know where this came from, but i ain’ gonna complain.”

“Stretch got if for me.”

“so ya don’ wan’ me ta tear it off ya?”

“Pfft, no.”

“aww.”

You laughed and slipped your arms around his ribs, careful to avoid his broken one. He returned the embrace, resting his chin on your head and curling his fingers into your hair. The two of you stood there as the light slowly dimed.

You idly stroked at the bones of his back and watched the sun make its way into the ocean. There were so many little cracks and chips running over his ribs, spine and scapulas. You curiously traced them, earning little growls or shivers from your partner. It wasn’t until your fingers grazed down a particularly deep gouge through his spine that he groaned and leaned away from you.

“Oh shit, did I hurt you?” Your hands shot away from him only to be caught by his claws. His eye lights smoldered with the same predatory intensity that he had when he backed you into your door long before.

“ya couldn’ hurt me ‘f ya tried duchess.” He rumbled and let go of your hands. “i on the other ‘and, could do plen’y ta ya.”

The same fight or flight instincts kicked in, only this time you were rooted to your spot like a deer caught in a set of oncoming headlights. Mutt cupped your cheek, trailing his claws along your jaw then down to press into your pulse point on your throat.

“ya scared a me?” He asked, “cuz i told ya i’d get scary ‘f ya keep touchin’ me li’ that.”

You shivered at the growl and pressure on your neck. “No.”

Mutt snorted and released you. “the blood ‘n ya says different.”

“You said I’d get a minute head start.”

His eye lights burned brighter and scrolled over you. His spine straightened and he shifted his casual stance into something a little more ready for action. “one minute.”

Then he started counting down.

The soft verbal acknowledgment of your time slipping away sent adrenaline roaring through your veins like wildfire and you took off.

You weren't truly scared of him. He could get intense, he could corner you with a look, but he had never actually hurt you or made you fear for your well being. He had also hunted you down before without it ending in tragedy, the only difference this time was the playing field was bigger.

There was a forest of trees on top of the cliffs you had become so adept at traversing over the week. With the tide coming in, you couldn't skirt around the ocean side of the land, so you cut inland in an attempt to make the tree line. You had explored a little bit of the forested area during your week here, but the trees got so dense not far in that you had given up and stuck to the beach.

The sun hadn't completely set yet and the shadows stretched far off to the east. Yours was the only moving one as you picked your way as fast as you could around the drift wood and clamored up to the cliff top. You took a moment to check back the way you had come, you were pretty sure your minute was up.

Sure enough, you could see Mutt's shape prowling after you. It had been a distinct disadvantage to have to flee over the flat open surface that was the beach. He obviously knew where you had run to, so your only hope was to find a good hiding spot in the little jungle at your back. If he maintained that pace, you would have some time.

Ducking into the trees, you jogged as fast as your bare feet would carry you down the little path. The trees got bigger and closer together as you went, and after a quick confirmation that he wasn't right behind you, you veered off into the woods. There wasn't much in the way of undergrowth so finding a nice bush to squat under was out of the question.

Maybe you could climb a tree? Mutt was tall but even you could clamor up the wide tropical branches around you to get above his head. The only problem was your skirt. It fell all the way down to your ankles at the longest parts and sat around your knees at the shortest. With time running short, you decided to just take it off and drape it around your shoulders as you clamored up into a tree. The bark was thankfully sturdy and didn't peel away from the tree as you reached up for new branches. it wasn't particularly leafy under the canopy but there were more branches higher up that would hopefully hide you from the searching eyes below.

"duuucheees!"

Mutt's voice echoed through the trees making you freeze.

"should've tried yer luck 'ith the cliffs darlin'!"

Where was he? You tried to quiet your breathing and settled back against the trunk of the tree. The branch you were on was enough to stand on if your feet were heel to toe. You had some space to adjust but you had to hold onto the branches around you and hope that he wouldn't look up.

Mutt could be heard singing one of the band's songs softly to himself but you had no idea where he was in relation to you.

I have a confession that you will not believe

That you could not perceive this freak, gonna set it off

His voice floated through the air from where you were pretty sure you had entered the trees.

I have a confession, of a side that I hide

It's a cloak or disguise unleashed, gonna get it off

For as slow as you had seen him moving across the beach earlier, it sure sounded like he was moving through the woods a lot faster. You held your breath and strained to see through the branches and the dim setting light for any sign that he was closing in on you. It wasn't like you could find a new hiding place now that you were up in a tree.

I have an impression, in the back of my mind

For the black in my tie contains all our dirty thoughts

Make me an obsession, when you wrap me inside

For the ride of your life unleashed, gonna get it off

Was that him? You could have sworn you saw movement off to your right along part of the path that you could see from your vantage point.

No, can't count the list of things

I know are wrong with me

No need to justify them

No his voice sounded like it was coming from the left. You adjusted your footing on your branch and made sure that your skirt wasn't going to fall off of it's place draped around your shoulders.

No, I'll never take the blame

So I'll just stay the same

I'll never stop

Oooh, he sounded way too close now. Peering down you confirmed that he wasn't around the base of the tree. Was your breathing too loud?

I can't quite contain or explain my evil ways

Or explain why I'm not sane

All I can say is this is your warning

Wait, no, that sounded like he was somewhere behind you. Had he moved farther along?

I can't quite contain or explain my evil ways

Or explain why I'm not sane

All I can say is this is your warning

Magic erupted in the air around you and Mutt popped into existence on your branch, arms draped over the ones around him for balance. His eye lights burned in triumph as you jolted in surprise. With all of the branches around you, you managed to hold on tight enough to not fall.

"Stars above!" You yelp at his abrupt appearance and readjust your footing to make sure you would stay on the branch.

Duality

The word came out in a growl as he leaned forward to tower over you. He then chuckled and pressed a steadying hand to your chest. You could feel your heart hammering behind your ribs so you were positive that he could as well. His grin grew and he leaned down to nudge your face to the side. His sharp teeth nibbled over your ear and dipped down to press into your equally pounding pulse at your throat.

“ya are scared arn’t ya?” He murmured against your skin.

“More… more of falling than of you.” You tried to keep your voice steady as the tongue currently lathing down your jaw made your knees weak. Squeezing your eyes closed you focused on not letting them collapse completely.

“‘s that all?” He growled moving his ministrations to your other side. “let go ‘f the tree.”

The hand on your chest slid down to your belly before gliding around your side and worming between your back and the tree trunk. Despite how close he was to you, your body still jolted at being pulled away from the solid line of tree trunk at your back. The support returned but this time in the form of your mate’s bare chest on your front.

“i gotcha,” his teeth grazed over your cheek to your lips. “let go.”

Floral smelling magic washed over your lips and you released your hold on the branches to lock around his neck instead. More magic accompanied his growl and the branch under your feet vanished. You had no air to scream as Mutt’s mouth was covering yours.

Sensation suddenly returned and your shoulder blades were being pushed back into the tree trunk. Mutt pulled away and you frantically glanced around to find yourself standing on the ground at the base of the tree.

“Holy shit!” You gasped, “Holy shit I thought we fell.”

Mutt chuckled and crowded close again, the arm around your back retreating to rest on your hip. “i caughtcha, don’ i getta prize?”

You laughed and sagged back against the tree. “Yea, yea you did, come here.”

Mutt eagerly leaned down to press his sharp teeth to your lips. The adrenaline from your little game of cat and mouse was still hyping up your senses which made the bolts of magic pinging off of your skin at every place he was touching more electric than what he was probably putting out. The rough bark of the tree biting into your back and the growing scent of a very specific flower that you couldn’t quite remember the name of were the only things your brain could process. That and the press of sharp phalanges and chipped ribs on your scantily clad body.

It's a dangerous cocktail.

You were pulled away from the tree and a trail of magic pinged off your jaw as teeth nibbled up it to just under your ear. Mutt nuzzled down into your neck, dragging the rest of you as close as physically possible.

"mmm, ya still scared? or 's that excitement?" He growled into your pulse point. You weren't given time to answer as he found your mouth again for a fevered kiss. "lemme stay witcha tonight." He moaned into your mouth.

"Mm, define 'stay with'." You said in between kisses.

Mutt chuckled and yanked the skirt from its place around your shoulders. "'m yers duchess, define the evening 's ya will." Taking advantage of your now uncovered shoulders, he curled down to pluck at the strap of your swimsuit top with his teeth. At the same time his claws dragged up your back on either side of your spine sending waves of pleasure through your skin.

You gasped and tried to return the attention he was giving to seemingly every part of you. Your knees gave out as his claws traveled back down your spine. Catching you, he easily hoisted you up to hook your legs over his hips and press you back against the tree. Crossing your legs behind him, you hummed and kissed him harder at the feeling of magic gathering at his pelvis.

"Bedroom." You demanded against his teeth.

You received a groan in response before the void numbed your body for a split second. His landing in your rented bedroom wasn't the smoothest. You squeaked and giggled as he staggered upon materializing. The skirt he had been holding onto, dropped to the floor as he caught both of you before your back could slam into the door jam leading to your bathroom. You giggled and pressed kisses to his cervical vertebrae as he rightened himself.

With a growl he captured your mouth again, chapping them further. You unwound your legs and your feet hit the floor. He made a blind attempt to steer the two of you away from the bathroom door. You spun with him and broke his kiss to laugh again when he bumped you into the dresser. With a quick look around, you pulled his face out of your neck to kiss him again and tugged him along to your bed.

Pressing you down, he crawled on next to you and pulled you around

to straddle his lap. You anchored yourself to him with the collar around his neck as his sharp claws fiddled with the tie at the back of your swimsuit. The knot unraveled and your breasts sprung free of their restraints. The top was jerked away from you with a satisfied growl and you heard it hit a wall somewhere behind you.

Your fingernails scratched down his spine as he broke away from your kiss. The heat at your core spiked at the feral glow in his eyes. You only caught the sight for a brief moment as his skull dove down to attack your neck. Razor sharp jaws clamped down on the meat of your neck where it connected to your shoulder. He didn't bite hard enough to draw blood, but there would inevitably be marks later.

The floral scented magic washed around you with just a hint of barbecue spice, it was almost paralyzing in how calming it was. As if in a dream, he let go of your neck and pulled you down with him as he fell back against your covers only to roll both of you over. Hungry eye lights scrolled over your form in the dim room as he scooted back to rip your bottoms from you.

Now naked, you sat up to tug at the drawstring of his swim shorts between desperate kisses. The second they hit the floor, he pounced. His palm slammed into your chest, forcing you back down onto the mattress and the wild snarl that came out of him startled you. Hot, rusty-orange magic pressed against your stomach and his tongue lashed over your throat and jaw. Rough hands palmed at your breast and tangled in your hair.

It was too much.

"Hey, slow d-" Your words were cut off at a second snarl. "Mutt!"

He jerked away from you. His blazing eye lights blinked rapidly. Clearity returned to his face only to be replaced by horror.

"duchess… duchess 'm sorry!" The magic at his pelvis vanished and he threw himself away from you. "f-fuck, fuck! you okay? shit, *fuck* …" A continuous stream of curses left him as he retreated to the far end of the bed.

You sat up and watched him attempt to make himself as small as possible up against your headboard. You had only wanted him to slow down, he seemed to think he had done something way worse than be a bit more rough than you were wanting.

"Mutt, I just wanted to go a bit slower." He wasn't meeting your eyes.

“Are you okay? What happened?” Making a show of going slow, you inched across the mattress to kneel in front of him. He made no move to look at or stop you when you reached out to him. The blank look of surprise in his eyes at the gentle caress of your fingers made you frown. Did he expect to be hit? Tossed out?

He shifted and glanced at you before finding the far wall again. “ya ain’ mad?” He mumbled.

“I’m confused. I just wanted to ease back a bit, what do you think you did to me?”

His eyes darted to you again. They scrolled over your naked self frowning at the marks on your neck and shoulder. “i… dunno.” He finally said. “i los’ control, useta ‘appen all the time un’ergroun’.”

“Underground?”

Mutt nodded and sighed heavily. “ya *sure* i didn’... force anythin’?... go to far ‘r somethin’?”

You ran your thumb over his cheekbone and gave him a reassuring smile. “I invited you in here. I would have said something way before we got undressed if I wasn’t on board with sex.”

Mutt’s shoulders relaxed as you talked and he uncurled from the tight ball he had retreated into. “c’n i hold ya?”

You nodded and accepted his help crawling into his lap. He folded his long legs in to sit criss-cross, helping you to do the same with your legs around his spine. Hugging you tight, he buried his skull into your chest. If it weren’t for the subtle rattling of bones you would have laughed at his insistence at hiding in your boobs.

“Wanna talk about it?” You asked.

He remained silent, so you sat and rubbed little shapes over the cracks in his skull. The remaining light from the setting sun faded to nothing, leaving the two of you in your dark room.

“i useta… sleep ‘ith other monsters un’ergroun’.” He said after a long while. You hum but don’t say anything. “it never ment anythin’. jus’ business really.”

“Business?”

“m-hm. sans ‘ad power, i was ‘is attack dog… i could.” He paused, as if trying to find the right words. “i would… trade… protection fer.” He trailed off and nuzzled back into your chest. “was jus’ a way ta pass the time, ‘d keep a stray monster off my back fer a while… numb the pain ‘f livin’ in that hell hole.”

So he had never had a loving partner. It had always been all take and no give for one monster or another.

“I’m sorry.” You mumble and pet his skull.

He shook his head and emerged from your breasts to gaze up at you. “i should be the one apologizin’. i wanna be with ya… *so* bad.” His claws ran over your back in gentle designs to emphasize his point. “i do. i dunno ‘f i can though, withou’… ya know… losin’ it an’ fallin’ back ta what i know.”

You thought on his words in silence. He was always so calm, so chill about anything and everything happening around or to him. Words and actions slid off of him like oil on water with only an occasional sharp quip to show that he had even noticed. The internal war between what he knew from his underground life and what he wanted now that he was surface side seemed to be a silent one that you had just now had the chance to get a glimpse of.

“Do you want to try again?” You offered. “Talk through it and go at whatever pace you need?” Maybe you could coach him through something more loving than back alley deals for safety.

Mutt shook his head. “i jus’ wanna hold ya, ‘f tha’s okay.”

“Of course.” You settled your cheek on top of his skull and let him cradle you close. The two of you sat like that for an indeterminate amount of time. More than once you felt yourself sinking into slumber only to twitch awake at your upright position.

“Hey.”

“mm.”

“I need to lay down, I’m drifting off here.”

“…”

“Mutt?”

“... can i stay next ta yer soul?” You blinked in confusion. He once again emerged from your chest and his small eye lights looked up at you. “i’s calmin’.”

“Uh sure? Are you close to my soul right now?”

Mutt nodded and let you lean back. With one hand he gently tapped your chest. “i c’n hear it… right ‘ere.”

“You mean my heart beat?”

“naw. i mean, yea, i ‘ear that too, but yer soul makes a differen’ sound.”

Well now you were curious. “What does it sound like?”

Mutt hummed and helped you rearrange so you were laying on your back with a very large naked skeleton doing his best to curl into your side under the covers.

“i’s like… singin’? but in whispers… kinda.”

“Kinda?” You laughed as your eyes drooped. His weight and warmth next to, and partially on you was lulling you to sleep.

“yea… ‘s hard ta describe.”

You hum in acknowledgment and let yourself slip off into sleep. Mutt lay awake as your body relaxed, your breathing evened out, and your heartbeat slowed. With all of the background noise fading out, he focused on your soul. It was incredibly difficult to describe exactly what it sounded like. After all, it was nigh impossible to describe the most beautiful sound in the world.

Chapter End Notes

> Yeesh, Okay I'm done with the beach I promise! Who's smooch was your favorite on this vacation?
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Expensive Mistakes

Chapter Notes

> I am back from the mountains! A short chapter but things will ramp up immediately after this *wink wonk*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You had forgotten that you had left Ebott in mid November. It had only been a week but the city had experienced a snowstorm in your absence and you were not prepared for it.

“Fuck this, let’s go back to the beach.” You grumbled as your group stood at the baggage claim.

“We only had the house rented for a week my dear.” Papyrus reasoned. “We could always go to the beach here at home. It’s only an hour drive or so away.”

You scoff and rub your arms in the chill air. “Boo, the beach at home sucks right now.”

A large coat was dropped around your shoulders and you looked around to find Red zipping up his suitcase. “ya looked cold.” Was all he said before returning to the baggage claim belt to help off-load the other’s stuff.

Slipping your arms through the sleeves you did your best to help shuffle everyone’s luggage to the side so other passengers could get at their own things. Sans and Mutt were waiting in a corner to port everything home before coming back for their siblings. To your delight, Sans brought someone with him when he came back for his brother.

“G!” You squealed at the appearance of your golden-eyed friend.

He laughed and returned your enthusiastic embrace. “hey angel, did ya have a good time?”

You nodded and squeezed him tightly. G kept a hold of you, only letting go with one arm to greet a few of your mates as they finished gathering.

“okay, okay, ya can catch up when we get home.” Sans interrupted.

G smirked and turned you around so he could hug you from behind. “got something cool ta show ya when we get there angel, close your eyes.” You obeyed and felt the nothingness of the void swallow you whole only to spit you out again somewhere almost as cold as the airport entry. G let go and you heard him walk around you. “open your eyes.”

Following his words you blinked your eyes open to find yourself in your garage. Finding G, you gave him a confused look. The garage was not where you were expecting to be brought to. He sent you a crooked grin and leaned against your motorcycle.

…

No, your motorcycle was next to the one he was leaning on. “Is that yours?” You gasped and bustled forward to check out the Mad Max looking bike.

“yup, got my license about a month after i left. thanks ta sans changing my documents, i didn’t have ta wait to take the riding classes.”

“Sans fudged your paperwork?” You asked as you knelt down and ran your hand over the bobbered seat.

“well… he personally didn’t. he had your resident hacker put me in with the original group. got fake transition docs and everything.”

You stared up at him. “Wait, Mutt can just hack into government files that easy?”

G shrugged. “guess so, but that isn’t what i have ya out here for.”

Right, the bike. It was chopped and modified to sit low on a bobber. The frame was long to accommodate G’s legs and the handlebars had been lowered to be more comfortable with the sunken seat so he wouldn’t be riding with his hands way up in the air. A single head light gleamed on the front. Choppers usually came with a sissy bar in the back but apparently G had gone without one. The body was a matte black with silver polished onto all of the exposed metal.

“Did you modify it, or did you buy it like this?” You asked.

G twisted his hollow hand in a so-so motion. “both. the frame was mostly like that when i got it. i just put on new handlebars and gave it a paint job.”

You whistled and gave it another admiring look. “Not bad for a first bike. I’m impressed you knew how to chop it.”

“didn’t. i uh… met someone, who knew a guy who helped me. real nice guy, didn’t care that i was a monster, just liked ta tinker.”

You didn’t miss how he glossed over this other someone but you didn’t press. Just then, the garage door leading into the house banged open and Black popped his head in with Edge and Sans behind him.

“THERE YOU ARE!” Black screeched. “DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW WORRIED WE WERE WHEN YOU DIDN’T SHOW UP IN THE ENTRYWAY WITH US?!” He was advancing on you now, shooting G all sorts of murderous looks as he approached.

“Oh sorry Black, he just wanted to show me his bike.” You said, standing.

“I DON’T CARE WHAT HE WANTED TO SHOW YOU!” Black had made it to your side. Wrapping an arm around your waist, he moved you a step back while glaring down G.

The tall skeleton just raised a cracked brow bone but ignored Black in favor of continuing his conversation with you. “so, ya wanna go for a ride after you’re settled back in?”

“SHE’S JUST RETURNED FROM A WEEK LONG TRIP!” Black protested.

“Black, chill.” You said.

Your short mate shot a look at you that invited no argument. You narrowed your eyes at him anyway. Even without muscles or skin, you could see him clench his jaw. The look on his face said he wanted you to back down, you hoped yours said no. The garage was silent as the two of you fought with your eyes. Eventually, Black dropped his arm from your waist and looked away, grumbling a quiet ‘DO AS YOU PLEASE.” before retreating back to the house where Sans and Edge had apparently watched the entire exchange. They looked as surprised as you felt to have won a battle of wills with Black.

Turning back to G who had politely stepped away to polish nonexistent scuffs from his handlebars, you smiled. “I would love to go for a ride. But Black is right, I just got home and I don’t think I have the energy right now. How long are you going to be here?”

“a week or so at most.” He replied. “go rest angel, we’ll get out on the road another time.”

That sounded fair. Giving him another hug, you headed inside to shower off the day’s travel and crash in bed after texting Blaire and the twins that you had made it home safely. It wasn’t particularly late, but you found flying to be exhausting.

Edge sat at the bar after his guard shift scrolling through listings the second night after getting home from vacation. He was on Error watch that night, but he was using it as an excuse to reveal just how little you knew about buying a new car. An expensive new car. Car shopping is hard. You had personally never had to do it. Your grandpa had helped you with your first one and you had gone to riding motorcycles after it had died on you. But now you were having to help your very picky mate find a suitable ride.

“I CAN CUSTOMIZE IT TO MY SPECIFICATIONS.” He said while showing you a photo of a BMW M4 complete with leather seats, moon roof, and a heated steering wheel. All in a black sapphire metallic color.

“Do you know how much that even costs?” You ask over the sound of ice jumping around in your shaker as you mixed a drink for a table order.

“YES.” Edge scrolled down and pointed out the price.

You didn’t know how much being a lieutenant in the royal guard paid, but that was still a large number. Edge had only been recently stamped as ‘transitioned’ so he would have just been able to get access to things like credit cards and a full time job. He wouldn’t have any credit history for a loan.

There were programs in place to specifically help monsters settle into being fully fledged citizens. But those were put in place when there was only one universe worth of monsters to assist. You had no idea if they were still something Edge could apply for.

Setting the drink you had been working on on a tray with the other drink on the order for your coworker to deliver, you wiped your hands off on a towel and gave Edge your full attention. “When did you want to buy it? I’m sure you could put away some money each paycheck to get a down payment in or something.”

“I AM CUSTOMIZING MY ORDER AS WE SPEAK.”

“You’re getting it now?!” You reached across the bar to grab his phone from him. “Edge, there’s more to buying a car than just ordering online.”

He caught your wrist with his free hand and turned his screen to show you the receipt to build him a custom BMW. It was paid in full.

“Where-” Safe to say your jaw forgot how to be anywhere but on the floor.

“WHERE DID I GET THE FUNDS FOR THIS?” Edge supplied. You nodded and he slipped his phone into his pocket. “TELL ME KITTEN, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOUR CLASSIC SANS GOT THE MONEY TO BUY SUCH A LARGE HOUSE? OR TO SEND HIS BROTHER THROUGH LAW SCHOOL?”

“Uh… they transferred their gold when they came up. And there were things in place by the time he got around to getting the house… What?” Edge was giving you a look. A look that said ‘oh you poor naive human.’ Pushing past the annoyance spiking in the back of your mind, you continued. “Paps worked with the royal family for a while before he went into college, I know he was paid for that.”

“DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE MARKET PRICE FOR GOLD IS NOW?” Edge asked. You shook your head. “WELL, I WILL TELL YOU THAT IT IS ABYSMALLY LOW. RED AND I COULD PROBABLY ONLY GET A SINGLE SHOPPING TRIP FOR FOOD OUT OF WHAT WE RECEIVED FOR OUR GOLD.”

“Oh.” It made sense now that you were talking about it. Monster kind flooded the market, the price would obviously go down. Then how did he so easily pay for a brand new customized luxury car?

Edge watched you be confused for a minute longer before taking pity on you. “IT’S TRUE THAT THE CREAM PUFF RECEIVED A PAYCHECK FOR HIS SERVICES TO HIS KING AND QUEEN, HOWEVER HIS TALENTS THERE WERE NOT AS… VALUABLE AS HIS BROTHER’S.”

“Sans didn’t start working in the labs until after they moved in with me.” You recall. “He did odd jobs but Paps financially supported them for the most part.”

“AND WAS HE STILL DOING THESE ODD JOBS WHEN HIS BROTHER

WENT INTO COLLEGE?"

"... No." You were trying to do the mental math in your head. Sans was still making mortgage payments on the house as well as putting Papyrus through law school without taking out loans. Now he was coming up on six years of living on the surface but neither of those things were cheap. Red and Edge had only been surface side for just over a half a year. Either the lab job paid out big time or Edge was lying to you about the price of gold.

"Human engineers don't make that kind of money." You say. "The cost of that car would be around a year's worth of work and Red's only been in the lab for half of that."

"MONSTER TECH IS VALUABLE TO YOUR GOVERNMENT, THE POSSIBILITIES WOULD BE ENDLESS WITH A CONSTRUCT LIKE OUR CORE POWERING THE SURFACE."

He was right. Sans used to talk about working on a surface version of his underground's core. You wondered if the machine the four science brothers were messing with was part of that or not.

"Huh." Was all you could say.

Edge tsked and pulled out his phone again. You drifted off down the bar as you mulled over the conversation. Sans had told you that you didn't need to pay to stay at the house. The money you made at the bar went to keeping human food in the house, motorcycle and health insurance, phone bill, and anything else you wanted to spend money on. Some of it went into a savings account though. Your grandpa had always stressed the fact that if you could put money away, to do so.

By the time you came back around to your mate, he was on the phone in what sounded like an argument. "IT IS NOTHING I CAN'T LEARN… YES… FINE, I WILL REFRAIN FROM PURCHASING ANYTHING ELSE UNTIL THEN… GOODBYE."

"Work?" You asked.

"RED." He replied.

"Let me guess, he saw your purchase."

Edge shot you a glare which made you laugh. Red's job was valuable but apparently that big of a purchase was still draining on their financials.

“HE DID. DO YOU KNOW HOW TO DRIVE A CLUTCH?”

“No, but one of the twins does. Why?”

“…”

“Edge, did you buy a luxury BMW that operates on stick?”

“HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THAT YOU HUMANS MAKE ALL OF YOUR DAMN VEHICLES DIFFERENT?!” He ranted. “IT MAKES NO SENSE!”

You couldn’t help but laugh. He had been so smug about his purchase and he didn’t even know how to operate the thing.

“Let me text Jack, I think he’s the one that can help you.” You giggled and set down the towel you were wiping down the bar with to pull out your phone. It was getting close to closing time so it was very late. He likely wouldn’t respond until he was awake but you texted him anyway. A yawn snuck its way out of you and you had to shake your head and busy yourself with closing down for the night. You were still readjusting from vacation sleep schedule to home sleep schedule again and it was kicking your ass.

Red appeared to port you and Edge home as Papyrus had the car that day. Edge’s impatience on getting his own made a lot of sense. The garage at home could handle three cars. So far most of the space was being used for the band’s practice set up. Your bike didn’t take up much room so there wouldn’t need to be too much reorganizing to get the new vehicle in once it arrived.

Shuffling into your room, you stripped out of your clothes and collapsed onto your mattress. “Night babe.” You mumble in the direction of the fish bowl that had been moved back into your room. There was no response, not that you were expecting one, and you drifted off.

Chapter End Notes

G is back! And Edge bought a car… that he can't drive ^_^

Many many many chapters ago, y'all helped me make a decision. I'm now holding y'all to that decision.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Ride

Chapter Notes

Let's spend some time with G shall we?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

JackntheBox - What, you finally want to learn?

You - No, Edge bought a car that operates on stick and he needs to know how to work it.

JackntheBox - Which ones Edge?

You - Tall dark and pointy.

JackntheBox - Half of them fit that description.

You - ??? How?

JackntheBox - Skeletons are pointy, half of them are tall?

You - Omg and you complain about people mistaking you for your brother

You - Edge is the drummer for Punk's Not Dead

JackntheBox - Ahh, that tall dark and pointy. Sure I can show him the ropes.

You - Thank you! When are you free?

A plate with two heavily cream cheesed bagel halves was pushed into your line of sight by a bony hand with a hole in the palm. "it's gonna be a sunny day out today. wanna go for that ride?"

G rested his elbows on the breakfast bar opposite you. Flipping over to your weather app, you confirmed that it was in fact going to be the nicest day of the week. Snow still covered the ground, but the roads had been cleared. It would be a cold ride, but you hadn't been out in a while and you were itching to be out on the road.

"Sure why not?" You said and picked up a bagel half. "Do you have good gear for the cold?"

G gave you his crooked grin and he plucked up the other bagel half. “don’t go worrying about me angel, the cold goes right through me. you’re the one that needs ta keep their body temperature regulated.”

You snorted around your bite. “Thanks doc.”

His smirk grew and he ate the other half of your breakfast. Your phone pinged and you checked the message.

JackntheBox - This weekend? Let me know

You sent a text to Edge about his work schedule then left G with the plate to go bundle up for a cold motorcycle ride. Thermals, wool socks, and snow pants were tucked into steel toe boots and leather chaps. You had become a master of layering for the colder months. You would ride your bike until it got too icy to do so, fair weather riding was fine and all, but you figured that if you bundled up enough, most weather would be fair.

Digging around in the back of your closet, you found your big heavy coat to go on over your long sleeve shirt, sweatshirt, and leather jacket. Finally, you grabbed a pair of riding gloves and a balaclava for your face. It was time to ride! Grabbing up your wallet, you waddled down stairs. With so many layers, you felt like a marshmallow but it would keep the hypothermia at bay.

G was already in the garage strapping on a helmet. He too was head to toe in leather, only he seemed to have all of his warm clothes under his protective gear.

“looking good there angel, ready ta ride?”

“Yup!” You settled the balaclava around your head and secured your helmet on over it with the visor raised. As you were working on getting your gloves on, Red came into the garage. He eyed you and G as he moved past both of you to get to the little work bench.

“where ya goin’ doll?” He asked as he rummaged around.

“Just out for a ride, maybe take the old highway up around the mountain.” You reply.

“sounds good ta me.” G said before flipping down his helmet visor. He was settled onto his bike but hadn’t fired it up yet.

Red shot him another look but grinned when he turned to you. “‘ave

fun, ride safe kay?"

"Always do." You winked at him and motioned at the garage door. "Mind opening the door for us?"

With a fistfull of tools in his hand from the bench, Red nodded and came over to you. "c'n i hug ya before ya go?"

You smiled and gave him a tight squeeze before hopping on your own bike and turning the key. The engine roared loudly in the enclosed garage and you grinned as you flipped down the visor of your helmet. Red retreated into the house, pushing the button to open the garage door as he went. G fired up his own ride as they trundled up to reveal the wet but sunny driveway.

You knew he couldn't see it through your helmet, but you grinned and looked over at him. He gestured in invitation for you to ride out first. Taking the invitation, you waved and eased out and down to the road.

Stars, it felt good to be on a bike again. Cars were all well and good but they didn't feel quite this free. Teleportation left you dizzy afterward and you weren't in control over where you were going. Yes, bikes were the way to go.

G fell into an easy riding pattern. The front of his bike was next to the middle of yours as he rode on the far end of the lane so the two of you would take up about a car's worth of space. Water from the melting snow made the black top wet, but not slick. Traffic wasn't bad for a Wednesday so you made it to the old highway in good time.

The winding stretch of road was a favorite route for local biker clubs for its loose speed limit and the scenic views. You revved your engine and sped away with G at your heels. The wind beat loudly at your clothes and helmet but couldn't quite overpower the noise from your Yamaha Bolt. The sun helped keep the cold from immediately invading, but layers could only do so much at high speeds. You had already accepted that you would be cold by the time you got back home, you didn't much care. A hot shower would remedy the chill so until then, you would push the encroaching cold to the back of your mind.

Trees grew in thick groves on either side of the highway, only a few bare patches allowed a view down the mountain. The air grew colder the higher the two of you climbed but the road remained clear of snow. Piles of the stuff had been scrapped off and plowed to the sides showing evidence of the city at work this far out. Unfortunately that

kind of road care only went so far.

You slowed and signaled to G where you were intending to pull off. The roar of his engine dipped as he matched your speed and the two of you came to a halt at a turn-out. Cutting the engine, you removed your helmet and pulled your balaclava down around your neck.

“everything okay?” G had also quieted his motorcycle and was moving to your side with his helmet under his arm.

“Yea! We will have to turn around and head back down from here.” You say. “Up ahead is where the city road goes into national forest land and the roads will be covered in snow.”

G nodded and took a look around him. Swinging your leg off of your bike you set your helmet on the seat and stomped your feet. They had gotten rather cold despite the layers and you were attempting to get the blood flowing again. Your companion had wandered over to the tree line and was inspecting a pile of snow.

“How do you like having normal snow?” You called out to him. There wasn’t an answer from him as you popped open a saddle bag for a snack. There should still be some protein bars or something.

POFF

You gasped and learched to the side at the cold impact of a snowball hitting the side of your head. Whipping your head around, you found G standing at the tree line with another snowball in his hand, cocked back and ready to throw.

“Asshole!” You yelled, and charged forward. The sound of his laughter rang out over the heavy foot falls of your boots.

The many layers of clothing hindered your ability to make it across the turn-out quickly. G didn’t even need to teleport to another snow pile to get out of your way as you lumbered over to where he used to be. His snowball hit you in the shoulder as you bent down to get ammo. You packed a few balls into a pile for quick reload before turning to throw any at him.

He was rolling his own snowball so you got in a free throw. It exploded against his femur making him turn. Winding back he launched his snowball your way. You ducked and it sailed over your head to land in the snow behind you. By this time you had a ball in each gloved hand that you threw one after the other. One missed

miserably, the other hit him square in the back.

You heard him let out a surprised shout then a golden light flickered from his socket. At first you didn't think anything of it and stooped to pick up two more snowballs. You wanted to rush him his time, maybe get some snow under all of that leather. Straightening up, your grin fell.

"using all of your hands huh?" G teased. The wording would have been odd if not for the three pairs of magical hands hovering around him. All with a snowball in their palms. G also had a snowball in each of the hands actually attached to the rest of him making for a total of eight.

"Oh now that's just not fair." You grumbled under your breath before throwing both yourself and your snowballs at him in the hopes of at least dodging a few of his projectiles while hitting him with your own.

Snow pelted at your coat and showered into your hair. You brought your arms up to prevent any snow from making direct contact with your face while you charged him. Once the onslaught stopped you spread your arms out and dove at his chest.

The resounding 'oof' from your target and the fact that your momentum took both of you into the snow behind him made pride well up in your gut. It wasn't often that you used Edge's training in real life. But successfully taking an opponent to the ground was exciting.

The snow cushioned the fall and you wriggled to free your hands from where they were pinned under his back. Laughter shook G's chest and the hood of your coat was suddenly pulled down over your eyes.

"Ahh! Hey!" You managed to sit up and fling your hood off. G lay under you, sprawled out in the snow with the dumbest grin on his cracked face. Scoffing, you stuck out your tongue and scooped up a handful of snow then dropped it on his skull. "That's for using magic." It was your turn to smirk as he pushed you off of him so he could shake the cold wetness away.

Both of you stumbled to your feet to brush off the battle. You were facing G so the sudden extra hand swatting snow from your back made you jump. Your companion laughed as you whirled around to find a floating hand with a hole in the palm wave at you. Another joined it and they floated forward to thread through your hair and tuck your messy locks back into your coat so you could get your

balaclava back on later.

“That’s so weird.” You laughed. The hands disappeared to be replaced by G’s arm around your shoulder.

“cool weird right?” He asked as he steered you back over to the bikes.

“Oh definitely cool weird.”

“heh, good.”

He released you so you could dig around in your saddle bag for those protein bars you had been searching for earlier. Handing him one, you stood in the weak late-fall sun and enjoyed your snack. It was about time to start the ride back. It was Wednesday and you wanted to see the boys play now that everyone was back from vacation. Saying as much to G, the pair of you stashed your wrappers and got your helmets back on.

Riding down the mountain is much more exciting than going up. Even on a motorcycle where there is no need for peddling. Coasting is coasting and if you wanted to gun it, the rate in which you accelerate is miles more satisfying.

But not always safe.

You hit the curve a little too wide and fast for your two wheeled machine to handle. Gravel is one of the worst obstacles for a motorcycle to navigate, and there was plenty littering the edges and center line of the mountain road.

Time felt like it was mired in jello as you felt your bike slide. You were already laying down to get around the curve so you instinctively knew you weren’t going to get thrown. But being dragged was not much better. All five hundred pounds of bike jerked out of your control in the gravel.

Time righted itself.

The bike bounced off of the blacktop.

The heat of the road was eating through your layers.

The mountainside came into view…

…

..

.

Pain.

Your leg was in pain. Or was it your shoulder? Your arm? Everything felt sticky, or on fire, you weren't sure. Your eyelids twitched and it felt like something was on them so you kept them shut.

Someone was talking to you… two someones. Wait. Your helmet, you couldn't hear them because of your helmet. You made an attempt to take it off. Someone stopped the motion.

"Helmet." You mumble.

"i know, don-----up."

Their voice faded in and out behind the ringing in your ears, what were they saying?

"--shock. we need ta get 'er t-------- pital."

"i wouldn't pick-------amage is."

The voices faded out. You whimpered as your body took stock and began to alert you to the damage done to it. Tears sprung up behind your eyelids, it stung as they ran out of the corners. You couldn't move one arm.

Someone shushed you.

"---na teleport ta-------- take the bi--- 'ome."

Something hot crackled around you making you cry out. Then nothingness again. You liked the nothingness, it made the pain in your body fade into the background.

Noise.

Nausea.

Someone pleading.

Nothingness.

Chapter End Notes

Way back I had asked who should help Read in a life threatening situation. I had originally planned on a hospital trip during the beach vacation but decided against it in the end.

Broken

Chapter Notes

Don't worry guys, I'm not going to kill the reader. Just hospitalize.

On another note. I've shared the ever growing playlist for Bone Pile on my Tumblr. It's a long list friends. Come listen to the tunes that inspire this story!

Chapter Warning!
Description of injuries

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The band had already left to go set up for the evening when Red had gotten a call from G. His number was apparently the last one he had communicated with so he was the first to know. Using the coordinates from G's phone and a picture he sent of the roadside, he was able to teleport over.

It was not a pretty sight.

You had slid over the road and collided with the rock face of the mountain. Your bike had your right leg pinned beneath it, your body sprawled out at a weird angle from it and the visor of your helmet was shattered. G had been smart and hadn't attempted to move you. The only thing they could do immediately was port your bike off of your leg.

Your boot and pants were torn up from the road and burned from the heat of the engine laying on it. Most likely broken from the unnatural angle too. Red stood frozen in panic at the sight. He was not good in these kinds of situations. He was normally the guy putting someone in this kind of pain, not saving them.

"i wasn't fast enough ta catch her." G muttered. Green magic trickled intermittently from his shaking hands as he hovered them over your unconscious body.

Red glanced at your bike now leaning up against the mountain . "prolly a good thing ya didn'." He growled. "woulda taken 'er leg off." His claws bit into his metacarpals as he hovered uncertainly behind G. He didn't have healing magic, he didn't know enough about human medicine to apply emergency first aid either. You needed a hospital.

G cursed and glanced at Red. “her shoulder is dislocated, probably from when she hit the rocks.”

“‘s that what ‘appened ta ‘er visor?” Red tamped down the rising panic and knelt by your head. His hands shook, betraying the barely contained fear of losing his mate as he leaned over you.

“i think so.” G grimaced. “i didn’t see the actual impact. was trying ta get turned around.”

Red grunted and tried to see into your helmet without moving your head. You moved it for him.

A whimper came from the mass of visor shards.

“doll?” Hope ignited in his chest, if you could move you were hurt a lot less than he feared. “doll, can ya ‘ear me?”

Another small noise came from you then the arm still in its socket wavered upward as if you were going to try to get your helmet off.

Red grabbed your hand. There was no telling how much broken glass was in there with you. He wasn’t about to risk grinding the shards into your face just to get the helmet off.

“Helmet.” You whimpered.

i know, don’ move doll, we’re gonna get ya fixed up.” Your fingers flexed weakly in his shaking grip and a hiss escaped your lungs. Red cleared his non-existent throat and blinked furiously at the tears gathering in the corners of his sockets. “she must be ‘n shock, we need ta get ‘er ta the hospital.” You had moved your head earlier so he was pretty sure your neck wasn’t broken.

“i wouldn’t pick her up red, we don’t know where all of the damage is.” G warned.

“i know!” Red snapped. You whimpered again, time was running short. With a gentle hush, Red placed his hand not holding yours onto your chest. “’m gonna teleport ta the ‘ospital, take the bikes ‘ome.” He didn’t wait to see if G would do as he was told. You needed medical attention.

Admittedly the landing in the hospital reception area wasn’t the smoothest. He had only been there once before to have his medical files created after he surfaced. The panic threatening to spill out of

every part of him didn't help either, but he got you to the hospital. You made a small sound of discomfort, and your fingers twitched in his.

"help 'er!" He bellowed at the nearest nurse. Several came running over, asking questions and pulling him away. "motorcycle accident… help 'er." He fought to stay by your side but was blocked and pushed away. More questions came as you were moved to a gurney and wheeled off. He tried to focus on the paperwork now in his hands but he couldn't do it. He couldn't.

With shaking hands, he pulled out his phone and texted Sans.

The vanilla version of him appeared not even a minute later, G at his side. Everything was moving so slow. He didn't know the extent of your injuries. Paperwork traded hands. No news from any of the doctors coming out of the ER. He needed a smoke. You had to survive.

Red leaned up against the wall of the hospital. A long stream of smoke exited his mouth from the cigarette in his claws. Death and injury were not new things to him. He grew up in a world where it was common. Mundane even.

This was different. This concerned his mate. The one person who could possibly understand and put up with all of his bullshit outside of his brother. The only person who could love him, even after he fucked up in the worst possible way.

"how is she?"

Sans's voice came from his right, accompanied by Black's shape. Classic must have teleported home to get him here so fast.

Take another pull from the cigarette.

Exhale.

Time to communicate.

"dunno, 'aven't 'eard anythin' since ya left." Red muttered, his bond was still intact so you were at least alive, but that was all it told him.

"so no new news?" Sans asked.

Red shook his skull and took another drag.

"SHE IS STILL ALIVE." Black's voice cut through the somber air. "I

WILL GO AWAIT HER DOCTOR.”

No one argued as the small skeleton disappeared into the building. Red stubbed out the spent cigarette and fished around in his coat pocket for his pack. Taking one, he offered it to Sans who grit his teeth but accepted, then to G who was sitting on the ground next to where Red was leaning against the wall. A dead butt hung from his teeth as he stared into space. In a daze, he took the offered cigarette.

“every’ne else should be gettin’ ‘ere soon.” Red commented as he lit up.

Hours passed. The band left their performance at intermission when Blue managed to flag them off stage. Nine skeletons graced the Ebott city hospital that evening. Most stood and stress smoked outside in the cold November air while the others paced the waiting room.

They received news.

Consciousness came slowly. It was like floating up from the bottom of a pool. A warm pool where you could see the surface rippling above your head but you didn’t feel the need to struggle for air. Everything felt heavy. Was that you? Or was it the thing covering you. Maybe you were weightless and the thing on you was keeping you in place. That beeping sound was annoying though. Here you were, trying to enjoy this weightless floating feeling and that rhythmic beeping had to go and break the serenity. Maybe if you…

“honey? h-holy fuck you’re awake. guys, she’s awake.”

Your eyes fluttered open to find two glowing balls of amber. You liked amber.

“Back Up Stretch, Let Her Get Her Bearings.”

Mmm, why did that voice sound like cinnamon and cherries? What a strange but pleasant combination. Your eyes closed without your asking that of them and you sighed.

“Maiden! How Do You Feel?”

Maiden? That was you right? Yea, you had a mate… Blue, he called you Maiden. You tried to respond.

“Beepin’.” Was all you got out. That sound hadn’t stopped. Thinking

hard, you managed to make your eyelids separate so you could see.

Shapes shifted in your line of sight and someone touched your hand. “angel…”

Your leg twinged and you rolled your head towards the speaker. A golden light glowed behind a cracked skull. Ahhh, G was here.

“i’m sorry,” He was saying. “i should have suggested a city ride. the roads were too bad up there.”

That’s right, you had gone for a motorcycle ride with him. There had been a snowball fight… you crashed. You crashed your bike on the ride back down.

“My bike.” You rasp. “Where?”

Several hands landed on your body. It wasn’t like you were going anywhere. Your limbs didn’t want to respond. The small room was full of skeletons. All looking at you as if you were going to shatter at any second. A distinctly not-skeleton person came in and played with something off to your side. The heavy feeling came back, you should try to sleep it off. Yea.

Beep

Uhg.

Beep

Stupid alarm.

Beep

Shut up!

Beep

Ow.

A dull pain helped rouse you from sleep. Opening your eyes you stared up at a plain white ceiling. That wasn’t your ceiling. Groaning, you managed to lift your head to look around.

Ahh, there is the reason for the beeping. It was you. You were hooked up to a heart monitor. Which means you’re in a hospital. Because…

that's right, you were in a motorcycle crash.

You tried to frown, but that hurt. Raising the arm not in a sling, you felt at your forehead. Bandages met your fingers. Shit, how bad was the crash? You had crashed before, hell, you didn't know a single seasoned biker that hadn't crashed at some point or another. But you had always walked away relatively okay.

There had been one time where you had lost control of a wheelie and ended up slamming into a parking lot curb. Something had punctured your leg clear down to the bone that time. But you had avoided a hospital. You had rightened your bike and rode to the nearest drug store for some gauze and disinfectant.

This must have been much worse. Your other arm was in a sling. There wasn't a cast so you didn't think you had broken it. There was a dull pain in that shoulder when you prodded at it so something had to have happened. A multitude of bandages wound down your arms that stung like a burn. Lifting the hospital blanket you saw your leg… well it was obviously broken by the bulky cast starting just below your knee and encasing everything to the tips of your toes.

"Well look who's awake? How is your pain?'

You winced as you dropped the blanket and turned your head to find a nurse moving to the foot of your bed for the chart hanging there. She glanced over it then looked up at you with a smile. Right, she had asked you a question.

"Uh, it's okay I guess. My head hurts the most." You croaked. Wow, your throat was dry. The woman noted something on your chart and came over to fiddle with the machines and bag connected to you with a needle in your arm.

"Do you know where you are? She asked.

"A hospital." You replied.

The nurse smiled again and began to check you over. "That's correct. A skeleton monster from the Fell clan brought you in, are you aware of that?"

Fell clan? You had been out with G, how did Red or Edge bring you here? "Um, tall and pointy skeleton, or shorter with a golden tooth?"

"I don't know, your papers just say you were brought in by a Fell

skeleton monster." She said, propping you up into a more comfortable sitting position and took your pulse before changing the bandaging on your head and arms. When she was done, she marked something down on the clipboard and came back around to your side."There, that should help with the pain." She tweaked the bag above your head. "Press this button if you need something okay?"

Without waiting to hear an answer, she gave you one last smile and swept out of the room. You eased back into the pillows at your back. The pain was starting to fade back into the background. Though you didn't like how it made your head fuzzy too. Was it a few minutes or a few hours before the door opened again?

"MAIDEN!"

"IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU CONSCIOUS PET."

You grinned and reached out with your good arm. "Hey guys. It's good to be conscious."

Blue clasped your hand in both of his and sat on your hospital bed next to your knee so he could face you. Black pulled a chair around to sit in.

"I TOLD THEM TO ALLOW US TO TEND TO YOU." Black said as he fussed with one of the pillows at your back. "CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT THEY SAID WE COULDN'T HEAL YOU WITH MAGIC WHILE YOU ARE HERE? A FEW GOOD SESSIONS AND YOU WOULD BE BACK ON YOUR FEET!"

Blue rubbed the back of your hand in sympathy while Black continued his rant.

"THEY DARE BELIEVE THAT MAGIC HEALING IS SUBPAR AND… 'UNDER RESEARCHED'." He air quoted, anger clear in his eye lights. "THIS ROUTE IS CLEARLY THE SLOWER OF THE TWO! HOOKING YOU UP TO MACHINES AND PUTTING…WHATEVER THAT IS INTO YOUR BODY." His claws waved at the equipment around you and at the bag of what you were pretty sure was heavy duty painkillers that were hooked up to your veins.

Blue gave your hand a gentle squeeze. "WE CAN TAKE YOU HOME TOMORROW! THEY JUST WANT TO KEEP YOU ONE MORE NIGHT."

Their loud voices were starting to grate on your ears but you had to know. "How long have I been in here?"

Black pulled out his phone. “FIFTY-THREE HOURS.”

Your eyes widened. Over two days? Your mates noticed the look on your face. Blue leaned forward to straighten a pillow that didn’t need to be straightened while Black explained your mostly unconscious time at the hospital. The list of injuries was worrying.

Broken foot and tibia as well as a burn from the engine laying on your leg. The road had destroyed your many layers on your way to hitting the mountain which resulted in large swaths of road burn all up your leg, hip, and arms. Your shoulder in the sling had apparently been dislocated and the visor of your helmet had collided with a rock, knocking you unconscious and cutting your forehead and cheeks with the shards. It was extremely lucky that nothing had lodged itself into your eyes. The closest piece of glass had sliced open your right eyebrow and had to be stitched back together. Your only other facial injury was a busted lip but that was it.

Black cut off his grumbling over the hospital to go find you some water. Blue moved to sit by your side. He was mindful of the things hooked up to you as he settled in. “JUST ONE MORE NIGHT, THEN WE’LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AT HOME.”

You nodded and laid your head on his shoulder. Healing the human way really did suck. Black returned with water and you let the pair of them fuss over you until you fell back into unconsciousness.

Nurses came to give you a check up, you were taken off of the machines and your pain medication went from a drip bag to pills. Blue watched from the room window with Sans at his side.

Visitation hours passed and you stared blankly at the hospital walls in between fitful bouts of sleep.

When your head ached. Cool fingers threaded through your hair, gently massaging your scalp.

When the road rash began to itch. Claws tapped over your bandages with a feather light touch.

When your leg felt restless in its cast. Steady hands kneaded at your thighs.

When you felt lonely, trapped in the hospital bed all night. Magic would buzz around you in an almost constant flow as you slept. Always changing signatures, always watching over you.

Chapter End Notes

Ya'll ready for sweet skeles taking care of you while you heal? I sure am ;)

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Pardon All My Precious Scars

Chapter Notes

> You go from being stuck in one bed to another. Though this one is miles more comfortable. It helps that the care team is easy on the eyes too.
>
> Chapter Warning!
> Description of stitch removal

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“STRETCH UP!”

“i’m good where i am thanks.”

“NOT YOU!”

You snorted and followed Blue’s instructions from your place seated in your own bed and raised both of your arms above your head. Stretch was laying down on one side next to you. Mutt was curled around your feet, doodling on your cast. G was also in the room, he was leaned up against the wall watching the whole ordeal.

Sans had helped you check out of the hospital and picked up your pain meds before he ported you home. From there Blue took over.

“It was dislocated, not broken.” You said as you followed the arm and shoulder stretches Blue was having you do. “I don’t think physical therapy is necessary.”

“HUSH, YOU NEED TO REMAIN ACTIVE WHILE YOU HEAL!” Blue insisted.

Stretch chuckled from his place lazing beside you. “better do as he says honey, you don’t want to see Blue when he gets upset over inactivity.”

“What? Like how he gets with you sometimes?” You wince as your stretch pulled at the scabbed up road rash on your arms.

“WELL IF YOU WOULD GET UP ON YOUR OWN, I WOULDN’T HAVE TO!” Blue huffed and changed stretches.”

“sorry bro, i just really like sleep.”

“I KNOW! IT’S AWFUL!”

You hiss at the painful way your skin tugged at the healing wounds under your bandages, then again at the twinge of pain in your split lip because of the face you were making. Mutt’s eye lights rose from whatever he was drawing to take you in before moving his stare to Blue.

“i think she’s ‘ad enough.” He mumbled.

Blue sighed and dropped his arms. “WE’LL KEEP WORKING ON THOSE, BUT NOW I NEED TO CHECK YOUR BANDAGES!”

You nodded and relaxed back into the mountain of pillows that had been brought into your room before you got home. Where they all came from, you had no clue but they were soft and comfortable so you didn’t complain.

“Why can’t you guys just pump me full of magic food, or have Papaya come in and heal me?” You asked. Blue rolled his eye lights and began to unwrap the long strip of cloth bandaging that held the gauze to your road burns.

“magic food doesn’t carry the right amount of nutrients humans need.” Stretch explained. “eating nothing but monster food would heal your physical injuries, sure. but you can’t live off of it for that long. think of just eating like… an apple, but that’s all you could eat, you'd get some nutrients, but not everything you need to be healthy. you’d survive for a while but your body would eventually starve without the other stuff you need.”

“an’ healin’ so many injuries at once ‘ould be a massive drain on Py’rus’s magic, i wouldn’ recommend takin’ tha’ much outta ‘im.” Mutt chipped in.

You made a small ‘oh’ sound. Looks like you would have to take the slow road.

“DO NOT WORRY MAIDEN.” Blue said as he removed the last of the bandages on your arm. “PAPYRUS AND I HAVE SET UP A HEALING SCHEDULE THAT WILL SPEED YOUR RECOVERY WITHOUT STARVING YOU OR EXHAUSING HIM.”

“what about me? or edge for that matter?” G spoke up from his spot

along the wall. “we can both use green magic.”

Blue gave him a withering look which bounced right back to a gentle smile when he turned back to start on the bandages on your forehead. “EDGE HAS TO KEEP UP WITH HIS DUTIES IN THE FELL GUARD, I WOULDN’T ASK HIM TO DRAIN HIMSELF OF MAGIC.” His large blue eye lights dropped down to your face. “DON’T GET ME WRONG MAIDEN HE WOULD DO IT IN A SECOND IF ASKED, BUT THAT WOULD NOT BE SMART.”

He paused to set aside the removed bandaging and inspect your uncovered injuries. Stretch remained by your side but averted his eyes. Mutt kept doodling on your cast.

“SANS SAYS YOUR GREEN MAGIC IS UNSTABLE.” Blue grumbled and shot G another look.

G made a face and pushed away from the wall to wander over to your bedside. “it’s not unstable, i’m just not practiced with it.”

“AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WOULD LET YOU PRACTICE ON MY MATE?” Blue glared up at him. G clenched his jaw but didn’t respond.

“Hey it’s fine, I don’t mind healing the old fashioned way.” You cut in, laying a hand on Blue’s shoulder to distract him.

Your mate took your hand in his and sighed. “YOU WON’T HAVE TO. PAPYRUS AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.” With his bright smile back on his face, he kissed around your beat up knuckles. “YOU SHOULD BE OKAY TO GO WITHOUT NEW BANDAGES FOR A LITTLE WHILE. PAPYRUS WILL BE IN TO DO SOME HEALING WHEN HE GETS HOME FROM HIS CLASS.”

With that, he gathered up the used bandages and swept out, he shouted something about food as he moved down the hallway. Stretch chuckled and also got off of the bed. You and G watched him circle around to dig into your games for something to play on the console. Mutt hadn’t moved. He remained curled around your broken foot like a giant cat, his skull resting on your uninjured ankle as he continued with whatever art piece he was working on on your cast.

G shuffled his feet before kneeling down. “angel, i really am sorry about all of this.”

You winced when you tried for a raised eyebrow. Nope, no weird

facial expressions for you. “It’s not your fault, I took the corner too fast.”

‘but i suggested the ride.”

“I decided on the mountain road.”

G screwed his eyes closed and rested his elbows on the mattress. “i’m still sorry.”

Stretch was settling back down on your other side. He handed you a controller before scrolling through the list of characters that he could race as. You let your controller rest in your lap so you could address G.

“Crashes happen. Especially on motorcycles. This wasn’t my first crash and I doubt it will be my last.”

G shook his head. “doesn’t stop me from being s-”

“I swear to whatever you hold holy. If you apologize again, I’m going to flick you.”

G closed his mouth and frowned. Stretch and Mutt also looked at you like you had just spoken some strange language.

“you’re going to do what now?” Stretch asked.

“Flick him.” You raised your hand with your middle finger’s nail curled in to rest on the pad of your thumb. “Like this.” Reaching over you flicked G’s shoulder.

He watched the motion in confusion. Stretch snorted and went back to customizing his racing cart. Mutt also chuckled and repeated your flicking motion into the air before uncurling just enough to inch up your uninjured leg so he could rest his skull just under your knee. Once settled, he went back to graffitiing your cast. You grinned and picked up your controller to choose your own racing character. G chuckled and stood, saying something about you being a weird human as he left the room.

Food was brought up and consumed. Red heard about your game and came in to join the competition. Though he spent an obnoxious amount of time shuffling the pillows around first, claiming you needed to be comfortable in order to heal. Blue came back once dishes were done and hovered around to make sure you had water, and that you

weren't going to bust open one of your scabs on your arm or pop the stitches on your brow before Papyrus got home.

Mutt finished with whatever he had done to your cast and once again uncurled to wriggle his way up to use your thigh as a pillow. Instead of drawing, he dragged his claws around your other thigh in little designs as he watched you play. G returned when Papyrus got home from his class.

“Are you ready for some healing?” He asked as he shooed Red off of the bed so he could sit next to you.

“Yea, gimme a sec.” You were in the last lap of this particular tournament and you were determined to catch up to Stretch who had held first place for almost the entire race. It was close, but you still took second in the end. Red would have taken that spot, but he had fallen behind when he had moved to find a different spot to sit in at Papyrus’s entrance.

Setting your controller down with a sigh, you turned your head to your new doctor. Papyrus looked over the damage to your arms and face with a critical eye.

“What is the most uncomfortable?” He asked.

You wiggled around to test your movements and you settled on your face. It hurt to smile, it hurt to frown, it hurt to do anything other than a bored neutral expression. Papyrus nodded and had you lay your head back into the pillows propping you up. Your eyes closed and you felt his cool slender fingers brush over the cuts on your forehead.

The urge to move away from his touch was replaced by relief as tingling healing magic washed over your skin. It is an odd feeling to experience accelerated healing. Your skin moves and pulls as it stitches itself back together in seconds.

Papyrus’s hand moved away and your forehead felt tight. His touch returned lower around the edges of your eyes then across your lips. The warm sensation of green magic tended to make you sleepy. It was a bonus that you were already propped up by so many comfortable pillows. You apparently couldn’t fall asleep yet because cool fingers prodded at your brow.

“KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED MAIDEN, I AM REMOVING THE STITCHES.”

You cracked them open anyway. Where had Blue come from? He had apparently crawled onto the bed over his brother and was now looming over you. A disinfectant wipe was in one hand, poised over your brow in preparation to clean the stitched skin. In his other hand was a pair of tweezers and a small set of scissors out of a first aid kit.

“CLOSE!” He demanded. You obeyed and tried to keep your face relaxed. The disinfectant wipe was cool as he dabbed it along the cut. Papyrus had healed it enough that the skin had closed up but it wasn’t completely healed. The stitches had to come out still.

The tweezers followed after the wipe. You felt him pull the knot away from your skin then the cold metal of the back of the scissors slid under the stitch.

Snip

The pulling sensation disappeared as the cut stitch was removed from your skin only to appear again as Blue worked his way down the wound. Seven stitches were cut away. You twitched at the return of the disinfectant wipe but didn’t complain. Finally, the healing magic returned and you sighed as the last ache receded from your facial injuries.

“That is all I will do today, I have a test tomorrow and I need to be sharp for it.” Papyrus said.

You opened your eyes and reached up to feel at the newly healed skin. There was a little line of scar tissue where the stitches had been but the rest of your face felt like new.

“Thank you Papaya this is awesome!” You smiled, then laughed at how it didn’t hurt to do so.

Your mate smiled as well, leaning down to leave a light kiss on top of your head before getting up. “Get some sleep my dear, the rest of you is still trying to heal as well.”

Nodding, you sunk further into the pillows and closed your eyes.

Red’s voice came from the end of your bed. “damn, so no re-match?”

“PUT THE VIDEO GAME AWAY RED, SHE’S ONLY A HALF-DAY OUT OF THE HOSPITAL!” You could hear Blue clamor off of the bed and bustle around the room. “NO, I SEE YOU BROTHER! PUT THE CONTROLLER AWAY!”

You couldn't help but giggle at Stretch's quiet 'aww' off to the side, and your controller was removed from your lap.

Mutt's weight shifted once again and you felt him worm his way higher. "don' worry blueberry, i'll make sure she stays down." His skull pressed into your belly and an arm snaked around your lower back, careful of the road rash on your hips while pushing pillows out of the way so he could hold you in place. The rest of him settled between your legs from where he had been slowly working his way up from your ankles.

That must have been acceptable because Blue didn't argue. His footsteps accompanied Papyrus, G, Red and Stretch out of the room. If it weren't for the consistent tapping of Mutt playing on his phone, you would have passed out right then and there.

It couldn't have been very long. Your sleepy mind wasn't registering the passage of time very well but your eyes flew open when magic burst to life nearby. You were so thankful that your face had been healed first because you probably would have popped a stitch at both Stretch and Red materializing in your room and going about setting up another racing tournament.

"volume." Red growled as he scooped up the controllers again.

"already on it."

"ya gonna play doll face?" Red wiggled a controller in front of you as the pair settled on either side of you.

"Uh." You glanced down at Mutt who was apparently done on his phone and was nuzzling your stomach.

At your pause he chuckled and stilled his nuzzles. "said i'd keep ya down, not asleep. ya ain't gonna move from this spot but i ain't gonna stop ya from 'avin' fun."

You snorted and accepted the offered controller, thoughts of sleep fading to be replaced by thankfulness that you had mates to keep the boredom of being bedridden at bay.

"Fair enough." You selected your racer and grinned. "Game on."

Chapter End Notes

Blue and Papyrus: We have a carefully planned healing schedule

coupled with physical therapy. You'll be back on your feet in no time!

Stretch, Red, and Mutt: Video game therapy and cuddles are the only things you need.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

A Little Revolution

Chapter Notes

What's a little trauma with recovery anyway?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Even with Papyrus assisting in your recovery. It still took some time before you could walk around in your cast. Healing the eaten away skin and starting the process of mending your bones was taxing on the both of you.

Blue remained by your side through every session. He had all of your pain meds dosed out as your body was repaired. Today was your second try at getting down the stairs without being carried or teleported. Blue was glued to your side, arm out for you to hold onto as you used him and the rail to hobble down to the first floor. Sans stood at the bottom of the stairs and Black followed closely behind as a 'just in case'.

"YOU CAN TAKE IT SLOWER MAIDEN, WE AREN'T IN A HURRY." Blue urged.

"Maybe you aren't but I am so sick of being cooped up." You grit your teeth and rested as much of your weight on your bad foot as you dared so you could step down with the other.

"IT'S ONLY BEEN A WEEK, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN DOWN LONGER IF YOU WERE HEALING ON YOUR OWN." Black grumbled behind you.

With a sigh, you stepped down and leaned against Blue to rest your foot. "I know, I'm spoiled by magical monsters. Sue me."

"I HAVE NEVER SPOILED YOU!" Black protested. "I MAY INDULGE YOU IN YOUR WHIMS AT TIMES BUT I DO NOT SPOIL ANYONE!"

With a laugh you ease off of Blue and make it another few steps down. "You helped plan a week long beach vacation for me Black. I think that falls under the category of spoiling."

"THAT WAS AN EARNED BREAK! YOU HAD BEEN WORKING HARD AT YOUR JOB AND YOUR BOSS AGREED THAT YOU NEEDED SOME TIME OFF!" You rolled your eyes and took a few more steps. "IT

WASN'T LIKE YOUR PARENTS EVER DID ANYTHING FOR YOU SO THAT WAS AN OVERDUE VACATION! I WAS DEFINITELY NOT SPOILING YOU!"

You laughed and paused again. "Fine, *you* may not have been spoiling me but the others sure were."

Blue held up your weight with ease. "I FOR ONE ENJOY SPOILING YOU WHEN IT IS APPROPRIATE TO DO SO!"

Sans snickered from the bottom of the steps. "ya ain't rotten yet princess, so i'll spoil ya anytime."

You giggled and limped the last few steps down to the ground floor. Black spluttered and grumbled as he passed you to head off towards the library.

Sans chuckled and gave you a high five at your victory over the stairs. "i gotta head into the lab, let me know if ya need anything though."

You nodded and he blipped out. Blue helped you adjust your hold on him so he could assist your hobbling steps easier. Together, you made it into the kitchen and you were deposited onto a stool next to the stove. A cookbook was dropped into your lap and you flipped through it while Blue washed his hands.

Your finger landed on a recipe that you had wanted to try for a while now. "The white chili sounds good."

Blue hummed and passed you to open the pantry. The counter top filled up with ingredients as you listed them off. The only thing you were missing was some chicken broth, but there were plenty of bullion cubes to make up for it.

"OKAY CHEF! TELL ME HOW TO MAKE IT!" Blue grinned and waited for you to read off the instructions.

"Let's see. First you need to sauté the chicken with the onions. Then start the broth in a pot."

"YES CHEF!"

He diced the chicken breasts into cubes and sliced onions for the pan. His cooking skills had improved dramatically since surfacing. Glitter did make it into meals sometimes still, but it was almost always the edible kind. A pot was procured and the broth began to simmer. You

felt a little useless just sitting on your stool, but Blue assured you that it was fine.

He did allow you to limp along the counter to the fridge for a drink and back. It left your foot and leg aching but in a good sort of way. It was getting used to being used again so the strain was as if you had worked out the muscles for a little too long on the one leg.

With the help of magic, you weren't going to need much, if any physical therapy. You weren't going to be in a cast long enough for your muscles to waste away. Papyrus estimated another week of healing sessions before you could take your cast off due to the many little bones he was healing in your foot as well as your shattered tibia. Either way you were thankful that magic existed and you had a magic wielding mate that could heal you. Blue might not have been able to heal, but he used other methods to help you feel better.

Cool magic bloomed on the back of your neck and spread to your shoulders. Boney fingers pressed through your sweater to knead at the muscles beneath. You lolled your head forward, your chin almost resting on your chest as the fingers and magic rubbed the tension out of your upper back.

"YOU SHOULD BE DOING YOUR STRETCHES MORE OFTEN." Blue commented, kneading harder.

"Mmm, but then I wouldn't get my shoulders rubbed." You mumble.

"MWEH HEH, YOU CAN ALWAYS ASK FOR SHOULDER RUBS MAIDEN, I AM A MASTER AT MASSAGING AWAY STRESS! REFUSING-TO-STRETCH-PROPERLY RELATED OR OTHERWISE!"

You giggled and raised your head. "The pot is boiling, we need to add things."

The magic touches retreated, ushering in the warmth of the kitchen to loosen your muscles further. Blue stepped around you to check the pot. Confirming your words, he watched you for the next set of instructions.

"Go wash your hands, you were just rubbing my neck." You command as you read over the next step. Your mate blinked at you then hopped into action.

"YES CHEF!"

A chuckle came from behind you making you swivel on your stool. “a bartender and a chef? ya learn something every day around here.” G was coming through the mudroom door, grease and dirt smudged his hands and arms which he was attempting to wipe off with a rag.

“What have you been up to?” You eyed the mess on him as he traded places with Blue at the sink.

“your bike needed some fixing. thought it would be a good way to apologize without getting flicked.” He shot you a wink as he scrubbed at his hands. “by the way, there’s some folks out on the driveway asking for ya.”

“Who?” You ask.

G shrugged and shut off the water. “they just asked if you were around, i said i’d check.”

Blue frowned and turned down the stove heat before addressing you. “MAYBE IT’S JACK AND HAYDEN? THEY SAID THEY'D STOP BY SOMETIME THIS WEEK DIDN’T THEY?”

You purse your lips together and set the cookbook on the counter. “They usually text before coming over... though…” You pat at your pockets to find that you didn’t have your phone on you. “They might have done that and I just didn’t get it.” Taking a deep breath, you slid off of the stool onto your good leg. “Help me out to the garage?”

Blue nodded and moved to act as your crutch again. G followed behind your slow pace through the mud room and out into the garage. The first thing you saw was your bike. The poor thing was half-gutted with parts strewn across the garage floor. Red’s tool bag sat open next to a bent front wheel and a few crumpled or broken parts lay in a pile next to the garbage.

Blue halted which caused you to also stop. “LEAVE!”

You blinked at him in confusion. You had seen Blue be annoyed, concerned, even snarky. But you had never seen the look of pure loathing on his round face before. He was attempting to hand you off to G so he could move in front of you which prompted you to follow his heated gaze.

“NO, YOU ARE NOT WELCOME ON THIS PROPERTY!” He was shouting.

G accepted your weight, worry growing on his features. You stared in disbelief at your mom and dad standing in the driveway.

“Don’t tell me you’re a so-called mate as well!” Your mother was saying. She appeared calm but you could see your dad gripping her shoulder as if needing to hold her back. He murmured something into her ear and her eyes lowered.

“AS A MATTER OF FACT, I AM!” Blue had moved into the space halfway between you and your folks. “NOW LEAVE OR I WILL BE WELL WITHIN MY RIGHTS TO REMOVE YOU!”

Your mother was staring past Blue at you and G. Her eyes were focused on the cast around your leg. She didn’t respond but your dad scoffed at Blue’s words. “You’re a monster, you don’t have rights.” He kept his hand on his wife but he looked a little more ready to also approach Blue.

“Baby, I know you can’t really want to stay with these… these creatures!” Your mom pointed at your injury. “They obviously hurt you to keep you from escaping them! Just come with us and we can get you somewhere safe!”

You stood rooted to your spot, staring at them in disbelief. Did they honestly think your mates hurt you?

G’s voice rumbled against your side. “who are you people exactly?”

Blue’s eye lights darted back to you then to your parents. “TAKE HER INSIDE G, I’LL TAKE CARE OF THIS.”

“See?! They’re holding you hostage!” She screeched at you before addressing Blue. “I have no problem calling the police monster, she’s our daughter and she needs to come with us!”

You couldn’t see Blue’s face as his back was to you but the stillness in his stance coupled by the nervous look on your dad’s face told you all you needed to know. G shifted beside you. His supporting presence moved away. You were just about to hobble after him when two hands appeared under your armpits to discreetly help you stay upright.

G let go of you and raised his own hands up, hollow palms out in a gesture of surrender. “i’m a science guy,” He was saying, “so let’s run an experiment shall we?”

Blue's skull twitched but didn't look around at either of you. G dropped his hands to his pockets and sauntered over towards your bike. "angel here is a big girl, she can go where she pleases." He smirked and squatted down as if he was going to start working on the bike again. "if she wants ta go with you, she can, or she can go inside of her own power. either way, you'll have your answer."

You wavered in your spot as G picked up a wrench and began working on your bike as if there was nothing else important going on. Little golden sparks drifted from his lit socket and his shoulders were tight, but he put on a rather convincing show otherwise. You, not so much. Your mouth felt dry and the urge to turn and limp as fast as you could back into the house was strong.

Blue had remained silent. His back was still to you so you didn't know how he had reacted to G's words. His stance hadn't changed though, so you assumed he was still glaring at your parents.

Your name drifted through the air as it exited your mother's mouth. The chill November air wasn't the only thing making you shiver. That tone only promised punishment. There was so much more that they could take away from you now. You had mates, a home, friends, and a good job. What did you do to have any of that taken away?

"Bad kids don't get good things."

Your eyes burned with the threat of tears, you didn't want to go. Hands squeezed at your sides under your arms. You blinked at the sensation. That's right. G left you with a pair of his weird floaty hands to help you stay upright. Partly to get warm and partly to ground yourself, you crossed your arms and pinned your hands into your armpits. The magic hands buzzed under your palms giving silent support.

""you're free of them now, ya can go on whatever trip ya want, with whoever ya want. don't let this punish ya still."

Sans's voice drifted through your mind.

"break it, lose it, throw it in the ocean, it doesn't matter. point is, it doesn't control ya anymore."

It doesn't control you anymore. *They* don't control you anymore. Pursing your lips together you hobbled forward. G's magic hands held up most of your weight but allowed you enough control to make it look like you were moving entirely on your own power. Reaching

Blue, you uncrossed your hands so you could wrap an arm around his shoulders, once supported, G's hands vanished. Blue looked up at you, his face a mix of worry and lingering anger at your folks. Giving him what you hopped was a reassuring smile you squeezed his shoulder. The worry on his face turned to smug victory as he looked back at your parents.

"I-I'm staying here." You told them. Your voice was quiet and not nearly as forceful as you had wanted it to be, but the words were out there.

"No, you are not!" Your mother exploded. "You are a human! Being! Not some... *creature* !"

"Mom."

"Your father and I may not have been around all of the time but I at least hoped that your grandfather had taught you to grow into a decent adult!" She gestured at you in anger. Your dad stood behind her nodding as she ranted on. "These monsters aren't even our species, they're filthy creatures that crawled out of a hole in a mountain! Is that what you want to be associated with!? Dirty cave beasts?!"

"Mom shut up."

"They hurt you for god's sake! How can you stand to be with something that has put you in a *cast* ?! One threatened your father in front of you and you did nothi-"

"Shut!! Up!!" You screamed. Hot tears dripped from your eyes and Blue's arm wound around your waist. The sounds of G working on your bike had stopped.

They don't control you anymore.

"I'm staying here! Where I'm actually cared for!" You were pissed off now. The fear of being taken had been burned away with each word you mom had uttered.

"Monsters can't-" She started, but you cut her off.

"You have no *fucking* idea of what monsters can do! None!" You vaguely registered a tapping sound coming from where G was standing but you dismissed it. "They have treated me with more respect and dignity than you ever did! I developed a soul bond with them mom… my fucking *soul* recognizes their love and consideration

for me!”

“Souls aren’t real,” Your dad scoffed, “just because a monster says-”

“I’ve seen it! Sans showed me my soul, he showed me the bonds that make me their mate and I wouldn’t trade it for *either* of you!”

Your mother’s face hardened and she shook off your dad’s hand to close the space between you and them. “You’ve obviously been brainwashed and won’t see reason while under their influence. You’re coming with us.”

You shrunk into Blue’s side as she stepped into the garage and reached out for you. Magic flared in icy bursts from Blue, then one of G’s hands materialized to latch onto your mother’s wrist before she could reach you. She screamed at the touch and recoiled. The hand vanished when she stepped back, leaving no evidence of her being grabbed.

“lets not get hasty here.” G’s calm voice sounded from by your bike. “she’s clearly stated that she doesn’t want ta go. i believe forcefully removing her against her will would be considered kidnapping yea?”

“How *dare* you touch me!” Your mom screeched at him.

G chuckled. “how can i touch ya, when i’m all the way over here?” You glanced back at him. He was standing next to your bike facing your mom. He was slipping his phone into his pocket before putting his hands back in the air as if to prove that he couldn’t do as she claimed.

Returning your gaze to your parents, you watched your mom throw him a look of disgust. Her attention came back around at the sound of the door to the house opening behind you. Her eyes widened and she stepped back again. “Just how many monsters are you living with?!”

“I DON’T SEE HOW THAT IS ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS BUT IF YOU MUST KNOW, THERE ARE EIGHT BOSS MONSTERS THAT RESIDE HERE.” Black’s voice got louder as he approached. “NONE OF WHICH APPROVE OF YOUR PRESENCE IN OUR DEAR MATE’S LIFE!”

When he halted at your side you caught sight of him casually twirling a slender dirk in one hand. The weapon vanished as he extended his arm out to slide around your back just above Blue’s arm already there. It bolstered your confidence to have Black on one side and Blue on the other. They each had an arm around you, helping you stay off of your leg and backing you up as you confronted your parents.

Your dad had grabbed your mom's arm at Black's advance to pull her behind him. " *Our* mate?" He asked. "We didn't raise you to be passed around like a whore to any group of thugs that say they'll pay attention to you!"

You felt both Black and Blue tense up but you cut in before they could speak. "You didn't raise me to be anything dad, or did you forget that you were fucking *gone* all the time?"

Magic exploded in the garage and both Mutt and Stretch appeared in front of you, both in lab coats, sockets flaring and magic buzzing at their finger tips. You heard a scream from your mom and you tilted your head to see between your tall mates. Their backs were to you but the angry electric buzzing around them told you all you needed to know about what looks they were giving your folks.

Red appeared with his fully armored brother just off to your right a moment later. "I WARNED YOU!" Edge screeched. From behind the silent skyscrapers in front of you, you watched your dad visibly pale and retreat farther back at the sight of Edge as he ranted.

"ya know," You jolted at Sans's voice just behind you. His voice was quiet, but it carried enough to cut Edge off and draw your parent's attention. "i woulda liked ta sit down with the pair of ya ta see if we could smooth things over at some point." His icy cold magic pricked at your back then vanished. Sans blipped in again right next to your dad. "but i don't think that's an option anymore."

"I'm calling the cops!" Your mom screeched, whipping out her phone and stumbling hastily away from Sans.

"I already have." Papyrus strode past you to join his brother out on the driveway, his phone in hand. "You see, you are currently trespassing on private property."

"I don't recognize any rights you think you might have! You can't tell me where I can be!"

"well damn, ya may not recognize blue stop signs either but you'd be in a world of pain if ya didn't obey them." Sans said, his hands were shoved in his lab coat pockets and his stance casual. He got more angry and confused looks but he kept a grin plastered to his face.

"Well actually," Papyrus cut in. "Under monster law UT: 200X - 5. Sans here has full legal rights to this property due to his compliance with UT: 1ETC guideli-"

There was a click and the garage doors began to roll down, the noise drowning out Papyrus's calm and detailed explanation of monster laws. Your dad noticed and moved as if he wanted to get in before they closed. Your line of sight with him was blocked by Red and Edge filling in the gaps between Mutt and Stretch in front of you. That seemed to be enough of a deterrent because the doors successfully closed them outside with Sans and Papyrus without incident.

The strength you had clung to during the confrontation left, and both Black and Blue's grip on you tightened as you sagged.

"MAIDEN!"

"get her inside."

"MUTT, SECURE THE PERIMETER!"

"on it."

"GO WITH HIM RED."

"sure thing boss."

Mutt and Red teleported away. Black left you in Blue's arms to join Edge who had remained at the closed garage door. Stretch scooped you up and headed for the house door with his brother at his heels. G was there, his hand dropped from the garage button and pushed the house door open to let him by. You held on in a daze. Stretch said something to his brother then stepped into the void.

Your room materialized around you and you groaned at the wave of dizziness. Stretch gently shushed you and helped you to sit on the edge of the mattress. "blue's coming with tea, can you take a few breaths for me?"

What did he want you to do? You blinked at him as he slipped out of focus... wait, that's the ceiling.

Stretch bolted up as you collapsed. "shit! honey?" No response as he leaned down over you. "h-hey, wake up darlin', let me know you're okay." He tapped your cheek a couple of times to see if it would rouse you. When your eyes didn't open, he quickly checked to see if you were even breathing.

Letting out a sigh of relief at the presence of air exiting your nose at

regular intervals, he crawled onto the bed with you. Propping himself up on the mountain of pillows Red had dumped in here before you got home from the hospital, he cradled you in his lap and fished a sucker out of his pocket. You weren't out for long. He felt you stir not even a minute later.

You found yourself cradled up against white and orange. Fingers carded through your hair and you rolled your head back to find Stretch staring down at you in relief.

"hey honey." He said around a sucker stick.

"Hey…" You frowned and curled into his chest. "What happened?"

Stretch's eye lights searched your face. He pulled the sucker from his mouth and sighed. "uh, well… what's the last thing you remember?"

Thinking for a moment, you scrounged up the memory of the day's events. "...Mom and dad were outside… we shut them out of the garage then… everyone was talking?" You looked up at Stretch. "I think I'm just exhausted?"

The room was silent. Your mate twirled his candy a few times then offered it to you. "it'll give your brain something to think about." He reasoned.

You accepted the sucker. The sticky sweet taste of caramel apple hit your tongue. It really did help you relax.

"well," Stretch was saying. "nothing much happened after that i guess. i gotcha up here, then you passed out."

"Oh… sorry." You mumbled around the sweet, a headache was starting to grow behind your temples.

Stretch shook his skull and nuzzled into your hair. "don't be. dealing with your folks like that was stressful. i'm just happy we got here before they tried anything."

Just then, your door swung open and Blue came in with a steaming mug. He trotted over without spilling a drop and clamored onto the mattress to sit in front of you and his brother. "HERE! HOW ARE FEELING? WAIT! IS YOUR LEG IN ANY PAIN? I CAN USE MY MAGIC TO HELP IF IT IS SORE. OUR CHILI WILL BE DONE IN A BIT, I CAN-"

“bro, fewer words. she just passed out a few minutes ago.” Stretch let you resituate in his lap to accept the mug from Blue. He took the sucker back now that you had something else to occupy your senses.

“WHAT?!” Cool hands cupped your cheeks and turned your face to look at Blue. Worry made his eye lights shrink and dilate as he searched your face.

“think it was the stress.” Stretch was saying, “best let her rest.”

Blue held onto your face for a moment longer but let go in the end with a nod. He did fuss over your leg as you sipped at the tea. You let it happen as it seemed to calm him. Laying your head on Stretch’s shoulder, you fiddled with a button on his lab coat.

Wait.

“Stretch?”

“mm?”

“You were at work right?”

“sure was.”

“How did you know about… what was happening?”

Your mate twirled his sweet, “g sent out an s.o.s text.”

You blinked and drank your tea in grateful gulps, it was keeping the headache at bay. Was it weird that it sort of smelled like Mutt’s magic?

“mutt and i came by to scout out the situation,” Stretch was explaining, “red went to pick up edge from his post, and sans went to collect papyrus from the college once we discovered your folks on the driveway yelling at you.”

“Wow.” You stared into your drink. “Are you guys always this well coordinated?”

Blue snorted from where he was channeling magic around your cast to cool your sore leg. Stretch laughed and rested his cheek bone on top of your head. “only when it comes to you.”

You tried to hide your smile in the rim of your mug, but the sound of Stretch’s soft laugh told you he saw it anyway. Blue left to go check on

the chili and you curled back into Stretch's lap.

A soft knock at your doorway announced Papyrus as he strode in. Two officers followed. "Dearest? This is officer McElroy and officer Johnston. They would like a statement from you if you are willing."

You heard just the slightest of growls rumble deep in Stretch's chest as you uncurled and scooted to the edge of the bed. He made no move to stop you, and remained where he was reclined in the pillows.

"Uh, hi." You addressed the police before reaching for Papyrus. "Paps, can you help me stand?"

He did so before stepping away once you were upright and on one foot.

"Would you be comfortable speaking to us in private miss…?" The officer Papyrus had introduced as officer Johnston glanced down at her note pad before saying your last name. You nodded and waved at the boys to step out.

"Can you take this when you go?" You asked Stretch as he clamored off of the bed. He took your empty mug in silence before backing out of the room. He squinted at the officers behind their backs, and he left the door open as he slouched down the hall.

"This is an unusual call miss," Johnston was saying, "We normally don't get monster calls about humans."

"Though the human couple outside is countering the homeowners claims regarding you." The other officer said.

You fidgeted with the hem of your sweatshirt. "I don't want to go with them."

Officer Johnston glanced at their partner then noted something down on her notepad. "Ma'm, you do understand that if you are in danger here, you can be safely escorted off of the premises." She spoke quietly, "This residence has registered boss monsters, it may sound scary but we can protect you if you are here against your will."

Your good leg ached from standing on your own but you managed to straighten your back and set your jaw. "I moved here because I wanted to. I actually feel safer in this house of boss monsters than I do around most humans now. Whatever that *couple* said to you is a lie. I don't want anything to do with them." Your resolve wavered at the

thought of your parents convincing the police to take you from the house. With a grimace, you sunk down to sit on the edge of your bed.

They don't control you anymore.

“In fact… I…” You took a deep breath and looked back up at the cops in your room. “I want a restraining order against them… please.”

…

"Against the human couple?" Officer tall and you couldn't remember his name asked.

"Yes."

Both officers looked at each other. Johnston made a few notes then asked you to retell what happened.

You obliged, even pulling up your hospital stay information on your phone to show that you had been in a motorcycle accident and not attacked by your mates. You were a crying mess by the end of it, but you were afraid that they would side with your parents and let them take you away from your mates.

"Are there any other instances of them trying to take you?" Johnston had softened through your telling.

With a sniff you nodded. "Um, at the gym downtown… Edge was with me, we train together."

"Edge?"

"Uh, the guy in the fell guard uniform."

"I don't believe we spoke with a fell guardsman."

You rubbed your eyes and sigh. "Well, we workout together and my dad ambushed me when I was waiting for Edge to change."

“Ambushed?”

“Yea, um…” You cleared your throat so it would keep talking instead of closing up to cry. “H-he came up and tried to make me go with him. Edge got there and escorted me to the car before he could though.”

You stared at the floor listening to the scratching of pen on paper as

officer Johnston noted your words. “Is there anything else you would like to disclose on this topic?” The male officer asked, you had completely forgotten his name.

You shook your head. “Can I add stuff later?” You wanted this conversation to be over, your head was pounding now.

Johnston flipped her notepad closed. “Yes you can. If you would like to move forward with a restraining order, you’ll need to go down to the courthouse for the forms. It’s not required but you may also consider getting a lawyer to help navigate the documents.”

You nodded in silence. It was a start.

“Thank you for your time miss, call us if anything comes up.” The officers turned and exited into the hall where Papyrus was conveniently also coming out of his room to escort them out. You watched them disappear down the stairs before calling out. “Sans!”

Your mate blipped in, his lab coat was gone leaving him in a ‘Lose an Electron? Gotta keep an ION it’ tshirt. One look at your face and he wordlessly helped you resituate on your mattress so you could curl into him and cry. He didn’t say anything, he just rubbed your back and let you soak his shoulder in your stress until you fell asleep.

You woke up some time later to find the room dim in the evening light. Sans was gone. Rolling over, you found a tray with a covered bowl and a tall glass of water with some pills for your headache from crying yourself into exhaustion. The second thing you noticed was Mutt sitting on the floor leaning up against your closed door. He had a laptop open that he was typing furiously away on.

When you sat up and plumped up a few pillows to sit against he raised his eye lights to you. “‘ave a good nap?”

“Yea.” You looked around disoriented for your phone. How long had you been passed out for? Your mate hummed and went back to his laptop.

“ON YOUR DESK.” Black’s voice came from by your window making you jump. Sure enough, you found Black standing at attention at your window sill. His bright eye lights roving over the view outside.

Thanking him you scooted to the edge of your bed. You could probably make it to your desk and back by yourself. Maybe.

Or not.

Mutt was in front of you, your phone in hand. He handed it to you then teleported the short distance back to his post at your door. Both boys were silent and didn't interrupt or interact with you as you got comfortable again and worked on the still warm chili in the covered bowl then took the pain medication.

Mutt let Blue in by the time you had eaten and started watching a show on your TV. He cleared away your dishes then returned. "BLACK AND MUTT WOULD LIKE TO STAY HERE AND GUARD YOU TONIGHT." He said as he settled in next to you. "I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO STAY WITH YOU TONIGHT IF YOU'LL HAVE ME."

Your tired eyes burned with new tears as you nodded and snuggled into Blue's side. "I'd like that." You managed to croak.

"NO FUNNY BUSINESS!" Black grumbled from his spot at your window. "WE ARE HERE FOR COMFORT AND PROTECTION!"

Blue rolled his eye lights "I'M AWARE OF WHAT WE ARE HERE FOR, BUT IF MAIDEN WANTS FUNNY BUSINESS THEN WHO AM I TO DENY HER?"

You couldn't stop the watery giggle from bubbling out. "Don't worry Black, I don't think I could muster the energy for this funny business you speak of right now."

Mutt chuckled at his brother's continued grumbles and Blue arranged you and him into a relaxing cuddle to keep watching your show.

It was infinitely comforting to have the three of them there. Two for protection and one for comfort. Even if you were pretty sure your folks didn't have the nerve to storm the house for you. The sentiment was there. And appreciated.

Chapter End Notes

> I'm starting to tie up ends guys <3 The end isn't super soon, but we're closer to it than the beginning.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Stitch Me Up

Chapter Notes

> We're coming to a close on the injury arc here friends. Still got a little bit of healing to do, but we must move on to other things! That and I've had a hankerin' for more music from our lovely boys.
>
> Music in this chapter:
> Stitch Me UP - Set It Off
> Monster - Willyecho

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Doctor's office chairs are rarely comfortable. Doubly so when your doctor is staring in disbelief at the x-rays of your healed foot and leg bones for an obnoxious amount of time.

"Two weeks." She said, looking over to you for confirmation. You nodded and glanced at Papyrus who was sitting next to you. "Magic can heal a broken bone in two weeks?"

Using magic in the medical field was something that hadn't yet been looked into very far. Humans were aware of green magic, but bringing healing monsters into the practice had had a lot of push-back by the medical community. That, coupled with the fact that even the original group's healing monsters hadn't been surface side long enough to complete medical school, left a large hole in the understanding of magical cures.

Papyrus leaned forward in his seat to rest his elbows on his knees as he spoke. "It can in a day, but it would drain the monster healing the patient of most of their magic."

Your doctor hummed then set the x-ray down. "Interesting," she mused. "Would you be willing to participate in a medical examination to test the limits of magical healing? I'm sure it would help us understand it's uses."

You stared at your hands in your lap as Papyrus sighed "Unfortunately I cannot. My energy is dedicated to completing law school at the moment. Perhaps afterwards, when I can ensure the health and safety of any monster participants."

There was a soft ‘Ah.’ Then you were brought back into the conversation. “Well, your x-rays do show that you are healed enough to take the cast off, shall we get started?”

“Please.” You say and follow the doctor out of her office and into another room. Where a saw was brought out.

“Don’t worry, this is a standard cast saw.” She said and motioned for you to climb onto the exam table. “You’ll only feel a vibration from it, but no pain.”

If they were just going to slice the thing off of you, you could have had Edge or Black tear into the cast at home and save you the money of visiting the doctor. Oh well, you were here now. Reclining on your side, you rested with your cast out stretched.

The buzzing and grinding of the cast saw wasn’t too bad. The vibrations made you nervous. Having a fast spinning blade that close to your skin was nerve wracking but no pain accompanied the cutting. You wrinkled your nose at the dry pale skin of your leg and foot once the cast was off. It didn’t smell too great either but your muscles hadn’t had the time to atrophie too much. Sure you felt weaker on that side, but your leg hadn’t wasted away.

“Hold on, can I see the cast?” You asked once the procedure was done. Your doctor nodded and handed it over as she put away the saw.

You had only got to look at Mutt’s decorations from odd angles but never up close. He had drawn beautiful curving vines around most of the cast. You recognized the five petaled echo flowers blooming all along the vines and around a large depiction of an animal-like skull with crossed arrows underneath it. Under the arrows was a little open space with oddly elegant chicken scratch writing.

i am not sure of most things.

but i am certain that i love you with a depth that stars cannot understand.

You smiled and pulled out your phone to take a picture. The cast smelled, you were not going to hold onto it.

Paperwork traded hands and Papyrus drove you home. He had a few afternoon classes to attend so he dropped you off in the driveway with a quick congratulations on getting your cast off and a smooch before heading off down the road again.

You grinned and limped to the front door by yourself. Your muscles may not have wasted away as much as if you were healing without magic, but it was definitely not as strong as it used to be. You could almost hear Blue's insistence on home physical therapy already. You had no idea if your training sessions with Edge would ever resume. He was in the guard now, your usual time was during a patrol for him.

When you opened the door, you were met with Black, Blue, and G all standing in the entryway waiting for you.

"WELCOME HOME!" Blue crowed and rushed forward to give you a hug.

"look at that, walking on your own and everything." G approached and gave you a high five over Blue's head.

"I TRUST YOU ACTUALLY *ARE* CLEAR TO MOVE AROUND ON YOUR OWN?" Black asked. "YOU DON'T NEED CRUTCHES OR ASSISTANCE ANY MORE?"

You laughed and shook your head. "I'm good Black, just need to be careful to not over do it as I get my strength back."

He hummed and eyed your leg. You were wearing a pair of sweatpants as it was cold out and sweats were the easiest thing to get on over the cast.

"I'm gonna go take a shower." You announce. "The skin under the cast is gross and smelly and I don't want to deal with it anymore."

"WILL YOU NEED HELP UP THE STAIRS?" Blue asked, he hadn't let go of your midsection yet.

"I don't think so? Maybe follow me just in case though." You replied.

With a nod, Blue trailed along after you as you limped over to the stairs and hauled yourself up them to the bathroom. Your leg was already tired but it felt nice to do things on your own again. It was Wednesday so seeing the band play would be a great way to celebrate your healed bones.

"DO YOU NEED ANYTHING?" Blue called through the door as you undressed and stepped into the hot water.

"Uh yea actually, could you grab me some fresh clothes? Save me a walk?" Stars it was heavenly not having to wrap a trash bag around

your foot or bathe with your leg hanging out. A few minutes later you heard a knock at the door.

“CAN I COME IN? OR DO YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE YOUR CLOTHES OUT HERE?”

You smile to yourself, “Bring them in please!”

The sound of the door opening and closing and the soft shuffle of feet made you peek around the shower curtain. Blue was laying your clean clothes out for you on the counter, his eye lights firmly on his task. Grinning to yourself you shut the curtain and went back to washing your hair.

“I’m gonna need some help after I get out.” You say.

There wasn’t a verbal response, just the sound of the toilet lid being shut and Blue settling down on it. You could hear him fidgeting as you finished up. His arm appeared around the shower curtain when you shut off the water with your towel but he stayed on the other side until you wrapped yourself up and drew back the curtain.

He beamed at you, chatting away as he took up another towel to help pat you dry. Your leg ached at this point from climbing the stairs then standing in the shower. Blue handed you clothes but kept his hands off of you as you dropped your towel to dress.

“THERE IS A CONTAINER OF UNSCENTED LOTION IN THE CABINET, He was saying. “IT SHOULD HELP WITH YOUR LEG.”

You had sat on the edge of the tub toweling your hair. “Sounds good.”

He retrieved said lotion and turned to you with a raised brow in question. You gave him a go ahead gesture and took up your hair brush. As you ran it through your damp hair, Blue knelt and massaged the lotion into the starved skin now free of the cast.

“I can’t tell you how nice that feels.” You murmur.

Blue laughed and put the lotion away. “I WILL ALWAYS TAKE CARE OF YOU FAIR MAIDEN!” He bowed then swooped down to sweep you off of your seat.

You squeaked and giggled, your brush clattering to the floor. He managed to get the door open with his foot and he carried you down the hall to his room.

“STAY.” He said, dropping you onto his mattress and stepping back out.

You laughed but stayed where you were. Blue’s room had been customized a lot more than some of the other boy’s. For one he had taken the time to paint three of the walls a sky blue, leaving the one opposite his window white. He had a rocket ship alarm clock on his bed side table and accurately placed glow in the dark star constellations on his ceiling. His neatly tucked to the side curtains were a midnight blue that matched his desk. Though the desk appeared to have sunshine yellow paint splattered over it.

Blue came back in, water bottle in hand. “RIGHT!” He said, handing you the water bottle. “TIME TO STRETCH YOUR NEWLY FREED MUSCLES!”

You had called it, Blue was determined to be your physical therapist. With a sigh, you stared down at your healing leg. “Can’t we do that another time? I just got the cast off.”

“NOPE! YOU NEED TO GET YOUR STRENGTH BACK! DO NOT WORRY MAIDEN I WILL HELP YOU GET USED TO THE EXERCISES.”

You let out another sigh to show how reluctant you were but sat up straighter. Blue rolled his eye lights and knelt at your feet. He took up your foot and rolled up the pant leg so he could see everything that had once been covered in a cast.

“I’M GOING TO MOVE YOUR FOOT AROUND, TELL ME IF THERE IS ANY PAIN.” He said.

“Okay.”

“DOCTOR.”

“Huh?”

“I’M YOUR DOCTOR.”

You forced your face to stay neutral so you wouldn’t laugh at him. “Okay doctor.” There was no harm in playing along.

Blue gave you a curt nod and went about rolling your ankle around. When you gave no indication that it hurt, he switched to pressing your heel or toes up and down so they would stretch out your calf and shin muscles.

“PATIENT HAS RETAINED SOME FLEXIBILITY.” Blue commented.

You suppressed a giggle. “Will I be able to bend like I used to?”

Blue hummed and slid a hand up to hook under your knee. In one quick motion he stood and pushed your knee up to your chest. You hadn’t anticipated the movement so you ended up falling back to lay flat on his bed, with the one knee bent to your chest. Blue leaned over you, a contemplative look on his face.

“I DO BELIEVE THAT YOU WILL MAKE A FULL RECOVERY.” He made an attempt to straighten your leg. It wouldn’t go all of the way but he noted where your muscles got tight. Releasing you he turned away to write something down. “IF YOU ATTEND ALL OF YOUR THERAPY SESSIONS, I’LL HAVE YOU BACK IN SHAPE IN NO TIME!”

You sat up and smiled. “Thank you Doctor.”

“SEEING AS YOU JUST GOT YOUR CAST OFF, WE WILL REFRAIN FROM AN INTENSE SESSION TODAY.” Blue was still writing notes on a piece of paper. “BUT I REQUIRE A DOWN PAYMENT FOR MY SERVICES.” He set the pen and paper down to offer you his hand.

You accepted it and rose to your feet. “I hope you’ll let me set up a payment plan.”

Blue took your chin in his other hand and tilted your face down to him. “I’M SURE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT.”

There wasn’t enough time to respond. He sealed your mouth with his. The refreshing minty taste of his magic took no time to worm its way into your senses. You found purchase on his bandana as he bent you back. You wanted to be impressed with how easily he took your weight so you weren’t leaning on your weaker leg but his magic had a knack for drawing attention to what he wanted you to focus on. And in this moment, it was channeling your thoughts toward the warm press of him on your front in contrast to the cold of his magic chilling your mouth.

Your brain kicked in and you tried to fight back with your own tongue. You didn’t get very far. Blue rightened your stance and stepped back to check his phone.

“THAT WILL BE ALL FOR NOW, THANK YOU!”

You still had a hold of him as you processed his words.

“MAIDEN? DID I KISS YOU TO HARD?”

You got a hold of yourself and let go of him. “No, I just wasn’t expecting it.”

Blue nodded and offered his arm. “I’M SORRY. THOUGH I WILL BE TAKING THAT AS PAYMENT FOR OUR LITTLE SESSIONS.” He grinned up at you as he escorted you back out of his room.

“I’ll consider that my forewarning.”

Blue chuckled and helped you get down the stairs. He left you in the kitchen as he headed out to the garage. Edge’s car was supposed to be dropped off any minute now. You were impressed with how fast his custom car had been put together and shipped out. You had expected months, not weeks for it to arrive.

G came through as you made a sandwich. He had been working non-stop with Red’s intermittent help to repair your bike. You appreciated the gesture, it wasn’t his fault that you crashed and you hadn’t expected him to do anything with your damaged ride. But he seemed hell bent on getting it fixed. He even pushed back when he had expected to leave in order to work on it. You had overheard his conversation on the phone the other day as he let whoever was on the other end know that he wouldn’t be back as soon as he had originally said.

You slapped at his hand as he reached around you to grab up your food. “Make your own bone boy.”

“aww, sharing is caring angel.” G retracted his hand to ruffle your hair and continue on to the pantry.

“Nothing comes between me and my sandwich.” You say as you clutch said sandwich close to yourself. You added a little hiss at the end for fun and tore into your food.

G’s laugh could be heard as he dug around in the pantry. “human food is weird anyway.” He emerged with a cinnamon bun, “digestion is messy, magic is the way ta go.” With a wink, he took a bite of his bun.

The two of you demolished your individual meals. Blue’s voice carried through the mud room, Edge’s car must be here. You didn’t want to strain your already sore foot but you also wanted to see his new ride.

“Are you heading back out to the garage?” You asked.

G nodded. “got a few more things ta do ta finish up your bike.”

“Help me out there? My leg is screaming at me.”

G grinned and approached you. Kneeling down he tilted his skull as if listening to your leg. “don’t hear any screaming angel, i think ya just wanna be carried.” He smirked up at you then turned around, still kneeling. “all aboard then.”

You opened your mouth to protest but thought better of it. He offered, no point in turning down the chance of getting carried around. Bracing your hands on his shoulders, you clamored onto his back. He stood suddenly and hooked his arms under your legs. With a squeak, you hugged his shoulders tight to avoid falling backward. G chuckled and headed into the mud room. His arms were occupied with holding onto your legs so you opened the door for him.

The sleek black car taking up the empty space in the garage was a luxury vehicle if you ever saw one. Sure it wasn’t a sports car, but it definitely screamed classy.

“wow,” G said, walking around it with you. “i’d be scared ta take this thing out, what if it got dirty?”

You snorted and peaked through the windshield, “Well, at least Edge will have his home time occupied with keeping it clean.”

The two of you laughed as Blue came back in from where he had been signing for the car in the driveway. “I HEAR THIS CAR DRIVES DIFFERENTLY THAN PAPYRUS’S.”

You nodded then rested your chin on G’s shoulder. “Yea, it’s a clutch. Edge still needs to get the hang of it according to Jack.”

Blue hummed and the three of you stare at the new vehicle.

“welp.” G readjusted his hold on you. “don’t we have a concert ta get to?”

“Yea, we’ll see Edge’s reaction later.”

“GIVE ME A MINUTE, I NEED TO PUT THESE PAPERS INSIDE.” Blue turned and went back into the house. G nodded absently at the car then turned to move to where your bike was being worked on on the other side of the garage.

“she’s almost done.” He said letting you slide from his back.

There were quite a few shiny new parts on your bike now. The frame still had some telltale signs of sliding over the road, but she was back in one piece. Almost. G had removed your saddlebags, and the grips for your handle bars were missing.

“mostly cosmetic work now, but she’ll roll once you’re back up to strength.” He was saying.

You hum and found where he had set your bags aside. One was torn up from the road. The metal framing inside was bent too, it wouldn’t hold anything for you anymore. You made a mental note to look for a new set after your next paycheck. Parts aren’t cheap.

“Thanks for working on her.” You say, returning to G’s side.

He draped an arm over your shoulder. “no problem angel, it's the least i could do.”

“Don’t you dare apologize again.”

“heh, wasn’t gonna, don’t wanna get flicked.”

You both laughed and Blue rejoined you. “WHAT’S SO FUNNY?” He asked.

“G’s learning.” You say.

Blue frowned but didn’t press. He instead took up your hand and you wrapped your arm around G's back. His arm tightened around your shoulder and the garage disappeared to be replaced by the outside wall of the Twisted Crown. You took a moment to adjust then accepted Blue’s arm so you could limp inside. Oliver and Pyre were behind the bar when you hobbled up.

“Well look who’s up and about!” Oliver called over the general chatter.

You slid onto a stool with a sigh. “Yes, I’ve survived. What’s up?”

Your boss snorted as he poured a beer for the woman next to you. “If I have to get another call from a skeleton about how you are in the hospital or taking a mandatory vacation, I’m going to need to hire someone.”

“Whaat? You can’t fire me, I’m your best bartender.” You whined and

pouted at him.

“Never said I’d fire you, I’m just going to need more hands if you’re going to actually have a life outside of working for me.” Oliver smirked and wiped his hands on a towel. “Now what can I get for you?”

You ordered a tequila sunrise and swiveled in your seat to see if you could find your other mates. You spotted them at a table closer to the stage. G’s tall form was standing next to Sans talking casually. Black was next to Sans, glass of wine in hand as he glared around the room while Red messed around on his phone on G’s other side. Blue was still with you.

Oliver deposited your drink in front of you and moved off to tend to another customer. Pyre nodded to you as he passed but didn’t say anything. You let Blue taste your drink as you waited for the band to start.

“It’s been a while since I’ve been out to hear them.” You said, taking a sip. “Do you know if they have any new stuff?”

Blue grinned and helped you hobble across the bar to the boy’s table. “OH THEY GOT SOME INSPIRATION RECENTLY. I THINK YOU’LL ENJOY IT!”

You settled in a chair between Red and Blue. “What kind of inspiration?”

“heh, monsters may be made outta kindness n’ shit, but the second ya step between a monster an’ their mate…” Red made a tsking sound. “things can get nasty doll.”

You raised a brow at him. Was he talking about the encounter with your parents? They wrote a song about that?

The lights on the stage came to life and the rest of the bar dimmed a touch. Your taller mates walked on, all grins and greetings. Mutt made a few jokes as everyone settled into their spots and they began to play.

The first few songs were tunes you had heard before. They had just finished up the third familiar song in a row. You were beginning to question whether they had new material or not. Not that they had to have new stuff every concert, but Blue and Red had made it sound like they had put together a whole new set.

Stretch was talking at the moment. “magic can heal a lot of stuff. cuts, bruises, it can make you relax for a bit. but it doesn’t fix everything. things still scar physically and emotionally no matter what you throw at it for a fix… i’m learning that that’s okay, because what can’t be fixed with magic can be worked on with care and love… lowercase love i mean.”

Sans and Red chuckled at that as Stretch and Mutt started playing.

(Stretch) **No, it's no wonder I feel broken**

Are you the one to fix me up, patching up the work they done?

Try to sew me

So thread the needle, tie it off, teach me how to trust someone

Really hoping that you stay

That you never walk away

Every word I shouldn't say, I shouldn't say, I shouldn't say it

Do you feel the stress in me

Steady bursting at the seams?

You're the only one I need to make me complete, yeah

Stitch me up, stitch me up, don't tear me apart

I've been stuck in the rut, patched up in the dark

Stitch me up, stitch me up, there's pins in my heart, oh

Pardon all my precious scars

Stretch and Mutt traded quick little solos on their guitars making you giggle. There certainly had been a lot of stitching and patching up over the last two weeks.

No, it's no wonder you've been feeling

Like a doll in lost and found, so mistreated, thrown around

Who, you kidding?

Every flaw and every fray, that's what makes you sexy to me

Really hoping that I stay

I could never walk away

Every word we shouldn't say, we shouldn't say, we shouldn't say it

Do you feel the stress in me

Steady bursting at the seams?

You're the only one I need to make me complete, yeah

Stitch me up, stitch me up, don't tear me apart

I've been stuck in the rut, patched up in the dark

Stitch me up, stitch me up, there's pins in my heart, oh

Pardon all my precious scars

The bridge was quiet, until it wasn't as they repeated it with more emotion. Mutt punctuated Stretch's lyrics by adding his voice to choice words and phrases.

Elegant and broken, tasteful, tattered clothing

I guess we've been caught in the middle of love

Motive through emotion, damaged but we're golden

I guess we've been caught in the middle of love

Stitch me up, stitch me up, don't tear me apart

I've been stuck in the rut, patched up in the dark

Stitch me up, stitch me up, there's pins in my heart, oh

Pardon all my precious scars

(Mutt) **Really hoping that you stay**

(Papyrus) **That you never walk away**

(Stretch) **Pardon all my precious scars**

Stitch me up, stitch me up, there's pins in my heart, oh

Pardon all my precious scars

The bar clapped and cheered with you. Stretch stepped back from his microphone just as Mutt leaned into his.

“healin’ ‘s good ‘n all, but no one can deny that there’re times when ya jus’ gotta… be a *monster* , ya know?” A small crowd of what looked like monsters from one of the fell based clans cheered. “ya humans ‘ad an’ interestin’ definition ta the word ‘fore we came outta the mountain. i gotta admit, i think i fall un’er that definition more of’en ‘n not.”

You raised a brow but kept your eyes on your mate.

“i don’ mind bein’ the asshole mos' times. ‘specially when it’s ‘n the name of protectin’ someone else. ya don’ fuck with family, ya don’ fuck with mates. tha’s the bes’ way ta see what a real monster c'n do.”

Another cheer arose and Mutt nodded to the band. It appeared that he would be singing this one himself. The guitars hit hard, making the room vibrate and buzz with sound before quieting down so Mutt could sing.

(Mutt) **I can see the truth**

No you don't have to lie to me

Don't fill your head with things and think you're free

I can smell the fear

I think you made clear, yeah

I can be rude, be in a mood, I can be rotten

I can be cruel, might act a fool, but never forgotten

Creepin' in the dark waiting for you

You won't like what you see

Yeah I feel like a monster

And I'm just here to hunt ya

I become your nightmare steppin' in your dreams

I'm the definition of the worst kind of mean

Yeah I feel like a monster

And I'm just here to hunt ya

I become your nightmare steppin' in your dreams

I'm the definition of the worst kind of mean

Yeah I feel like a

(All) **Monster!**

Monster!

Monster!

(Mutt) **Yeah I feel like a**

You can't hold me back

Yeah I'm coming for ya

I'm a heater on ya, no

I'm just telling you the facts

Oh, these chains can't keep me down, yeah

I can be rude, be in a mood, I can be rotten

I can be cruel, might act a fool, but never forgotten

Creepin' in the dark waiting for you

You don't think you had ever heard any song written completely by Mutt before. Stretch usually filled that roll. Mutt helped with wording and the guitar chords but as far as you knew, he hadn't ever been inspired enough to make something on his own. You weren't sure if you should be concerned that his first song was about being a vengeful monster or not.

(Stretch) **You don't believe in monsters do you?**

(Papyrus) **Of course not**

(Stretch) **I do.**

(Mutt) **Series fade into something darker**

Yeah I feel like a monster

And I'm just here to hunt ya

I become your nightmare steppin' in your dreams

I'm the definition of the worst kind of mean

Yeah I feel like a monster

And I'm just here to hunt ya

I become your nightmare steppin' in your dreams

I'm the definition of the worst kind of mean

Yeah I feel like a

The monsters from the edgier clans cheered loudest as the echo of the last word faded. Mutt gave no reaction. He stood behind his microphone with his casual smirk on his face as Stretch stepped back up and launched into an older song of theirs.

An arm slipped past your head to place another drink in front of you. You hadn't even noticed that you had finished your first one. Looking up at G, you thanked him. He shrugged and stood behind your seat.

Stooping down to talk into your ear over the music, he leaned against your shoulders. "nothing like a motorcycle crash and your parents pissing everyone off ta get the creative music flowing huh?"

You snorted, "I sure hope they get inspired by more stuff than shit happening to me."

"you're their world angel, your life with them is going ta be written in song as long as ya keep them around."

"I hope my life isn't going to be a string of hospital visits and fights forever." You laughed.

G laughed as well, "it won't be, most of them aren't the type ta let harmful mistakes happen more than once."

"And you know this how?"

"just trust me angel."

"Fine."

G straightened up and you reached for your drink. Only to find Blue stealing a sip. He grinned and handed your cup over to you as if he didn't just get caught. You *knew* you hadn't finished your first drink on your own.

"Thief." You whispered to him in between songs. "I should have you arrested."

"ARREST ME YOURSELF MAIDEN." He shot back with a wide grin.

You almost spat out your drink while trying not to laugh. Once you calmed down you elbowed him. "I just might if you keep up the sass mister." Blue smirked as he kept his eye lights on his brother playing on stage.

The night ended and you made it home via skeleton magic. Edge demanded everyone come out to the garage to watch him sit in his new car. Jack was still working on his stick shift skills so the vehicle stayed where it was.

You managed to sneak out during a long speech of thinly veiled

threats at anyone who touched his car without permission. Your leg was starting to ache again. It had been a long day. You just wanted to find your way to bed.

The stairs took you a minute, but you managed to get up them and all the way into your room without assistance.

You were recovering.

Chapter End Notes

> I try to bring everything back around to something happy after I put read through hell. I try guys!
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Truth or Dare

Chapter Notes

> Excuse me while I shove as many tropes as possible into this fic. I just love making the boys do things!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“upsilon preceder, three letters.” Sans sat down next to you at the dining room table as you picked sadly at your breakfast.

“tau.” Red was on your other side, drowning his eggs in mustard.

Sans wrote down the answer and hummed over his crossword puzzle and picked at his own breakfast.

“As happy as I am to see you doing something productive at home, you could have chosen literally any other type of puzzle to do.” Papyrus sighed from his place opposite you.

“don’t have junior jumble in the human paper paps.” Sans said. “latin laws, five letters, last letter is an s.”

The table was silent except for the clatter of utensils on plates as breakfast was eaten.

“LEGES.” Black broke the quiet. Sans stared at him in surprise. “WHAT? I’M NOT A BABY BONES, I DO A CROSSWORD FROM TIME TO TIME!”

Sans filled in the word with a soft ‘huh’.

“aww, the junior jumble’s easy though.” Mutt chipped in. “i won a lotta bets un’ergroun’ ‘ith ‘ow fast i could finish it.”

Black raised a brow. “YOU TOOK BETS ON THAT CHILDISH GARBAGE? WHEN?”

Dots of magic sweat appeared on Mutt’s skull as he mumbled something and shoveled as many eggs into his mouth as he could.

“WHAT WAS THAT?” Black was staring in disbelief at his brother.

Mutt’s cheek bones were a soft burnt orange as he chewed at a painfully slow pace. Black stared down his sibling through narrowed

sockets.

“MUTT.”

“jus’ when snowdrake an’ is friends got too uppity when we played ‘n town.” Mutt blurted out around his eggs just as Black stood up.

“YOU!... YOU MADE BETS WITH THOSE URCHINS WHILE YOU WERE IN *STRIPES* ?! IS THAT WHY THEY WERE AFTER YOU ALL THE TIME?!”

The table was deadly silent as everyone pretended to stay out of the brother’s argument. You snuck a glance at Mutt’s face. He had finished what was in his mouth and was staring down the remaining food on his plate as if it held the secrets of the universe.

“uh, no… they uh… didn’ like me cuz’...i’dchaseem”ithsticks’nsnowdenfores’.”

Lavender was crawling up Black’s skull as he drilled metaphorical holes into his nervous brother.

“YOU INSTIGATED… WE WERE TARGETED BECAUSE OF YOU!”

“tha’s why i made bets… they’d lay off when i won.” Mutt scratched the back of his skull and stared at his plate. “i ‘as a stupid kid sans, i didn’--”

“ *WE,* WERE KIDS MUTT! I SPENT MY ENTIRE *CHILDHOOD* COVERING THE TARGETS ON OUR BACKS JUST TO FIND OUT YOU’RE THE ONE PAINTING THEM ON IN THE FIRST PLACE?!” Black threw his hands in the air and stomped from the room. Mutt clenched his jaw and stared into his plate again.

You lifted your head to look directly at him. You opened your mouth to try for something reassuring.

“‘m not ‘ungry.” He growled and teleported out. There was a collective sigh then the awkward recovery from witnessing a familial fight.

“uh, heh. four letters, effects of a spit take?” Sans rubbed the side of his nasal cavity with his pen. You scraped the last of your food into your mouth and stood.

“I HOPE YOU’RE NOT GOING TO GO LOOKING FOR THEM.” Edge

said from his seat.

You paused and swallowed your food. “I won’t.”

“liar.” Stretch muttered.

“she won’t.” G said as he stood and headed for the kitchen. “i need her help with something.”

“Yea…” You frowned and watched him leave. Looking down at Sans you pointed at his crossword. “Spew.” And with that, you pushed in your chair and escaped to the kitchen.

G was waiting by the sink, a knowing smirk on his cracked face.

“Do you even need help with anything?” You asked as you scrubbed off your dishes.

He shrugged and waited until you were done with the sink. “i’ll save ya a trip up the stairs if ya promise to let them be for a few hours.” He extended a hollow hand to you, wiggling his fingers as he did.

You contemplated his offer. Your leg felt fine right now, but one less trip on the stairs would be nice. Though you would have to sit and worry over Black and Mutt.

“do you like people coming in to talk ta ya after you’ve had a fight?” G prodded.

You pursed your lips and took his hand. “No.”

You were suddenly in the only guest room left. G had slept in the little room right next to yours during his stay. It was the only open room in the house. You could see why Blaire didn’t spend her week visit in there over Halloween though. It was small and more like a glorified storage closet, but there was a mattress behind all of the boxes that G was happy to use.

“Wow, they really didn’t clean the place up for you to watch the house did they?” You mused.

G shrugged and maneuvered around to pick up a single ratty pack from the mattress. “it’s a place ta sleep, that’s all i needed the room for.”

“Yea, but still.” You wrinkled your nose at a box labeled ‘tornado socks’ sitting on top of a precariously stacked tower of other boxes.

G chuckled and slung an arm around you so he could guide you out into the hall. ‘ya make faces like that, one day it’s gonna stick.”

“I’ll keep that in mind *dad* .” You teased.

He helped you down the stairs and out to the garage. Red was there, packing up his tool kit. “ya all set?” He asked G.

“yup.” G let go of you to strap his pack more securely to himself.

Aaand you remembered why you were sad this morning in the first place. G was leaving… again.

“nope,” He grabbed your arm and tilted your face up to look at him. “no water works this time. i’m not gonna go forever. we still gotta have a nice relaxing ride that doesn’t end in a trip ta the hospital.”

You took a deep breath and nodded as you fought back the tears that were threatening to leak out.

“i got your number, we’ll text too.” He went on. “i’m not gonna have ta hold you in place as i go again, right?”

That got a little laugh out of you. “No.”

“heh, good.” He grinned and pulled you into a tight hug. “things will get easier for ya angel,” He murmured into your hair, “ya got some good guys to help make sure of it.”

You nodded and G pulled away to hand you off to Red who had stayed standing nearby. With one final check over himself and his bike, G secured his helmet on and fired up his chopper. He turned and waved before rolling out of the garage and down the road. You and Red followed him out onto the driveway so you could watch him go.

“aww, thought ‘e said no waterworks.” Red teased as you turned to hide in his parka.

“Well he’s not here right now to stop me.” You say through the fluff of his hood and the tears choking you.

Red sighed and slowly wrapped his arms around you. You felt a few awkward pats on your back but he let you sob into his coat without complaint.

“wanna fuck aroun’ ‘n borderlands fer a bit?” He offered after you had calmed down.

You sniffed and let out a watery laugh as you pulled away from him. “Sure, lemme get a glass of water first.”

“kay.”

The two of you turned back towards the garage.

“wait… i should… i should get it fer ya… yea?” Red stopped in his tracks to look at you in confusion.

“What? The water? I can get it.” You were feeling just as confused at his concern.

“no… i should. right? i mean, yer feelin’... like that, an’ so i getcha whatcha need ta feel better… right?”

You couldn’t help but smile at your mate. He had so much trouble with most emotions, it warmed your soul to see him trying to understand. “Yea, okay. I’ll head up and meet you in my room then.”

“wait.”

“Hmm?”

“yer leg… shouldn’ i port ya ‘r somethin’?”

“I can make it up the stairs, might take me a minute, but I can do it.”

“oh.”

“You good Red?”

“... yea, i’ll get the water an’ if yer not in yer room before me i’ll port ya the rest ‘f the way.”

It sounded like he had made up his mind about that and he turned to resolutely flee through the garage and into the house. You shook your head and followed at a slower pace. By the time you made it halfway up the stairs, Red appeared at the top.

“claptrap ain’t gonna annoy ‘imself.” Red said, taking the necessary steps down to extend a hand. You took it and the stairs dropped out from under you to be replaced by your bedroom floor. Once your teleportation dizziness faded he asked that you hold on while he plumped and shuffled the pillows on your bed around. You moved to your closet. Standing outside had left you cold.

Opening the door, you jumped back at the sight of Mutt curled up on the floor of your closet. He had a sweater of yours in his arms and he appeared to be fast asleep.

“Uh, Mutt?”

He twitched awake, immediately springing into a crouch before his sockets were fully open. You stood stock-still as his glazed eye lights scrolled over you as if you were an actual threat and he was deciding whether he should attack or flee. Red called your name from your bed and Mutt blinked.

“‘ey duchess… sorry ‘bout snoozin’ in ‘ere.” His shoulders slumped and he relaxed out of his coiled position to sit on the floor. “needed a minute ‘s all.”

“You okay?” You crouched down to be on his level. Red could be heard crawling off of your bed.

“‘m fine,” He didn’t look fine. “c’n i hang out ‘n ‘ere a bit longer?”

“yer bein’ creepy dude.” Red was standing behind you now, with a raised brow bone, “an’ i know a thing ‘r two ‘bout bein’ creepy.”

Mutt growled and fiddled with your sweater that he still had a hold of.

“stars man, get out ‘ere, we’re gonna kill some psychos ‘n borderlands.” Red shifted behind you but didn’t advance on your miserable mate.

“You don’t have to play if you don’t want to.” You soothed. “You can just sit with us if you want.”

Mutt grumbled but rose to his feet. “did ya need somethin’ outta ‘ere?”

You had almost forgotten why you had come to your closet in the first place. “Oh! Uh, yea. I wanted a sweatshirt or something, it’s a bit co- okay thanks.”

Mutt handed you the sweater in his hands and slinked past you to your bed. You glanced back at Red who shrugged and also headed that direction. Pulling the sweater over your head you followed suit.

Red propped you up on the mountain of pillows next to him. Mutt did

his best to curl his lanky form onto your lap while using your stomach as a pillow. As you played through the campaign, you and Red bantered back and forth.

“badass behind ya.”

“Thanks I worked hard on it.”

“pfft, throwin’ down the turret, get over ‘ere fer some healin’.”

“Shit! You might have to come to me.”

“really? fuck doll, ‘ow much time ya got left?”

“Just run out here.”

“no.”

“Do it!”

“but my turret’s ‘ere!”

“No balls.”

“‘m a skeleton, a course i got no balls.”

“Well conjure a pair and get out here! I need a second wind!”

“jus’ fuck up one ‘f the guys over there.”

“Kinda hard when my screen is fading to black- aand I’m dead.”

Red snorted and ran his character past the enemies his turret had mowed down. “gotta stick wi’ me doll, ya may live longer.”

“I’m going to run you over with my car when I get back to where you are.” You spawn a vehicle and peel out to find him.

“do it, i dare ya.”

“I dare you to hold still.”

“i dare ya ta gimme that sweet pistol ya got last mission.”

“No! Go fuck yourself!”

“fuck me yerself coward! sides, ya use smgs an’ shotties.”

“It’s my side arm. Where are you?”

He laughed and ran his character out of a building towards your car. Mutt shifted in your lap but didn’t say anything as you chased Red around. He eventually climbed in with you and the two of you took off towards the mission area.

The noise the two of you were making drew the others in one by one. Stretch showed up first and settled in next to you on the bed. Sans poked his skull in to see what was happening before walking off with Blue. A few minutes later he teleported in to watch. Blue showed up a few minutes later with Papyrus both with arms full of snacks. Black came out of his room, it looked like he wanted to tell everyone to shut up but he hung around just inside your room to watch in the end. It wasn’t until later that Edge returned home from his shift. He grumbled at your unintentional gathering but didn’t say anything as he walked off to shower and change before piling on the bed to somehow lounge over the other’s feet.

Eventually, a small circle had formed on the floor next to your bed. Blue and Papyrus started it and Black, Stretch, and Edge joined because they had the snacks. Sans stole Stretch’s old spot next to you on the bed so he could interact with both groups. Mutt stayed stubbornly attached to your lap as you and Red continued to play.

“the whole onion?” Stretch asked. Blue had suggested playing truth or dare then promptly dared his brother to eat an onion.

“YES!” Stars were in Blue’s eyes as he stared down Stretch.

With a heavy sigh, Stretch blipped away only to return with an onion from the kitchen. He grimaced but took a huge bite that demolished half of the bulb. The crunching could be heard over the music and gun fire coming from your TV.

“Oof, I can smell that from here.” You say.

There came another crunching sound as he shoved the other half of the onion in his mouth. Sans chuckled at your side looking rather disgusted himself.

“ugh.” Stretch shivered and made a face before opening his mouth to show that he had indeed eaten the whole onion. Blue clapped and looked to Papyrus next to him.

“YOUR TURN!”

Papyrus tapped his chin thoughtfully “Hmmm, Sans? Truth or dare?”

“hit me with a truth paps.”

“What was your first impression of our mate here?”

You paused your game, you wanted to hear this. Sans turned to you and grinned.

“thought ya were weirdly chill ta accept two monsters inta your house so quickly. but i’m glad ya did.”

“Aww Sans.” You smile and bump your head against his.

“IT’S MY TURN NOW YES?” Edge cut in. Blue nodded.

“BLACK! TRUTH OR DARE?”

Black rolled his eye lights but answered. “DARE!”

A grin spread across Edge’s face. He pointed a sharp finger at Black then moved it to the door. “GO DOWN STAIRS AND FETCH THE GARBAGE FROM THE KITCHEN! YOU MUST BRING IT BACK AND NAME EVERYTHING IN IT!”

“Can we not get garbage all over my floor?” You asked.

“I WON’T NEED TO FETCH THE GARBAGE,” Black smirked at Edge and crossed his arms. “EVERYTHING IN THERE IS NAMED AFTER YOU.”

Edge snarled and moved to stand. Black also jumped to his feet.

“LET’S MOVE ON!” Blue leapt up to elbow his way between the two monsters. You felt Mutt tense and his skull tilted up from your stomach but he remained where he was. Red was watching the interaction between his brother and Black carefully as well.

Blue managed to talk the pair back to their places and the game resumed.

“okay princess, truth or dare?” Sans elbowed you and grinned.

You narrowed your eyes at him. It was a total toss up with Sans. He would either ask for something easy and funny, or he could hit you with a hard question or task. “Daaare.” You finally decided.

Sans chuckled and cracked open a soda then handed it to you. “i wanna hear ya burp the abcs.” He said.

With a sigh of relief, you accepted the soda and did your best. You couldn’t do that thing where one could swallow air and burp on command, so you had to use carbonated drinks to help you along. It got a little difficult near the end but you managed it. Sans and Red were full on laughing as you went. Mutt wasn’t any help as he discovered he could help or hinder your progress by pushing his face into your stomach that was full of carbonation.

“Uhg, okay, I guess it’s my turn.” You thumped your chest in an attempt to help settle the soda. “Red, truth or dare?

Red stared at you, “truth.” He finally said.

“COWARD!” Edge rolled his eyes at his brother.

“don’ feel like gettin’ up ‘s all.” Red shrugged.

You had expected him to say dare so you had to re-think what you wanted. “Uh, okay. What is the longest amount of time you have left something edible on the floor for before picking it up and eating it anyway?”

All eyes were on Red as he thought.

“I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THIS!” Edge grumbled.

“great, cuz i sure don’t” Red said with a thoughtful frown.

Every eye shifted to Edge who looked thoroughly disgusted to be sharing this information. “YOU DROPPED A HOT DOG UNDER YOUR PET ROCK’S CAGE AND LEFT IT THERE FOR *THREE DAYS* !”

“oh yea.” Red chuckled and scratched the back of his skull.

“I STILL CAN’T BELIEVE YOU ATE IT! REPULSIVE!” From the looks on a few of the other skeleton’s faces, several of your mates agreed.

“it wasn’ like rock ‘as gonna eat it.” Red said.

“OF COURSE NOT! ROCK ATE THUMB TACKS!”

“yea… it looked okay when i picked it up… nothin’ growin’ on it ‘r anythin.”

Edge scoffed and reached for a handful of popcorn. Welp, you got your answer.

“a’right doll, truth ‘r dare?” Red growled.

“I just did one before you!” You protested.

“heh, that ‘as classic’s turn, this ‘s mine.”

You looked around for help, but you were met with shrugs. Some looked interested in what Red would ask of you. Rolling your eyes you sighed out your choice. “Dare.”

A sharp grin spread over his features making you rethink your decision. “i dare ya ta eat whatever i feed ya while yer blindfolded.”

“red.” Sans growled in warning.

“i’s gonna be food! geez classic, get yer ‘ead on strait.” Red glanced at you to make sure you were on board.

You shrugged, “Need me to find a blind fold?”

Red started to nod when Mutt sat up in your lap. He wordlessly dug around in the pocket of his duster then produced a strip of thick dark fabric about the length and width of your arm. Red snorted and teleported away. Mutt stared at the cloth in his hands then glanced at you, “c’n i?”

You laughed and nodded. Mutt leaned closer and covered your eyes, tying the ends around the back of your head in quick decisive motions. “Do you always carry a blindfold around with you?” You asked. “I’m not judging, I just wasn’t expecting you to have one on hand.”

There was no response from your mate. You felt him settle on your lap again and the mattress dipped signaling Red’s return.

“ya ready?” He sounded way too excited to feed you something. You nodded anyway and opened your mouth. A cold spoon bumped into your lower lip and you opened wider to accept it.

Oh! It was ice cream. You eagerly closed your mouth and tasted the sweet dessert as Red pulled the spoon out.

Wait.

You grimaced and tried to glare at where you thought Red was in relation to you. “Is that mustard?” You ask around the melting ice cream and its less than savory topping. You heard him chuckle, which was answer enough. “Bleh.” You made a face but forced down the bite. “That’s not going to mix well with the soda.”

The blindfold was untied and removed from your face. Red dropped it onto Mutt who slipped it back into his pocket from his place curled on top of your legs. Red handed you your glass of water then settled back in his seat next to you.

“Mutt, do you want a turn?” You asked after you gulped down the water.

He shrugged and flung his arm out to point at the group sitting next to your bed. “truth ‘r dare.” He mumbled.

“ARE YOU ASKING ME?” Edge stared at Mutt’s outstretched arm. Mutt shrugged again, he wasn’t even looking. His sockets were closed. Edge stared for a moment longer, then decided. “TRUTH.”

The room was quiet except for the music coming from the paused game on your screen. Mutt’s sockets were closed and he had curled his arm back against himself. You tapped at his skull and was just about to ask if he was awake still when he spoke up.

“‘f ya ‘ad ta pick one ‘f us ta have a threesome ‘ith duchess ‘ere, who’d it be?”

Edge’s skull began to glow, Black let out a screech, and Stretch twisted around from his place on the floor to give Mutt a weird look.

“NO ONE! OUR TIME TOGETHER IS PRIVATE!” Edge shouted.

“i get it, but ‘f ya *had* ta choose.” Mutt pressed.

Edge ground his teeth and his eye lights darted around the room. He seemed to be both sizing each of your mates up and avoiding eye contact with everyone at the same time. “Red.” He finally grumbled and shoved a handful of popcorn into his mouth.

You raised your brows and looked around at Red who was staring at his brother in shock. His eye lights darted to you then to the controller in his lap. “i’s hypothetical doll, don’ worry.” He muttered and fiddled with the zipper on his parka.

“my turn, blue. truth or dare?” Stretch didn’t hesitate to ask his brother and break the tension in the room.

“GIVE ME YOUR WORST DARE BROTHER!” Blue crowed, sounding almost as excited to change the subject as his sibling.

“smell my onion breath.”

You snorted and burst out laughing at the look of disgust on Blue’s face as he crawled across the circle. Stretch happily exhaled on him then unwrapped a caramel apple sucker for himself. Blue waved at the air in front of his face and retreated back to his spot with a grimace.

Stretch pointed at Black with his sweet. “your turn.”

Black rolled his eye lights. “MUTT, TRUTH OR DARE.”

Little droplets of magic sweat immediately dotted Mutt’s skull from his place in your lap. He made a small attempt to hide in your stomach but gave up at a sharp bark from Black. You were worried that Black would attempt to pull more information out of Mutt about their time underground like what had accidentally slipped out at breakfast. Before you could say anything, Mutt made up his mind.

“dare.”

Black appeared disappointed, but he stood and crossed the circle to the bed. “SWITCH PLACES WITH ME!”

You could feel Mutt go still and tighten his hold on your hips where he had one arm around them. For a second you thought he would argue, but his weight shifted and he dragged himself off of the bed and over to where Black had previously been sitting. Black removed his boots and pushed Sans’s legs out of the way so he could crawl up on the bed and sit in your lap.

The game continued.

You learned that Red used to cook in his spare time underground and that was why he was a wonder at the barbecue. You watched all of your mates somehow pile on top of Papyrus because Edge didn’t believe he could hold everyone up on his back while he was in a plank position. The skeleton in your lap was swapped out several times and you even ended up in a lap with someone in yours for a few turns.

Mutt put on a convincing show of seducing a pillow that had been

thrown at him, and Stretch had to suggest another name for your fish other than fish (you weren't impressed that his suggestion was fishy). Sans had to talk about hot dogs for a minute straight without using any puns, and you shared an embarrassing story about the only time you had signed up for a talent show in middle school. Blue swapped his bandanna for your sweater at some point and Black had to make a smoothie for Edge.

"MY TURN AGAIN!" Blue called out from his place lying prone on the floor. He had been dared to be Black's foot rest last turn. "I DARE EVERYONE TO LEAVE SO MAIDEN CAN GET HER LEG EXERCISES IN TODAY!"

You groaned along with a few of your other mates, but let Stretch off of your lap as he and the others trickled out. Blue got up and removed your sweater from himself and moved to stand at the edge of your bed. You scooted over to sit so your feet would be flat on the floor.

"ARMS UP!" He instructed.

You blinked but did as you were told. "I thought we were working on my leg?"

"YOU NEED TO ROUTINELY STRETCH EVERY PART OF YOU!" Blue insisted. "NOW TWIST."

Shrugging, you mirrored all of Blue's positions. He helped to push you deeper into the ones involving your legs. Your old flexibility from the dance competition was coming back as your strength inevitably returned.

"Done!" You sighed in relief and flopped back onto your mattress.

"NOT YET MAIDEN, WHAT ABOUT MY PAYMENT?" Blue leaned over you and tugged at his bandanna still sitting around your neck.

"Gotta come to me for it." You say, not wanting to get up again.

Blue rolled his eyes but sank down to press his teeth to your lips. His minty magic woke you up and urged you to respond in earnest. You reached up and rested your arms over his shoulders, inviting him to settle his weight onto you.

"MAIDEN." Blue broke away, "NOW THAT YOU'VE DONE YOUR EXERCISES, I BELIEVE IT'S TIME FOR A PHYSICAL."

You giggled and thoughtfully ran your hands over his back. “What about you? You need to be in peak condition to work on me.”

Blue snorted and nuzzled your cheek. “I’M YOUR DOCTOR, I ALREADY HAVE THE QUALIFICATIONS TO WORK ON YOU…” At your sound of disappointment he chuckled. “BUT IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BECOME MY NURSE, I’M SURE I COULD FIND A PATIENT FOR YOU TO PRACTICE ON.”

“Yea?” You bit your lip as cool magic sparked off of your collar bone.

“OF COURSE!” Blue pulled away and stood to smooth down his shirt and offer you a hand up. “A GOOD NURSE PRACTICES CLEANLINESS IN ORDER TO NOT INFECT A PATIENT. GO SHOWER AND I’LL FETCH YOU YOUR UNIFORM.”

You blinked and let him help you off of the bed. “You actually got the lingerie?”

“DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH LOOKING THE PART?” Blue led you down the hall to the bathroom.

“Nope, I was just going to suggest something higher quality than Spencer’s.”

“MWEH HEH, DON’T WORRY MAIDEN, I ONLY GET THE BEST FOR YOU!” And with that, he pushed you into the bathroom and shut the door behind the two of you.

“NOW BEFORE YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF A PATIENT, I MUST MAKE SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THE DEMANDS OF NURSING!” With one hand, Blue plucked at the knot of his bandana around your neck. It loosened and the fabric was pulled off of you in one quick motion. “AS I SAID BEFORE, YOU NEED TO HAVE A PHYSICAL NOW THAT YOU’VE EXERCISED.”

You smiled and leaned against the sink. “A physical huh?”

Blue nodded at you and grinned. “STRIP.”

Chapter End Notes

Heh, truth or dare my dears?

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Everything is Blue*

Chapter Summary

You never knew the stars had a flavor until you first kissed him.

Chapter Notes

I have smut for you. I'm not entirely sure how good this chapter is, but I gave it a shot! I try not to have any plot relevant bits in my smut chapters so feel free to skip if you aren't comfortable with the smexy times.

Smut themes:
Role play
Lingerie/costumes
Wall sex

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“STRIP.”

You blinked at the command then smiled. “Doctor’s orders?”

Blue chuckled and moved over to the shower and began to run the water, feeling it for a good temperature. “I WON’T ASK TWICE.”

A thrill ran through you and you began to pull off your clothes. Blue watched you out of the corner of his socket as he finished getting the shower ready. When the last of your clothes hit the floor, he stood and moved toward you. His eye lights flicked to stars then back to his large blue eye lights as he circled you, inspecting and humming in contemplation but never touching you.

You felt a sense of dejavu as this was essentially what you did to him when the two of you had gone shopping before the beach trip.

When he came back around to your front, he reached out to trail a distal up your side from your hip. His eye lights were focused on your face the entire time, what he was searching for, you weren’t sure. The hot steam from the shower was starting to permeate the bathroom.

Blue’s touch halted under your breasts, the light touch pressing into your skin just enough to poke at your ribs underneath.

“PATIENT DOES WELL UNDER SCRUTINY.” Blue noted, “LIGHT STIMULATION OF THEIR SKIN PRODUCES LITTLE RESPONSE.”

Were you supposed to respond? You blinked then sucked in a breath as Blue’s hand cupped your breast. His thumb rubbed a slow circle around your nipple and he stepped closer. “ADDITIONAL STIMULATION SEEMS TO GARNER A REACTION, MORE RESEARCH IS NEEDED TO UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT THE PATENT RESPONDS TO.”

The hand not on your breast pulled your head down so he could kiss you. His cold magic contrasted with the warm damp air around you.

“YOU MUST UNDERSTAND.” Blue murmured against your lips. “I WILL HOLD YOU TO A VERY HIGH STANDARD IF YOU ARE TO BE MY NURSE.”

You hummed assent and reached out to grab a hold of him. His assault on your nipple was getting to you. The heat from the shower wasn’t the only thing making you warm as he ran both of his hands down to rest on your bare hips.

“YOU’RE DOING GREAT, I JUST NEED TO INSPECT ONE MORE THING, THOUGH I’LL NEED VERBAL PERMISSION TO DO SO.” His fingers dipped down to brush over your pubic mound before returning to your hips. He pulled away from you so he could look into your eyes. “MAY I?” He asked.

You took a deep breath and smiled down at him. “You may.”

The stars were back in Blue’s eye lights and he pushed you back and helped you up onto the counter. He had the forethought to grab a towel for you to sit on as he pressed himself between your legs. You wrapped your arms around his neck as he leaned up to kiss you.

There was a definite bite to his magic this time around as he kissed you, his sky blue tongue pushed its way into your mouth to muffle your soft moans as he tilted you back enough for him to run his fingers experimentally around your nether lips.

You shuddered at the light touches and did your best to adjust to give him better access. It was surprisingly hard to do. Blue had a commanding hold with his other arm around your back.

He broke away from your kiss and growled into your neck. “PATIENCE NURSE, I MUST DO A FULL PHYSICAL TO SEE IF THERE

IS ANYTHING YOU NEED IN ORDER TO WORK FOR ME.”

You huffed and gripped the back of his shirt. “I think I know exactly what is needed.”

The fingers trailing around your slit slowed but didn’t completely stop. “YOU THINK YOU KNOW BETTER THAN YOUR DOCTOR?”

You pressed your face into the top of his skull. “Let’s just say I know a thing or two about this condition. Trust your nurse.”

It was Blue’s turn to hum and his fingers slid closer to your entrance. “ONLY BECAUSE I TRUST YOU.”

His teeth sent tingles of pleasure through where he pressed them to your neck and he eased two fingers into your waiting cunt. You sighed and held on as he prodded and scissored his fingers inside of you. Blue was incredibly perceptive and adjusted his motions based on your noises and the pressure of your legs around his ribs. You felt him smile against your chest when his exploring phalanges landed on that little bundle of nerves inside of you making you cry out.

You clung to him, trying to muffle your moans in the side of his skull as he pressed into you again and again. The coil of pleasure was wound tight and you groaned in frustration as he removed his fingers from you before it could spring.

“Blue!” You added voice to your frustration and huffed as he chuckled.

“NURSE IS WILLING TO TALK BACK AND ASK FOR WHAT THEY WANT.” He leaned up to capture your mouth. His fingers still covered in your slick grazed up your slit and pressed down on your swollen clit. “CONGRATULATIONS, YOU PASSED.”

You had been close before, so it didn’t take much pressure or movement to tip you over the edge. Your walls clenching and fluttering around nothing, leaving you wanting more. Blue kept a firm hold on you, dampening your cries with his mouth and withdrawing his fingers from your clit as you came down. Through lidded eyes, you watched him raise his hand to his mouth and lick your release clean from his phalanges.

He noticed your scrutiny and returned his whole attention to you. “I SHALL GO GET YOUR PATIENT READY FOR YOU, PLEASE SHOWER AND COME TO THE PATIENT’S ROOM WHEN YOU ARE CLEAN!” He

smiled brightly and helped you off of the counter and into the shower. “DON’T TAKE TOO LONG!” He called around the curtain.

You assured him that you wouldn’t and the sound of the door opening and closing again could be heard from around your shower curtain. You leaned against the wall and let the hot water run over you. This was not how you had expected your afternoon to go, but you were not going to complain about it. Blue had taken such good care of you during your healing process. He dressed your bandages when they had needed it, brought you food and comfort, and helped you around the house as your bones were slowly stitched back together with magic.

Smiling, you pushed away from the wall and reached for your body wash.

“MAIDEN?” Blue’s voice came from outside of the bathroom. “CAN I COME BACK IN?”

“Yea!” You replied and continued to wash. The door opened and closed again and you heard him lay some things out on the counter. Most likely the nurse outfit.

“MAIDEN I’M SORRY!” Blue blurted out.

You frowned and rinsed the suds from your body. “What for?” There was a pause on the other side of the curtain.

“YOU KNOW HOW WE TALKED ABOUT ROLE PLAY?”

You hummed in acknowledgment.

“WELL I’VE BEEN READING, AND I KNOW THAT WE’VE PRACTICED IN NON-INTIMATE WAYS BEFORE THIS, BUT…” You heard his feet shuffle on the tiles. “I JUMPED INTO EARLIER WITHOUT ESTABLISHING SOME THINGS WITH YOU AND I WANTED TO APOLOGISE FOR THAT.”

You blinked and bit back a giggle. Blue knew what he liked and wanted. He could be impulsive but he was also considerate of the people around him. “Don’t worry about it Blue, I’m not upset.”

There was a sigh of relief and Blue’s voice went right back to his chipper tone as he lined out his desires and asked for your own. He also let you know that there would be two sets of clothing on the counter when you got out of the shower. It was up to you to decide if the two of you would go any further today.

“I’LL BE IN MY ROOM MAIDEN, PLEASE COME IN WHEN YOU ARE DONE HERE. WHICHEVER WAY YOU DECIDE!” And with that, he left again.

You giggled and went about finishing up your shower. True to his word, there were two sets of clothing on the counter when you got out. One was a short nurse uniform, and the other was just a clean set of casual clothes from your closet. Blue had explained that you should have something clean to change into if you ended up not wanting to play with him after your shower.

With a smile you picked up the nurse outfit. This sounded fun, and you were going to get to have more control over the situation than with Edge. It was nice to be taken care of, but here you would be able to put up more of a fight before surrendering.

The nurse costume was basically an oversized button down that just barely covered your ass and was form fitting to your shape. The hem of the low collar was trimmed in red, as was the edges of the short sleeves and pockets. The little buttons running down the front were the same shade. A red circle with a white cross in it adorned the left breast and the center of the nurse’s cap. There was a headband that would secure the cap to your head as well but that was it, there was no underwear to go with the outfit.

Your hair was still wet from the shower but you did your best to towel it dry and brush some life into it before securing the cap on and scooping up the other set of clean clothes.

It was time to make it the short distance from the bathroom to Blue’s room. Taking a deep breath, you cracked open the door and peeked out into the hallway. With no one in sight you eased out and darted the short distance to Blue’s door. Glancing down at yourself, you smoothed the costume down and knocked on the door before remembering that he had said to just go in when you were ready.

Pushing open his door, you stepped inside and shut it behind you. “Hello, I will be your nurse today while the doctor is out.” You said into the dim room. The lamp on Blue’s bed side table was on, and the stars on his ceiling glowed but no other light was on and the curtains to his window were drawn.

A soft groan came from the bed and you made your way over. Blue lay on top of his blankets in his old armor he came to this universe in. You picked up a clipboard that was next to his lamp and set your

other clothes down where it had been. A single piece of paper was on the clipboard. You looked it over then turned your attention to your mate.

“Patient has just returned from battle.” You said, noting what was written on the paper. Leaning down over him, you felt at his skull. “Patient shows signs of a fever, first priority is cooling him down and finding the point of infection.”

Setting aside the clipboard, you began to work at the bandanna around Blue’s neck. He groaned beneath you as he lay, seemingly passed out in his bed. As you worked off his bandanna and armor, his sockets fluttered open and he stared up at you.

“I-I NEED TO DELIVER MY REPORT TO THE CAPTAIN!” He groaned out.

“Hush now, you can deliver your report when I’m done with you.” You successfully removed the bandana then worked at this armor. Blue shifted and rolled around to make it easier and soon enough you had laid him bare from the waist up.

Leaning down over him, you slid your fingers around his cervical vertebrae just under his jaw to where he would have had a pulse if he was human. There was nothing to beat against your fingers but you pretended to take his pulse and temperature anyway.

“Heart rate is normal, but the fever remains.” You said and trailed your hands down over his ribs. Blue whimpered and squirmed but remained supine with his sockets closed. Reaching the end of his ribcage you dropped a hand to his spine, rubbing and exploring the stacked bones while working your way up into his rib cage.

“HNNGH!” Blue groaned and a hand flew up to grab your wrist. You froze, unsure if this was part of his act or if you had actually hurt him. “HEAL ME.” Blue pleaded.

“Are you injured here?” You asked as you curled your fingers around his spine. He nodded vigorously and pretended to faint, his grip on your wrist going slack. With a grin, you squeezed and rubbed at his spine. He did his best to stay still for you, but as you continued to ‘heal’ him, his face slowly colored with his magic. There was an obvious tent forming in his pants as well but you weren’t after that yet.

You kissed an injury away on his sternum, rubbed a wound into

nonexistence on his spine, and whispered into the side of his skull to make the sounds of battle fade from his tortured mind.

“MM-N-NURSE, I’M DYING. PLEASE PASS ALONG MY REPORT!” He gasped and reached up to yank you down to him. “L-LET ME WHISPER IT TO YOU.” His teeth found your lips and his magic shot cold sparks into your system.

Pushing against him, you managed to pull away. “Take your report to your superior yourself, patient. I can still save you.”

“HOW?” Blue groaned and pawed at the front of your uniform.

You hummed and pulled away more so you could look down over him. “It appears you have some swelling here.” You grazed your hand over the front of his pants. “It looks to be severe, but I know a way to take care of it.”

“IT’S TOO LATE NURSE! I CAN ALREADY FEEL MYSELF SLIPPING AWAY!” Blue gripped at your arms, reeling you in again for another kiss.

“I can… save you.” You murmured against his mouth between kisses. You were leaning over him from the side of the bed still so you were able to free a hand and reach down to blindly work at his pants. You managed the button and zipper but he was laying down, you couldn’t get them off like this.

Before you could formulate a way to get him to help you take them off, Blue let go of you completely. You reeled backward as he moaned and pushed at his pants. “NURSE! PLEASE!” He called out.

“You need to lie back.” You said, regaining your composure.

“B-BUT!”

“I’ll need to restrain you if you cannot follow orders, patient.”

Blue calmed a little at that, though he continued to whimper. You sighed, but you were now free to work off his pants. “Calm yourself, this won’t hurt a bit.” You murmured as you tossed the last of his clothing over your shoulder.

You took the time to examine the magical phallus standing at attention for you. He didn’t have the length that Edge or Papyrus had but he was definitely thicker. There was even a distinct ridge running

round the base of his head making a pleasant ring that you were excited to experience.

“Swelling has manifested in the pelvis.” You noted and ran a finger up from his base to the ridge. “I will need to draw the infected magic out.” He groaned and thrashed around on the mattress at your touch. Without hesitation you grabbed at his wrists and climbed on top of him to hold him down. “I told you that you would have to be restrained if you couldn’t lie still.”

The lingerie did not come with a pair of panties. It mostly covered your hips and ass, but there was nothing to actually clothe you down there. As you wrestled Blue to stillness, you could feel his sky blue member as it poked and rubbed against your slit. It made it difficult to concentrate on staying in character but somehow you managed.

“Come now, you’re an experienced soldier, you should be able to handle a bit of discomfort.” You teased.

Blue’s eye lights flashed and he hooked his legs around yours. He managed to flip the two of you over without rolling off of the bed which was impressive in its own right. He smirked down at your shocked face. “I *AM* AN EXPERIENCED SOLDIER, WHICH MEANS I OUT RANK YOU NURSE. NOW HEAL ME SO I CAN GET BACK TO MY DUTIES!”

As he spoke, you managed to get yourself positioned to roll him back over. His dick slid against your entrance as you did. You were glad that he didn’t resist much, or you would have not been able to roll him back over with that distraction.

Taking a deep breath, you leaned down close to his face and returned his smirk. “You’re in *my* ward soldier, your rank means nothing here.” And with that you hopped off of him and stepped away from the bed as if you were going to leave. “But if you’re so experienced, I guess I could just let you take care of yourself.” You tossed over your shoulder and began to walk towards the door.

You didn’t see him get out of bed, as your back was turned. But Blue could really move when he wanted to. His foot falls closed the space between the two of you and you found yourself spun around and shoved up against the wall.

“HEAL ME NURSE.” He demanded.

You stared at him in what you hoped was an unimpressed look. “Fine,

but I will be submitting a report to your captain about your attitu-."

Blue smashed his teeth to your lips. His minty magic biting into the sensitive flesh and cutting you off. Your hands flew to his shoulders as he dragged the fabric of your costume up to sit around your waist.

"This mmn… i-is a very new... and experimental procedureahh~!" You managed to spit out a line as Blue allowed your mouth to be free of his. It didn't help that his fingers were back at work between your legs, prepping and massaging your insides.

"I DON'T CARE, USE WHATEVER METHOD YOU NEED TO TAKE THIS PAIN FROM ME." Blue growled against your mouth. His ministrations ceased so he could scoop your legs out from under you and settle them over his hip bones. You squeaked but let him do it. Your back was still firmly against his wall so there was no danger of falling.

"Never say I didn't do anything for you." You grumbled and reached around so you could line him up to your entrance. Blue laughed and held you up so you could slide him over your slit in preparation. His large eye lights were fixed on your face as you nodded to let him know he could press into you.

You shared a sigh with him as he stretched you out. Before he buried his face into your chest you could have sworn his eye lights had been heart shaped. The ridge circling his head dragged deliciously at your walls as he made small thrusts to work himself all the way in.

Blue let out a satisfied groan as he settled his pelvis against yours and leaned against you. It was an oddly comfortable position, being trapped between the wall and your mate. The wall did most of the work at keeping you upright and Blue had full control over how close he could press up against you.

Blue lifted his skull to look into your eyes. "MAI-NURSE?" You hummed and trailed kisses down the side of his skull. "CAN WE MOVE TO THE NEXT STEP IN THE PROCEDURE?"

You smiled and nodded. "I'll have you healed in no time." There was very little room for you to move in your position so you had to rely on Blue to do it for you… which wasn't an issue because as soon as you finished speaking, he began to move.

Your hands dragged up the back of his spine, squeezing and pressing into his bones as he worked. Blue growled in response and thrust

harder. His hands dug into the meat of your ass as he supported you against the wall.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Red's voice made you squeak as he shouted through the wall separating his and Blue's room. "find another wall 'fore i come in 'ere an' take over!"

You couldn't help but let out a breathy laugh which turned into a moan as Blue huffed and sank his teeth into your shoulder. There came a faint curse from the other room then a thud. Blue chuckled into your shoulder then stepped away from the wall.

He easily supported you as he turned and walked the two of you over to his bed. Without pulling out of you, he stepped up onto his mattress and sank down so he could lay you back onto the covers.

"THOUGHT THIS WAS A PRIVATE OPERATING ROOM." Blue teased as he leaned down and kissed you.

With a laugh, you kissed back and rocked your hips up against him. "Mostly private… do you still want your treatment?"

Blue grinned against your mouth, his cool magic sending waves of tingling energy through you. "YES." The word came out in a primal growl and he began to thrust into you once again.

You gasped and clung to him. That ridge circling his dick dragged in just the right way against your walls and Blue seemed to know it. If you weren't right in the middle of being nailed to his mattress, you would have been impressed with just how easily Blue was able to adjust and drag out your pleasure based seemingly only off of your body language.

For that reason, you ended up on your side with one leg hooked over Blue's shoulder. Exactly when that happened, you had no idea. All you knew was Blue was in the driver's seat and he could move and change your position with ease.

"N-NURSE? NURSE… MAIDEN, I WANT TO FINISH MMN… WILL YOU CUM WITH ME?" He turned his head and pressed his teeth to your calf as he slowed his pace.

"Go for it love." You moaned out.

“NOT WITHOUT YOU.” He replied.

You jerked and threw your head back as he reached down to rub at your clit. Blue cursed and your nerves ignited at the rush of magic flooding your insides. The contrast of his cool magic against your heated walls along with his thumb still rolling over your clit made your toes curl and your body convulse in pleasure.

You weren’t sure when he had dropped your leg and pulled out, but you were thankful for the water bottle being handed to you. “Are… are you healed?” You panted and propped yourself up on your elbows to drink the water.

“MWEH HEH HEH! ALMOST DEAR NURSE!” Blue had also pulled out a hand towel and an orange. You were still sipping your water so he set the towel aside to peel the orange and feed you slices. “I DO FEEL MUCH BETTER, BUT I THINK ANOTHER TREATMENT IS REQUIRED BEFORE I CAN GET BACK INTO THE FIELD.”

You hummed and eyed the magic still protruding from his pelvis. “I believe you’re right.”

Blue grinned and set the orange rind aside. A second hand towel was procured and he wiped the citrus from his phalanges. He set down the second towel and pressed you back down into his mattress. Plucking up the first and clean towel, he shuffled down to settle in between your legs.

“IT APPEARS THAT I’LL NEED TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE LAUNDRY ROOM BEFORE I CAN RESUME DUTIES.” He grinned at you and began to gently wipe you clean.

“Mmn, well it’s not the cleanest of treatments, do you have an issue with my methods?” You closed your eyes and let Blue take care of you.

“NOT AT ALL! I WAS SIMPLY MAKING AN OBSERVATION.” You heard the towel drop to the floor and Blue’s hands fell to your hips.

You let out a happy sigh as he rubbed little circles around them and began to work his way up. The nurse costume was bunched up around your waist still. Blue took a hold of it and began to undo the buttons, working from the bottom up.

Popping the last button, he parted the fabric hiding your body from him and slipped his arms around your back. You were pulled up and

into his lap so he could tug the rest of the costume off. You laughed and pulled the skewed headband off as well. “No one will know that I’m your nurse now.” You teased and ran your hands over the pristine bones of his torso.

“OH THEY’LL KNOW, DO NOT WORRY.” Blue murmured. He held you up on his lap with one hand and kneaded at your breast with the other. His teeth grazed over your collar bones leaving behind little tingles of minty magic.

“MAIDEN?”

“Mmm?”

“I KNOW THE OTHERS DID WHEN YOU WERE WITH THEM BUT… MAY I SCENT MARK YOU?”

“What, you haven’t already?”

Blue leaned back to direct your face down to look at him. His eye lights were huge, the magic almost filled both sockets. “I WANT TO,” He said. “BUT I WANT YOU TO WANT ME TO AS WELL.” He tilted your head to the side so he could nuzzle into your neck. “SO MAY I?”

You smiled and kissed where you could reach his skull. “You may.”

He grinned and all but dragged your face down the rest of the way to kiss you. At the same time, he tilted forward so you were laying back on his bed with him over you. Fingers prodded at your entrance, testing to see if you were ready to take him again.

“THANK YOU MAIDEN… NOW, ABOUT THAT TREATMENT.”

You laughed and helped him line back up with you, sighing as he pushed his way back in. “Ahh… I told you before that this was mmn, an experimental proceduurrre~.”

“I’M OKAY WITH EXPERIMENTING.” Blue said and leaned back. He grabbed both of your ankles and brought them up to rest against one of his shoulders. Being mindful of your freshly healed leg, he gripped your calves and thrust into you, his pace, fast and hard.

He nibbled at your calves and stroked your thighs, drawing out your moans. Cool minty magic stained your skin every place he touched. The cold only served to drive you further into his hands. You lost track of how many times he moved you into a different position, how

many times his teeth bruised your skin, and how many times he had you calling out his name as he pushed you over the edge of bliss. Everything was permeated with his scent and you were lost in the sky blue of his eye lights.

The two of you ended up on the floor at some point, panting and utterly spent. How he managed to procure another towel to help clean you up was a mystery to you. He even stripped the blanket off of his bed to reveal his comforter underneath.

“COME NURSE, YOU NEED TO REST AFTER SUCH A LONG TREATMENT.”

You snorted, but managed to pull yourself up off of his carpet and over to the bed. Taking the towel from him, you gently wiped down his pelvis, now devoid of magic.

“Treatment was successful, the swollen magic has been taken care of.” You took a deep breath and pulled him under the covers with you. “I’ll need to keep you here overnight for observation… just in case.”

No complaint was forthcoming as you settled down. Blue came to a rest on top of you, his skull pillowed on your chest. “REST WELL MAIDEN, I LOVE YOU!”

You smiled into the darkness. “Love you too Blue.”

Chapter End Notes

> Baby Blue is just a term, it isn't reality friends ^_^. Our sweet boy is an adult with adult wants and needs. He just so happens to like to add a little imagination to his play time.
>
> We are half way through our mates but over halfway done with the story. I better kick things up huh? ;)
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Only Half-Past the Point of No Return

Chapter Notes

> Heeey, updating real quick from my phone so if things are weird, that's why. If things go well tonight then I'll fix any weirdness in the morning, of not, I'll get to it when it does get better so, sorry in advance.

Consciousness came slowly. You drifted in and out of sleep until the need to pee drove you to getting up. Blue was nowhere to be seen, but a clean set of clothes and a note sat on his bedside table.

GOOD MORNING MAIDEN!

DEPENDING ON HOW LONG YOU REST. I WILL EITHER BE OUT ON MY MORNING RUN OR IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING BREAKFAST FOR US! PLEASE COME DOWN WHEN YOU ARE READY.

XOXO ~ BLUE

You smiled and got dressed, tucking his note into the pocket of your pants and made your way to the bathroom to relieve yourself. As you opened the bathroom door to head to the kitchen, you came face to face with Red.

“do i ‘ave a chance ‘ith ya down the road?”

You blinked at the sudden question.

“Uh, yea?”

Red’s eyelights scrolled over you from head to toe before nodding to himself. “kay… i wanna date… later, when ya don’ stink a the blueberry.”

“That sounds good.” You smiled and reached out to him.

Red stepped back and sniffed. “good… i’ll uh, let ya know more later… ‘bout that date ‘n stuff.”

You dropped your hand and nodded. Red nodded back then vanished. Shaking your head, you headed for the stairs. It was still a little awkward getting down the steps with your leg and your sore body from being thoroughly fucked, but you could do it without assistance

and look mostly normal as you descended so it was something at least.

Entering the kitchen, you found Blue as promised at the stove. There was a small stack of pancakes next to him that promised to get taller based on the large bowl of batter still over half full on his other side. What surprised you was the presence of Jack in the kitchen, sitting at the breakfast bar with a cup of coffee in hand.

“Hey Jack, I didn’t know you were coming over.” You greeted him as you crossed the room to give Blue a hug and kiss from behind.

Jack smiled and waved at you. “I’m picking up one of your boyfriends for a drive around town.”

It all clicked together. “Edge?”

“Yup.”

“How’s he doing driving manual?”

Jack shrugged. “Ehh, I’d give him a few more weeks before you let him take you somewhere.”

You laughed and fixed yourself a cup of coffee. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

“COME GET SOME PANCAKES BEFORE YOU GO JACK!” Blue called out from the stove. “MAIDEN, WOULD YOU GET THE SYRUP OUT PLEASE?”

Jack perked up at the invitation for food and got up to grab a plate while you dug through the pantry for the syrup. “You like peanut butter on your pancakes right?” You popped your head out to look at your friend. He nodded and speared a few pancakes onto his plate. You grabbed the peanut butter and followed him back over to the breakfast bar to deposit your burden before grabbing your own breakfast.

As you chatted with Jack, Edge entered the kitchen. He glanced over yourself and your friend on his way to take some pancakes off of the growing stack, then joined you.

“I WOULD LIKE TO DRIVE MY CAR TODAY.” He said.

Jack raised a brow as he chewed, so you answered your mate. “You sure you want to take your brand new car out when you’re not totally

comfortable with how it works?”

Edge sniffed and poured a small amount of syrup over his breakfast. “HOW ELSE AM I GOING TO GET COMFORTABLE WITH IT IF I DO NOT USE IT?”

That was a good point. You shrugged and gestured at Jack before taking a bite of pancake. Jack rolled his eyes and swallowed what was in his mouth.

“If you want to take your car out we can, I’ll just have you stick to the neighborhood until you’ve gotten the hang of it.”

Edge narrowed his sockets at your friend but nodded and continued eating. Blue finished cooking and took Jack’s seat next to you when he got up to put his plate in the sink. The four of you chatted until Edge finished eating and followed your friend out to the garage.

“I hope he doesn’t crash his car.” You say. “He just bought the thing.”

Blue hummed agreement and took both of your plates to the sink to wash. You nursed your coffee and stared out the window. It was nice to have a slow morning.

“tha’s not ‘ow that fuckin’ works man, ya gotta ‘ave some way ta define what yer testin’.” Red’s voice came from behind you.

“but this is one of those instances where - morning blue - where we can really only observe the effects, we don’t really know what it is outside of that.” Stretch and Red passed you, making a beeline for the pancakes. They piled their plates high while they discussed some space tracking thing and came over to eat at the island with you.

“‘m jus’ sayin’ that ya gotta know what yer lookin’ fer before i can build somethin’ ta sense it.” Red slathered butter over his pancakes before adding syrup.

Stretch just drowned his in honey. “i’ll ask the team but you’re gonna get the same answer i gave you.” Slicing off a piece he shoved a forkful of his food into his mouth and looked over at you. Confusion crossed his face as he contemplated you sitting there drinking coffee.

Blue came back around to your side. He looped an arm around your waist and nuzzled your cheek. “I NEED TO GET GOING MAIDEN, ALF CALLED AND WANTED TO DO SOME SHOPPING TODAY!”

You hummed and left a kiss on his skull. “Have fun! Thanks for breakfast.”

“YOU’RE WELCOME!” Blue beamed at you then bounced out of the kitchen.

You watched him go with a smile and drained your mug of coffee. Hopping off of your stool, you moved to the sink to wash it out. Red and Stretch were silent from their places at the bar.

“stretch, don’t.” Red’s voice was quiet followed by a sigh. You didn’t think much of it and left your mug in the strainer to dry.

You turned to go back up to your room but was blocked by an orange wall. Blinking up at Stretch, you had to lean back against the counter to properly peer up at his blank face. “Uh, good morning?” You blinked up at him.

Stretch reached out and slid his hand around to cup the back of your head. At the same time he leaned down. His nasal ridge grazed over your temple and you heard him inhale. He remained frozen over you, his nasal ridge pressed lightly against the side of your head. A statue that caged you against the counter.

“Stretch, are-.”

“you slept with him.”

His words were barely over a whisper but the fact that his teeth were so close to your ear made it sound much louder.

“Yea.” There was no point in lying to spare him, he would know immediately. You chewed the inside of your cheek as Stretch straitened back up. His hand slid down the back of your head and came to a rest on your shoulder. Emotions warred for dominance on his face as he stared down at you.

“Are you okay?” You asked weakly. He had been so good about the shared bond lately that you had almost forgotten that it was something that pained him.

He opened his mouth then closed it again. His hand dropped from your shoulder and he stepped away from you. “i…” His eye lights dragged over you. “need a minute.” He finished.

You nodded but didn’t move. Stretch blinked and moved back over to

his plate of food. You noticed Red relax back onto his stool. He had looked ready to spring off of it and onto Stretch. Your tall mate picked up his plate and stared down at the pancakes as if they held the answers to the universe.

Movement caught your eye and Mutt slouched into the kitchen. He froze at the tension in the air, his eye lights assessing the room. “what-”

Stretch teleported out.

You let out a breath and glanced at Mutt. He had a brow ridge raised and was looking at Red who had resumed eating. Mutt let out a ‘huh’ and slouched over to claim a plate of pancakes before taking Stretch’s seat. Red muttered something to him that made Mutt chuckle and shrug his shoulders before spinning on his stool to face you.

“mornin’ after darlin’, red’s surprised yer walkin’.” He grinned and shot you a wink as he shoved food into his face.

“i did’n say that, i jus’ said i ‘ad ta listen ta it all night!” Red elbowed the taller skeleton then glanced over to you still leaning against the counter. “but i *did* get an idea ‘f ‘ow loud i gotta make ya scream so it wasn’ all that bad.”

You snorted and pushed away from the counter.

“‘ey ‘f ya like ta listen, ya can sit outside my door when i finally lure ‘er in fer a good time.” Mutt grinned and pointed his fork at Red.

“You guys are weird.” You shook your head and headed out of the kitchen.

“ya like it!”

“only fer you doll!”

Their voices followed you out making you smile to yourself as you headed back up the stairs. You paused half way up when your phone buzzed. Raising a brow at Red’s name, you opened up his text.

RedDead - give him an hour before ya go talkin to him. blue’s his brother so it’s the worst one to deal with

You sighed and continued up the stairs. At least Stretch had been relatively calm about it this morning. Your phone buzzed again and

you paused a second time.

RedDead - i thought ya sounded great though ;)

That made you snort. Heat crawled up your neck and you tried to keep a straight face as you made your way to your room. Red was slowly starting to flirt around you again. It was better than being treated like glass or some taboo thing that shouldn't be touched. You knew he still beat himself up over his actions in the past but therapy seemed to be working.

Shutting your door behind you, you went to pick out a video game to play.

Knock, knock, knock.

Or not. You turned right back around and opened your door.

Stretch stood in front of you, fist in the air, looking rather surprised that the door opened. "oh, uh, can weed?" He scratched the back of his skull and shuffled his feet.

Your brow furrowed in confusion. "What?"

Stretch let out a small laugh and gestured at the door. "well uh, generally the joke is 'knock knock, who's there, can weed, can weed who? can... we talk?" He rubbed the back of his neck and let the sentence trail off as his face began to color a pretty amber.

You couldn't help but smile and step back in invitation. "Well with a joke like that, how can I say no?"

A relieved smile spread over his face and he stepped in so you could shut the door behind him. "oh good, great… i… am sorry." He pulled a sucker out of his pocket but didn't open it, he instead twirled it through his fingers and began to pace. "i thought i was okay, you know, with the whole shared bond thing. and i am! i'm… getting there. i just."

He paused next to where you were standing to look at your bewildered face. "earlier in the kitchen took me by surprise… and uh, i'm sorry for getting in your face. i gotta make my peace with… this whole… thing." He gestured with his sweet into the air around you before passing you by to approach your desk while stuffing the sucker back into his pocket. "he's my brother… my *older* brother who is…" He sighed and knelt down to be eye level with the fish bowl sitting on

your desk. “well he’s a fucking ray of sunshine and a devious little asshole all rolled into one.”

You laughed at that and joined him at your desk. “No argument about that here.” Pulling out your chair you took a seat and watched Stretch dip a distal into the bowl for your pet to investigate. “And it’s okay that you’re not totally okay.”

Stretch glanced up at you then returned his attention to your fish. “it might be okay for you, but not for me. i need to be okay, i need to be better.” He retracted his finger from the bowl and turned in his kneeling position to face you sitting in your chair. His hands came to a rest on your knees. “i grew up with a fantasy of what i thought it would be like to have a mate. and when i got one and everything wasn’t exactly how i had imagined…” He drummed his fingers on your legs. “well i kinda threw a tantrum didn’t i?”

You made a face and a so-so motion with your hand.

Stretch scoffed and shook his skull. “red’s not the only one still in therapy honey, i’m figuring out what i gotta work on.” His eye lights zeroed in on your own eyes and he rose up to stand on his knees to be closer to your face level. He dropped his hands to grip the side of the chair and he leaned over your lap. “and i am. i want this bond, i want everything that comes with it. i want you so bad, and i am working to be good enough to move us forward but i’m failin-”

“Stretch stop.”

Your mate froze at your words.

Reaching out, you cupped his face in your hands, your thumb running back and forth over his cheek bone. “You’re not failing at anything, especially us. So stop tearing yourself down like that.”

Stretch blinked and nodded so you continued. “I love you Stretch, you’re already good enough.”

Stretch’s eye lights vanished for a good five seconds before flickering back to life in his sockets. Reaching up, he took your hands from his face and clasped them in his. “i… *really* want to kiss you right now.”

He didn’t move. You glanced around in confusion. “Gooo ahead?”

He leaned in then made a face and pulled away from you. “ahh, no. it’s weird, blue marked you good and it’d be like i was kissing him

and… don't get me wrong, i love my brother but… not… not like that! fuck, i made it weird."

You sat staring in wonder at your tall mate as he continued to fumble over his words. Truly amazing. Stretch could be all smooth words and slow hands one second, then this awkward stuttering adorable mess the next. Bless him.

"Well!" You cut his rambling off. "I shall break the illusion of being your brother by inviting you to lounge around and play video games with me until I have to go to work."

Stretch stared at you for a second then laughed. "sure honey, that sounds good."

Here's to Never Growing Up

Chapter Notes

> S & G's chapter because I wanted it. Because this story didn't have enough shenanigans ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A prank war with Sans is a losing battle. A prank war with all of your skeletal mates is a massacre. You knew because you were currently roped to the ceiling of the lounge along with various other items taken from each of the boy's rooms.

All of the furniture below you had been moved around to create an obstacle course filled with dead ends and traps. On the occasion, you would hear a shout of dismay or laughter from one of the other rooms in the house.

How you ended up like this was interesting to say the least.

You didn't think it was possible for the weather to get colder, but it did. December came knocking with a vengeance, dumping snow across Ebott and dropping the temperatures into the teens. Winter was not your favorite season. You couldn't ride your motorcycle in the snow, you couldn't hang out outside for very long, and it was just dark all of the time with the short days and cloud covered skies.

"I'll make hot chocolate when we get home but we need to pick out a tree first!" Papyrus rubbed your shoulders with his gloved hands as you stood amongst the pre-cut trees for Christmas, or as your mates celebrated it, Gyftmas.

"LET'S GET THIS ONE!" Blue bounced around the base of a massive fir.

"i can't imagine a 'ouse that that 'ould fit in." Red said coming around the other side of the tree and glaring up at it. "an' we gotta big 'ouse ta begin with."

"The tree we pick has to fit in the library." Papyrus left your side to join your other two mates. "That's where the fire place is!"

You giggled as the three of them moved off to look at another row of

trees. Picking a random row, you wandered down it, eyeing each tree for ‘optimal ornament branches’ as a Papyrus put it. The snow crunched under your boots and your breath billowed out in clouds. You paused. You weren’t alone in this row. Turning around, you found Mutt a few steps behind you pretending to be interested in the tree on his right.

“Hey Mutt, find one you like?” You asked.

Mutt’s eye lights darted to you then away. A grin spread over his skull and he slid between two trees to get into the next row. You snorted when he had to tug the tail of his duster through after him. He was a weird one.

Turning around to continue down your row, you bumped into the solid wall that was Mutt’s chest. You tried to step back but Mutt’s arm wrapped around your shoulders. He leaned down over you, looking pleased.

“tag, yer it.” He muttered into your ear before releasing you and slouching away.

It took a few seconds to process what he said before you laughed and took off after him. Mutt had slipped off down another row by the time you had given chase, but you managed to keep his fluff-lined duster in sight as you tried to catch up. He turned down another row and vanished behind a large tree. You darted across your row to follow.

“whoa there princess, where’s the fire?” Sans stepped out of your way but caught your arm effectively halting your chase. He was standing next to a nicely sized tree with Stretch who chuckled at you.

“looks like she’s *burning* to be off classic.” Stretch said, both of them snorted at the pun and looked at you expectantly

You glanced at your mates then back over to where you had last seen Mutt. He was there. Half obscured by a tree, grinning at you.

“I was just… chasing Mutt.” You explained.

Sans frowned. “why?”

Well now you felt silly, but with Stretch here, you couldn’t make up a reason other than, ‘we’re playing a game.’ “Uh, he… tagged me? So... I need to tag him back.”

Both of your mates blinked, then started laughing.

“is that right? well, do ya mind if i join?” Sans chuckled and took a step away from you.

You shook your head and lunged for him. Sans dodged your hand and backed away around the tree. Stretch had stayed where he was so you tapped his shoulder instead of chasing Sans.

“Are you playing?” You asked.

He grinned and nodded.

“Well, you’re it then.” You said and turned to run off. You spotted Mutt still behind his tree, grin still on his face as he winked at you as you ran towards him. Stretch materialized behind him and swatted the back of his skull.

“you’re it.” He said and took a few steps back.

Mutt whirled around, arm lashing out to tag him back. Stretch dodged, shot him a finger gun and teleported away. Mutt let out a bark of laughter and also teleported. You came to a halt and looked around. You were at a distinct disadvantage here. You couldn’t teleport, and you didn’t have Sans’s freaky dodging skills. Stalking through the rows of trees, you caught sight of Mutt coming out of a teleport. He had his eye lights on Sans standing a few feet away from him.

“never ‘unted a skeleton before.” He said and lunged to tag the other monster.

“ *prey* tell.” Sans shot back as he ducked out of the way.

Mutt swung again and again, but his hands only met air. Sans dodged and swerved away each time those claws came near him. You stood and watched the exchange in awe. You were outmatched, even with your training from Edge, these guys could take you down with ease.

Sans noticed you standing there and waved while side-stepping another one of Mutt’s attempts to tag him. Mutt glanced over at you and grinned. Abandoning his chase of the smaller skeleton to come your way.

“This is so not fair!” You called out and took a step back.

“naw, but this is.” A hand grabbed yours and Mutt vanished from view. A tree replaced his advancing steps and you were tugged into Stretch’s embrace. “it’s dangerous to go alone,” he joked, “better take me along.”

“Must be nice having magic.” You laughed and hugged him tight.

“it gets me by.” Stretch shrugged and rubbed at your sides. “staying warm?”

“Am now.” You snuggled closer with a sigh.

“aww come on, it isn’t *that* cold out.”

You pulled away from him and raised a brow. “Wanna bet?”

Stretch smirked and shrugged. “i’m nothing but bone honey, if anything, i would be the cold one.”

You smiled and reached up to wrap your arms around his neck. Stretch grinned and hugged you close. Digging past his hood, you slipped your hands under his neck line to press your icy fingers into his scapulas.

“Dunno Stretch, you feel pretty warm to me.”

Your mate gasped and tried to cringe away from your cold hands but you held on. “stars! okay, you’re colder than me, you’re colder than me!”

You withdrew your touch, but kept your arms around him. Stretch relaxed and rolled his neck in your hold. “jeez honey, you need another layer.”

You shrugged and rested your head on his chest. “My fingers will always be cold, no matter what I do in the winter.”

Stretch hummed and rubbed your back while nuzzling into your hair.

Another set of hands landed on your shoulders. “so does this mean yer it? ‘r is romeo it, cuz yer touchin’ ‘im?”

You craned your head around to find Mutt standing behind you with his hands on your shoulders.

“Uh.”

“BROTHER! WE HAVE FOUND A TREE! COME LOOK AT IT!” All three of you turned your heads to find Blue coming your way. He was looking at his brother but his eye lights did briefly flit to you as you hugged him, then to Mutt standing directly behind you with his hands on your shoulders.

Stretch loosened his hold on you but didn’t let go. “sweet, let’s go home.”

“PAPPY NO! EVERYONE NEEDS TO APPROVE OF IT BEFORE WE TAKE IT BACK FOR DECORATING!”

Stretch wilted at the use of his real nickname, he couldn’t say no to his brother when he did that. “coming bro.” He kept a hand around your waist as he turned to follow Blue. Mutt kept pace with an arm around your shoulders.

“game over?” He asked. “did i get a prize?”

“tag doesn’t have prizes.” Stretch said as he shot Mutt a look over your head.

“aww, duchess always gives me prizes fer playin’ with ‘er, doncha darlin’?.”

You could hear the pout in his voice and you had to laugh. “Only if you win.”

“tagged ya didn’ i?”

“I was distracted.”

“still gotcha.”

“no prizes mutt.” Stretch interrupted. He flicked out his wrist from your waist to smack at Mutt on your other side. His fingers hit nothing but Mutt’s duster, he must have felt it though, because his arm darted off of your shoulder to smack Stretch before settling back around you.

“Can you guys not?” You swayed back and forth between your tall mates as they swatted at each other behind your back while simultaneously trying to keep an arm around you.

“TA DA!” Blue spun around and gestured grandly at the chosen tree. All of the others were standing around it already.

Your trio came to a halt and took it in. As trees go, it wasn’t the most

impressive, but it was definitely on the larger side. The library had a vaulted ceiling, so the height wasn't really a worry. It looked like it would fit in the reading area if you shuffled one of the chairs away from the corner.

"Looks good!" You said. Stretch and Mutt both made noises of agreement.

"THEN IT'S SETTLED!" Blue bounced off to find the sales person to make the purchase.

The rest of the group split off again. Sans and Papyrus ported you home to start on hot chocolate. Stretch stayed with Blue to bring the tree back. Red teleported into the attic to find the decorations, and Mutt brought Black into the library to reorganize in anticipation of the tree coming in.

The house began to take on a more festive feel and you agreed to let Papyrus play Christmas music. It was the week of Christmas after all, so you felt it was okay to break out the tunes.

Tinsel was wrapped around the banister, a smaller fake tree was set up in the entryway by the door. A wreath was hung on the outside of the front door, and lights lined the house gutters. By the time the tree had been ported in, placed and rotated as Edge and Black argued over the best side to display, you were feeling quite in the holiday mood.

"give this a try." Red appeared at your elbow with two mugs in hand. You were sitting in one of the arm chairs watching the tree debate. Without thinking, you took one of the mugs from him and blew on it. Red leaned up against your seat as he watched his brother and Black fuss over the tree. You took a sip of your drink and almost spat it back out.

"Did you spike the hot chocolate?!" You wiped your mouth with your sleeve and looked up at Red.

He grinned and took a drink of his own beverage. "i may or may not 'ave suggested it."

"Only suggested?" You raised a brow and tasted your hot chocolate again. It was definitely rum in there.

"'ey, classic's the one that spiked it, i'm a bystander 'ere."

"I think the term you're looking for is instigator."

Red shrugged then pulled his mug-free hand out of his pocket. A small bundle of mistletoe was clutched in his claws. You knew exactly what was coming as he leaned over you while dangling the plant.

"'m tellin' ya, i'm innocent wi' the chocolate doll." He purred, "but 'f ya wanna call me an instigator, lemme instigate a kiss from ya."

It took all of your self control to not burst out laughing. You settled for a smile and sat up in your arm chair so you could leave a chaste peck on Red's teeth. "Only because you're on my nice list." You teased, and settled back down.

Red chuckled and slipped the mistletoe back into his pocket. "any way i c'n cash that standin' in fer somethin' naughty?"

You did laugh that time. "It isn't Christmas yet Red, you gotta stay on the nice list the whole time."

He snapped his now empty fingers in a 'darn it' motion and settled more comfortably against the back of your chair to watch his brother and Black situate the tree in the perfect spot. Which ended up being the exact spot it was originally supposed to go in, only rotated just a bit to the right.

Ornaments and lights were strung along the branches and you found yourself being pulled away by a snickering Stretch at some point.

"i need you to get red into the kitchen." He whispered as he steered you through the main entryway.

"Okay, why?" You asked.

The two of you had made it into the kitchen by then, Stretch let go of you and headed into the pantry. "grab me the milk will you?" He called over his shoulder.

With a confused shrug, you moved to the fridge. The second your fingers wrapped around the fridge's door handle, a jolt shot up your arm making you yelp and hop back. Stretch's laughter could be heard from the pantry causing you to run over and push open the door. Stretch stopped the motion before the door could open all the way.

"nyeh heh, careful honey. don't want to set off the other *shocker* i got in here."

"Stretch! We're supposed to be getting into the holiday spirit!" You

thumped his chest as he slipped out of the pantry, shutting the door behind him. He grinned and draped an arm around you.

“what? this is a *spirited* game of wits, don’t you want to see red’s reaction?” He waggled his brow bones at you and jostled your shoulders.

“Game of wits?” You asked.

Stretch waved absently at the pot of hot chocolate staying warm on the stove top. “red got sans to spike the chocolate, mutt’s been upstairs for *far* too long for it not to be suspicious, and i, booby trapped all of the handles in this room.”

“ *All* of them?” You couldn’t stop the laugh from escaping as you spoke.

“well…” Stretch glanced at the pantry door then led you back towards the entryway. “get red in the kitchen and i’ll get you a front row seat~.” His voice warbled the last word and you could smell faint traces of rum on his breath. Everyone had been drinking the spiked chocolate. And you were feeling the effects enough to grin and nod at your mate.

Stretch winked at you then let go to saunter off towards the lounge. You took a moment to compose yourself before heading back into the library.

“THERE YOU ARE!” Black came striding up to you, the star for the top of the tree in his hand. “CLASSIC HAS SUGGESTED THAT YOU PUT THIS ON THE TOP OF THE TREE.”

You smiled and took the star. Pranking Red could wait a minute. “Got a ladder?” You asked. Black shook his head and followed you to the tree where Papyrus and Blue were placing the last few ornaments on the branches.

Sans slid up to your side, a faint glow of blue on his cheekbones showing the effects of alcohol. “ya got me princess.” His voice sounded normal, he didn’t slur his words, and you had also been drinking, so you shrugged and readied yourself for magical manipulation.

Sans’s magic took a hold of your soul and you felt yourself being lifted off of the floor. He only had to get you three or so feet off of the ground but the sensation of floating through the air at any height was

exhilarating. Reaching the top of the tree, you affixed the star. Turning in place, you grinned and spread your arms out.

“Ta da!”

Your audience chuckled as you were lowered back to the floor. You noticed Mutt slipping into the library as you descended. He shot you a wink and slinked off down a seemingly random row of books.

“Hey Red? Can you help me with something?” You asked once your feet were firmly back on the carpet. Your poor unsuspecting mate grinned and wrapped his arm around your shoulders and walked with you out of the library.

As you guided Red into the kitchen, you realized that you didn’t know exactly what Stretch wanted you to do. He had just said to get Red into the kitchen. There was nothing said about if you needed to get Red to do something else. It was obvious that Stretch wanted Red to get shocked by one of the many trapped handles but that was all you were in on.

Luck was on your side it seemed. As you and Red walked into the kitchen, Stretch was coming out of the pantry with a bag of sugar in one hand, his phone in the other. He looked up at the pair of you and grinned. “hey guys, ready to start?”

You blinked in confusion at Stretch, then at Red when he nodded and immediately went to pull open a cupboard for a large bowl then another for the electric mixer. Neither of the handles shocked him. Stretch shot you a wink and pressed a finger to his teeth in a shushing motion as he passed behind Red’s back to the fridge. He used his magic to open it for a carton of heavy cream.

“‘f ya ain’t usin’ the canned stuff, how ya gonna get ‘im?” Red asked as he plugged in the mixer and took the cream from Stretch.

“don’t worry about that,” Stretch unlocked his phone and glanced over a recipe on the screen. “just make sure he’s down long enough for me to get him back.”

Red snorted and the two began to dump ingredients into the bowl. You settled onto a stool to watch, still quite confused.

It became clear that Stretch was aiming to get Sans back for filling his skull with canned whipped cream a few months back. He had enlisted Red to help apparently and the two were attempting to not only make

whipped cream, but add things to it.

“cake mix?” Red suggested as he tasted the fluffy cream he had been beating into stiff peaks for the last five minutes.

“mmm, it might get to thick,” Stretch ventured into the pantry, you noticed he kept from opening the door all of the way.

Red took the prongs off of the mixer and handed you one. You smiled in thanks and licked at it. Red worked on the other one. Both of you turned your heads at the victorious shout coming from the pantry. Stretch emerged with a bottle of edible glitter in his hand.

“it won’t hurt him, but he’ll be bedazzled for days!” Stretch laughed and worked on folding in a generous amount of the glittery stuff into his whipped cream. “red, can you get me a bag?”

The request was so natural that you almost forgot that he had originally asked you to get Red in here to prank him as well. Red shrugged and tossed his beater into the sink before heading to the pantry. Nothing happened when he grabbed the handle, but when he pushed the door all of the way open, the loud sound of an air horn blasted through the kitchen.

Red shouted and jumped back as Stretch burst out laughing. You had jumped when the air horn went off but your surprise turned into giggles as well. Red whirled around and glared at Stretch who sent him a salute before picking up his bowl of whipped cream and teleporting out of the kitchen.

Red grinned and moved out of the pantry, he reached up to open a cupboard but was shocked by the handle. You snorted and hopped off of your seat to make sure he was okay. You heard him mutter “oh it’s *on* ashtray.” before he too teleported out of the kitchen.

“what’s going on here?”

You whirled around at the sound of Sans’s voice coming from the doorway.

“Uh,” You didn’t want to spoil Stretch’s traps, but you weren’t entirely sure if Red was the only target. “I was going to make whipped cream for the hot chocolate.” You held up the licked clean beater in your hand.

Sans quirked a brow bone and opened his mouth to speak. Only, his

brother came sweeping in behind him with a large grin on his face.

“Whipped cream sounds wonderful for the hot chocolate! I shall assist!” He set his half empty mug down on the counter and reached over to pull open a cupboard for a bowl.

“Pap wait!” Your warning came out too late. Papyrus’s fingers closed around the cupboard handle. His already impeccable posture straitened even more and he let go.

…

“Dearest?”

“…Mhm?”

“There is a buzzer on the handle.”

“Yup.”

“Why is there a buzzer on the handle of my cupboard?”

Oh boy.

“Uh… for a uh… spirited game of wits?” You recalled how Stretch had worded his little joke.

Papyrus turned to you from where he had been studying his hand. He had a wide grin on his face as he patted you on the shoulder and walked out of the room.

You watched him go before looking back over at his brother who shrugged and winked at you. “game of wits huh? sounds… *electrifying* .” He walked over to the counter to inspect the leftover mess of Stretch and Red making whipped cream. With a smirk, he plucked up the half-empty bottle of edible glitter and threw his other arm around your shoulders. “let’s dazzle them with some of our own wit princess.”

You barely had enough time to respond before you were whisked away into the void.

Sans had ported you to his bedroom. Which was perfectly normal as you assumed he was going to ask you to help him with a prank. Except when you landed, the two of you found yourselves waist deep in violently neon green balloons.

A chuckle erupted from your mate's chest and he pulled away from you to wade through the balloons to his desk. "looks like someone planned this out way ahead of time." He was grinning wide as he pushed balloons away to dig through his drawers for something. Not finding what he was looking for, he moved to his closet.

You couldn't help but giggle at the absurdity of just how many balloons were in the room. His trash tornado kept picking them up and sending them out to float down to the floor again in a constant cycle. Sans came back over to you, he was slipping something into a pocket and there was a roll of bubble wrap in his other hand.

"ready for battle?" He asked and wiggled the wrap at you.

"Sure?" You shrugged and reached for the bubble wrap only for Sans to pull it away from you.

"stick with me princess, they'll be *bursting* at the seams from what i've got ready ta *pop* up for a prank."

You snorted and waded over to the door through the sea of neon. Balloons spilled out into the hall as the door opened.

The entire hallway was criss crossed with dark orange yarn from floor to ceiling. It looked like one of those laser mazes at a theme park. At that moment, Mutt appeared in the midst of the mess. He had to lean at a weird angle to avoid bumping his skull into any of the strings. His eye lights landed on the balloons coming out of Sans's room before letting them wander up to you and Sans in the doorway. A grin threatened to split his skull in half at the observation.

Sans sighed and nodded at the strings. "ya know i can teleport around all of this right?

Mutt shrugged and glanced back towards the stairs. "be no fun 'f ya wanna classy. this ain't for ya anyway."

Stretch's door opened down the hall. He blinked in surprise at the obstacle course infront of him. "well shit mutt, i didn't thi-"

"MUTT!!" You jumped at the sound of Edge's angry voice coming from the stairs.

"'ey edgelord, come step inta the ring woncha?" Mutt grinned and maneuvered himself back a few steps so he could face Edge.

Sans chuckled and nudged you while Edge ranted at Mutt for the mess and waste of yarn. “wanna *pop* downstairs?” He murmured into your ear.

You shook your head and leaned against the doorway. “I kinda want to see how this plays out.” You replied. Sans shrugged and teleported away.

“-JUST CUT YOU DOWN WITH THE MAZE!” Edge was seething at the top of the stairs. His rapier summoned to his hand.

Mutt snorted. “ya could do tha’, sure. but ya’d jus’ be provin’ that yer all smash ‘n grab. no finess at all.”

Edge snapped to attention at that. “NO FIN- ARE YOU CALLING ME A BRUTE?!”

Mutt shrugged and pulled his hands out of his pockets to hang at his sides. “well i ain’ callin’ ya a flower drummer boy.”

You heard Stretch chuckle from where he was watching from his own doorway before closing himself back in his room. Edge could be seen fighting with himself. The rapier wavered then vanished with a growl and he launched himself into the maze. Mutt laughed outright, and with more grace than you thought he was capable of, spun and weaved backwards in response to Edge’s advance.

Enraged or not, Edge managed to maneuver his way past you to his door very quickly without touching or breaking a single string. Mutt was waiting for him there, casually leaning against the wood with a pleased smirk on his face.

“‘m impressed edgelord, ya woulda ‘ad ta-.”

“IF I FIND THAT YOU HAVE DONE ANYTHING TO MY ROOM, YOUR BROTHER WILL BE SWEEPING YOUR DUST FROM THIS HALLWAY!” Edge cut him off and grasped the front of Mutt’s shirt pulling him away from the door only to slam him back against it again.

You flinched and began to pick your way through the maze of yarn to try to intervene, this was supposed to all be in fun. It was relieving to hear Mutt laugh though, he seemed to not care that Edge hadn't appreciated his maze.

“don’ worry yer pretty little ‘ead, i only messed ‘ith the hall and a few of the other’s rooms.” You heard a click as you were ducking under a

string then a crash. Your head popped up, bumping into a string to find that Mutt must have opened Edge's door while he was still leaning on it. And since Edge had been holding onto Mutt, both of them had fallen into his room. There was a brief scuffle, as Edge tried to simultaneously thump Mutt and clamor off of him at the same time.

As Edge checked his room for tampering, Mutt teleported off of the floor. He appeared by your side tsking. "hate ta say it duchess butcha touched a string." He plucked at the stretched yarn bowing around your head. Before you could say anything, he rested a hand on your shoulder and pulled you into the void. You didn't go far. Mutt deposited you back in Sans's doorway. "now ya gotta start over."

You rolled your eyes and ignored his laughter as you once again began to duck and weave through the strings. You didn't even have far to go as Sans's door was the closest to the top of the stairs, you were just not as agile as you thought you were. It took a few tries, but you managed to get through the maze. Mutt was ever present, teleporting you back if you so much as brushed a string.

It got better when Blue discovered the maze on his way upstairs. Unlike Edge, Blue was delighted at the challenge, declaring it an early Gyftmas surprise and went to find Black for a race to the end of the hallway and back. With the two of them pulling amazing acrobatic feats to get through the web, you were granted a brief reprieve from Mutt's watchful eye and made it to the stairs. Or you thought you had been granted a reprieve.

"hold up darlin' ya touched three strings on yer way 'ere." He ported in right behind you, scooping you up into his arms before you could even start going down the stairs.

You groaned and gave him your best pout. "Can you overlook it just this once? For me?" You batted your eyes for good measure.

Mutt only chuckled and leaned back against the wall with you still in his arms. "aww duchess, ya see. i don' do debts. i made rules, an' i can't go breakin' 'em jus' cuz yer cute."

You snorted. "Not even if I give you a kiss for letting me go?"

Your mate raised a brow bone and shook his head with a smirk. "bribery 's illegal darlin'." The dizziness of a shortcut washed over you and you looked around to find yourself at the far end of the hall, next to your own room. You sucked in a breath to complain but Mutt started talking first. "but i guess i c'n overlook it 'f ya accept my

offer.”

“I’m listening.” You said, weary of a deal with your devious mate.

“i get three nights ‘f my choosin’ witcha.”

You narrowed your eyes at him.

“i ain’t askin’ fer a round ‘n the sack darlin’ jus’ yer time… unleeeesss?” He drew out the last word with a smirk.

You laughed and lightly swatted his shoulder. “Three nights are yours big guy.”

Mutt grinned and you were once again pulled into the void. Only this time you were spat out at the bottom of the stairs.

“good luck duchess~.” Mutt set you on your feet and vanished, most likely back up to his maze.

You shook your head and looked around. The last time you had been home during a prank war was just after a date with Blue. You had ended up finding a mess all down stairs and had to break up a wrestling match in the kitchen. Now you were in the middle of a battle that you had probably helped to start and the down stairs was suspiciously clean.

With nothing looking too out of place, you decided to try your luck with the library. You remembered Mutt sneaking in there when you were putting the star on top of the tree and was curious at what he had done to the place. If anything.

Your bare feet padded down the wooden floor of the entryway in relative quiet. Black and Blue were making quite a bit of noise upstairs in Mutt’s maze afterall. Your eyes were roving for traps around you but you didn’t see the sheen on the floor in time. Your feet slipped out from under you like Charlie Brown when Lucy pulled the football out from under him. Only your back never met the floor.

A shadow darted out of the coat closet nearby, wrapping their arms around you and halting your fall. “careful doll face, there’re scary monsters waitin’ ta trap ya about.” Red’s golden tooth flashed in the entryway light and you were suddenly engulfed in darkness.

You opened your mouth only to have his hand clamp over it. “shhh, stretch’s comin’.” He growled in your ear. There was a crack of light

filtering in from your right that you were shuffled over to. The two of you peeked through it and you realized that you had been ported into the coat closet that you had been passing earlier.

Sure enough, Stretch was coming through the entryway, two pillows were under one arm and a sucker in his teeth. You peered through the cracked door with Red as Stretch hummed to himself on his way to the library. Like you had before, he appeared to be looking around as he walked, likely looking for traps from the others as well. His eye lights did linger over the slight opening in the closet door that you were crouched behind with Red in suspicion, but he didn't stop to investigate.

Unlike you, he didn't do a Charlie Brown impression when his feet slid over the greased floorboards. He stumbled for balance, flailing his arms and dropping the pillows in the process. Stretch came to a flailing halt, stance wide and crouched with his arms out for balance. He looked like Chris Pratt waving off three velociraptors, only instead of dinosaurs, there were two pillows next to him on the floor.

You couldn't help but snicker behind Red's hand. Stretch's head whipped around at the sound and he tried to stand back up and look casual. Red chuckled as well and pushed open the closet door to reveal the pair of you to him.

"smooth moves there ashtray." Red smirked.

Stretch snorted and shook his skull before carefully crouching down to retrieve his pillows. "thought you were on my side this time around red."

Red sighed and gestured towards the kitchen with the hand not around your face. "you'll be *shocked* ta know i don' take being pranked wi' my own damn buzzers lying down bean pole, ya did this ta yerself." You stuck out your tongue and licked Red's hand while he was talking. He jerked it away from you before smirking and wiping your spit onto your cheek then resting his hand on your shoulder.

Stretch had gotten a hold of both of his pillows at this point. "that wasn't just for you red, you'll be happy to know a few others have fallen for it too."

Red shrugged and gestured at the floor. "same 'ere ashtray."

The pair of them stared each other down for a moment longer. Stretch broke first by grinning and tossing a pillow at Red. "get in the library

dude, mutt's got the upstairs covered for now." He shot you a wink then took a shortcut off of the slick floor.

Red caught the pillow and turned to you. "welp duty calls, whatcha say 'bout a kiss 'fore i go?" He fished the mistletoe out of his pocket again, dangling it teasingly above your head. You rolled your eyes but leaned up to give him a kiss. He pressed against you, letting his teeth and magic linger on your lips for longer than the quick peck you had intended before he leaned back and vanished with a grin.

It took you a minute, but you managed to skate your way back over the slippery entryway. The lounge was sounding like a better place to be now that you knew Stretch and Red were setting something up in the library. Footsteps could be heard coming down the stairs and you looked up to see Black and Edge descending, both with room furniture in their arms. There was some movement in your peripheral just before you collided with someone's chest.

Glitter speckled the kitchen floor and counters. The hot chocolate pot was miraculously still upright and on the stove albeit spiked and bedazzled. The door to the fridge hung open to show googly eyes on every item inside. The entryway was still greased and there was bubble wrap underneath every door mat and area rug. Feathers littered the carpet in the library and the string maze upstairs was half torn down. You had heard that more than just Sans's room had been tampered with. Red's room had hundreds of tiny cups filled with water sitting on every surface, and Black had all of his furniture wrapped in tin foil.

You didn't actually get to see it because you had been kidnapped by Papyrus, Edge, and Black. So here you were, an intricate net of rope had been wrapped around you by Black and you were hung from the lounge's ceiling along with many of the belongings of their brothers.

The lounge was slowly being transformed into a maze by your boys. Well, Papyrus was making the maze, Edge and Black were rigging up traps and attaching more of their brother's stuff to the ceiling.

You lounged in your little net and pulled out your phone to open a group chat with your more prank happy mates.

You - How's the prank war going?

There was no immediate response but you were sure one of the others

would inform you of the state of the house. Mutt was the first to get back to you.

Puppydog - that depends, ya know where some more yarn is?

You - No, but I know where some rope is.

Puppydog - me too darlin but I dont think black would take kindly to me raiding his stash.

You blinked at that and fingered the soft ropes holding you to the ceiling. The ropes you knew Edge had weren't this soft and pliant.

You - I think I'm in his ropes right now

You - Edge has some too but don't tell him I told you.

Puppydog - kinky

Puppydog - can I see?

You snorted and did your best to angle your phone for a good shot of you in your rope hammock.

You - [photo attached]

You glanced down at your other mates rigging up the lounge below you. If anything, they were thorough. Your phone buzzed.

Sansy - can ya head ta my room? gotta plan for some of these balloons.

Sansy - wait, nvm, ya look tied up at the moment.

Puppydog - hes got ya bound in the lounge? nice

You frowned and looked at the photo you had sent. The angle was from below so all he could see was you in the net and the textured ceiling. Which looked the same as the rest of the house in your opinion.

You - How could you even tell?

Puppydog - heh, i got my ways darlin, sit tight, im comin.

You - Not planning on going anywhere.

RedDead - heh, i know how he knows. dirty bastard im gonna beat ya there.

Sansy - this is a prank war not a rescue mission guys

RedDead - i see ya headin down stairs asshole don't even pretend like ya ain't goin for her.

Puppydog - let stretch get her

Puppydog - fuck

Puppydog - that wasn't me

Puppydog - carrot stick stole my phone

TheBeesKnees - you heard the guy, let me get her down.

TheBeesKnees - besides, isn't there a trick,or two needing to be played with upstairs?

RedDead - mission change ashtray

You heard a thud and some scuffleing coming from outside the door. Papyrus also looked around at the noise. Edge and Black retreated through their furniture maze to stand below you, Papyrus joined them.

What sounded like a muffled argument was occurring just outside of the lounge. Several voices went back and forth then the door swung open. Not all the way though.

Stretch's skull poked through the opening to check the other side of the door. Likely looking for a replica of his prank in the pantry. Finding it clear, his head turned to take in the rest of the room. With a laugh, he let the door swing the rest of the way open.

"wow." You heard him say. "and here I thought you guys weren't into our 'ridiculous squabble'." He pitched his voice at the end in a mockery of Black's tone. The other's filed in after him.

Red had what looked like pink marker or paint streaking the side of his skull and neck. His parka was gone, presumably because of that mess, leaving him in a soft vermilion sweater. Sans had some silly string drying on the front of his shirt and Stretch's hands were almost entirely black. The only thing different about Mutt was that his duster was missing. He had a solid grey t-shirt on, making him look so much

slimmer without the presence of his fluffy hood and long coat.

“love watch’ve done ta the place.” Mutt quipped, his eye lights roving over the rearranged furniture then raising up to find you in your net. “*hang* in there duchess, i’ll getcha down.”

“NOT! WITHOUT COMPLETING OUR GAUNTLET OF TERROR!” Black called out.

“NO TELEPORTING, NO MOVING FURNITURE TO THE SIDE, AND NO SKIPPING BY THE TRIALS!” Edge chimed in.

All four of your lazier mates contemplated the maze then each other. They seemed to come to a consensus because all four of them had smoking sockets by the time they began to shuffle forward. The furniture directly in front of them raised into the air for them to walk under and was set down when the group passed. This continued until all four of them had joined Edge, Black, and Papyrus underneath where you were hanging.

“I JUST TOLD YOU THAT YOU COULDN’T-!!” Edge stomped his foot and pointed an angry finger at his brother.

Red shrugged as Sans stepped up. “we didn’ break any rules.”

“YOU!”

“ya said we couldn’t move the furniture ta the side, we moved the furniture up and down.” Edge opened his mouth but Sans held up a hand. “and we didn’t skip by any trials, we walked past them.”

Edge looked about ready to decapitate him. Sans just shrugged again and his socket flared. You felt his magic grip your soul and you slid out of the ropes and was brought down to the floor with everyone else. It was a little disappointing that no one actually made an attempt at the maze. You had been curious to know who could get through it the fastest.

“welp, that was a *net* win for team judge.” Sans said once his magic let go of you.

“we’re a team now?” Stretch asked with a raised brow.

“assessin’ yer sins and rakin’ ‘n wins. hashtag judiciary squad.” Mutt joked and dropped his arms around your shoulders to hug you from behind while dragging you back a few paces. You giggled and leaned

into him.

Sans shook his skull but his smile was genuine. “i may look like a corpse but i wouldn't mind sticking with an intercessor corps.”

“a comp’ny a critics.” Red chipped in.

“a mass of marshals.” Stretch said.

“an array of arbiters.” Sans winked at his brother who rolled his eye lights.

“a party ‘f peacemakers.” Mutt rumbled above you.

“a gang a g-”

“ENOUGH!” Edge cut his brother off before he could finish his sentence. “YOU WILL EXIT THROUGH THE MAZE! NO MAGIC ALLOWED!”

Sans blinked and glanced behind him at the mass of carefully set furniture. “this maze?” He asked.

“NO, THE MAZE IN THE LIBRARY. OF COURSE THIS MAZE YOU INSOLENT CHILD!” Black growled, his fingers curling into fists.

Sans turned to look between the maze and Edge and Black. “as much as i would love to *puzzle* it out, i-”

Edge and Black didn’t wait for him to finish his sentence. Black rocketed forward. Sans dodged him with a grin then sidestepped Edge as he made a swipe for him as well.

Mutt still had his arms around you and he pulled you back further away from the scuffle with a chuckle. Papyrus could be seen shaking his head and moving toward the maze to start taking it down. Stretch had vanished entirely from the room and Red was now trying to help his brother grab Sans.

With three opponents coming after him, Sans changed tactics and slipped into the void in a teleport. Red vanished as well and the two of them careened out of thin air to land somewhere amongst the mass of furniture. Edge and Black lept in after them.

“Are you okay?!” You called out.

The only response you got was some muffled grunting as the four

wrestled.

“‘es fine.” Mutt said. But he kept you away from the jumble of flailing limbs.

Just then. Stretch materialized with a full piping bag in one hand. “where?” He turned in search of his target. Finding him, he grinned and sauntered over to the pile of bones. “i hereby dissolve the contingent of conciliators. Sans Comic, you are guilty of malarkey of the highest order and must answer for your crimes.”

From the pile of skeletons, you could just hear Sans’s laugh. “if i’m guilty, then you’re an accessory.”

Stretch shrugged and descended upon his target. Mutt snorted and you were suddenly right next to the pile. Edge was under Sans, his arms wrapped around him in a choke hold. Black had one arm pinned, Red had the other. Stretch squatted down next to his torso, waving the piping bag full of sparkly whipped cream.

“tourtur’s kinda dark for ya stretch.” Sans huffed out. Sweat dotted his skull and he glanced at his brother who was staunchly ignoring the scuffle in favor of tearing apart the maze.

“it’s not so bad.” Stretch said. “was planning on trapping you in mutt’s yarn mess upstairs, but i won’t turn down the assist from edge and black here.” He grinned and angled the tip of the pipe bag down. “chin up classic, it’s weirder if it drips down your spine.”

Red rolled his eye lights. “ya givin’ ‘im pointers on ‘ow ta deal with it? you’re shit at this ashtray, jus’ get yer revenge an’ level the playin’ field.” He let go of Sans’s arm to lunge for the piping bag in Stretch’s hand. His fingers closed around the bag causing the contents to shoot out of the opening at the bottom. Stretch made a sound of surprise and pushed the bag down to get it closer to Sans’s nasal cavity and out of Red’s grasp at the same time.

Red held on and Sans made an attempt to wriggle away from the flow of whipped cream being shot into his skull. He ultimately failed, but the majority of the whipped cream missed the inside of his head due to Red’s eagerness to get to the point.

Red and Stretch retreated off of him once the bag was empty. Sans shook his head to rid himself of the sticky concoction only to get it in his sockets and onto Edge still below him.

“GAH!” Edge released him and shoved him to the side and into Black who also sprang away to avoid getting the mess on him as well.

Mutt burst out laughing as Sans staggered to his feet. “nice facial there classy.”

“You okay?” You managed to ask around the giggle that forced its way out of your chest.

Sans wiped at the mess on his face then gave you a sticky thumbs up. Stretch was chuckling still as he threw an arm around Sans’s shoulders. “even?” he asked. Sans nodded and flicked whipped cream onto Stretch’s shirt. Stretch nodded and tossed the crushed piping bag to Red. “i’ll help you rinse out, we got a war to finish.” The two vanished leaving you and the others to stare at the mess that was the lounge.

Edge grumbled something about this all being a waste of time and stomped off to help Papyrus dismantle the maze. Black shook his head and moved away as well. Red was staring at the scrunched bag in his hands. His eye lights jumped up to you and an evil grin spread over his face.

“wanna early gyftmas gift doll?”

“Nope.”

“aww.”

Mutt jostled your shoulder. “wanna move all ‘f the carrot stick’s stuff in ‘is room six inches ta the left?”

You blinked and looked around at him. Red snorted and both of you answered at the same time.

“Sure why not?”

“oh hell yea.”

Chapter End Notes

How would you prank the boys?

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

The Feeling of Letting Go

Chapter Notes

> Okay, so I had another chapter that was originally gonna go here, but then I realized that I alluded to Gyftmas in the last chapter, then proceeded to skip right over it. I had one thing that I wanted to accomplish on Gyftmas and I skipped it. So if this feels a little rushed, that's cuz it was. I'm sorry, here is the Gyftmas chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mornings are not your thing. Never have been. And as much as you love your mates, the early risers never fail to earn a grumble or huff from you if their knocking about cuts into your precious sleep time. You were the mailman of sleep, rain or shine, holidays, and weekends. You were going to sleep in damn it!

“HAPPY GYFTMAS!!”

Blue’s excited shouting made you grumble and burrow deeper into your blankets. There was no avoiding getting out of bed when Blue, Black, or Papyrus wanted you up, but you could show your displeasure for the morning by not making it easy on them.

Feet pounded down the hallway and the sound of other doors opening signaled that the others were awake or being dragged from bed as well. Your door burst open and several footsteps came rushing in. First came the weight of Blue pouncing onto your mattress to burrow down to you under all of your blankets. Next came Papyrus’s hands as he hauled you up into a sitting position once Blue had excavated your curled form.

The pair of them wrestled what you assumed was a Christmas sweater onto you. With your eyes stubbornly closed, you didn’t actually know. Papyrus lifted you, taking a blanket with him so you were cocooned against his chest as he strode out of your room and down the stairs. Which worked great for you as being carried didn’t require you to be awake.

There was a brief section of time you missed. You knew because when consciousness finally settled in. You weren’t being carried anymore and the smell of coffee cake and firewood was everywhere. It took you a second to free your hands from your blanket to rub at your eyes and

take in your surroundings.

Papyrus had apparently left you on the floor of the library. The tree's lights were on and a fire was roaring in the seldomly used fireplace. Red was snoring nearby, several pillows clutched in a death grip to his chest. Mutt was sprawled out across the floor. His legs draped over yours and his head on a corner of pillow not jealously hoarded to Red. Both had Christmas sweaters crammed on over their torsos.

You turned your head to a quiet mumble. Sans and Stretch were both in reading chairs. Sans looked like he was only awake physically and Stretch was nursing a large mug of something steaming.

"Morning?" Your voice barely carried but the way both Sans and Stretch tilted their skulls towards you said that they had at least heard you.

"'bout five, so yea, morning." Stretch said over the rim of his mug.

"Five am?" You struggled up into a sitting position. Both grunted assent as you slid out from under Mutt's legs and crawled into Sans's lap. "Too early." You grumbled as you settled.

"at least he let us go back ta sleep once we got down here." Sans chuckled. "our brothers all have each other ta be awake with this early."

You snorted agreement. Normally at this time, Papyrus would have already handed everyone their breakfast and presents and would be fussing over how sleepy both you and Sans were on such a wonderful day. Now he had three other early risers to share his enthusiasm with. Win for him and win for you and Sans. Distracted Papyrus meant more sleep for the both of you.

You and the lazier brothers eked out at least another hour of sleep before the others trooped in with breakfast. Sleep was great, but Christmas breakfast was always a delight. Coffee cake was a staple along with a thermos of strong brew to bring your brain into the present.

The first year you had celebrated with Sans and Papyrus, Papyrus had tried to make all of the breakfast foods into one big dish. It didn't work out so well, but the idea stuck and evolved into a decadent breakfast casserole that was only served on christmas morning. Eggs, cheese, and sausage chunks were all baked together in a pan with a base of crispy hash browns. Yup, you'd wake up for this.

It took a few more minutes to convince Sans to wake up as well. Red's head popped up at the smell of food so close. His movement woke Mutt up who immediately went for a plate, seemingly on auto pilot. Stretch had apparently not fallen back to sleep and was looking much more alert than you felt.

"Happy Gyftmas my dear!" Papyrus handed you and his brother plates full of food, only you got the bonus of a kiss on the head.

"Happy Gyftmas Papaya." You grinned up at him in his bright yellow sweater with green cuffs. It had a depiction of a poorly drawn reindeer on the front. The red nose was a large sparkly pom pom. You grinned at it before digging into your breakfast. As you ate, you peeked around at the other terrible sweaters in the room.

Mutt's was simple. An all black sweater with the view of a reindeer from behind was on his. A pair of little bells hung between the hind legs and jingled softly whenever he moved. Black wore a black and maroon sweater with a depiction of Santa sitting on a throne similar to the Games of Thrones throne. Except instead of swords making up the back it was candy canes.

Red's also had a black sweater on but instead of a Christmas tree on the front, it was a piece of pizza. And the stripes of snowflakes and candy canes were sprinkled with burgers. The words around the pizza tree said, 'All I want for Christmas is food.' Edge's was dark green and had tinsel zig-zagging across it along with little baubles in imitation of a tree.

Stretch's sweater was green with a large gingerbread man on it. The words, 'Let's get baked' were around it. Blue had a striped green and red sweater on with a pair of elf boots on them. Above the boots was the word 'Santa?' and below them were the words 'I know him!'

Sans had a gray and white sweater on with a depiction of a sheep wearing a scarf and a santa hat on it. The words around it said 'Fleece Navidad." Glancing down at the sweater on you, you giggled. It was a deep blue with white polka dots and a picture of Santa riding a T-Rex was on the front.

Food was eaten and cleared away followed by coffee before everyone settled to open the little gifts that had been accumulating under the tree. You had insisted on a secret santa thing this year so everyone would get something from someone random and not just a present from their brother. You had pulled Blue and you grinned in

excitement as you watched him unwrap your poorly taped together gift.

“OH!” blue blush shot up his skull making you laugh as he dropped the little Santa’s helper lingerie back into the box before he even saw the whole thing. “THANK YOU MAIDEN! I’M EXCITED TO… SEE IT IN ACTION LATER!” You laughed as he closed the box but didn’t set it too far away.

“what did she get you?” Stretch leaned towards the box curiously.

“NOTHING!” Blue moved the box away from him. “OPEN MY PRESENT PAPY!”

Stretch chuckled as he took his brother’s gift. “relax bro, i helped her pick it out.”

Blue froze for a beat before re-opening your gift to dig through it, suspicion written all over his face. He sighed and pulled out a pair of stockings that he chucked at his brother. “THESE ARE YOUR THING NOT MINE.” He said.

Stretch caught the dark green stockings just to throw them right back at Blue. “but they go with the costume.”

Blue narrowed his sockets at Stretch. You held in a snort as you remembered Stretch saying that Blue would get suspicious of stockings. “IF I KEEP THEM WITH THE REST OF THE GIFT, YOU CAN’T COME ASKING FOR THEM LATER.”

Stretch looked up, dead seriousness on his face as he pointed at himself. “why would i… your brother who doesn’t like to share, ask for your sloppy second hand stockings?”

“i might.” Mutt called from his place next to Black.

“not about you.” Stretch flipped Mutt off without taking his eye lights off of Blue. You were trying your best to hold in your laughter, and you could see Stretch’s serious resolve starting to crumble as well.

Luckily Blue broke before either of you did. “OKAY, BUT I’M HOLDING YOU TO IT.” He dropped the stockings back into the box and set it aside. “NOW OPEN MY GIFT!”

Each of the brothers had gotten their sibling something plus something for whoever their secret santa was. You had given them

each a small stocking stuffer of kisses chocolate and a personalized, hand-made card as you had had no time to do any actual shopping for any of them. Papyrus had pulled your name for secret santa and presented you with a new set of saddlebags for your bike. They were a very close replica of your old bags that got torn up in the crash and you couldn't help but tear up at how thoughtful it was.

Sans and Mutt dozed on the carpet by the fire. Sans using the package of clean socks his brother had given him as a pillow and Mutt had a hand clasped around the shiny new tag Black had gotten for his collar. Stretch curled up in one of the reading chairs to look through the book of satellite photos of stars and planets that Blue had given him. Red had left with the promise of return, probably going to put the little bag of something Edge had given him away.

The early risers all had gone to put away their gifts and make lunch. Papyrus had a few new ties to add to his collection for law school, Edge went to hang the shadow box Red had made for him displaying his medals from his service underground. Blue had left his box set of Firefly in the library as you promised to watch it with him when lunch was made, and Black had slipped out with his gift from Mutt before you could see what it was.

You were loath to leave the warmth of the library so you grabbed your blanket and joined Sans and Mutt by the fire. Blue brought out some eggnog, to which you only took a little of. It tasted fine, but it was so rich that you knew it would make you feel ill if you had a full glass.

"so i's a western?" Mutt asked.

"Yes, but in space." You picked at the little tray of finger foods while Red set up a projector so everyone could watch Firefly with Blue. Mutt hummed at your explanation but didn't say anything else. He was still sprawled across the carpet next to the lip of stone surrounding the fireplace. Sans was asleep, he had found your legs and proceeded to firmly wrap himself around them, trapping you to the little piece of carpet you had claimed earlier.

"kay, give it a shot now." Red said to Blue who fired up the portable DVD player. He jumped with glee at the title screen coming to life on the blank wall they were using for the projector.

"OKAY! GET COMFORTABLE, THIS SHOW IS AMAZING!" Blue hopped around to settle against the chair his brother had refused to

vacate since presents were done. Red made a few small adjustments to the projector and found another chair to sit in. The others slowly settled to watch as well.

The sun dipped down in the short winter day, bringing in an early evening. The fire still burned and the show continued to play. The ones not asleep were enraptured by the adventure unfolding on the wall and you were warm and happy.

“got something for you.” Stretch murmured. He had finally gotten up and came to sit next to where you laid with Sans still trapping your legs.

“Oh yea?” You looked up at him with a smile. “What kind of something.”

Stretch pat the pocket of his pajama pants and helped you sit up. Sans remained koala’d to you but he didn’t stir as you resituated to lean against Stretch.

“i’ll show you, but you gotta do something for me first.” He whispered.

You raised a brow but nodded. Stretch dug around in his pocket then produced a ball of paper. You giggled as he handed it to you.

“What, had a speech all ready?” You pulled at the crumpled page, unfolding it the best you could in its current state. Stretch stayed silent behind you, letting you work at the paper. Your fingers faltered at the sight of an equation. “Are these your notes?” You asked and revealed a little more of the math work.

“not my notes.” Stretch said. “they’re yours.”

You blinked at the unfamiliarity of your old handwriting from back in middle school. Not complex physics after all, just geometry. It was the page of homework you had forgotten to turn in all those years ago. It had cost you a trip to an amusement park with your folks and ended up festering in your memory box.

“from what I could read, you got most of the questions right.” Stretch was whispering to you, his fingers drumming a quiet beat against your arms.

“Oh.” Was all you could think to say. This piece of memory hadn’t been as upsetting as the plate. That had been a yelling, sobbing

tantrum. This was a young, just barely teenage girl who had grown almost accustomed to being told no.

“fire looks a little low.” Stretch murmured.

You tore your eyes away from your old homework to look at the lively flames still dancing away. The fire was fine, but you caught his drift. Cursing your parents inwardly, you crumpled the page back up and chucked it into the fireplace. The heat flared for a moment as the old paper was consumed with a quick hiss before returning to normal. Good riddance.

Stretch’s teeth pressed against your temple, and his magic trailed over where he touched. “proud of you.” He murmured against your head and wrapped his arms around your waist. Something poked against where his hand should be resting making you look down in question. Something else was clutched in his hand.

“What’s that?” you asked, grabbing his hand in an attempt to see the object.

“hmm? oh, just a little something for you.” He flipped his hand over to face palm up. You blinked at the star ornament laying in his bony palm. “sans told us how he replaced the thing he took from your memory box.” He said as you inspected it. “thought i’d do the same.”

“Aww, stretch.” You smiled and turned the ornament over in your hands. The four lower points each had a pair of names written on them. One point for each of the sets of brothers. Your name was written in the top point and the year was in the center of the star. It was hard to believe that they had all come into your life just last spring. “Thank you.”

“heh, blue picked out the star, i just improved it. turns out, you can do that with most ornaments.”

You giggled and turned as best you could to give him a kiss. “I love it.”

“wanna put it on the tree?”

“I wanna keep it.”

“uh, where?”

You giggled and poked him with the star. “With the other good things

you guys are insisting on putting in my memory box of course.”

“glad to know we’re adding good things.” He nuzzled the side of your head, making you squirm and Sans grumble against your legs.

“Oh yea, much better than geometry.”

“hey don’t hate on geometry.”

“Too late.”

“SHHH!” Blue shot you and Stretch a look then pointed at the projected screen.

You mouthed ‘sorry’ and relaxed further against Stretch who was chuckling quietly. “happy gyftmas honey.”

“Happy Gyftmas.”

Chapter End Notes

Aaaand now back to our regularly scheduled shenanigans!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Threaten Me with a Good Time

Chapter Notes

You deserve an evening out. Some secrets are worth sharing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gyftmas passed. The boys had gone quiet about New Years plans so you had spent the better part of the past few days attempting to ferret out their obvious plotting. Today you had managed to corner Blue in the kitchen after lunch.

“I HAVE NO IDEA OF WHAT YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT MAIDEN. I MOST CERTAINLY DON’T HAVE A PLANNER OUTLINING A MULTITUDE OF SURPRISES FOR YOU!” Blue crossed his arms and attempted to make himself taller by raising up onto the balls of his feet.

You grinned and leaned over, forcing him to back up to get out from under you. You followed and backed him into the kitchen counter. Both of you knew he could move you out of his face if he wanted to, but he let himself be trapped.

“Pleeeease tell me? I won’t let the others know I know.” You bat your lashes and placed your hands on the counter on either side of him.

Blue puffed out his cheeks but let his posture loosen. “INFORMATION HAS A PRICE MAIDEN.”

You smirked and kissed his forehead. “And what’s the cost of knowing about New Years?”

Blue’s eye lights flashed, morphing into stars then flickering back to his large blue orbs. “WELLLL… I DO HAVE THAT COSTU-”

“a date.” You and Blue both turned your heads to find Red standing nearby. His hands were both shoved in his jacket's pockets and a few specks of magic sweat dotted his skull. "uh, with… me?"

The question lingered in the air. You pulled back from the counter and Blue, who slid away giving Red an encouraging pat on the shoulder as he passed.

"A date you say?" You angled yourself to face your edgy mate and

leaned against the counter where Blue had vacated. "I'll clear my schedule."

Red blinked then grinned. "'s that a yes?"

"It is."

"great, good. uh, would tonight work? i gotta place 'n mind."

Stars he looked nervous. You pushed away from the counter to walk up to him. "Sounds good big Red, I better go shower." You leaned up and left a kiss on his cheekbone before making your way out of the kitchen.

"wear tha' red 'n lacy dress edge gotcha!" He called out after you. You waved to show you heard and ran up the stairs and down the hall to your room.

Red had been pushing for more time and affection from you since the beach trip. It was like the kiss you shared on the beach had flipped a switch in him that demanded more. The jokes and flirtatious comments were back in full force, but his attempts at physical affection always carried a question with them.

You appreciated that he waited for you to agree to his advances before laying hands on you. It did hurt your heart to see that flash of uncertainty in his eyes every time he did ask but you couldn't force him to forgive himself any more than you could force yourself to not hesitate for a beat when he asked for cuddles or alone time still.

You dug through your closet for the dress Red had mentioned. Then for a cute pair of underwear and your only nice set of flats. Red must have a fancy place in mind if he wanted you in a dress.

Hooking everything over your arm, you made a beeline for the bathroom. Black beat you there.

"GOING FOR A SHOWER PET?" He asked, his hand on the door handle.

You nodded and glanced at the door. "Rock, paper, scissors for first?"

Black chuckled and took a step closer to you. "WHY NOT SHOWER TOGETHER? SAVE BOTH OF US THE TIME AND WATER?"

"RED HAS DIBS TODAY." Blue poked his head out of his room.

"MAIDEN CAN USE PAPYRUS'S SHOWER."

Black glowered at Blue but ultimately accepted his words and disappeared into the bathroom. You sighed and turned to go ask Papyrus for the use of his bathroom. Blue smiled at you and ducked back into his room. A moment later your phone went off.

BlackBerry - IF RED LEAVES YOU WANTING I CAN TIE UP YOUR EVENING FOR YOU.

You snorted and knocked on Papyrus's door before replying.

You - Oh I know you could

Papyrus opened his door and beamed down at you. "Ah! Hello my dear, did you need something?"

You returned his smile and gestured with the clothes in your arms. "Can I use your shower? Black is in the other one."

Papyrus stepped to the side, sweeping his arm out in a welcoming gesture. "Of course you can! Come on in!"

"Thanks." Entering his room, you paused. There was a surprising amount of clutter about… well, sort of clutter. Papyrus kept his room well organized and clean. There were textbooks and papers lined out on his bed sheets as well as his desk, his desk chair had been set off to one side and his laptop was open to some text-filled page while it also played soft music.

"Pardon the mess my dear," Papyrus hurried you past everything to his bathroom. "I am shadowing a civil case lawyer this month and I need to be caught up on their current cases."

You let out a small 'Ah' sound as he quickly shut you in the bathroom. Clearly embarrassed to be caught with less than an immaculate living space.

Shaking your head with a smile, you laid out the dress and turned on the shower. You were curious as to what Red had in mind. The request for the dress suggested something fancy. Nice dinner and a movie? Evening at a playhouse watching whatever show was happening tonight? Or did he simply like how the dress looked on you?

You shrugged to yourself and focused on your shower. Would Red be

weirded out because you smelled like the wash that Papyrus used? To you it didn't smell like anything, but you didn't know if it was some monster only scent. He kept a set of your shampoo and conditioner for situations like this since he didn't have any hair, but you liked to use his body wash on the occasion that you were in here. It was too late now. You would use some body spray or something if he didn't like it.

Papyrus knocked as you were drying off. "I hear you are going out for an evening with Red tonight?" He inquired through the door.

"Yup!" You wrapped your towel around you and opened the door for him. "Any idea of where he's bringing me?"

Papyrus shrugged and swept past you. "I do not know dearest, he simply asked to borrow my bone cologne. I do hope that it covers his aura of mustard."

You giggled and worked on toweling your hair while he dug around in a cabinet for the correct spray bottle. He left a smooch on the top of your head as he swept back out, closing the door behind him. You shook your head and dropped the towel around your body so you could slip into the dress. It was as form fitting as you remembered it being in the dressing room. Smoothing it down, you turned and looked over yourself in Papyrus's giant vanity mirror.

You looked nice. Ready for a night out to some mystery destination. Your hair needed to be brushed out still and you were contemplating the need for any makeup when there came another knock at the bathroom door.

"Come in!" You called, not thinking about it until the door swung open and three skeletons came tumbling in.

You blinked in surprise at the sight of Papyrus, Edge, and Mutt all closing in on you. "Uh, hi?"

Papyrus set your bag of meager makeup supplies down on the counter, obviously pilfered from the other bathroom. Edge had another small bag in his hand, and Mutt was twirling your hair brush with a smirk.

"GET OUT! HE IS MY BROTHER, I KNOW HIS PREFERENCES BETTER THAN EITHER OF YOU!" Edge was trying to elbow Mutt out of the way as he wormed closer to you.

"heh, 'e's literally me 'n a sans body, don' talk ta me 'bout preferences edgelord." Mutt ducked under another swat from his counterpart and

spun around bringing himself to a halt right behind you. He shot you a smirk in the mirror and held up your brush. “what’ll it be darlin?”

You snorted as you watched Edge grab Mutt by the back of the collar and haul him backward. Meanwhile, Papyrus had laid out the little makeup you owned and was fingering the brushes curiously.

“Guys.” You tried to put as much force into your tone without sounding angry and turned to face your mates. “The hell?”

Mutt was holding Edge by the front of his shirt with one hand, his other arm was holding the brush out of Edge’s reach. Papyrus set your brushes down and smiled at you. “Red has been working very hard to make amends and be a better monster for you.” He gestured in the general direction of Red’s room. “As you know, I am a very supportive brother, and while Red may not actually *be* my brother, I still wish him success in his dating life.”

“WELL HE IS *MY* BROTHER!” Edge cut in, shoving away from Mutt. “AND I REGRETTABLY MUST ENSURE THAT HE DOESN’T FUCK THIS UP AGAIN.” He pulled out a hair pin from his little bag. “THIS IS IMBUED WITH MY MAGIC, REST ASSURED HE WILL SENSE IT AND KEEP HIS COCCYX IN LINE TONIGHT.”

“Edge, no.” Papyrus shook his head and rested a hand on your shoulder. “I’m sure Red will be on his best behavior this evening.”

The two of them began to bicker quietly. You looked over at Mutt who was picking stray hairs out of your brush. “So why are you in here?” You asked.

He looked up and shrugged. “heard these two comin’ in ta play dress up, wan’ed ta play with yer hair.”

“… Why?”

He shrugged again. “jus’ like it. ‘specially when i’s wet.”

That was… really cute actually. You smiled and turned to face the mirror again. “Brush away big guy.”

Mutt’s face lit up and he slipped around the other two to gather your damp hair in his hands. He was much gentler than the last time he had brushed your hair. He apparently remembered what you told him about getting out the tangles and started from the bottom and worked his way up to your scalp. It felt really nice. Closing your eyes, you

lolled your head back and let Mutt do the rest.

You didn't notice that the bathroom had gone quiet until someone cleared their nonexistent throat. You opened your eyes to find Papyrus leaving the bathroom with a large smile on his face. Edge was watching Mutt's movements carefully as he set the little bag of hair accessories down on the counter.

"PUT IT ALL UP." He growled, then he also left.

You blinked at the rather sudden emptiness of the bathroom. The door was open and you could hear Papyrus and Edge talking in the other room but… it was just you, Mutt, and your hair now.

Your brush was set down on the counter and he began to gather your hair into a ponytail, placing it midway up the back of your head. Instead of tying it up there, he began twisting the tail until it spiraled into a tight bun. Wrapping the ends around the little doughnut now on the back of your head, he left enough loose to poke straight up into a little peacock fan showing just over the top of your head. Holding the style there with one hand, he dug around in the hair bag Edge had brought in until he found a few bobby pins and a hair stick.

You winced as he worked the stick diagonally through the bun to hold it in place. It was a deep mahogany stick, pointed at one end to spear through your hair and carved at the other end in the shape of a bone. It was simple but also very pretty.

"Where did you get that?" You asked as Mutt hid pins around the fanned hair to keep it in place.

He shrugged and let go while scanning the back of your head for loose hair. "gonna 'ave ta ask edge 'bout that one." He said. "shake yer 'ead a little."

You complied and he nodded in satisfaction. "lookin' good duchess. though 'm sad ta say yer gonna 'ave ta do yer face yerself."

You grinned and turned to him. "I didn't even know you could do hair Mutt, I'm impressed."

A faint glow crossed his cheek bones though he did his best to cover it with a smirk. "got lo's a talents darlin' anythin' ta do with my 'ands." He moved in closer and grazed said hands down your sides to pluck at the dress where it hugged your hips. "'t's even prettier 'n person, though i prefer a li'l more flow, a li'l more swish."

You grinned and turned in his hold to start applying some light makeup for the evening. “I do have a dress like that you know.”

“i know.”

“Maybe if you ask nicely I might wear it for you.” You smiled at him in the mirror and he chuckled.

“does it ‘ave ta be nicely?”

“MUTT!”

Edge’s voice cut through the moment as his skull popped around the door frame. His eye lights scanned over your hair and he gave a sharp nod. “IT IS PASSABLE, NOW GET OUT! SHE DOESN’T NEED YOU FOR MAKEUP!”

Mutt shot you a wink in the mirror and sauntered out. “passable my coccyx, le’s see ya do better edgelord.”

Edge growled but he let Mutt go in favor of taking his place behind you as you finished with a very light layer of makeup. You hardly ever wore the stuff so even a little was enough to gussy you up quite a bit. “How do I look?” You smiled and batted your eyelashes at him in the mirror.

“LIKE A QUEEN, ARE YOU SURE YOU DON’T WANT THIS?” He held up the pin he had poured his magic into.

“No, I’ll be fine. Thank you for your concern though.” You began putting everything back into their little bags. There was a quiet humph from your mate but he didn’t argue. The hair pin was placed in the bag with your other hair things and you zipped it up. “I think I’m ready whenever he is.” You stepped into your flats and did a spin for Edge.

“INDEED, PLEASE STAY IN PAPYRUS’S ROOM, RED KNOWS TO PICK YOU UP FROM HERE.”

You raised a brow and followed him out into Paps’s room. The school work had been cleaned up but he was working away at his laptop next to a sizable stack of papers. Mutt was lounging on his bed, an unlit dog treat clamped between his teeth. He removed it to let out a low whistle at your completed look.

“damn, darlin’ i gotta get me a date ‘f ya’r gonna look like tha’ fer it.”

You giggled. “Will you do my hair up for our date too?”

Mutt rolled to the side of the bed so he could sit on the edge. “naw, but i’ll gladly pull it down.”

“ENOUGH MUTT.” Edge pulled out his phone and sent a text.

You stifled another giggle and looked down at yourself. “Can I at least go get my purse?”

Edge opened his mouth just as Mutt spoke up. “i got it.” Then he vanished from the room. Edge rolled his eye lights and went back to texting on his phone.

You tugged at your dress then took Mutt’s spot on the edge of the bed. Just as you were about to ask when Red was supposed to collect you, there was a knock at the door. Papyrus made no move to answer it as he was engrossed in his homework so Edge strode over to the door and opened it.

Red stood on the other side in the smart button down and vest combo he had worn to your dance competition. Black slacks, vest, and tie, with a maroon button down shirt underneath. Edge blocked his entrance as he scrutinized his brother’s outfit. You got up and came up behind him.

Red peeked around his brother at you. Little beads of sweat sprung up on his skull. “ya… wow… uh, ya ready ta go doll?”

You smiled and gently nudged Edge to the side. “Almost, just need my purse.”

The floral scent of Mutt’s magic bloomed in the air behind you and his arm extended over our shoulder with your purse. “ya gonna ‘ave ‘er back at a reasonable time young man?” He growled above your head.

Red rolled his eye lights and shot Mutt a glare. “‘m older than ya mutt, so shut yer trap.”

“make me.”

“Guys.” You looped your purse over your shoulder and stepped out into the hall with Red. “I’ll see you later okay?”

Edge and Mutt both grumbled their goodbyes and you heard Papyrus call out a ‘Have fun!’ before you followed Red down the hall and

down the stairs. You passed Stretch in the entryway who stopped dead in his tracks to stare at the pair of you heading out the door.

“So where’s this mystery destination we got all dressed up for?” You ask.

Red shot you a grin and offered his arm to which you happily looped yours through. “i gotta place ‘n mind doll. ‘old on.” And with that, the world dropped out from under you only to be replaced by a sidewalk in downtown Ebott. Red waited until your teleportation dizziness subsided before leading you down the road.

It didn’t take long for you to recognize that you were in the monster district. As much as your city and country liked to tout that they were pro-monster integration and equal rights and all that, there was still quite a bit of segregation of the populus. The emergence of the new universes last summer had stirred the pot bringing the old conversations and controversies from the original surfacing monsters back up.

Red set a leisurely pace. Letting you look around at the shops and little carts all along the street. There were a few humans coming and going from shops but it was mostly monsters doing business. The cold winter air seemed muted under the subtle buzz of the magic of the hundreds of monsters going about their lives. Strange how the intangible static affected the atmosphere here without bleeding out to the more human populated areas.

“this way.” Red tilted his head towards a little alley between two clothing stores. You quirked a brow but let him lead you down the narrow space.

“Red.” You stopped in your tracks and let go of him at the sight of an empty wall at the end of the alley. “What are we doing back here?”

Your mate stopped as well looking back at you. “there’s…” He gestured at the wall before sighing and continuing toward it. You blinked in confusion as he walked *through* the wall.

“Holy shit.” You said to yourself and did your best to jog after him in your flats and tight dress. Red came back through the wall at your approach. You gave him a sheepish grin when you got to his side. “Sorry.” You mumbled. “I should have trusted you.”

He only shrugged and offered his arm again. Taking it, you walked with him towards the wall, you still flinched as the brick rushed up to

meet you. Nothing hit your face and you passed the mirage. This time, Red stopped with you when your feet came to a halt on the other side.

A low sprawling building encrusted with deep blue and purple lights glowed between the tall buildings hiding it from the rest of the district. The neon sign over the revolving glass doors read ‘Poisoned Ashes’ in curly letters. Monsters were coming and going from the building, some simply milling about around the entryway.

Red gave your arm a gentle tug and you tore your eyes away from the building to follow him to the door. A mean looking wolf-man barred the way. Scars littered his face and arms, parting his silvery fur to show stretched and muscled skin beneath. His lip curled at your approach but he made no move to stop you or Red from passing into the revolving door to the building beyond.

“Is this a casino?” You asked once you stepped over the threshold.

Red’s teeth curled up in a smug grin. “welcome ta the fell verses’ most well kept secret ‘ere on the surface.”

The inside of the building was lavish and richly decorated. A thick sapphire blue carpet speckled with black covered the entire floor. Plush couches and private booths lined the walls where heavy curtains could be drawn for a more intimate experience. Silvery webs swathed the ceiling, you could see tiny spiders moving along the strands and dropping down the hanging lights to private and playing tables alike.

There was black jack, craps, roulette, and three card poker being played at dark polished tables placed around the main room. Each with a sharp looking fell monster manning them. There were even two large baccarat tables on their own raised platforms on either side of the massive circular bar in the center of the room.

As Red helped you check your purse in at the front desk for safe holding and led you through the tables past the bar, you noticed that the lights also moved. At first, it looked like little cerulean light bulbs were attached to the ends of the spider webs. And there were definitely light bulbs, however, the speckled blue glow came from little flickering flame sprites. You noticed what looked like a cherry sized fox fire detaching itself from a light bulb and flicker away along the webbing.

You almost missed the monster making drinks. Tall and grim looking, a fire elemental with blue-black flames and a pair of small fogged rectangular glasses observed the room as if it were his domain. He

silently mixed and passed drinks to the horde of spiders and flickering flames above him to disperse among the guests. You didn't get much more than a look at him before you were steered away.

Red parted a curtain to reveal a short hallway leading to another area. No playing tables could be seen, only booths and high top tables for eating. This room had more purple tones in contrast to the blue of the casino. The two of you paused in the entryway when a spider dropped down holding a card. Before you could read it. Red muttered something to the arachnid who bobbed on their web before climbing up and away.

"What was that about?" You asked.

"got us reservations." Red replied, his eye lights were drawn upward at the spider who he had spoken to. As it moved over the ceiling, he followed with you behind him. You were happy that he had kept track of the spider, because you had totally lost it.

The two of you were led to a booth in a quiet corner. Your eight legged greeter waited until you were seated before crawling off again. The place reminded you of a darker version of Muffet's. What with the spiders waiting tables and such. The fires were new, you had never seen such tiny flame monsters before.

A new spider deposited menus, and one of the little flames dropped directly onto the table. Its flames flared out over the wood before shrinking back into the little ball of heat. To your delight a word sparkled in the embers it left behind.

Drink?

"Oh! Uh, what would you suggest?" You asked.

The little flame sparked and flickered over its question. New letters were left in its wake.

Fire Drop

You grinned. A fire drop from the drop of fire, how cute. "That sounds wonderful." You cooed.

The flame once again crossed over its embers, consuming them this time to leave the table top as clean as it had been before. It puffed a few sparks of acknowledgment in your direction before crossing the table to take Red's order.

“same ‘s the lady.” He told it.

He received the same few sparks before it crawled up the wall and shot off over the web, presumably out to the bar in the other room. You turned your attention to the menu and decided on a sandwich and a spider cookie. The dangling spider took your orders and menus leaving you and Red to yourselves.

“When did this place open?” You asked, gazing around at the luxurious sheer curtains softening the corners of the room and plump pillows dotting the couches and booths.

Red hummed and followed your gaze. “tha’ depends on yer definition ‘f openin’.” At your confused look he laughed and rested his hands palms up on the table in invitation for you to take them. You smiled and rested your hands in his as he continued.

“mutt’s grillby started the place. ‘e goes by coal up ‘ere i believe. ‘eard ‘e ran a fairly successful smugglin’ ‘n gamblin’ ring undergroun’.”

“He’s the guy out at the bar we passed?” You asked, recalling the dark elemental.

Red nodded and ran his claws over your fingers. “my universe's muffet caught wind ‘f his little back alley gig ‘n demanded ta get in on it. both ‘f ‘em ‘re dangerous when it comes ta money an’ runnin’ a business so it didn’ take long fer ‘em ta get it set up like it is now.”

You nodded and looked around at the dining area. “Impressive that they were able to set up such a well furnished business and got transitioned that fast to have it in the first place.”

Red just stared at you making you blink.

“They *are* transitioned right?”

Red shrugged and glanced up at the ceiling and at the two little flames descending with your drinks. You took your beverage from them and waited for them to dart away.

“Red.” You swirled your drink staring down your mate. He hummed and tasted his drink.

“Are we in a speakeasy casino?”

A wide grin took over Red’s face. “said it was the fell verses’ bes’ kept

secret didn' i?"

"Fell as in..?"

"mine an' the mutt 'n black's 'verses."

"Ahh." You absently took a sip of your fire drop, humming at the sweet and sour lemony taste that almost covered the burn of something strong and spicy. If you were at a human bar, you would have guessed Kentucky fire, but this was a monster club. No telling what kind of booze was swirling in your cup.

"So I'm assuming that wall we walked through is how this place is protected?" This was exciting. You weren't one to do anything blatantly illegal, but you weren't going to rat your mate and his universe out. This looked to be just a hideaway for the edgier universes to hang out and… do whatever it is they do when together.

"yup, i 'elped build 'em." He looked so proud as he explained how he had put together small machines to stand on either side of the alley and emit magic that basically checked souls as they approached. Souls that didn't bear a Fell or SF universe soul would see a wall at the end of the alley and would feel the urge to turn and leave. It was rather impressive. All of the allies surrounding the casino were outfitted with the scanners. There was some other magic mixed in apparently that deadened the sound coming from behind the 'walls' and gave off low levels of dangerous intent to scare off monsters who got too close.

They hadn't had any intruders yet. Like Red, some of the Fell universe monsters would bring a guest through if they were trusted not to spread the word or rat them out to the government.

"they're plannin on openin' a public casino once they're officially transitioned." Red was explaining. "should be soon too. 'f i 'f all monsters 're on the brink 'f bein' stamped as ready fer the world, so would these guys."

"Huh. Will they keep this place once they go public?" You asked.

"Of course lovey, the Fells need a place away from the general rabble." A new voice broke into your little bubble with Red. You looked up to find a gorgeous but deadly looking version of Muffet swaying up to your table. A platter of food was in one of her many hands. "The Poisoned Ashes will always be first and foremost for Coal and I."

“how’s it goin ivy?” Red droned at the spider lady as she deposited your orders onto your table.

“Just fine Sans,” She covered her sharp fangs with a dainty hand as she tittered. “though you go by Red these days don’t you? Do tell your brother to quit patrolling so close to our little haven, it’s bringing untoward attention to this part of town.”

“will do, now i’d like ta ‘ave a meal ‘ith my mate.” Red grumbled.

All five of Ivy’s eyes blinked one after the other at him before letting them drag over you. “And quite a meal she is Red, I expect to be paid in full for the food before you… move on to dessert.”

Your face burned at her insinuation and Red growled as she laughed and flounced away.

“sorry ‘bout ‘er, she can be a bit…”

“Forward?” You supplied.

Red nodded and stared down at his food. With a giggle, you reached over the table again to give his hand a pat. “It’s okay, I mean… it was kind of a compliment? In a weird sort of way?”

Red snorted and gave your hand a squeeze. “yer such a kindness soul doll.”

“I mean, that is my soul trait right?” You grinned and retracted your hand to dig into your meal.

“‘s jus’ a rare thing fer us fells ta experience.”

The two of you ate and talked in your quiet corner. You couldn’t say no to the little fire sprites when they asked if you wanted another drink. Monster alcohol is strong, and by the time Red had paid for the food and offered his arm to you once again, you felt a strong buzz warming your entire body.

“got another place ta show ya.” Red murmured in your ear as he led you back down the hall to the main room with the bar and betting tables. Instead of finding a table to settle at, he skirted the edge of the room and parted a heavy set of curtains leading into another dark hallway. Coming to the end, his hand brushed aside a second set of curtains ushering in loud music.

“Whoa!” You looked up at Red with wide eyes as you moved into the room. “This place is a club too?”

“care fer a dance darlin’?” His arm dropped yours only to catch up your hand and twirl you around making you laugh.

“Think you can keep up with this second place tango dancer?” You teased over the music.

Red chuckled and tugged you in, his hand sliding up to your shoulder blade in a proper closed dance position. “why don’ ya try me out?”

Your heart stopped at the devilish grin and smoldering eye lights so close to you. When did Red get so smooth? You couldn’t stop your smile as you nodded and followed his lead out onto the dance floor. The music wasn’t exactly ballroom, but he made it work. His dancing wasn’t the practiced styling that Papyrus had; but he knew how to lead you around the dance floor and mix the club beat with some of the more familiar moves you could do. The floor was packed with monsters so your dancing stayed close, his claws grazing over the lace of your dress and your hands gliding along the silk of his vest.

At some point your leg began to ache, reminding you that you weren’t that far removed from a serious motorcycle crash. Shouting as much to your partner, he managed to weave both of you off of the dance floor and out to the bar. You giggled as Red literally swept you off of your feet to place you on a bar stool.

“gimme a whiskey coal mine, an’ a water fer the lady.” Red stayed standing so he could continue to press close to you as he spoke to the monster behind the bar.

The dark elemental silently poured a glass of whiskey and fished out a bottle of water. You thanked him and leaned against Red as you sipped at your drink and watched the betting going on at the tables around you.

“Wanna try our luck next?” You asked, nodding at one of the roulette tables.

Red chuckled, “pushin' my luck ‘s a specialty a mine.”

That made you laugh. “I’ll need a real drink if we’re gonna throw our money away though.” You waved at Coal who had moved around the bar to serve another patron.

“finish yer water firs’ doll.”

“I’m not drunk Red.”

“naw, but yer buzzed an’ i’m ‘ere ta take care ‘f ya.”

“Aww, look at you being responsible and such.” You giggled and gave your order to the flamesman. You couldn’t see his eyes past the small rectangular glasses but you got the distinct feeling that he had rolled them at you and Red.

“raised edge didn’ i?” Red was saying as he nuzzled the side of your head.

“Fair point.” Turning your head, you surprised him with a quick peck against his teeth.

He froze and you caught sight of a cherry red glow crawling onto his skull. Score a point for you.

You received your drink then managed to unfreeze Red and pull him off to a roulette table. The dice rolled and the wheel spun. Red led you to the black jack table for a few rounds of cards before you got distracted by the three card poker players nearby. Bowing out, he convinced you to join in on the next round of betting with a group of Icecaps. You won the final round when all of them conveniently folded after Red whispered advice into your ear that you could fluster them by telling them how fierce their hats looked in the casino lights. You weedled a few more drinks out of Red before he convinced you that it was time to head home.

“What time is it?” You asked as you reclaimed your purse from the front desk. Red had a steadying arm around your waist as he checked his phone with the other.

“‘bout one ‘n the mornin’.” He replied.

You hummed and let him lead you out of the building into the chilly night air. “That’s not too late.” The wall came into view and this time you didn’t hesitate to walk through it with your mate and back out into the monster district.

“tha’s cuz it’s technically very early ‘n the mornin’.”

Your laugh was stifled as he dropped the two of you through the void. He landed you right in front of your bedroom door, easily caging you

against it.

“ya should go ta bed doll, thanks fer comin’ out with me tanight.”

You blinked away the dizziness paired with the alcohol in your veins and grinned up at him. “Thanks for the date big man. I had a lot of fun.”

“good… uh,” His claws tapped against your sides as you fiddled with his tie. “can i… kiss ya goodnight?”

You smiled and tugged on his tie until he leaned down so you could press your lips to his teeth. He responded immediately, sliding his hands around to your back in a tight embrace while the smokey heat of his magic drifted over your lips. With a sigh, you pressed closer and deepened the kiss, poking at his teeth with your tongue until he granted entrance. He held you tighter, one hand coming up to slide the hair stick free and pluck the pins away so he could pull your hair down and cradle the back of your head. You kept a firm hold on his tie with your other hand cradling his jaw.

The press of his body tilted you back and your shoulders bumped into your door and Red pulled away breathing heavily.

“good uh, goodnight doll face.” He murmured as he pulled back.

“Come lay with me for a while? Extend our date?” You asked with a pleading tug on his tie.

Red’s eye lights raked down your form, hunger clear as they wandered before winking completely out. That made you pause.

“Red?”

His eye lights returned and he moved his hands to pull yours from him. “that… i don’ think… don’ tempt me li’ that darlin’.”

You made a noise of question and he bumped his forehead to yours.

“ya’ve been drinkin’, i’ve ‘ad a few too an’... i don’ think we should push it ‘s all.”

He was right, you knew he was right. It had just been such a good night though and you hated to end it. “One more kiss then?” You asked.

His chuckle was low and raspy as he leaned back down to you. “a

course.”

He didn’t let it go too long, leaving you with a few nips before turning you around and pushing open your door for you.

“ now go ta bed ‘fore i regret sayin’ no.” He gave you a gentle shove and a wink when you turned to wave him off and shut the door.

You stared at the wood in front of you for a long moment, smiling to yourself, replaying the evening in your head, and whispering into the dark room.

“Goodnight Red.”

Chapter End Notes

Red, my boy. My good boy who's learning! Lookit him go!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

The Things I'll Never Say for Tomorrow

Chapter Notes

Got a longer one for you guys! Let's continue with the warm fuzzies shall we?

Songs in this chapter:
Tomorrow - Set it Off
These Things I'll Never Say - Avril Lavigne

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The last day of the year came with icy gusts of wind pushing the powdered snow from their carefully piled mounds on the sides of the roads. The sky was gray and threatening. Even though the forecast didn't call for precipitation, you wouldn't put it past mother nature to do as she pleased.

"mm, what a shame. might need to stay in and snuggle all night."

You laughed and elbowed Stretch who was sitting behind you on a couch in the lounge. He had a large blanket wrapped around him and subsequently you as well. Both of you had a mug of tea steaming in your hands as you reclined in his lap and stared out the window off to the side.

"And ruin your carefully laid plans? Good luck convincing Blue to stay in." You laughed and blew on your drink. Your attention returned to the tv where Sans and Red were going head to head in Super Smash Bros. Both of them were sitting on the floor in front of your couch tossing fighting puns back and forth while their fingers darted over the controllers.

"what a- *bout* this makes you think that that would work?" Sans joked.

"jus' takes a *feud* good hits classy, jus' ya wait." Red shot back.

"i'm *brawl* ready for ya."

"i *duel* think yer a bit cocky fer 'ow many lives ya got left."

"least i ain't *skirmish* about taking chances."

You snorted and drained your tea. Stretch mirrored the action before

settling his arms back around you as you set your empty mug aside, his tea mug was cradled in his hands that were resting in your lap.

“So what *are* we doing? Did you guys plan for the weather?” You asked, leaning your head against Stretch’s jaw. All you got from him was a noncommittal noise.

“Please? I’ll admit something about our scale baby upstairs if you tell me~.” You rubbed your head against Stretch’s cheek bone. At the sharp intake of breath from your words you knew you had him.

“you’re playing dirty hon.” He grumbled.

“You’ve left me no choice.”

Stretch huffed out a short laugh through his nasal cavity and dipped his skull down to whisper in your ear.

Sans suddenly turned from his spot on the floor. “nope.”

You squeaked at the tug of magic gripping your chest. Stretch also looked up startled, almost spilling his tea as he had to quickly unwind his hands from around your waist. Sans had a hand up and his socket was aglow as he guided you off of Stretch’s lap and plopped you on the other couch.

“no spoilers stretch.” He said and went back to his game.

You made a face at him. “Boo, now my boy will never have an official name.”

“yea,” Stretch whined. “i was so close to winning that one sans.”

“not my problem.” Sans said. “papyrus got me ta promise ta keep new years a secret.”

It was Stretch’s turn to make a face. “ohh, you got me there buddy.”

You rolled your eyes and got up to hop back into Stretch’s lap. “Fine, I’ll wait and see, just give me my warm seat back.”

Stretch didn’t hesitate to open his blanket cocoon and arms to let you resettle. Black came in as you were wrapped back up. He squinted at you then perched himself on the other couch. Pulling out his phone he sent a text then feigned interest in the fight happening on screen all the while watching you out of the corner of his eye. A full tournament passed by the time his phone buzzed and he got up and left again.

Blue passed him on his way out. “WE NEED TO GET GOING SOON! EVERYBODY UP!”

Stretch freed his hands enough to down the rest of his tea and shoot his brother a salute. The sudden trip through the void surprised you. Stretch dumped the two of you on your bed, still wrapped in the blanket.

“you heard the man, take off your clothes so we can get ready.” He murmured into your hair as he took advantage of being horizontal by wrapping his long limbs around you.

With a laugh you wriggled against the cage of bones and blanket. “You’d like that wouldn’t you?”

“i would.”

“Well I can’t exactly undress if you’re trapping me like this.” You gave him a playful shove. To your surprise, he let go as if you were a live electric wire.

Shrugging it off, you freed yourself from the blanket and made your way over to your closet. “Can I at least know what kind of clothes I need to put on for this mystery outing?”

You received a thoughtful noise from your mate. “something warm, definitely layers. we’ll be in and out of places.”

That was more information than you had received since Gyftmas about the new year. Humming in contemplation you stepped into your closet. You picked out a dark green long sleeve shirt and a gray knit sweater to go on over it. Not knowing how long you would be spending outside, you pulled out a pair of fleece lined leggings to go on under your jeans. A pair of fuzzy socks and your biking boots should be enough to keep your toes from freezing. You would snag your coat from down stairs too, that should keep you warm.

“How about this?” You dumped your clothing choices on the bed next to Stretch.

He shrugged and sat up. “whatever you want honey, as long as you’re warm.” He opened his mouth to say something else but choked on it as you tugged your current baggy t-shirt up over your head. “stars honey, i was joking about getting undressed!”

You grinned at your glowing mate and tossed your shirt towards your

hamper. “Not ready for this yet?”

Stretch was out of his blanket nest and in front of you in the blink of an eye. “oh no hon, i’m plenty ready. i was just…” His hands grazed up your bare sides to pluck at your bra straps. “i didn’t think you were gonna do it is all.”

“Too much?” You asked.

“nope, no complaints here. in fact.” He tilted your chin up a little higher as he leaned down. “i may be inspired to help out a little.” His teeth left a tingling trail of magic along the corner of your mouth.

“Wow, you *want* to be helpful?” You murmured back.

“mhm, you bring that out in me.” The buzz of his magic over your lips was so close, he didn’t make contact and kept his lidded sockets focused on your own eyes as he whispered to you. “did you want help honey? or is this a hands off kinda show?”

You smirked and drummed your fingers over his chest. “Well, since you’re so inspired, I guess I can accept assistance.”

Stretch grinned and moved the required half inch to press his teeth to your lips. Your hands balled in the front of his hoodie at the sensation of his heated magic and the line of goosebumps chasing his fingers as they slid down your back. Once they reached your waist band, he stepped away without breaking the kiss to feel for the tie keeping your sweatpants on your hips. It only took a decisive tug to undo the knot and urge the fabric down your legs.

He did break the kiss to kneel and help completely remove them. With a pleased hum, his eye lights trailed up your body to your face from his place kneeling in front of you. Slipping his hands around your hips, he pressed his face into your bare stomach.

“i promise to be better this year.” He mumbled against your skin. “i’ll be a better mate and accept whatever comes our way.”

“Stretch, you don’t have to get there all at once, just talk to me when you’re uncomfortable with something.” You said, rubbing the top of his skull.

He pulled away and stood, smiling down at you. “i do though. and i will i promise. it’s already easier.” He turned and picked up your leggings, handing them to you as he continued on. “i’ve been an ass,

and all i can do is apologise and work at being better."

You hummed and put on the leggings. "Wow, first you want to be helpful and now promises? What was in your tea?"

He laughed then sat on the edge of the bed and handed you clothing and watched you dress, his eye lights never leaving you. "it's gonna be a good new year honey." He said as you laced up your boots. You nodded and pulled him up and into a hug.

Just then, a knock hit your door. You felt Stretch turn his head to the sound. "come in!" He called.

The door opened to reveal Blue and Papyrus. "OH GOOD! YOU'RE ALREADY DRESSED!" Blue chirped and bounced into the room. Papyrus just smiled at you from the doorway.

"sure are," Stretch reached out and drew his brother into your hug. "ready to ring in the new year?"

You giggled and nodded. "Let's go!"

The first stop was apparently dinner. Edge drove you, Red, Stretch, and Black in his car while the others followed in Papyrus's car. Jack had done a good job at instructing your mate on how to drive a stick shift. You only felt like you were going to die once.

Dinner was at a monster restaurant called Bun's n Bites. To your delight, both Jack and Hayden were waiting at a table for your group when you arrived. The restaurant was run by bunny monsters from several different universes. They had a limited human food menu but it was enough for you and the twins to get something your bodies could process while sharing a sample platter of various magical foods.

"What does this one do?" Hayden prodded at a carrot looking vegetable.

Sans eyed it and grinned. "ya got any injuries?" He asked.

Hayden quirked a brow but checked himself over. "Don't think so." He muttered. "Why?"

Sans shrugged and prodded at his own plate. "it's a vegetoid veggie, it'll heal small injuries."

You and the twins all made small noises of understanding or interest.

Red snorted and had to put his cup down. “stars doll, ya guys sound like tourists.”

The twins both chuckled and reached for a veggie to try. You also plucked one up and pointed it at Red. “Well excuse us for taking an interest in your culture and cuisine. Monster food wasn’t exactly common when Sans and Pap first came up.” You winked and took a bite out of the vegetable. It was sweeter than you were expecting and it sent a soft wave of warmth through your body.

“i’d say yer pretty well acquainted ‘ith monster culture, am i right?” He nudged his brother who swatted at him and rolled his eyes.

“DON’T BE VULGAR RED.” He grumbled as he shot you an apologetic look.

You only grinned back at him as you picked through the other magical foods. Jack grabbed up a cinnamon roll looking bun and stood up, gesturing at you with his phone. Hayden also stood. “Come here a second.” He said as he followed his brother towards the front door.

None of your mates made a move to stop you as you got up to trail after them. They led you out to the restaurant’s entry way. Jack tapped at his phone and took a bite from the bun. Hayden threw an arm around your shoulders and drew you in to stand around Jack’s ringing phone on speaker.

“Blaire should get a happy new years from us.” Hayden said for his twin who was attempting to shove the rest of the bun in his mouth before the other line picked up. He didn’t quite make it.

“Hello?” Blaire’s voice came through Jack’s speaker making you smile as you and the twins responded.

“Hey B.” You said

“How’s it going Blaire?” Hayden also waved at the phone even though she couldn’t see it.

“Ay Bare.” Jack was still working through the food in his mouth.

“Hey guys! Happy almost New Year!”

The three of you returned the sentiment.

“I miss you B, how’s college going? And when can you come home?”

You took the phone from Jack, holding it up so everyone could still hear as you talked to your friend.

"College is good, happy to have one semester under my belt at least. I was actually planning on coming out in April… tradition and all that."

Both of the twins hummed agreement and tears threatened to blur your vision. "Oh, that's… you really don't need to fly out just for that." You stuttered out.

"Well I am, you don't mess with tradition love."

"Thanks B." You mumble.

Jack snatched the phone back from you now that his mouth was clear of food. "Anyway, do the folks over on that side of the country do anything fun for new years? 'Cuz we're about to do it up over here!"

Blaire's laughter made you smile and you listened to her talk about the party happening on her campus. Your mates began to trickle over to join you in the entry way as they cleared away from the table. Once the last of your boys gathered around, you said goodbye to Blaire and linked one arm with Jack and the other with Papyrus as your group walked out into the evening.

The streets were beginning to fill with other people and monsters to ring in the new year. There was some sort of ball drop happening at the capitol building when it was time so people were flocking in that direction.

It was still a few hours until midnight yet and you were just along for the ride at this point. Your group meandered down the street towards the human side of town. The tall buildings glittered in the night as you went. The road became familiar and the Twisted Crown came into view. You had been given the night off but you were happy to stop in for some drinks.

"Happy new year Oliver!" You called as you approached the bar still arm in arm with Jack and Papyrus.

"Happy new year." He replied, " I give you the night off and you come in anyway? You gunning for a raise or something?" He handed off a drink and shot you a smirk.

"I'm gunning for some shots bar man." You let go of your friends to lean on the counter.

“Are you opening a tab or is this all for tonight?” He asked.

Stretch snuck up behind you, giving your boss a wave and leaning on the bar next to you. “how about we play for our drinks? i’m sure the guys’ll be up for a few songs.”

Oliver shook his head with a laugh. “You skeletons are going to play me right out of business with all of the free drinks from your songs... But sure, why not? Get up there and I’ll get your shots.”

Stretch pumped a fist and led you over to the table everyone was settling at. “get on stage boys, we’ve got some drinks to earn.”

“yer makin’ us work fer ‘em?” Mutt tsked but got up to head towards the backstage for the bass guitar he stored there.

You settled down between Blue and Black to watch the impromptu show. It took a minute, but the stage was set soon up and Stretch was greeting the audience with a joke and some easy banter. The first song you knew and Blue pulled you away from the table to dance by the stage.

“ARE YOU HAVING FUN TONIGHT?” He shouted over the music.

You nodded and swayed to the tune. Blue beamed at you, grabbing your hand and spinning you around the dance floor. The music was loud but your mate pulled you close to speak into your ear.

“WE’RE GOING TO HAVE A WONDERFUL NEW YEAR MAIDEN! WE HAVE SO MANY ADVENTURES TO GO ON!” He spun you out then back in against him. “I PROMISE TO BE THERE FOR EVERYTHING MAIDEN. EVERYTHING YOU NEED OR WANT ME FOR.” This time he dipped you low, his teeth ran over your lips, minty magic leaving tingles behind his quick kiss. “FOR EVERYTHING AND THEN SOME.” You let out a breathless laugh and stole another kiss as the song came to a close.

“we got one more for you guys tonight.” Stretch was saying on stage. “tomorrow is the start of a new year, tomorrow we’ll all make promises and work on being new as well. tomorrow is a chance to look at ourselves and see that there is always room to grow.” Stretch grinned down at you from behind his mic before he began to play.

(Stretch) **Tell me I'm clear to breathe this air alone tonight**

Take this all in, the sun will dim but I'm alive

They're gonna try to clip your wings

Lock you up and make you sing

But they'll never cage your dreams so fly away

Cause we've got tomorrow, we're the pages in the wind

We've got tomorrow, we're the tale that lies within

There's always another day, another night

A bittersweet blessing in disguise

Tomorrow, we're the authors of our lives, tomorrow

Eyes open wide, daydream at night, my thoughts collide

Some day they'll see, behind their screens, me shining bright

They're gonna try to clip your wings

Lock you up and make you sing

But they'll never cage your dreams so fly away

You smiled up at your mates playing on stage. All of their original music had started off so sad, so angry over the situations they had come from. The underground that they had survived in for so long. And now they could sing about more than that. They could talk about their futures and hope for tomorrow.

(Mutt) **And oh, I've been obsessed, in search of success**

Been blinded by the light

Sometimes you are the spider, sometimes you are the fly

Flying towards the sky, our starting line

(Stretch) **Cause we've got tomorrow, we're the pages in the wind**

We've got tomorrow, we're the tale that lies within

There's always another day, another night

A bittersweet blessing in disguise

Tomorrow, we're the authors of our lives, tomorrow

“happy new year twisted crown!” Stretch called as the last notes faded out. You clapped and whistled through the cheers of the other bar attendees. As the band broke the stage down, you and Blue returned to the table for the round of shots from Oliver.

“We gotta get back up on stage some time.” Hayden said as he passed you your shot.

You hummed and waited for everyone to have one in their hands. “Maybe when Blaire comes back.”

“I’ll hold you to that.” Your friend nudged you and smiled. “She’ll come home in a few months, then we’ll get together and have a jam session kay?”

“Okay.” You said.

Your group cheered the new year and downed your shots. You weren’t very good at shots. You preferred to have your liquor mixed with something else, but you got it down. Jack and Red took off to the bar to weedle another round out of Oliver and you ended up on Sans’s lap at the table. His familiar laugh and arms keeping you comfortably perched.

“ya having a good night?” He murmured in your ear.

You nod and lean you head on his. “Remember the first new year you and Papaya had at my old house?”

Sans chuckled and gave your middle a squeeze. “i remember almost teleporting paps and i out because of the racket you and the neighbors were making in the street.”

You giggled. “I don’t remember you being *that* panicked. Papaya had a great time with the roman candles.”

“heh, yea he did have a *blast* .”

“And how about this new years?” You prodded.

Sans peered up at you and grinned. “this year i might teleport both you and paps out when the fireworks start.”

“Still don’t like them then?”

Sans shrugged. “oh i have a *sparkler* time. as long as the ones important ta me are safe, ya do as ya want.”

“Aww Sans.”

“heh, i may need ta share ya with the others, but i got *fountains* of love fer ya princess. our *spark* is still live…” His teasing smile grew serious. “and i promise ta be more open with ya. i know i didn’t do the best at keeping ya in the loop this past year with all of this.”

Jack and Red had made it back with another tray of shots. You took yours and clinked it to Sans’s. “And I promise to make more time for us like how we used to hang out. I won’t leave you behind just because I have more than you and Papaya in my life now.”

The two of you took your shots and you planted a kiss on his teeth just as Blue was hauling you out of his lap.

“IT’S TIME FOR THE NEXT DESTINATION!” He insisted. Papyrus was helping him herd your group towards the door. You called out a goodbye to your boss and headed back out into the cold night. Red offered to give you a piggyback ride as everyone walked, to which you agreed to wholeheartedly. You were pretty sure the second round of shots had been monster alcohol. It was hitting you way faster than two regular shots would have.

“Where are we off to now?” You asked as everyone trooped down the road.

Red settled you more comfortably on his back and chuckled. “wouldn’ ya like ta know?”

You laughed as well. “That’s why I asked big guy.”

“hmm, maybe i’ll let ya ‘n on the itinerary fer a kiss?”

You giggled at the note of a question at the end of his sentence and wriggled up higher on his back to lean far enough over his shoulder to get at his teeth. Red helped you along, turning his head and supporting you in your endeavor to sit higher on him. The coolness of his golden tooth contrasted nicely with the warmth of the rest of him

as he let his magic play out in smokey trendles over your lips.

“RED! FOR STARS SAKES, WATCH WHERE YOU’RE GOING!”

You squeaked and broke away from him as Red bumped into his brother. Your ride over-corrected and had to stumble to a halt and let you off to keep from dropping you. Both of you were laughing and he draped an arm around your shoulders to stay by your side as the two of you trailed after the others.

“‘s gonna be a new year huh?” He asked.

“Yup, a full three hundred and sixty-five new days.”

“they’re gonna be differen’ doll.”

“Always are.”

Red slowed to a stop and pulled you around to face him. “no, i mean i’ll be differen’... ya ‘ad a fair amount a sad ‘n painful days this year, an’ i know i contributed ta quite a few ‘f ‘em.”

“Red.” You started but he held up a hand.

“i can’t promise ta not ever make ya sad again cuz… ‘m an ass doll it’s gonna ‘appen.” You snorted at that. “but i can promise ta make it better ‘s fast ‘s i can, ta think ‘f ya and what ya need ‘n want more of’en.”

You nodded and cupped his skull in your hands. “I look forward to it.”

His shark-like grin threatened to split his face in half and he pulled you in for a tight hug. His heavy parka radiated his warmth and the fluff of his hood tickled your nose. When he pulled away he turned and hollered over his shoulder.

“‘urry up guys!”

You blinked in confusion. The others had gone on ahead of you and Red. You should be the ones hurrying it up. Tilting your head around his bulky frame, you raised a brow at the sight of your group approaching. “Did you port us?” You asked and looked around to find that he had indeed taken you for a ride through the void. The fact that you didn’t get dizzy this time was confusing and very much a welcome feeling.

“YOU DIDN’T RUIN THE SURPRISE DID YOU?” Blue yelled as he

jogged ahead of the others to get to you and Red.

“‘s hot cider baby blue, don’ get yer tarsles ‘n a bunch.”

“IT’S NEW YEARS CIDER RED, IT’S SPECIAL!”

Red shrugged. “‘f ya say so.”

By this time, the rest of your mates and the twins had caught up.

“Oh! Spider Cider!” Hayden pipped up. “I’ve only had it once before!”

You followed his excited gaze to find that you were in front of Muffet’s bakery. It had been a while since you had been in here. The last time being your brunch date with Stretch and Blue just after they had surfaced.

Papyrus and Black went in to order for everyone. You wormed your way into Red’s parka to stave off the wind still stirring up cold gusts of air. He happily zipped you up in it with him as you waited.

“YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS.” Edge said to his brother and poked a sharp finger into his shoulder.

“ya look jealous.” Red shot back in good humor and tightened his arms around you. “we’re one now. fear our two ‘eaded wrath.” He let out a half-hearted snarl that turned into a chuckle at his brother’s eye roll.

“No fair, I want to be a two headed monster.” Jack whined and poked at you through Red’s coat.

You squeaked and tried to turn both you and Red so he couldn’t tickle you. “Get your own monster boy friend then!”

“what, we gotta share you but you won’t share us?” Stretch came over, dropping his spent cigarette on the sidewalk and stamping it out. He shot you a wink then lifted his hoodie up as he turned to face your friend. “get in here Jack, i’ll be your second head.”

You burst out laughing as Jack ducked under the orange garment and struggled to get his head out through the hole at the top. It didn’t quite work as hoodie head holes were designed to support only one head at a time. Stretch ended up with your friend’s hair under his chin and just Jack’s eyes poking out from the collar.

“now, yer the ones lookin’ ridiculous.” Red joked.

Stretch shrugged and let Jack out from under his hoodie. Papyrus and Black emerged from Muffet's. Each with a jug of cider. Black had a stack of cups as well.

"IT IS NEARING MIDNIGHT, WE SHOULD HAVE THIS AT THE PARK." Black said.

Everyone seemed to be in agreement because the brothers all paired off to teleport. You were still zipped up in Red's coat with him so he would take you and Edge. Sans ported with Papyrus and Jack, Stretch took Blue and Hayden, and Mutt just took his brother.

You felt your feet land on the winter flattened grass of Ebott park. Red let you out of his parka and you gathered around to get a cup of the steaming cider. There were a few other people ringing in the new year in the park but most everyone had flocked downtown for the big celebration. Papyrus poured you a cup of steaming cider and smiled down at you.

"I remember the first time we got spider cider." He said. "I couldn't understand why you were so weary of it."

You laughed and stayed by his side as he poured a cup for Edge. "Yea, that 'made of spiders' bit threw me off for a long while."

Papyrus poured himself a cup then set the jug down. "Did we ever put you off when we first moved in?"

"Hmm, I remember being super cautious of Sans for a long time, I couldn't ever tell where I stood with him." You blew on your hot cider. "You had so much energy, I was both impressed and concerned over that planner you had put together to see all of the human things."

Your mate laughed and nodded. "And there is still so much more to see! I still have that planner my dear though I've edited it in order to fit you and the others in on the adventures."

"Is that what we're calling them now?"

"Of course! It is the best name for the best sights and experiences I could hope to have! I just now have you and the others to share it with! Nyeh heh heh!"

You laughed with him and he rested an arm around your shoulders so you could lean your head against his side. "I'm sure you'll have a

blast.”

Papyrus pat your shoulder then turned you to face him. “ *We* will have a blast. You are coming with us, to see all of the sights, all of the sounds, all of the strangeness that is humanity. I promise that the schedule is flexible. I can work around what is best for you dearest.”

You couldn’t help but melt under Papyrus’s soft gaze. He always meant what he said, you trusted him. “I guess I can live with going on adventures.” You say and take a drink.

“Oh good, because I have quite a few planned for this upcoming year!”

You giggle. You shouldn’t be surprised at this point.

“less than a minute ta midnight.” Sans said, checking his phone. Several others also pulled out their phones to count down the seconds.

10…

9…

8…

You shivered as a gust of wind passed by. Papyrus noticed and pulled you closer.

7…

6…

5…

4...

“Happy new year my dear.” He said.

“Happy new year Papaya.”

3...

2…

1…

You leaned up as he leaned down, his teeth already a buzz with his

sweet warm magic. It mixed with the taste of your cider and warmed you from the inside out.

“aww, he gets the first kiss of the year?”

You broke away from your mate with a giggle and took a drink of your cider to help settle his magic that was still tumbling through your veins. You heard Red chuckle somewhere nearby.

“does tha’ mean i got the last kiss ‘f last year?”

There were a few laughs then Mutt piped up. “who cares? i ga’ rum.” He produced a full handle of Kraken rum from his long coat and gestured at the cider with it. Several mates gathered around him to spike their drinks. You went to join them but was pulled away by Black.

“COME WITH ME A MOMENT PET.” He said.

With a shrug, you followed him as he walked away from the group. There was a small hill not far from where you were celebrating and Black led you up to the top. The wind was more blustery up there. You cupped your hands more firmly around your cider and watched Black as he watched you.

The wind changed and Mutt popped in just behind you, the tail of his duster fluttering out behind him. “‘appy new year duchess.” He said and wrapped his arms around you creating a solid line of warmth up your back and around your shoulders. “got somethin’ fer ya.” He continued.

“BUT FIRST!” Black cut his brother off, “FIRST YOU MUST LET GO OF A WEIGHT YOU CARRIED LAST YEAR.”

You blinked. What weight?

Black reached into his pocket and pulled out what looked like a ziplock bag. “YOU ARE NOT INDEBTED TO YOUR PARENTS. RID YOURSELF OF ANYTHING THAT HOLDS YOU TO THEM.” He extended the bag to you.

Taking it, you brought it up closer to your face to see what was inside. You grit your teeth when you recognized the shorn lock of hair you had hid away in your memory box all those years ago.

“YOUR BODY IS YOURS PET,” Black was still talking, “NOT EVEN I

HAVE THE FINAL SAY OVER HOW YOU DECIDE TO PRESENT IT.”

“nice wind we got ‘ere.” Mutt commented behind you.

You nodded and opened the bag. You had originally hid the hair away in hopes that your parents wouldn’t get you in trouble if they had no evidence that you had cut your own hair. But it didn’t matter in the end. No trip to go see the RedWoods for you. Papyrus had promised you adventures, and that you would in fact be going, you hoped that would always hold true.

“i offered ta lose it ‘n the void fer ya but everyone thought it’d be better fer ya ta get rid of it how ya pleased.” Mutt went on.

You nodded and handed Black your cider cup. That made sense. Sans had you destroy the plate chip, Stretch asked you to burn the forgotten homework, and now they were asking you to let go of the hair. It doesn’t control you anymore.

Reaching into the little bag, you pulled out the little strands of hair. The wind made the ends flutter in your fingers and you were tempted to just drop the entire clump. Instead you held your hand away from you and let the hair blow away in little pieces as you rubbed your fingers together in a sprinkling motion. It was unremarkable, no music played when the hair was gone, you didn’t feel much different either. Maybe a little better that you wouldn’t have to look at that mistake again, but it wasn’t the huge wash of emotion like you had with the plate shard.

Pressing the now empty bag into Mutt’s hand, you reached out with your other for your cup. “That can be lost in the void,” You told him, “I’m not going to let the plastic just blow away here.”

Mutt chuckled and balled the ziplock up. When he opened his hand again, it was gone. “yer turn fer a prize.” He growled over your head.

Black nodded and stepped closer. You watched him for whatever was coming next but it was Mutt who reached into his pocket to produce something broad and flat. How he had kept that under his duster was a mystery. Though he had also produced a huge bottle of rum earlier. Either his coat had a dimensional box hidden away in it, or Mutt was a time lord.

“What is that?” You asked, pushing the mystery of Mutt’s duster to the back of your mind.

Black pulled his phone out of his pocket and turned on the flashlight. The moon wasn't providing enough light for whatever was in Mutt's hand. Your taller mate brought the thing down under the light in front of you.

It was a picture frame.

Multiple picture frames actually, all collaged together into one big frame. Most of the pictures appeared to be selfies. There were a few that were candid, the subjects not looking at, or noticing the camera. All were of you and at least one of your mates.

There was the selfie of you and Mutt in the airport, his tongue running up the side of your face. An old one of you and Papyrus not long after he had moved in with you out on your front porch in homemade crop tops and sunglasses. A candid one of you and Red sitting opposite each other on the floor of your room, your knees touching and both with guitars in your laps and smiles on your faces as the pair of you played something. Another candid of you asleep in Black's lap on the beach house's porch. There was a photo of you and Blue, each holding up a lumpy cinnamon bun to the camera and smiling, both of your faces and clothes were covered in flour. Another older photo of you and Sans lounging on your old couch, your head on his chest and holding up a peace sign as he snapped the selfie. A soft photo of you curled against Stretch's chest, obviously in bed and in the process of waking up. He had a smirk on his skull as he angled his phone for the shot. And a picture of you and Edge both leaning over a picture puzzle, your heads close, eyes and hands poised to place a piece in its proper place.

There were two group photos as well. One of everyone piled together at the beach and another of everyone relaxing in the lounge, eyes either on the movie playing out of frame or on a card game happening in the corner of the photo.

"WE ARE YOUR FAMILY NOW." Black said. "AND WE WILL ALWAYS BE AROUND TO PROTECT YOU."

"i'm 'ere fer anythin' and everythin' ya decide ta throw at me duchess, ya can't scare me off wi' a tragic back story an' more 'n one mate." He gave your shoulder a squeeze with his free hand, the picture frame vanished back into his duster for safekeeping until you got home. "and tha's a promise darlin'."

Black gave you a curt nod and turned off the light of his phone to stick

it back in his pocket. “MY STRENGTH IS YOURS, THAT IS ALSO A PROMISE.” He stepped forward again and reached up to tilt your head down. His sharp eye lights disappearing behind the strange boney lids as he closed the gap between himself and you.

Your brain only had a split second to feel weird about being held by Mutt while being kissed by his brother before Black’s magic took over. Sharp licorice hiding the sweetness underneath. He pulled away from you a moment later. “Happy New Year My Pet.” He murmured then stepped away to promptly start marching down the hill and towards the group.

The heat from Mutt at your back moved away and his shape circled around to kneel in front of you. Sharp claws brushed tears you didn’t know you had shed from your cheeks. “‘m yers duchess.” He murmured over the wind. His hands dropped to scoop up one of yours and he bowed his head to let his teeth run over the back of it. “‘ntill ‘m nothin’ but dust, ‘m yers. i promise.”

“Mutt…” You didn’t get a chance to finish protesting.

Mutt stood and pulled you into an embrace. You hugged him back, your face pressed to his sternum. The stiff breeze dipped, giving you a reprieve from the cold air. Mutt loosened his hold on you enough to pull back and tilt your head up to him. His teeth were quick to graze over your lips, his floral magic prickling at your senses until he pulled away.

“le’s get ya a refill on the cider yea?” He said as he suddenly pulled away to begin walking back down the hill. You rolled your eyes but laughed and chased after him.

Everyone agreed that it was too cold to hang around in the park for the rest of the night so everyone trooped back to the cars and drove home. You weren’t done celebrating and you recruited Hayden and Jack to help you pilfer all of the alcohol out of the freezer along with various mixers. You had been told to meet everyone in the lounge when you had everything so you led the twins through the house, arms leaden with beverages.

The lounge had been made into a large blanket fort at some point. Many of the pillows from your bed had been stolen to help cushion the floor space. The only large opening was so the occupants could see the TV screen. A movie was picked and you settled in to drink and start your new year off in a warm pile of bones and your friends.

Edge managed to steal you away to pop more popcorn at some point, not that you were that helpful being several strong drinks in already.

“More butter.” You mumble and search around in the fridge for a stick.

“WE HAVE PLENTY, CLOSE THE DOOR.” Edge gently pulled you away from the fridge, bumping it closed with his foot as he steered you to the counter. You giggled as he lifted you up to sit on the counter with a demand to ‘STAY’ as he finished stirring in the melted butter he had on the stove and salt the large bowl of freshly popped kernels.

“Come here Edgy, I haven’t gotten a kiss from you this year.” You whined.

Your mate chuckled and brought the bowl over to you. “I’LL HAVE TO FIX THAT OVERSIGHT NOW WON’T I?” He said and set the bowl down next to you. You eagerly drew him closer, wrapping your legs around him and throwing your arms around his shoulders.

The kiss lingered, he seemed just as reluctant as you were to break it. When he did pull away, he bumped his forehead to yours. “With What Luck Has Brought Me To You.” He murmured. “I Will Stand By Your Side, Year After Year.”

Another ghost of a kiss crossed your lips then he pulled you away and off of the counter. You just had enough brain power to remember the popcorn before he led you back to the lounge.

Soft strumming filled the room. The movie had been over for a while and you found yourself sprawled on the floor, your friends and mates comfortably lounging around you, some snoring peacefully already. Stretch had brought out his acoustic guitar and had been idly playing for a while. You didn’t quite remember when though.

“sing us a song.” Stretch muttered from his place using your thigh as a pillow. He quit playing for a moment to give your leg a prod.

“Sing what?” You asked.

“i dunno… make something up.” Stretch began to play again. You thought through the waves of alcohol in your system. What to sing about? They had all said such wonderful things to you this past evening. What could you say in return? Nothing you were brave

enough to say. Not yet anyway. No one else came forward to fill in any words so you stared up at the ceiling and let your drunk mind supply the lyrics.

I'm tugging at my hair

I'm pulling at my clothes

I'm trying to keep my cool

I know it shows

I'm staring at my feet

My cheeks are turning red

I'm searching for the words inside my head

Stretch changed his tune to better suit your lyrics. You wriggled a little bit and squeezed Sans's hand from where you were holding it.

I'm feeling nervous

Trying to be so perfect

'Cause I know you're worth it

You're worth it

Yeah

If I could say what I want to say

I'd say I want to blow you, away

Be with you every night

Am I squeezing you too tight?

If I could say what I want to see

I want to see you go down

On one knee

Marry me today

Guess, I'm wishing my life away

With these things I'll never say

This was going to be a good year. You continued to sing into the quiet room. How many of your companions were awake to hear it was anyone's guess, but you couldn't stop the words from pouring out of your mouth.

Guess, I'm wishing my life away

With these things I'll never say

Chapter End Notes

Hnnn, the relationships are settling! ^_^

Also, I have a question for y'all, but it's on my Tumblr!

Rainbow Veins

Chapter Notes

> I hope you all had a wonderful Halloween! Two of my best friends got married in my back yard last night so that is my excuse for not posting at the usual time.
>
> So now here we go! There are more loose ends to tie up, this set gave me an excuse to be dramatic. Y'all 've been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

HayDuder - How many are coming?

You glanced at the message from Hayden then over at Edge as he was buckling into the driver's seat of his car. It was the week after new years and you were going to meet Hayden and Jack for lunch to celebrate Edge's new ability to drive stick. You mirrored Edge and settled into the front seat to text your friend back.

You - Just Edge and I

HayDuder - Cool, see ya in a few

It was a sunny January afternoon as you cruised into town. Edge's car was a smooth ride, every bit the luxury vehicle he had customized. He had taken to the new driving style quickly according to Jack. Pulling levers and being in tune with the feel of the car came second nature to your mate. He clearly enjoyed his new freedom to be able to just go when he wanted to without asking to use Papyrus's car or be ported.

Your neighborhood faded behind the two of you as he pulled onto the highway. The cafe where you were meeting the twins at wasn't far. Edge just liked taking the highway. It was a Saturday so both you and Edge had the day off from your respective jobs. Jack worked just down the street from the cafe to fit your celebration in on his break and Hayden worked from home so he could put his lunch wherever.

You waved at the twins as Edge pulled up to the restaurant. It was in the human district but there was a monster on staff that provided magical food to any monster guests that came in.

"Hey you! How's work today?" You asked as you hopped out of the car to give Jack a hug.

“Oh you know, it’s work.” He replied, giving you a squeeze. Hayden gave you a hug after his twin and both of them greeted Edge when he circled around to make sure all of the doors were locked.

“Look at you! Driving like you know what you’re doing!” Jack joked as your group headed in for food.

“I DO KNOW WHAT I AM DOING.” Edge said. It was obvious that he didn’t quite get the joke but was not going to say anything more and prove it further.

Jack just laughed and found a kiosk to order from. There were little table buzzers that you would take with you to your seat so the wait staff knew where to deliver the food to. You got a cup of soup and a half-sandwich. Jack got a tortellini pasta with chicken, Hayden had ordered a full sandwich and a small salad, and Edge found something called a dog salad on the monster food menu.

The four of you chatted and you got to watch Edge interact with the twins in a weirdly friendly manner. Not to say that he was bad with people. He just tended to avoid as many social situations as he could. But it was obvious that Jack had managed to get past the outward threatening monster and could at least rib at him without getting his head torn off.

“I DID NO SUCH THING!” Edge jabbed his fork at your friend.

Jack chuckled and waved a bite of tortellini in the air in front of his face. “Oh it was hilarious, I didn’t know you could even make that kind of sound.” Edge rolled his eyes as Jack continued. “He had got it into first gear but forgot that he needed to actually keep changing gears if he wanted to keep speeding up, so we ended up kinda just coasting down the street at twenty miles per hour with the engine revving like crazy and him screeching the whole time!”

You laughed along with Hayden. Edge shook his skull.

“I DID *NOT* SCREECH.” He insisted.

Jack made a face at you that said he totally screeched, which made you laugh again. You tried to cover it behind your sandwich but you could tell Edge noticed by the way his eye lights circled in his skull.

“But seriously, don’t do that again, you’ll damage your transmission.” Jack pointed out.

“YES I KNOW *NOW* .”

“So you admit it happened!”

Jack earned himself a shove and a glare for that, but it was dismissed in a blink and the conversation moved on to other things.

Lunch flew by and soon you were saying goodbye to Jack as he headed back down the sidewalk to get back to work and Hayden was climbing into his car to head home. You waved them both away and climbed back into Edge’s car, sighing happily at his decision to order heaters in the seats.

You were staring blankly out of your passenger window as Edge pulled up to the house. He slowed prematurely, and you looked around in confusion as to why he was angling to park along the street instead of in the garage.

Someone was standing in the driveway.

Cream scarf.

Boney frame.

Giant paintbrush.

Edge brought the car to a halt and you hopped out before he could turn the key.

“Ink?” You called out.

The skeleton in your driveway turned from his scrutiny of your home to face you. Recognition flitted over his face as you approached him.

“there you are triptych!” He crowed and bounced to meet you. “i just knew you’d be here! look! look! i remembered that i needed to talk to you!”

Ink opened his arms as he came towards you as if he was going in for a hug. Before he could get to you, Edge had caught up. He grabbed you by the waist, lifting and setting you down on his other side so Ink would miss you.

“WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS HERE?” He demanded.

Your visitor didn’t even blink. He sidestepped your mate and scooped up your hand. Taking up his scarf he swiped it over the back of it then

let go. You gasped and looked at your hand. The ink mark that had refused to be washed away was gone.

“hello fell papyrus, are you ready to go home?” Ink asked as you stared at your clean hand.

You and Edge looked at each other then back at Ink. “YES…” Edge spoke slowly. “WE WERE GETTING THERE BUT YOU WERE IN THE WAY.” He gestured at the house.

Ink’s mismatched eye lights followed his waving hand. A question mark blipped into one socket before morphing into an exclamation point. “right! you must have had a device of some sort to pull you here in the first place. let’s go in and wait for error.”

“Error?” You squeaked.

Edge growled and his rapier formed in his hand. “YOU INVITED HIM HERE?!” He snarled into an unimpressed looking face.

“well, yea.” Ink smiled, though it didn’t seem to reach his sockets. “we’ll need him for your little predicament.”

You glanced up and Edge. He appeared as confused as you felt. You sighed, letting out a cloud of vapor in the cold January air. “Lets just go inside. We can figure this out when we’re not out in the cold.”

Ink nodded and followed you as you moved up the driveway. Edge cast a look back at his car parked along the sidewalk. With a grumble he hurried after.

“Hello?” You called out when you pushed through the front door.

You heard a few responses to your shout throughout the house, it was a weekend so everyone was scattered about doing their own thing.

“INK STAIN!” Edge bellowed the second he got through the door after you and Ink, slamming it behind him.

Magic exploded in the entryway accompanied by frantic shuffling and the pounding of feet. Sans appeared first, left eye light blazing. You felt him seize your soul and you were hauled away from Ink and Edge. Stretch popped in a second later followed by Red and Mutt. Feet could be heard racing down the stairs and from the lounge.

Blue and Papyrus came up just behind Sans as he held onto you and

Black skidded to a halt next to his brother. Twin dirks summoned and ready. Edge circled around Ink to put another monster between you and the other skeleton.

The hallway went silent as everyone stared at Ink. He didn't seem concerned with the sudden assembly of your mates. If anything he looked pleased.

"just ink will do, thank you for gathering everyone." He said and scratched absently at the dark stain marring his cheekbone.

"STATE YOUR BUSINESS." Edge growled.

Ink blinked, then blinked again. Holding up a finger he pulled his long scarf around to inspect it. "that's right!" He dropped the end of his scarf and opened his arms again. "i'm here to get you home!"

"BUT… WE *ARE* HOME." Blue spoke up.

Ink turned his gaze to him and started forward. Edge put out an arm to stop him but grunted in surprise when Ink grasped his wrist and pushed it out of the way with ease. "have you forgotten already?" Ink asked. "your home is in swap, it's sitting empty, just waiting for your return!" He came to a halt when Stretch moved in front of his brother but continued to address him. "you belong there, not here."

"no, we're here. this is where we surfaced, this is our home." Stretch growled.

"but-"

"ya 'eard 'im" Mutt said, taking a step forward to place himself closer to Edge and between the group and Ink. "take yer' universe 'nd shove it."

Ink's gaze swept over your mates, "but you don't belong here." His eye lights landed on you and he sighed. "once error gets here we'll sort this out okay?"

As if summoned, static made the hairs on your arms and neck stand on end as the dark skeleton popped into view next to Edge. He grumbled at the sight of your mates and he leveled a glare at you.

"p1x31." He growled and shoved his hands into his glitching hoodie pockets.

Ink smiled at him and retreated to move to his side then gestured at your group. “do you see the problem?” He asked.

Error rolled his eye lights, “1'm 4w423, w3'v3 41234dy 741k3d 480u7 7h15. 1d107.”

“have we?” Ink asked, then shrugged. “well we’re here now, and we need to fix this so everyone can go home to their own surfaces!”

“fix what exactly?” Sans growled.

You caught sight of Black inching towards you and Red’s hand slipped under Sans’s arm to grasp your elbow. Edge and Mutt moved to stand shoulder to shoulder and act as a wall.

“your bonds of course!” Ink said.

Error stepped forward and reached out in your direction. Mutt let out a snarl and lept in front of his reaching hand. Black also lunged towards you just as Sans let go of you completely. Red’s hand grasped your elbow more firmly and Black seized your other arm. The hallway vanished from view just as Mutt’s soul burst from his chest.

You screamed.

Cold air choked you, and the snowy mountainside popped into existence. You wavered on your feet and Black let go. His magical weapons were back in his hands and he was scanning the area. Red stepped closer and scooped you up into his arms.

Neither said a word as Red hustled towards the giant cave mouth that he and all other monsters had come out of. Black followed, watching for threats.

“Mutt!” You whimpered.

“shh, ‘e’s fine.” Red reassured you. The winter’s light faded from view as he swerved and strode with purpose down a long dark passage.

You wound your arms around his neck and peeked over his shoulder. The violet glow of Black’s eye lights and his dirks cast your smaller mate in an eerie light as he followed. His face was set in a grimace. Nothing but the sounds of your mate’s footsteps echoed around you as Red turned down corridor after corridor losing the three of you in the stale air of the mountain’s underground.

Ink huffed when you vanished from view. This wasn't ideal, he had wanted you here so Error could break the bonds you had somehow formed with all of the Sans and Papyrus monsters in one go. Now you were gone and he would have to pull and break the bonds individually from the remaining skeletons. This universe's Sans and Papyrus wouldn't have to be touched, they belonged here, just like you did.

The Papyrus from SwapFell stood at the head of the group. Livid magic sparked around his claws and burned in his sockets. His battered soul hovered before him. Like all monster souls, it was a white and inverted cartoon heart. A river of emerald flowed through his soul, a visual embodiment of his bond and marking him as your mate. The light emanating from the scarred soul was of a burnt orange, it pulsed and buzzed with his agitated magic.

"ya *really* don' wanna get inta this wi' me." SwapFell Papyrus snarled.

Ink just watched him. He was a creator not a destroyer, he wasn't going to break the bonds, that was Error's job. Ink was here to escort the wayward universes back to their rightful places. Then they could do what they wanted in the correct universe. But the bonds needed to go so they wouldn't be in pain once home.

"They are integrating with society just fine, I see no reason to send them anywhere." The Papyrus from this universe said. His eye lights kept darting to his counterpart's soul and back as he spoke.

They had to go back. Or there would be no point. Their creators birthed them and every other being into existence in their own universes. Wouldn't they be happier being where they belonged? This multi bond thing looked messy. A version of you existed in each of their universes, they could just go form one with her right? It wasn't that big of a deal.

Error grumbled and threw his hands in the air. "23411y? y0u'23 23411y 90nn4 m4k3 7h15 d1ff1cu17? 1 fuck1n9 w42n3d y0u2 117713 m473 4nd 7h15 15 y0u2 234c710n wh3n h3 f0110w5 7h20u9h?"

"i don't think that they can understand you." Ink said.

Error rolled his eye lights again but shuffled towards the Papyrus from SwapFell.

"if ya were so intent on warning us, why are ya helping him?" This universe's Sans looked up from his phone.

Error paused. “y0u c4n und32574nd m3?”

There was a pregnant pause as the original universe’s Sans looked at his phone again. He grinned and held up the device. “yup, got a little program now, compliments of mutt and your old friend g.”

“9?” Error narrowed his sockets.

“i believe he’s talking about the merged sans from echo.” Ink filled in.

“w3'23 n07 f213nd5!” Error shot back. “fuck32 5h0u1d h4v3 833n d31373d w17h h15 un1v3253.”

“error, can we move this along? i have other universes to check on.” Ink pointed at the barred soul in the room.

“5hu7 17, y0u'23 n07 7h3 8055 0f m3.”

“error! you said you’d help!”

“541d 1'd 7h1nk 480u7 17.”

“i don’t remember you saying that.”

“y34, w311, y0u d0n'7 23m3m832 4 107 0f 5h17” Error turned from the SwapFell monster, giving him the opportunity to retrieve and return his soul to his body, ending the encounter.

Ink didn’t get why Error was so upset. He had agreed to help break the cross-universe bonds. Granted, Error tended to be difficult every time he agreed to do any sort of collaboration. Had a major attitude the whole time, but he would do whatever needed to be done. It would be easier if the misplaced universe monsters just cooperated. Why none of them were jumping at the chance to go home was a mystery to him.

He glanced over at the group of monsters. SwapFell Papyrus was still standing in front of the others. Fell Papyrus was right behind him. The others had bunched together around this universe’s Sans, murmuring with each other.

Error appeared to be fiddling with his strings and generally not being helpful. Ink knew he thought that this was a waste of effort, that just because he and Error couldn’t form bonds due to the nature of Error’s soul and the fact that Ink lacked one entirely, didn’t mean that they had any business mucking about in someone else's.

Which gave Ink an idea. If they were so attached to this bond, he would give them incentive. He cleared his nonexistent throat and unhooked broomie. The motion caught the attention of everyone in the room.

“i really don’t want to do this by force, but the universes must have their residents back.” He reasoned. “i know it’s this weird bond thing you have that is keeping you from seeing it, but i think i have a solution that will make all of us happy!” Ink smiled at the confused and suspicious faces in front of him. Smiling was what one was supposed to do when setting others at ease right?

“i’ve got a solution for you.”

Ink chose not to comment on the Swap Papyrus’s snark, he didn’t know what the solution even was yet. Might as well show him his first then. In a flourish, Ink spun broomie. A window formed where the bristles passed and he came to a satisfied halt by the image of a human kneading dough in a kitchen somewhere.

Ink extended an arm and cast his mismatched eye lights to the pair of Swap monsters in the room. “don’t worry about leaving this universe’s human here.” He said. “you can always find the correct version when you go home!”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I know that there was a lot of Error talking in this one, bear with me, translations will get easier in-story later.
Chapter Translations:
~pixel
~i’m aware, we've already talked about this. idiot.
~really? you're really gonna make this difficult? i fucking warned your little mate and this is your reaction when he follows through?
~you can understand me?
~g?
~we're not friends! fucker should have been deleted with his universe.
~shut it, you're not the boss of me
~said i'd think about it
~yea, well, you don't remember a lot of shit

Let the drama ensue! Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

To Early For Surrender, To Late For a Prayer

Chapter Summary

> Walk right in all you sinners and saints
> Tonight's the night we're gonna take off these chains
> Some wounds will never mend
> It came with a warning, now we're all out of time
> This romance with ignorance has left us behind
> Sit back, relax, begin

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the late update, I forgot to prep a chapter before heading out for my hunting trip (shot a deer yay! I have meat for the winter!). This should be my last weekend out until the new year unless the stealhead fishing suddenly gets good again. Thank you for your patience with me!
>
> Now onward to the thing you care about, the story!
>
> Song in this chapter:
> Young God - Halsey

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Weak light filtered into the large open room. You huddled down in a corner, your eyes searching the silent space over and over again. Red's parka was wrapped around your shoulders to help keep the cold away and you could just make out the smoldering coals of his eye lights across the room. Black had been gone for a while now.

You cast your gaze around from where you had been stashed next to a giant covered chair, it was large enough to be a throne. Black had instructed you to hide under the covering if someone other than him or Red entered the area.

Aside from another throne-like chair sitting in the middle, it was sparse. You thought you could make out the trampled and dry remains of flowers littering the floor but you weren't entirely sure, it was too dark.

Sans had texted you a quick update that Mutt had gotten his soul back with his bond still intact but no other word from the house had come through yet. You supposed that you would feel it if Ink or Error

messed with any of the bonds. It had been painful to be a universe away from them but still connected. You shuddered at the thought of any of the bonds being broken, let alone all of them.

A pebble clattered into the room. The glowing lights of Red's eyes darted to it then flared with more magic. The pebble lifted from the floor then was dropped again. The little clattering it caused sounded like a gunshot to you in the quiet room. Thankfully the suffocating silence did not return as Black strode in, the click of his boots were hard on the stone floors . He scooped up the pebble and put it in a pocket before turning in a full circle to inspect the room from the center.

"it's safe half-pint, ya don' 'afta check." Red's voice echoed around the room as he also stepped out of his shadowy corner.

"ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO SURE." Black replied, his eye lights passed over you as they roved around the room, noting your presence, but not giving your location away by resting for any amount of time on you. "DILIGENCE AND VIGILANCE ALWAYS." He grumbled.

Red approached the smaller skeleton. Black held out an arm for him to take. "WE NEED TO CHECK THE JUDGMENT HA-" The pair of them vanished.

A brief moment of panic washed through you at the thought of being left completely alone. It didn't last long as both of them popped into existence next to you behind the covered throne. Black passed you his phone with the brightness turned as far down as he could get it while still allowing you to see what was on the screen.

You - THIS AND THE SURROUNDING ROOMS ARE CLEAR, EVEN SO, WE WILL KEEP COMMUNICATIONS SILENT.

You nodded and erased his words to type your own and hand it back to him.

You - Okay. Any word on what's happening at the house?

Black angled his phone so Red could read over his shoulder. Black shook his skull at you and Red pulled out his phone to check if he had received anything from his brother. He also shook his head then typed out a message on his own screen before passing it to you.

You - want me ta go see what's goin on?

You looked up at him and handed his phone back while mouthing ‘Please?’. Red glanced at Black and raised his brow bones. Black simply rolled his eye lights and jerked his skull in a ‘get out of here’ motion. Red gave him a curt nod then teleported out.

Black resituated himself so he could sit and keep an eye on the room with his back to you. His phone screen dimly lit up and he glanced at the message. Curious, you scooted forward so you could rest your chin on his shoulder. Red had reported in.

Idiot3 - both of them are still here

You giggled at the name and you felt Black shift under your chin as he typed out a response.

You - GOOD, RELOCATING. WILL SEND COORDINATES WHEN SETTLED.

He thought for a second then sent another message.

You - BRING ME MY ROPES WHEN YOU RETURN, I WILL NEED TO SECURE THE AREA.

Red didn’t respond immediately so Black put his phone away and scooted out from under your chin. Standing, he turned and offered you a hand to get up. Taking it, you got to your feet and brushed off Red’s coat and your pants. Black waited, though his eye lights continued to scour the room. At your signal that you were ready, he took your hand again and pulled you deeper into the underground.

Red stared in shock from his hiding place at the visage of you in the weird window like thing next to the monster everyone was calling Ink. It was definitely you, but not? The window showed you in a bakery, behind the counter and folding dough like an expert. He couldn’t see the other’s reactions as he had teleported into the nearby coat closet and was peeking out from the cracked open door. He did notice Stretch take a step back, his skull looking paler than normal as he shook it, plumes of his magic could be seen drifting from his right socket as well. His brother grabbed his hand and glared at Ink.

“I DON’T CARE IF SHE’S THERE! THAT MAIDEN IS NOT MY MAIDEN!” He said, his hammer materialized in his other hand to punctuate his words.

Red narrowed his sockets, was Ink trying to bribe them back with the

version of you in the other universes? The thought was passingly appealing. The only bond he would have to share would be with his brother and not the whole lot of them but… no. Blue was right. The version of you in his universe wasn't *you* .

"yes she is," Ink was saying. "that is exactly your… maiden. plus! you wouldn't have to share with all of these other universe monsters! she would just be yours and your brother's!"

Red flinched. That was exactly what had crossed his mind. He hated himself for thinking it but the angle would be tempting if he hadn't been here for so long. If he hadn't invested every iota of free time into working on himself for you. His eye lights flicked to Stretch. Sharing had been his struggle, and this was a way out, would he consider breaking the bond for a chance at having more of whatever version of you to himself?

Blue was still glaring at Ink. The other skeleton, the dark glitchy one was sulking behind Ink, fiddling with something blue in his hands and shooting glares around the room.

Ink shrugged at the lack of response and brandished his giant paint brush. The image of you kneading dough faded to be replaced with another version of you. This one was behind a bar, but it wasn't the Crown that you were working in. The vague surroundings appeared dirtier, he caught sight of a pistol strapped to your hip when you turned to start making a drink from a silent patron.

"fell papyrus?" Ink prodded. "your brother may have taken off but i understand you hold some rank with your guard. find this human, she certainly looks like she needs your protection."

Red watched his brother stiffen but his words were calm. "THAT HUMAN IS NOT MINE. I WILL NOT LEAVE AND I'M SURE MY BROTHER WON'T EITHER." He stepped up to Mutt's side and tilted his skull. Red could easily imagine the threatening scowl on his face. "WHY ELSE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S OFF PROTECTING HER YOU SORRY EXCUSE FOR A SANS?"

Ink looked unimpressed but he changed the window once again with a wave of the paintbrush. Mutt's spine straightened at the sight of what Red assumed was his version of you. You appeared to be sitting at a table. A leather jacket adorned your upper half and a motorcycle helmet was resting off to the side. You were talking to someone they couldn't see as you picked irritably at a pastry, but no sound passed

through the portrait.

Ink opened his mouth but Mutt cut him off. “no.”

“why?” Ink asked instead.

Mutt’s back settled back into his ready but casual posture. “look at us.” he grumbled. “we look alike but we ain’t alike. same ‘ould go fer any version ‘f ‘er out there.”

Sans’s voice drifted from the group. “we all fell in love with this one. she’s different out there, all of her quirks, all of the things we have individually found endearing may not be in some other version of her.”

Stretch raised his head from where he had been slouching behind his brother. “this is the only version that we have a history with, we’ve grown with her and have memories with her.” He flicked his wrist at the magical window. “she wouldn’t have any of that with us, she could hate monsters, she could decide she doesn’t want a bond with us, she’s a totally different human being and i have already decided on one so you can take your other girls and leave.”

Ink sighed and with a final twirl of his brush, made the window disappear. “this should have been easy.” He whined. “you should want to go home. you don’t belong here. Error, tell them they don’t belong here.”

“d0n'7 d249 m3 1n70 7h15, 7h15 15 wh47 y0u w4n7.” Error growled.

Ink vaguely registered the group shifting formation as he argued with Error. “it’s my job error, and like it or not it’s part of yours too!”

“n0, my j08 15 70 k33p 9117ch35 0u7 0f 7h3 un1v32535. 4nd 45 7h353 9uy5 423 n07 9117ch35, ju57 m15p14c3d. 1 d0n'7 fuck1n9 533 why 1 n33d 70 83 1nv01v3d.”

Ink felt his magic bubbling in reaction to Error’s refusal to cooperate, “you’re the one that has to break th-” a wave of ink erupted from his mouth and interrupted his argument.

Error made a face at the black vomit and took a large step back. “y0u'23 92055, 1'm 0u7.” He grumbled and flickered away.

Ink wiped the inky magic from his chin and looked around at the

shocked and disgusted faces of the other monsters. “hardest way it is.” He said.

Red forced himself to stay put long enough to make sure no one was in immediate danger of the sudden tidal wave of liquid magic spilling from Ink’s paintbrush. It flowed and surrounded everyone to create a kind of bubble. Ink stepped inside and he could make out the faint glowing of the other’s magic as weapons were summoned before he blipped away. First to Black’s room for the requested ropes, then to the underground to find you and Black.

It had been made abundantly clear what his job was when they had originally planned how to handle Ink and Error if they ever showed up again. He was to protect you, no matter what was happening with the others. You were the priority over the other’s safety and he was to keep you away as long as it took. Same with Black, they were your last stand. He could check in, but at the end of the day, he had to get back to you.

They were a little fuzzy on the details on what the universe hopping skeletons wanted with you in the first place until today. Ink hadn’t said anything of use when you told everyone about that encounter. And Error was just vague enough to keep them guessing as to what his actual motives were. All they really knew for certain was that they hadn’t approached any of them, only you.

Red popped back into the dark throne room. He knew you and Black weren’t going to be here, but starting here was faster than trying to find you by chance. Pulling out his phone he texted Black for his location, then his brother for a status report. Not that he was expecting one right away, he just felt better knowing he had checked in. Plus it was a timer, he would go scout the situation again if Edge hadn’t responded back in fifteen minutes.

Black responded and Red teleported to this underground’s resort. Like his, it was Mettaton’s, just brighter and less threatening. Following Black’s directions, he found him in the back of the restaurant’s kitchen. You weren’t anywhere he could see, but he assumed you were nearby. Black may be uptight and annoying, but he knew how to guard someone. Red would begrudgingly give him that. Edge was more of an offense player, strategizing to take the enemy on the open battlefield. Black played a hard defense, digging in and letting the enemy come to his turf on his terms.

“REPORT.” Black greeted him and took the ropes.

Red rolled his eyes but told him of the events that unfolded in their home's entryway. Black hummed as he began rigging up the main kitchen area while Red talked.

"i'm goin' back 'n eight 'f edge doesn' text me back." He said at the end of his story. Black nodded and stepped away from his traps.

"I WOULD DO THE SAME BUT ONE OF US MUST REMAIN HERE. MAKE SURE MUTT IS OKAY AS WELL."

Red nodded and looked around the now rigged room. "so, where's-"

"HIDDEN." Black brushed past him to post up where Red had originally found him standing.

"c'me on dude, no one followed me, i wanna check in with 'er."

Black leveled his violet glare on Red. "DO NOT FORGET THE TYPE OF MONSTERS WE ARE DEALING WITH HERE." He growled, then his face softened just a bit. "SHE IS SOMEWHERE WHERE SHE CAN HEAR YOU, IF YOU MUST SPEAK TO HER, YOU MAY SAY WHAT YOU NEED TO FROM WHERE YOU ARE."

Red rolled his eyes for the second time. "fine." Then he raised his voice to the room. "'m headin' back ta the 'ouse soon doll… i uh c'n grab ya somethin' 'f ya need anythin'. jus' let black know i guess an' e'll text me." He cast his eye lights around the kitchen, hoping to find some evidence of where you were hidden away. "anyway, uh, ya know none 'f us 're goin' back right? we're all gonna stay 'ere with ya 'n this universe." He shook his skull and sighed. He wasn't sure if he was talking to the empty trapped room for Black's entertainment or not but it felt good to speak any sort of reassurance to you.

He checked his phone. Time to head back to the house. Holding up his phone to indicate that he was leaving again to Black, he looked around for you once more before stepping into the void.

Black watched him disappear then spoke to the seemingly empty room. "I'M SORRY YOU COULDN'T SEE HIM OFF AGAIN."

You chewed your lip from your hiding place inside one of the large cupboards. A hole had been punched into the back of it and it had been pulled away from the wall just enough for you to escape through if needed. You had been given three different routes to get out of the kitchen, all were relatively covered by the many counters and ovens in the room.

Just because you understood why Black had insisted you stay put even when Red got back, didn't mean that you liked it. You sighed and played with the zipper of Red's coat. You could hear Black moving around the kitchen, probably setting more traps. At least that's what you thought until he came into view through the hole in the back of the cupboard.

He held a finger up to his teeth and handed you his phone.

You - I REALLY AM SORRY. I PROMISE TO KEEP YOU SAFE LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO PROPERLY GREET EVERYONE AGAIN.

You nodded and erased his message so you could type out your own.

You - I get it. I just hope they go away soon.

Black tsked and crawled into the cramped space. Being smaller than you paired with the fact that he was a skeleton, he was able to maneuver into your lap. His hands rested on your sides and he pressed the side of his skull to the side of your head. You blinked at the breathy whisper that came out of him.

"They can stay or go, either way, you are safe with me. You are safe with Red. No matter what happens, you are safe." His soft raspy voice pushed the tension from your shoulders and you simply nodded and curled around him. Black was a lot of things, but weak was not one of them. You trusted him to do what he could to help you.

The two of you stayed curled together in the cupboard, whispering back and forth for comfort and reassurance. You were just starting to wonder when Red was going to check back in when the sound of one of Black's traps going off made you jump. Black was away from you and out into the kitchen in seconds.

You felt more than heard magic buzzing like a kicked hornet's nest, and the sharp scent of licorice drifted to you. There was another crashing sound, then a growled warning from Black.

"54v3 17 5w4pf311, 1 41n'7 h323 70 d0 wh47 y0u 7h1nk."

Adrenaline shot through you at the familiar garbled speech of Error. He had found you. Choking back a whimper, you fumbled through your phone for the app Mutt had created for you that was supposed to translate what the glitchy skeleton was saying. Your fingers unconsciously found their way to the necklace of strings still around your throat.

You missed whatever Black had said to Error. You snapped back into the muffled exchange only at the static like laughter coming from Error. You held your phone near the door to the cupboard in hopes of picking up anything he could say.

“y0u c4n7 570p m3 f20m f1nd1n9 h32 5w4pf311, 7h0u9h 17 w0u1d 83 funny 70 w47ch y0u 72y.”

Your phone dutifully translated his words and you shuddered.

<**Translation.E1**> (you can’t stop me from finding her swapfell, though it would be funny to watch you try.)

Black could be heard growling, the feeling of his angry magic still crackled through the air. Suddenly another growl joined Black’s and the rattle of chains told you that Red was back.

“fuck *off* ass hole!” He roared, then a commotion of footsteps and the sounds of a scuffle followed.

You clenched your hands around your phone. Were they going to be okay? Should you try to help? Should you stay here? Should you try to get away using one of Black’s exit routes? The realization of the panic setting in, made you panic more and you ended up staying frozen to your hiding spot as the sounds of fighting halted.

Red could be heard cursing and thrashing around still. Black was quieter, but a stream of threats and curses were also pouring out of his mouth.

The sounds of footsteps spurred you to move towards the exit hole. Only. The doors to the cupboard flew open and you felt thin little stings wrap around your waist and wrists and you dropped your phone with a cry as they hauled you backwards and up into the air.

You gasped at the sight of Red also dangling in a web of blue strings, Black was hunched on the floor, bound there by the same material. Though he had fallen silent and could be seen using his magic to attempt to cut his way free. Red was staring at you in horror.

“doll, ‘m sorry!” He cried. “i shoulda come back sooner.”

You didn’t get a chance to reply as your eyes caught sight of the skeleton in the middle of it all. Error stood glaring at you, strings connecting at his fingertips as he reeled you in closer. “wh47 d1d 1 54y? wh47 d1d 1 fuck1n9 54y p1x31? y0u h4d 7w0 0p710n5! 8234k

y0u2 57up1d 80nd5 02 c0nv1nc3 1nk 70 137 7h3m 574y!” He brought your dangling form to a halt right in front of him. “8u7 y0u d1d n07h1n9, 4nd n0w w3’23 411 57uck 1n 7h15 m355.”

You had no control, you wanted so badly to shrink away, to turn and run. But your feet were off of the ground and the rest of you was tangled up. Your eyes darted around for your phone. You had dropped it as you were being dragged out of your hiding spot.

Error followed your frantic gaze. With a flick of a finger, a string shot out and retrieved your phone. It landed in his palm and he glared down at the screen. His own words stared back up at him. With a snort he turned it so you could read what he had said.

<**Translation.E2**> (what did i say? what did i fucking say pixel? you had two options! break your stupid bonds or convince ink to let them stay!)

<**Translation.E3**> (but you did nothing, and now we’re all stuck in this mess.)

Your eyes shot to him when he spoke again only to go back to your screen as the translation kicked in.

“50 wh475 y0u’2 p14y p1x31? ju57 h1d3 4nd h0p3 1nk f029375 4941n? h3’11 k33p c0m1n9 f02 7h3 07h325 45 10n9 45 h3 k33p5 f1nd1n9 7h312 3mp7y un1v32535.”

<**Translation.E4**> (so what’s your play pixel? just hide and hope ink forgets again? he’ll keep coming for the others as long as he keeps finding their empty universes.)

He glared at you as his words scrolled across your phone screen.

You squirmed in your binds. You didn’t know. You didn’t know what to do, you didn’t know what to say to keep your mates around. You had no idea of even where to begin.

Error suddenly lurched to the side, making your head jerk up as you swayed in your ties. A violet bone was protruding from his shoulder. His skull whipped around to find Black with an outstretched arm that he had wriggled free of his bindings.

“ **PUT HER DOWN!!** ” He roared, another attack already forming in his palm.

Error snarled and brought his free hand to his face. His fingers seemed to scoop more strings from the streaks running from his sockets. “y0u 5w4pf3115 w323 41w4y5 4nn0y1n91y 2350u2c3fu1.” He flicked the newly gathered strings towards your mate. They rocketed out and engulfed him, his attack sizzling out under the onslaught of Error’s magic.

You screamed and struggled against the same strings keeping you away from your mate. Red cursed and also shouted something, you didn’t process any of it as your brain supplied a vague memory of the same strings melting the ground in front of you at some point.

“91v3 m3 4 900d 23450n n07 70 ju57 d31373 7h3m n0w 4nd 54v3 my531f 7h3 h34d4ch3 14732.” Error seethed at you. He yanked the bone attack out of him and shattered it with new strings.

You whimpered at the garbled mess of words. He wasn’t holding up your phone for you but there was a clear threat in his tone.

“Don’t.” You pleaded. “Don’t take them from me!”

“7h47 41n7 4 23450n.” The threads wound tighter around Black, obscuring his features from you.

“Why are you doing this?!” You cried. “Can’t you and Ink find another use for their universes? Is it that bad that they aren’t there?” You desperately grasped at any thought that could possibly convince the insane monster in front of you to let your mate go. “If it’s so bad that they aren’t there why don’t you just get rid of them? G… G told me that you destroyed his universe, so why can’t you get rid of the empty ones?”

Error’s eyes were back on you. “y0u w4n7 m3 70 937 21d 0f 7h233 wh013 un1v32535, ju57 50 y0u c4n p14y qu33n 0f 7h3 h423m?”

You blinked away the tears in your eyes, his tone had asked a question. He seemed to remember that you couldn’t understand his words and he brought your phone back up to where you could see it. Your eyes darted over the translations.

<**Translation.E5**> (you swapfells were always annoyingly resourceful.)

<**Translation.E6**> (give me a good reason not to just delete them now and save myself the headache later.)

<**Translation.E6**> (that ain't a reason.)

<**Translation.E7**> (you want me to get rid of three whole universes, just so you can play queen of the harem?)

"I…can't lose them." You whimpered, your eyes darting from Error to Black's still wriggling form on the floor. "I love them and… I don't know what I would do if they went back."

"we ain' goin' back doll." Red called from where he was tangled in Error's strings. His magic was buzzing around him, sparking off of his own binds in an attempt to escape

Error was staring at you hard. "7h3y'23 411 11732411y 7h3 54m3 7w0 m0n57325."

<**Translation.E8**> (they're all literally the same two monsters.)

You shook your head. "They're not though. Sans is quiet a-and enjoys jokes. Blue hates them but likes to cook, Black has a loud voice and likes to spar and fight, and Red," Your eyes flicked to him then back to Error. "he's a musician as well as a scientist… even though they are all Sanses, they are *different* ." Error continued to stare so you pressed on. "Similar faces don't make *them* the same. I can base hundreds of drinks with vodka, but all of them would have different names and flavor profiles. They wouldn't be the same. And neither are my mates. I need th-"

You clamped your mouth shut and tried to flinch away as Error dropped your phone to reach for your throat. You screwed your eyes closed and tried to jerk away again but the web held you tight. Error's fingers hooked around the strings he had bound to your neck back at the bar and pulled. There was a faint tug, but they snapped and fell away as if they were nothing but bothersome spider webs.

"n0 un1v32535, n0 23450n f02 1nk 70 c0m3 100k1n9 f02 7h3m h323." You captor grumbled then jabbed a finger in your direction. "y0u'23 d4mn 1ucky 1'm 7h3 0n3 w17h 50m3 53m814nc3 0f 4 50u1."

You didn't have time to react as the hold of his strings vanished along with him and you collapsed to the floor. Red could be heard scrambling across the tiles toward you as you sobbed in relief.

"hey, hey ya okay? 'e didn' hurt ya any did 'e?" Red's hands skimmed over his coat that you were still wearing. His claws dragged up your

arms, up to your shoulders and down your back. You broke off his search for injury as you threw yourself at him to bury your face in his chest and sob. He stiffened for a second only to curl down around you in a protective embrace.

Another set of hands landed on your back accompanying Black's breathless voice. "WE NEED TO MOVE, OUR POSITION IS COMPROMISED HERE."

"give 'er a minute man." He grumbled over your head.

You sniffled and bolted up, twisting as you did to find Black and pull him in for an awkward sideways hug. "Are you okay? When he covered you in those strings I thought…" Your throat tightened and you clung to him harder.

His arms found their way around you the best he could from your twisted position. "IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN SOME THREADS TO TAKE ME AWAY FROM YOU PET." His words sounded a lot more confident than the tight embrace he was holding you in.

They let you cry it out for a while longer. Taking turns holding you as they broke down Black's traps. You then found yourself bundled between them and the taste of the void hit your tongue as the underground kitchen vanished. Sensation returned but your vision didn't.

"Where are we?" You asked the dark room.

"plan b." Red rumbled into your ear then stepped away. A door opened and you could see people passing by, completely unaware of what just happened to you and your mates. It appeared that you were in some kind of maintenance room based on the shelves and supplies surrounding you. Red stepped out into the crowd and let the door swing shut, leaving you and Black alone in the closet.

You leaned back against him. He accepted your weight with ease. You fidgeted and broke the silence.

"What's plan B?"

Black gave your midsection a squeeze. "DISTANCE."

"Distance?" You asked.

Black's arms retreated only to turn you around so he could pull you up

against his front. “YES. WE THOUGHT THAT THE MAGIC STAINING THE UNDERGROUND COULD CONCEAL US FROM ANY MONSTERS SEARCHING FOR SOULS THERE. THAT WAS OBVIOUSLY NOT THE CASE.” You felt his hands worm their way under Red’s parka so he could knead at your back. “AFTER YOUR LAST ENCOUNTER WITH ERROR, WE MOVED OUR VACATION PLANS UP IN ORDER TO DISTANCE YOU FROM HIM. IT SEEMED TO WORK AS HE DIDN’T SHOW UP WHILE WE WERE AWAY.”

“Wait, when were we supposed to go on the beach trip then?”

“TWO WEEKS OR SO LATER, THE POINT IS, WE BELIEVE THESE MONSTERS WON’T LOOK FOR YOU OUTSIDE OF EBOTT UNTIL ALL OTHER OPTIONS ARE EXHAUSTED.”

“Oh… but what if-”

“WE’LL GET YOU OUT AND NOT ENGAGE. RED AND I LEARNED THAT A HEAD ON CONFRONTATION WILL NOT WORK WITH THESE MONSTERS.”

You fell silent. It was a loose plan, going off of evidence of one other instance. But at least there was some form of plan, and the fact that both Black and Red were quickly changing tactics and adapting to the situation as it evolved was comforting.

Red returned with three train tickets. They truly were taking you out of Ebott. You took yours and Black’s as he was rummaging around behind a shelf for something. Before you could ask, he straightened up with a backpack in his hands. “OVERNIGHT BAG.” He explained and shouldered it.

You raised a brow but followed the pair of them out into the bustling station. “You stashed stuff in there beforehand?” You asked.

“IT PAYS TO BE PREPARED, EVEN IF YOU DON’T KNOW IF YOU’LL NEED IT IN THE FUTURE.”

No one seemed to notice two monsters and a human coming out of a maintenance closet. It wasn’t until you were boarding the train that your mates received some looks. The rarity of monsters traveling very far from Ebott made them stick out in their seats. They sat next to you, stoically ignoring the other passengers as they boarded and settled. The train journey itself was uneventful, you dozed on Red’s shoulder until your stop.

From there, they escorted you to a taxi that deposited the three of you at a large hotel. Red checked out a room and you found yourself in a plush suite with a balcony.

“Wow, much better than that cupboard.” You said as you explored the kitchenette.

Black chuckled and he and Red searched the suite from top to bottom. What they were looking for was a mystery to you. Did they think that Error bugged every hotel on the continent or something? You stepped out onto the balcony and looked over the city. It was a cold evening, and you were glad that Red hadn’t asked for his parka back. Your mates joined you, both still looking weary of every little thing around them.

Red’s phone lit up and he stepped away to answer.

“boss.” He breathed, worry evident in his voice. He stood listening for a long while before he sagged against the railing and reported on what happened underground and that he and Black had moved you somewhere else. Then he was silent for a moment as he listened to his brother again.

“yea… no, ‘s clean… yea… yea… ya sure yer good there?.. i will… kay, bye.” He hung up and turned to you and Black. “ink left a bit ago apparen’ly. somethin’ ‘bout somethin’ gettin’ deleted elsewhere. they jus’ finished casein’ the neighbor’ood fer any sign of ‘em.”

You frowned and searched your pockets for your phone. Error had dropped it but you don’t remember if you had retrieved it before the three of you ported out. You hadn’t. You were curious as to what Error had said before he suddenly left.

“LOOKING FOR THIS?” Black pulled your phone from his pocket and handed it to you. You were so relieved that he had a head for details and was able to keep calm in a crisis. Taking your phone, you opened the translation app to see the last things it had heard Error say.

<**Translation.E9**> (no universes, no reason for ink to come looking for them here.)

“You’re damn lucky I’m the one with some semblance of a soul.” You read out loud. “What does that even mean?” You scrolled up to see if anything else had been said that you missed, “He must have left to go destroy one of your universes.” You made a face. “That sounds really weird, no one should have that kind of power to just… poof, get rid of

a whole ass universe."

"GOOD RIDDANCE." Black muttered. "I CAN'T IMAGINE MY SURFACE BEING ANY BETTER THAN MY UNDERGROUND."

"same." Red chimed in. "look, i wanna go check in on the 'ouse but it'll take a few 'ports ta get there. might be gone 'til tomorrow mornin'. that cool?"

"You're going again?" You asked.

"i gotta check 'n on my bro, 'e says they're all good but… i'd jus' like ta see it myself."

Black nodded. "UNDERSTOOD, WE WILL STAY LOW HERE. I WILL MESSAGE YOU IF ANYTHING HAPPENS."

Red narrowed his sockets at the shorter skeleton. "no hidin' 'er from me again when i get back, we both gotta be able ta get ta 'er 'f somethin' 'appens."

Black scoffed and shook his skull. "I DO NOT MAKE THE SAME TACTICAL MISTAKES TWICE. NOW LEAVE OR YOU WON'T BE HOME IN TIME TO PUT YOUR BROTHER TO BED!"

Red rolled his eye lights. "whatever."

Before he could disappear into the void, Black held up a hand. "DON'T ASK, BUT, CHECK ON MUTT FOR ME WILL YOU?"

"do it yerself, ya gotta phone." Red grumbled then vanished.

Black growled and paced the balcony.

"I'll go order food if you wanna give Mutt a call." You offered.

Your mate didn't say anything, he simply turned to lean on the railing and stare at his dark phone screen. Taking that as assent, you stepped back into your hotel room and hunted down the wifi password so you could search for something closeby.

Black was on the phone for a long while. The food was delivered and you brought his portion out to him. He thanked you and carried on talking to his brother. You retreated inside and shed Red's coat so you wouldn't get any of your meal on it. Halfway through eating, Black came inside and sat on the bed with you to finish eating.

“So, whatcha wanna do tonight?” You asked. “Maybe rent a movie or something?”

“WE COULD DO THAT.” Black said as his eye lights roved around the room. “THERE IS A POOL DOWNSTAIRS AS WELL. I BELIEVE IT IS OPEN UNTIL LATE.”

“I don’t have a swim suit.” You said.

Black gave you a flat look then leaned off of the bed to pull the backpack he had stashed at the train station up. “WHAT KIND OF PLAN WOULD THIS BE IF I WASN’T PREPARED FOR EVERYTHING?” He asked and rummaged around before pulling out the purple swim set from the beach. “THIS HOTEL WAS PRE DECIDED ON FOR PLAN B, I FIGURED A POOL AND A NICE ROOM WOULD BE A GOOD DISTRACTION.”

You snorted and took the swim suit. “Sounds like you’re trying to seduce me, not be my guard.”

“IF THAT IS THE DISTRACTION YOU DESIRE, I COULD PROVIDE THAT AS WELL.” There was a hint of a grin on his face as he dropped the backpack back onto the floor so he could pick at his fries.

You scoot off of the bed and toss your garbage. “Swimming sounds fun.” You say as you retreat to the bathroom to change.

The pool was your standard hotel pool and hot tub. Black also donned a swimsuit but only sat on the edge with his feet in the water as you played around. If distraction was his goal, this was hitting the spot. Other than your sudden need to check to see that he was still in the room with you every so often, you had fun.

“You’re so regal, just sitting there with your posture and attitude.” You joked as you swam up to him.

Black raised a brow at you but didn’t comment.

“Come swim for a bit.” You prodded at his legs.

“SWIMMING IS NOT A SKELETON’S STRONG SUIT.” He replied.

You rested your arms on the edge of the pool next to him. “Can’t swim huh?”

Black pushed you away from the edge with his foot. “DIDN’T YOU

ONCE TALK ABOUT LOOKING UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF SWIMMING POOLS? THAT WOULD BE MY EXPERIENCE.” He shot you a smirk and blocked you from getting back to the side of the pool with his legs forcing you to tread water.

“Did I say that?”

“AT THE AQUARIUM.”

“It’s a song lyric.” You gave up trying to get to him and paddled towards the side of the pool where you could get into the hot tub from.

“IS IT NOW?” Black stood and moved around the edge of the pool to join you.

“Yup, Young God I believe.” You stretched out, luxuriating in the steaming water.

“WHY WOULD A YOUNG GOD BE AT THE BOTTOM OF A SWIMMING POOL?”

You laughed. “I’ll sing it for you when we get back up to our room.”

Black hummed, wrapped an arm around your shoulders, and leaned his skull against yours. “WE ARE THE ONLY TWO DOWN HERE PET, SING FOR ME NOW.”

You raised a brow and turned your head to give him a look. He glanced at you and grinned before nuzzling your temple with his sharp teeth. “PLEASE? SING FOR ME. I WOULD APPRECIATE THE DISTRACTION.”

With a snort you allowed yourself to be pulled back into his side. “I guess I could do a little acapella here.” Scrounging up the lyrics you stared at the ceiling and sang.

He says, "Ooh, baby girl, you know we're gonna be legends

I'm a king and you're a queen and we will stumble through heaven

If there's a light at the end, it's just the sun in your eyes

I know you wanna go to heaven, but you're human tonight"

And I've been sitting at the bottom of a swimming pool

For a while now, drowning my thoughts out with the sounds

Black made a small ‘ahh’ sound at the pool part. You giggled. “Want me to keep going?”

“PLEASE DO.”

You cleared your throat and started on the chorus.

But do you feel like a young god?

You know the two of us are just young gods

And we'll be flying through the streets with the people underneath

And they're running, running, running

“BOTH OF US?” Black mused. “I THOUGHT THE TITLE ONLY REFERENCED ONE?” You giggled and shuffled into his lap. You let your fingers trace over the scars littering his shoulders and chest as you sang.

He says, "Oh, baby girl, don't get cut on my edges

I'm the king of everything and oh, my tongue is a weapon

There's a light in the crack that's separating your thighs

And if you wanna go to heaven you, should fuck me tonight"

"SHOULD I NOW?" Black hummed in contemplation, his claws running up and down your thighs under the bubbling water as you kept singing.

But do you feel like a young god?

You know the two of us are just young gods

And we'll be flying through the streets with the people underneath

And they're running, running, running

Black hooked his arms under you and suddenly stood, throwing you off of your singing and making you cling to him. "KEEP SINGING PET, I WANT TO HEAR YOU AS WE FLY THROUGH THE HALLS BACK TO

OUR ROOM."

You giggled and nodded as he strode off, the pair of you dripping as he marched up to the hotel room.

But do you feel like a young god?

You know the two of us are just young gods

And we'll be flying through the streets with the people underneath

And they're running, running, running again

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhh! Okay I'm gonna go shower off the hunt and butchering mess then go to bed. Error translations not taken care of by the app below!

~ don't drag me into this, this is what you want
~no, my job is to keep glitches out of the universes. and as these guys are not glitches, just misplaced. i don't fucking see why i need to be involved.
~ you're gross, i'm out.
~ save it swapfell, i ain’t here to do what you think.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Young God*

Chapter Summary

> He wears the smell of blood and death like a perfume
> there is fire in his eyes
> and ice in his veins
> but you love him anyway
> for he is a star
> burning with the light of a thousand suns
> and your world is dark without him

Chapter Notes

> It's time for a little love from Black! Got some feels, got some smut, skip it if it isn't your thing friends.
>
> Smut themes:
> Collaring/Leashes
> Shibari
> Voyeurism

See the end of the chapter for more notes

How Black managed to get the hotel room door open, and a shower started all while holding you was impressive. The hot water hit the both of you and he chuckled as he finally set you down.

“ALLOW ME TO ASSIST.” He growled and his claws picked at the ties holding your swimsuit up.

“Only if I get to do the same.” You replied.

As a response. Black undid the knot and slid the tankini top down. He caught the fabric of your bottoms as he shimmied your top down over it. Both pieces were worked down your legs and all you had to do was step out of them. Your mate dutifully wrung them out and tossed them out of the shower and into the sink.

“PERFECT.” He murmured. Taking his time, Black methodically helped you scrub the stress of the day and the pool chlorine from your body.

You did your best to reciprocate, but he didn’t seem too much interested in wanting his own body scrubbed down. He did allow a

pause so you could get his swim trunks off but his entire attention was fixed on you and how your body was put together.

By the time he had worked his way back up, and was running his claws over your jaw line, you were starting to wonder if he was going to do anything other than just touch you.

“Black.” You murmur, bringing your hands up to cup his skull. “Let’s get out okay?”

His eye lights jumped to your eyes. The magic in them dilated, filling his sockets with violet. “YOU ARE...SO PRECIOUS.” He murmured.

If you weren’t already flushed from the hot water of the shower, you would have had to fight a blush from laying claim to your face. “Black, I-”

“I COULD HAVE LOST YOU TODAY.” Your mate continued. His hands stroked your cheeks as he tugged you down and into a kiss. The sharp flavor of licorice teased over your tongue. “NEVER AGAIN.” He murmured as he kissed you. “NO ONE WILL EVEN *TRY* TO TAKE YOU FROM ME AGAIN.” His grip on you tightened and he moved closer as if he was trying to negate any semblance of space between all parts of you and him. The magic flowing from his tongue made your knees weak and your head spin.

He pulled away from you long enough to shut the water off and grab a towel. Just like when he was washing you, he methodically wiped the water from your body and toweled the moisture from your hair. He had completely air dried by the time he folded the towel and set it aside to pick you up and carry you to bed.

You weren’t sure what you were expecting. The shift in Black’s attitude had surprised you. It wasn’t a bad shift, the softer more caring side of Black didn’t come out all that often and you were perfectly content to let him care for you after the day you had. He bundled the pair of you into the hotel room sheets, curling close and letting his hands glide over you again. You let him explore, the gentle touches were relaxing.

His claws kept returning to your throat. They traced the invisible lines where Error’s woven strings used to lay. A subtle growl rumbled in the back of his nonexistent throat and you shifted to look down at him as he scowled at your neck.

“You okay?” You asked, rubbing your hands over the back of his ribs.

Black was quiet for a moment as he continued to run his fingers over your throat. “THEY MARKED YOU.” He grumbled. He reached back to pull one of your hands around so he could graze his teeth over the back of your now ink free hand. “THEY BOTH MARKED YOU… COLLARED YOU WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT OR BOND.” The tingles from his magic played over the back of your hand as he spoke against it. “MARKS SHOULD BE FROM MATES, AND ONLY WHEN AGREED TO.” He continued. Letting go of your hand he cupped your face and angled it down so he could press his forehead to yours. “AND NOW I SUPPOSE THAT ABOMINATION HAS LEFT A BAD TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH FOR SUCH MARKS.”

You blinked. Did Black want you to wear a collar from him? Mutt still wore one. Red didn’t anymore but he had explained how it was an ownership thing and there was no need for it anymore. You hadn’t asked about Mutt’s and why he kept his, but he didn’t seem to resent it like Red had. Maybe collars meant different things to the two universes.

“Did you want to collar me?” You asked gently.

Black’s eye lights bored into yours and he went back to fingering the bare skin of your neck. “I DID.” He finally said. “BUT NOW I’M NOT SURE IF YOU WOULD ACCEPT ONE.”

You shifted to wrap your arms back around him. “Well, what would your collar look like? If... I was to get one from you?” You weren’t into the idea of having a heavy leather collar around your neck like the one Mutt had. The little strings Error had left had been small and you forgot it was there most of the time, but they were magic and were used to hurt you. Maybe you could ask for something not as bulky? Not made of magic?

Black hummed at your question. He scooted back so he could once again stare at your neck. “A BONDMATE’S COLLAR FOR YOU WOULD BE SOMETHING SMALL.” His claws traced a little pattern against your skin. “ELEGANT, SOMETHING TO SHOW THAT YOU BELONG TO ME, BUT AS A LOVER.” You hummed in thought as he continued. “FOR YOU, I WOULD GET SOMETHING IN LACE, WITH… WITH A SINGLE TAG OF MY MAGIC HERE.” His claws ghosted over the hollow of your throat. “AND I WOULD KEEP MINE HERE.” He took up your hand once again but his time he pressed your fingers to the very bottom vertebrae of his neck.

You blinked. “You’d have a collar too?”

He grinned and held your fingers to his neck. “BUT OF COURSE PET, A BOND IS A TWO WAY CONNECTION AFTER ALL. WE WOULD OWN EACH OTHER EQUALLY.”

The idea of that did appeal to you, both having a collar for the other. Black may call you pet but he didn’t treat you like one. It sounded like it would be like a choker necklace, a piece of jewelry, and it wasn’t like you didn’t already wear gifted jewelry from another one of your mates. Papyrus had gifted you your bracelet with a charm imbued with his magic. It was just around your wrist and not your neck.

“That doesn’t sound bad.” You muse. “The way you describe it sounds nice.”

Black’s eye lights rose to meet yours. They searched your face for a long while, you let him stare, taking the time to take in his face as well. He must have been satisfied with whatever conclusion he came to because he leaned in to kiss you. He lingered, not quite pushing for more, but not settling for anything chaste. When he did pull away, you had to pretend you didn’t need to breathe like you had just completed a sprint.

“WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY ONE OUT?” He asked.

You contemplated his tentative voice, a sound that was so foreign to your mate. As your breath settled, you smiled down at him. “I’m curious, so yea. If you have one, I would give it a shot.”

Ahh, there’s that sharp grin you recognized. Black sat up and crawled to the edge of the bed to dig through the backpack. You also sat up and snickered at him.

“You packed a collar in your ‘just in case’ bag?”

Black shot you a look and pulled out a simple black collar. It was nowhere near as clunky as Mutt’s thick leather but it wasn’t the dainty lace he had described earlier either. The thin band looked new and the little silver buckle jingled as he undid it.

“ONE NEVER KNOWS WHEN A COLLAR IS NEEDED.” He said. “I SIMPLY PACKED FOR ANY EVENTUALITY.”

“And putting one on me was an eventuality?” You raised a brow.

Black faltered at your words. “NO, IT WAS… I THOUGHT RED MIGHT NEED EXTRA PROTECTION IF WE NEEDED TO FALL BACK LIKE

THIS… IF YOU DON'T WANT IT I CAN PUT IT AWAY." He went to drop the collar back into the backpack but you reached out and grabbed his arm.

"I'm teasing you, come here and put it on me. I want to see the difference between yours and Error's."

Black hesitated but shuffled into your lap. He looped the leather around your neck and fastened it to you. He slid two fingers under the band and fiddled with the spacing before pulling his hands away to stare at it.

You reached up and fingered the collar. It was heavier than Error's thin strings, you definitely wouldn't forget that it was there as fast. But this one also sat very loose around your neck. Error had used his to choke you and scare you. This one held no such threat. You found it comfortable, a gift, not a requirement.

"How do I look?" You asked.

Black dragged his eye lights up to your face then back down to the collar. "LACE WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER, BUT YOU LOOK RAVISHING AS ALWAYS."

You giggled and felt at the little loop in the leather. "Is this for a tag or something? I know Mutt has a dog tag on his."

Black shrugged. "A TAG, A LEASH," He hooked a claw through the loop so he could pull you closer to him. "MY FINGERS, IT HAS MANY USES."

Heat shot through you at his devilish growl and the tug of the collar. "Leash?" You squeaked.

"DO YOU WANT ONE PET? A LEASH? SO I MAY LEAD YOU AROUND? KEEP YOU CLOSE? TIE YOU UP?" His voice got quieter as he spoke.

"W-well I know how good you are at tying things up." You mumbled.

Black's grin grew and he let go of the loop. "INDEED." He said. Reaching back he retrieved a bundle of his ropes from the backpack. "AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF BEING TANGLED UP IN STRING FOR THE DAY."

A length of rope was dropped into your hands and he got off of you

and the bed. “I DO NOT LEASH ANYONE.” He said and began to move about the room. “YOU EITHER ATTACH IT WILLINGLY OR DISCARD IT. THINK ON THAT, I NEED TO SECURE OUR ROOM FOR THE NIGHT.”

You blinked as he circled the rented room. Ensuring that the balcony doors were locked, that all curtains were securely drawn, and testing any and all other areas of the room that he considered a weakness.

You fiddled with the rope. You knew that Black could tie a mean knot, he had roped you down once before after he had told you about his wants on the beach trip. Though you had been fully clothed that time and nothing came of it, he had simply shown you what he could do and made sure it was something you wanted in the future as well. He had also made that hammock to suspend you from the ceiling during that prank war around Gyftmas. Not to mention all of the intricate traps he so effortlessly tied together all of the time. You felt confident that this would just be an extension of that, not something controlling.

Decision made, you fed the rope through the little loop on your collar, tying a square knot and let it hang. Not too heavy. It didn’t pull at your neck as much as you thought it would. As you waited for Black to finish locking down the room, you wrapped the end of the rope around your wrist. How would this go? Where would he tie knots to this lead?

“NOT LIKE THAT.” Black chuckled as he approached you, more ropes in his hands. He removed the rope from your wrist and let it drop in your lap before he jumped up on the bed to settle in your lap again. He sat and coiled his ropes into little spools then arranged them on the foot of the bed. He felt stiff as he methodically circled the ropes around into their loose loops.

Leaning forward over his shoulder, you nudge your mate. “You okay?”

Black’s hands finished coiling the last of his ropes. “DO YOU ACTUALLY WANT THIS? I DON’T WANT YOU DOING IT FOR MY SAKE.”

You frowned but stayed silent as he continued.

“YOU HAD… A DIFFICULT DAY TODAY. THAT OTHER MONSTER DID WHAT I HAVE WANTED TO DO FOR A LONG TIME AND, I DON’T WANT TO TRAUMATIZE YOU FURTHER BY TYING YOU UP ONLY TO REMIND YOU THAT HE DID IT TOO WITH MALICIOUS

INTENT."

You sighed and tugged at him until he turned in your lap to face you. "Error strung me up, sure. The difference is that you and I love each other… and I trust you Black." You rubbed your hands over his arms in what you hopped was a comforting gesture.

Black nodded and leaned into you. "I DO LOVE YOU, THANK YOU PET."

You didn't get a chance to respond as he leaned in to kiss you. It was sharp and impassioned this time. His hands roamed freely and you felt his previous stiffness of his spine ease. You broke away and leaned back into the pillows. Black continued to run his hands over you, contemplating and planning as he explored. He seemed to come to a conclusion because he grasped the leash attached to you and hauled you up to him again.

"KNEEL." He commanded. All of the uncertainty from before had vanished.

He led you off of the bed and watched you kneel on the hotel room floor before him. He hummed in appreciation and let the leash rope fall from his hands. Taking up a length of coiled rope from the bed he circled you.

Gentle but firm hands pulled your wrists back and he began to wrap the soft ropes around them. His breath fanned across your bare shoulders as he worked. Testing his binds, he had you flex your fingers and confirm that you couldn't get out of them but you still had blood flow to your hands. Satisfied, Black returned to your front and took up another coil. Unfurling it, the long cord was draped around your neck, resting just below the collar.

"COMFORTABLE?" He asked.

You nodded and shivered as his fingers grazed over your skin and he drew the ends of the ropes under your arms then crossed them at your back. The ropes were brought back around to circle your waist before being secured to the cords binding your wrists together.

"MOVE AROUND FOR ME PET, ANY TINGLING OR COLD SPOTS? HOW DO THE ROPES FEEL?" Black asked. He had another length of rope in his hands but he waited while you shrugged your shoulders and wiggled your wrists.

“Feels fine to me.” You replied.

Your mate nodded and went to work with the next length of rope. It was secured from nape to waist and around your thighs before being attached to the ropes around your wrists. More ropes came to bind your ankles, the soft cords winding around your legs and knotting you so you couldn’t move out of the kneeling position.

It was an extremely intimate experience to be tied in the slow methodical hands of Black. The ropes were soft with some give to them. He tied them snugly to your body while still leaving room for circulation. His voice was a soft growl in your ear as he asked for your comfort after each length was secured. His fingers were constantly brushing over your bare skin, smoothing the ropes, adjusting his knots, and sometimes, just touching you for the sake of touching you. The air of the hotel room was cool but the constant stimulation of touch from your mate made your entire body flush with heat.

“ONE MORE.” He murmured. You shivered as he drew your hair back around from where he had moved it so he could secure his last rope around your back. You nodded, feeling the ropes shift and adjust at the movement of your head. They were loosest when your head and chin was up, so you kept it like that.

Another chord was bound around your thighs and waist, little knots decorated your skin at your hips and he secured the length to the ever growing mass of knots at your wrists. He had explained once that if the first one was pulled, the others would go as well. It was a just in case measure for you if you suddenly became uncomfortable and wanted to stop.

Black chuckled and stepped away from you. “PERFECT.” He murmured.

You turned your head to question him but the motion caused the rope between your legs to move and shift into the dampening valley of your core. You gasped and wriggled causing more stimulation, a knot you didn’t know was there grazed over your clit eliciting a moan from your lips as you struggled to still yourself. Black grinned down at you and moved back so he could sit on the edge of the bed.

“DO YOU LIKE IT?” He asked. “BECAUSE I THINK YOU LOOK RAVISHING.”

You blinked at him through the haze of stimulation from the rope sawing at your clit with each movement. Nothing worked. You tried to

roll your shoulders back to ease the tension, but it only tugged ropes and caused that little knot to press more firmly against you. And you couldn't stop *breathing* obviously, but your heaving breaths only served to move your bindings and pleasure you more.

The ropes between your legs were slick with your arousal now as you whimpered from where you knelt on the floor, shuddering and pleasing yourself as you desperately tried not to move.

Black simply sat and watched with a sly smirk on his face, magic pooling in his pelvis but not taking shape. You felt yourself teetering on the edge of orgasm by the time he reached out to you again. He hooked a distal under your chin and drew your face up to look at him. The motion dragged the soaked rope over your over-stimulated nub and drew another moan from your lips.

"SUCH A PRETTY HUMAN YOU ARE." He cooed, holding your head up as you struggled against the ropes. "SO BEAUTIFUL, AND MINE." He teased the corners of your mouth with a kiss before he straightened back up. "REMEMBER WHO CAN BRING YOU TO CLIMAX WITHOUT EVEN TOUCHING YOU PET." His large violet eye lights were half lidded as he purred into your ear. "NOW LET ME SEE YOU COME UNDONE." He let go of you and your head dropped, the quick motion pushed that devilish knot over your clit again and you jerked, the stimulation served to spring the coil of pleasure that had been building since he finished tying you up.

You don't remember falling over. When your high wound down and you opened your eyes, you whimpered at the new angle of pressure on your puffy folds. Your cheek was pressed against the carpet but you didn't want to move lest you continue to pleasure yourself to death on Black's ropes. You twitched when his hands rubbed your shoulder then moved to pluck at a knot on the back of your harness. The pressure between your legs lessened and you sighed.

"RAVISHING." Your mate murmured as he pulled the rope away from you. Another knot was loosened and you found that you could straighten your legs. You grunted as you shuffled into a more comfortable position for Black to tend to you. He freed your hands and legs, but left the harness on as well as the criss crossing ropes hugging your thighs. You were picked up and made comfortable on the bed before he fetched a cup of water for you.

As you sipped at your water, he once again ran his hands over you, checking the ropes still bound around your limbs. You hummed and

relaxed into the rented bed.

“DID YOU ENJOY YOURSELF?” He asked, teasing his fingers over your slick folds.

“That knot was sneaky.” You replied. “But yes I did.”

“MM, GOOD. NEXT TIME I THINK I’LL TRY THE HISHI KARADA HARNESS, YOU’D LOOK BEAUTIFUL IN IT.”

You giggled and finished your water. “Did you enjoy the show?”

Black hummed assent as he descended upon you for a fierce kiss. When he pulled away, you noticed the glow from his pelvis had finally formed. “NOW IMAGINE WHAT I CAN DO WHEN I *DO* TOUCH YOU.” He purred.

Your hands sought out the glow, automatically, fingers closing around the thick condensed magic of his conjured penis. Black let out a hiss as you grasped it and gave a few experimental pumps.

“EAGER ARE WE?” He growled and hooked his fingers through the ropes still decorating your thighs. Giving them a tug, you lost grip on him as he hoisted your legs up. He let go of the rops to find your ankles and rested them on either of his shoulders.

You giggled as he massaged at your calves. “Just wanted to take care of you like you have been for me.”

Black’s eye lights zeroed in on your face and he leaned over you. “I TAKE CARE OF YOU.” He said. “NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND GOT IT?”

You nodded and his face softened.

“YOU ARE MINE TO CARE FOR, ALLOW ME THAT PLEASURE.”

You smiled and nodded again. “I’m all yours.”

“THANK YOU.” He released your leg and cupped your face. His claws trailed down to click over the collar and wrap around the top of the leash. With a flick of his claws, he untied the lead and tossed it to the side. “YOU WON’T NEED THAT.” With his free hand, he ran the tip of his dick up your dripping lips. “ONLY THIS.”

“Yes please.” You panted as you squirmed under him.

You shared a groan as he sunk into you, his thrusts slow as he worked his way in. With a sigh, you felt him bottom out. The grip of his hands on your legs tightening as he waited patiently for you to adjust. When he did begin to move again, the pace surprised you. Instead of plowing into you like you had expected, he set a medium rhythm. The build was slow as he traced the ropes on your legs and hips.

Your second orgasm came in slow warm waves that your mate rode through while leaving tingling kisses along the flesh of your calves. As the high waned he let your legs fall from his shoulders, reaching down he grabbed at the criss crossing ropes of the harness around your chest and hauled you up to sit astride his lap. Black may be smaller than you but he had a strength that never ceased to surprise you.

“ONE MORE FOR ME PET.” He murmured as he gripped your hips to finally drive into you to a blistering beat that only he knew. You cried out and clung to the back of his ribs, the little niks and scars littering his body rubbed over your sensitive flesh and you climaxed again. Black grunted and hilted in you spilling his magic into your twitching body.

Both of you were panting heavily and you ended up sitting there, tangled in each other for a long while. You simply sat and let the strong scent of licorice and raspberries wrap around you. The gentle feeling of Black’s fingers finding and undoing the many knots in his ropes roused you from your blissful high.

Still perched in his lap, you hummed as he freed your body, the process slow as he took the time to properly coil each length of cord as it was liberated. He only paused to lay you back and pull out leaving you achingly empty.

“HUSH.” He shushed your whine and retrieved a wipe from his pack to clean you up. “IT IS TIME TO REST NOW PET.”

You sighed and let him finish removing the ropes from your legs. There was something incredibly intimate of his stripping you of the ropes. You were naked sure, the ropes didn’t do anything to actually cover you or give any semblance of modesty, but the way he paid loving attention to each knot and the way he handled your limbs as the bindings were removed was so soft and careful that you couldn’t help but sink into the sheets in complete trust of your mate.

You did grumble when he urged you up and into the bathroom before he allowed you to settle again with another cup of water and a bar of

chocolate.

“Mn, hey.” You mumbled as you shimmied down and tucked yourself into Black’s side. “I never thanked you or Red for getting me away from the house so fast today.”

Black chuckled and pulled the covers up over the both of you. “I BELIEVE OUR LITTLE FORAY WAS THANK YOU ENOUGH PET.” His fingers cared through your hair. “BUT IT IS NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO ANY TIME YOU NEEDED PROTECTION OR A SIMPLE ESCAPE.”

You hummed. “You spoil me.”

“I MOST CERTAINLY DO NOT.”

You giggled at his indignant tone. He pulled you closer and you felt his teeth press into the top of your head.

“JUST WAIT PET.” You glanced up at him from your place tucked under his chin. He grinned down at you. “BECAUSE I WILL.”

Chapter End Notes

> Rough around the edges Black, I love him. He's hard to write for me so I hope this turned out okay.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

The Good, the Bad, and the Dirty

Chapter Notes

> I'm getting into the vibe of writing a lot more of the boys hanging out and being dumb, it kinda starts here and just goes. It's just so much fun. I mean, yea sure, Read is cool and I gotta wrap up her story but the BOYS! Dynamic writing is almost more fun than remembering I need to have some sort of plot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were roused by Black shaking your shoulder. Blinking the sleep from your eyes you sat up to find him fully clothed and standing by your bed with Red by his side.

“mornin’ doll face, enjoy yer evenin’?” He shot you a wink and handed you a breakfast sandwich wrapped in paper.

You blinked down at it, reading the unfamiliar name of the restaurant it came from before opening it and digging in. Red chuckled and moved away to peek through the curtains of the balcony. Black remained by your side in parade rest, the smug look on his face was new and you snorted as you continued to work through the sandwich.

“did ya ‘ave ta scent mark the whole damn room?” Red grumbled.

Black raised his brow bones and glanced over his shoulder at the other skeleton. “I DIDN’T, YOU’RE SIMPLY SOUR THAT YOU DIDN’T GET THE SAME THANK YOU I RECEIVED.”

“a thank ya ‘e says.” Red shook his skull and stepped out onto the balcony letting a chilled gust of air into the room.

You honestly couldn’t smell Black’s magic that was apparently still heavy on your skin. But from all of your other mate’s past reactions, you knew that it stayed strong for a good twenty-four hours before fading enough for them to return to their normal routine around you.

As you munched on your breakfast, Black laid out a set of clothes for you. “RED SAYS THAT THE HOUSE IS SECURE. DO YOU WISH TO RETURN HOME?”

You glanced at him. “As opposed to what? Staying here?”

Black lifted his chin. “HERE OR ANOTHER LOCATION, IT IS ONLY THE DAY AFTER INK AND ERROR CAME FOR YOU. IF YOU DO NOT FEEL SAFE, WE CAN RELOCATE UNTIL WE ARE SURE.”

You considered it as you slid out from under the covers to dress. The encounter with Ink and Error felt like it happened a lot longer ago than just the previous day. Error seemed to not care either way what happened. Though his parting words made it sound like he had certainly gone off to delete the empty universes like you had suggested. Would that keep Ink from trying to take you or your mates again? You didn’t have all of the information.

All you knew is you wanted to see your boys. Your exit from the house had been sudden, there had been no time for reassurances or comforting words to tell you that you would see any of them again. Yes, it was time to go home.

Black accepted your words with a single nod when you relayed your thoughts to him and he left your side to pack up the few things that he had brought along. Red remained out on the balcony until you were dressed.

“WAIT.” Black caught your arm before you could step out into the hotel hall. You turned back to find him reaching for your throat. You flinched and your own hand clasped over the top of his just he found his mark.

Which was the collar from last night. Your hand dropped to your side as he deftly undid the clasp and whisked the thing into his pocket. “ELEGANCE AND LACE PET.” He murmured before slipping by you to follow Red who was halfway to the elevator.

The trip home was blissfully uneventful. You took the train back into Ebott and Red ported the three of you home from there. You were surprised to find yourself deposited in Red’s room though. He urged you and Black to sit tight while he made sure that no universe hopping skeletons had stopped by in the time it took him to get back out to the hotel and get you home.

You received an answer when Edge slammed open the door, ruby eye lights finding you instantly and he ripped you away from Black and into a crushing embrace. One by one, your boys came rushing in to greet you. Stretch and Blue dragged you to the floor, both with tears in their sockets as you were squished between them in a tight hug.

Papyrus fished you out of their arms only to smoosh you to his chest

instead. To his credit he did set you down voluntarily so you could take a breath before Mutt descended upon you. His hold was desperate as he pressed his teeth to your hair and neck. You returned the feverish hug, the last time you had seen him, his soul was being ripped from his body by Error. He did make a snarky comment to his brother about your scent mark when he finally set you down but nothing else. You didn't hear the response as Sans had snuck up behind you. His embrace wasn't as crushing as the others had been. He held you gently, choosing to turn you so he could murmur apologies about sending you away into your ear and run his hands over your face and arms as if checking to make sure you were actually there and not some apparition.

Red slid in next to you once your other mates were starting to calm down. "all good doll?" he asked.

You nodded and sagged into his side. He easily supported you while you listened to the odd battle they had endured with Ink.

He had trapped them within some inky bubble of magic and tried to pull souls. It became apparent that Ink was insanely strong. Not only could he hold the six of them inside his barrier, but he could still fight and create defenses and attacks against all of them as well. With no way to take him down head on, it then became a challenge of throwing him off every time he managed to get a soul out of one of your mates so whoever had their soul pulled could get it back.

He had said that he wanted to cover your bond in his own magic before he took them to their universe. Something about dulling the separation pain or suffocating the bond itself, he hadn't exactly tried to explain why in his endeavor to take on the six of them. Sans and Papyrus were the best at getting in the way as Ink didn't seem to be interested in their souls.

When Error showed back up, Ink had become frantic, vomiting more of his inky magic onto the entryway floor before chasing the glitching skeleton into the void.

You were saved from having to retell what happened with Error by Black who retrieved you from Red and escorted you out with promises that he would do the telling for you later once you had sufficiently rested. The others let you go with minimal grumbling.

Efficient as ever. Black got you settled in bed with a movie playing while he sat next to you. By the rigidness of his posture, you could tell

that he was paying more attention to the surrounding room than the movie. Still in guard mode apparently.

You don't remember dozing off. But when your eyes opened, you were confused as to why the sunlight through your window was low. A jolt of adrenaline had you up and out of bed in seconds. Black was on your heels, magic buzzing as his eyes searched for threats.

"WHAT'S WRONG?" He hissed.

"I'm late for work!" You replied and began shuffling through your closet for something clean to work in.

Black dismissed his magic with a sigh. "YOU DON'T HAVE WORK TONIGHT PET IT'S SUNDAY."

You paused with a t-shirt half way off of the hanger. "It is?"

"YES."

"Oh." With a sheepish grin, you hung the shirt back up and shuffled out of the closet. Black only chuckled at you as he followed behind.

"STRESSED?" He asked.

"I guess? The whole Ink and Error thing threw me off, and with the traveling and whatnot..." Your sentence trailed off and you gestured in a vague motion at nothing in particular.

"AH, WELL." He caught your arm before you could crawl back onto your bed. Twirling you around he grinned up at you. "IF YOU NEED ASSISTANCE FINDING YOUR RHYTHM AGAIN, I AM MORE THAN WILLING TO HELP." There was a mischievous glint in his eye lights that made you laugh and dip your head to kiss him.

"Go lock the door?" You asked.

Black pushed against you so you would fall back onto your bed. "BOLD OF YOU TO ASSUME I DIDN'T LOCK IT THE SECOND WE GOT IN HERE."

"Is that why no one has come to say hi all day?" You giggled.

Black shrugged, "PERHAPS. NOW DO YOU WANT ASSISTANCE OR NOT?"

"You know I do, come here."

Mutt snorted as he stood from where he had been sitting guard just outside your door all afternoon. Red might not mind listening, but he would rather be in on the action than sitting on the sidelines, and Black had made no invitation to him to join. He wouldn't be needed for a while. With a flare of magic, he slid the lock to your door home and slouched down the hall, his eye lights scanning the area as he ran through his mental checklist.

Hall windows locked? Check.

At least two other skeletons upstairs? Mutt glanced at each door on his way towards the stairs. Red, Blue, and Papyrus were all in their rooms, so, check.

Stairs clear? Check.

Entry hall? At least that weird skeleton's magic didn't stain anything, and Edge had locked the front door on his way out to patrol.

Mutt's eye lights roved back and forth as he made his way to the lounge. Sans and Stretch were already there, each on their own laptops.

"anythin' interestin'?" he asked as he plopped down on the couch next to Stretch.

"not even a blip." Stretch replied with a groan.

Mutt dragged Stretch's laptop into his own lap to check over the scans coming in. Stretch didn't comment, he simply leaned in to watch him open a command window and start typing in commands.

"they're not using any sort of outside source like we accidentally did to hop universes." Stretch said.

Sans hummed agreement from the other couch. "so they either have crazy amounts of magic that lets them hop at will using the void, or they have much smaller tech that helps them."

"i wouldn' bet on the tech classy." Mutt said. "that ink ass 'ole doesn' 'ave a soul fer a machine ta assist."

"how do you know?" Stretch asked.

Mutt shrugged and kept typing. "fucker tried ta take my soul, so i tried ta get at 'is."

Stretch snorted and swatted Mutt's shoulder. "you would."

Mutt returned the hit. "damn right i would. thing is, there wasn' anythin' there fer me ta grab. the other guy 'ad somethin' there, jus' couldn' get it out."

Sans and Stretch both hummed. Sans scratched his cheek then closed his laptop. "did ya notice that the strings on her neck were gone?"

"i didn't, but, that's a good thing right?" Stretch leaned away from Mutt as he spoke. "edge said something about the mark on her hand being gone too."

"yup."

"good fuckin' ridence."

Mutt scanned over the new readings he had coaxed out of the sensors Red and Sans had set up around the lab and the house for any sort of surge in electricity or magic that would indicate another powerful monster other than the buzz of his and the other skeleton's souls was around.

Nothing.

With a sigh, he closed the device and slid it back to Stretch who put it on a side table.

"welp, that 'as informative, anyone wanna drink?" Mutt asked.

Both Sans and Stretch started laughing.

"sure why not?"

"might as well."

You yawned and stretched as you made your way down stairs. The house had remained quiet for the rest of your Sunday evening. Black had brought you food and drink, though he grumbled over how his brother and a few of the others were drunk off their asses down stairs. You had laughed, relieved that they were having some down time after the craziness of the previous day.

As you stepped into the kitchen, you laughed again. Sans, Stretch, and Mutt were all slumped over the breakfast bar, obviously nursing hangovers. Red was perched on a stool next to Sans, poking and

prodding at his skull with a shit eating grin on his face. Mutt was missing his duster and had one of Stretch's shoes dangling from his foot and both his shirt and sweatpants looked too short for him. His skull rested on his crossed arms on the bar-top. Stretch was barefoot and snoring on Sans's shoulder.

Blue was at the stove cooking up some hash browns, a plate of bacon sat cooked nearby. Both Papyrus and Edge appeared to have already left for their individual commitments for the day.

"Well good morning guys." You said.

"GOOD MORNING MAIDEN!"

"mornin' doll."

"mmm."

"ducheeeeess!" Mutt's skull popped up from his arms and he swiveled in his seat to face you. His tiny eye lights were fuzzy in his sockets but he was grinning. "wanna hang out 'fore ya go ta work?"

You quirked a brow at him. "Are you going to be functioning enough to hang out Mutt?"

Your mate shrugged then frowned at the shoe on his foot. Though he dismissed it when Blue called out that the hash-browns were done. "food." He growled and nudged the other two who were both sawing logs.

Stretch groaned but managed to get to his feet. "i am *never* going shot for shot with you again." He grumbled as he shuffled over to serve himself a plate.

"aww, yer supposed ta be my ride 'r die though." Mutt replied, his voice equally as haggard as his counterpart's.

You couldn't stop from laughing at Stretch's face as he squinted in disbelief at Mutt. "when did i agree to that?"

Mutt shrugged and made his way back over to the breakfast bar to eat. Sans was still sleeping on his stool. Red had given up annoying him in favor of breakfast. You snickered at Blue who was shaking his head as he washed the cooking dishes.

"So what exactly did you guys do last night?" You asked as you found

a spot to eat around the bar.

“watched some movie… velocipastor?” Stretch said between bites. “had to take a shot every time there was a bad effect or acting.”

“don’ ferget any classic super’ero beats, ‘ad ta drink fer those too.” Mutt added, his plate was already empty and he looked more alert than he had earlier. His movements were still sluggish but he didn’t seem to be in as much pain as before.

“fuck... yea thoes too.” Stretch moved to shake his skull but stopped with a wince before he continued to inhale his food.

“Must have been a lot of bad acting and superhero stuff then.” You said with a grin.

“you have *no* idea honey.”

“it ‘as *awesome* .”

“it kinda was.” Stretch said with a grin and set his fork down on his empty plate. “i don’t remember the last half though. or why you have my shoe… or... my clothes - dude that’s my shirt.”

Both of your tall mates stared down at Mutt’s attire. The t-shirt he had on was black with a large cartoon bee wearing a cowboy hat on the front and the words ‘Beehaw’ arcing over the top of it. The hem rode high, showing off his hip bones and a bit of spine. The sweats Mutt had on also looked a little short in the legs but Mutt wore boots so often that you weren’t sure if that was just how he bought them or not.

“beats me.” Mutt said with a shrug. “comfy though,

“ya tried ta reenact the scene after he woke up the first time.” Sans emerged from his arms to blink blearily at the others. “doug had ta borrow some of carol’s clothes.”

Mutt grinned and shot Stretch a finger gun. “tha’ makes ya the hooker smoke stack.”

Stretch rolled his eye lights. “woulda made more sense if you were carol but i don’t make the rules when i *apparently* finish a handle of rum.” He rubbed his skull in slow circles.

Blue came around and took Mutt’s empty plate along with yours and

Stretch's as well. Mutt snickered and prodded at Stretch.

"'f ya wanted 'n my pants so bad all ya 'ad ta do was ask, i won' call a win jus' 'cause i got inta yers first."

Stretch flipped him off and slid off of his seat. He shuffled over to the pantry while grumbling. "fuck you mutt." He reemerged with a tea bag and he set about making himself a mug.

Mutt snorted and also stood. "the more ya say that, the more i think ya wan'-"

"no… no i do not want anything from you mutt. all i want is a cup of tea and a nap… and my clothes back."

You sat and tried your best to not laugh at the exchange. Stretch didn't seem like he was actually mad. There was no real venom to his words, not like some of the other times Mutt needled him. He just seemed to be genuinely tired and hungover. Mutt liked to push buttons, but he knew where the line was at least. You raised a brow as Mutt tugged his borrowed shirt off of himself and draped it over Stretch's shoulder like a dish towel. The line had apparently been moved because Stretch didn't even flinch at that.

"if you take your pants off right now, i swear to the stars that i will end you." Stretch pointed at Mutt who indeed had his thumbs hooked into his borrowed sweats.

Mutt laughed again but turned and wandered over to you. "ehh, worth a shot. le's go duchess, 'fore the party pooper over there decides ta ruin our play date."

Stretch once again flipped Mutt off over his shoulder as he watched his kettle. Red was teasing Sans about something, and Blue seemed to have slipped out of the kitchen at some point. You let Mutt pull you off of your seat and followed him to the lounge.

"Geez, you guys really did finish a handle." You said at the sight of the three shot glasses on a side table next to an empty handle of rum, another bottle was on the floor, half full. The TV was still on, but nothing was playing.

"good stuff too. " Mutt said and plopped down on a couch, stretching out and effectively taking up the entire thing. "ya should come down an' do the challenge 'ith us nex' time."

You watched him shuffle around to get comfortable with an amused smile on your face. “I was occupied.”

He grinned, opened his arms, and made grabby hands at you. “i know, tha’s why i said nex’ time.”

You snorted and laid down in the space he had made for you. With a happy hum, he shifted around again to better spoon you on the couch. Tangling his legs with yours and plopping a pillow under your head. He rested his skull above you on the arm rest and grabbed up the remote from the side table. His bare ribs pressed into your back but it wasn’t uncomfortable.

“whaddya wanna watch?” He asked.

You shrugged. “Honestly? The movie you guys were talking about this morning sounds really funny.”

“truly a masterpiece.”

“Would you mind watching it again?”

You shook as his ribs bounced with his laughter. “well, considerin’ that i don’ remember most ‘f it, sure. i don’ mind.”

“Yay!”

Mutt chuckled again and restarted the movie.

It was awful… in the best sort of way. One of those, ‘it's so bad, it’s good’ kind of movies. Stretch came in near the beginning, looking for his phone but settled on the floor in front of where you were laying on the couch to watch as well with his mug of tea steaming gently.

“i now see why we drank so much.” He muttered.

“This looks like it was filmed in someone’s backyard.” You giggled.

“i know, i’s great.” Mutt said, then he prodded the back of Stretch’s skull. “‘ey smoke stack, can ya grab a blanket fer me ‘n duchess?”

Stretch didn’t take his eye lights off of the TV. “nope, i don’t want to have to ask for a hand check every five minutes.”

“aww, but ‘m cold. i don’ ‘ave a shirt.” Mutt whined. You giggled, Mutt felt plenty warm in his place between you and the back of the couch.

“sorry dude, not my day to babysit you.” Stretch was saying.

“then o’s day is it?” Mutt poked at him again.

Stretch shrugged. “not my day to keep track of that either.”

Mutt let out an exaggerated groan and wriggled against you. The movie played for a while longer before he spoke up again.

“duchess?” He asked, nuzzling the top of your head. “would ya get us a blanket?” His tone was bordering on pleading.

You hummed in contemplation. Stretch turned his head enough to glance back at you with a smirk on his face. You scrunched your nose at him and his grin grew as he turned his attention back to the screen.

“Sorry Mutt, it’s not my day either.”

Stretch tried to hold in a laugh but failed at Mutt’s groan of despair. He propped himself up higher so he could look down at you with big puppy dog eye lights. “well fuck me. where’s the chart so i c’n get a blanket?”

“go get one yourself you big baby.” Stretch had turned again to address your other mate.

“‘m hungover.” Mutt sulked.

“so am i.” Stretch toasted with his tea.

Mutt narrowed his sockets at Stretch but ultimately took a shortcut away. You laughed as Stretch bolted up faster than you had seen him move in a long time to clamor over you and take Mutt’s spot as your big spoon. He set his tea on the side table next to the arm rest and snuggled into your back.

Mutt appeared a moment later, a large comforter in his hands. “up.” He gestured at Stretch to move.

Stretch ignored him and kept his eyes on the TV.

“tha’s my spot.” Mutt tried again.

“i didn’t hear you call dibs.” Stretch said, he still didn’t look up at his counterpart. You, however, gave him an apologetic glance but ultimately agreed with Stretch.

Mutt set his icy stare on the pair of you, utterly betrayed. “floor.” He muttered after a long moment.

Stretch did look up that time. “what?”

“sit on the floor smoke stack, i wanna cuddle ‘er.”

“well too bad, you had your turn earlier.”

“no…” Mutt gestured with his comforter. “both a ya, floor. she get’s yer lap, i get ‘er’s.”

You blinked and looked up at your mate. Mutt wasn’t one to often compromise. Granted he generally went along with what everyone else wanted most of the time. But on the occasion that he was actually vocal about what he wanted, he wanted it *his* way.

Stretch also sounded suspicious of Mutt’s attempt at bargaining. “and why would i want both of you in my lap?” He asked.

Mutt shrugged. “cuz at least tha’ way i’ll ‘ave pants on.” He moved one hand to once again hook into the waistband of Stretch’s sweats that he still had on.

There was a muttered curse from Stretch who yanked you through the void. The lounge reappeared and you found that you had been moved all of a few inches off of the couch and you were now sitting on the floor with Stretch’s legs on either side of you. Your back was resting on his chest and he was leaning against the couch.

Mutt grinned, please that he had won and descended upon the pair of you. He arranged himself into your lap, his skull in it’s favorite spot on your stomach and the comforter was tucked up under his chin so it could also cover your lower half and Stretch’s legs.

“hands to self horn dog.” Stretch muttered as he wrapped his arms around your shoulders in a hug.

“no promises.” Mutt replied. He had already looped his own arms around your hips.

You just shook your head and tuned back into the disaster of a movie playing on screen. “You guys are weird.”

Chapter End Notes

Hnnnn, Stretch and Mutt! They are my favorites to write because

they are two halves of a whole idiot.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

There’s a Storm You’re Starting Now

Chapter Summary

> Hey, remember that thing you wanted to do? The thing to help keep those pesky parents away? It's time my dudes.

Chapter Notes

> Hell, I'm sorry guys. I usually post this time yesterday but that didn't happen. Let me just tell you that peak season at a 3PL is rough, Covid has only served to take the normally insane numbers from holiday season and no lie, quadruple them. Luckily I have a bit of a chapter buffer so I do have story for you guys. So, that's good I guess. Gonna go attempt some rest before going back to work.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was the day. Papyrus had a day away from classes and you had let your boss know that you might be in to work a little late, depending on what all needed to happen.

You stared up at the courthouse steps from the passenger seat of Papyrus’s convertible, unsure of how you should be feeling. Restraining orders didn’t involve a lot of face to face action between one’s self and the person or persons they were asking for an order against but… you still felt the nervous butterflies in your stomach at the thought of initiating a legal battle with your folks.

Papyrus’s hand came to a rest on your shoulder. “Do you want me to call Sans after all?” He asked.

You had originally contemplated having both Sans and Papyrus come with you. Sans for his calming presence and support and Papyrus for his legal knowledge. After a long talk with yourself in the mirror, you had just asked Papyrus to accompany you to the court house. Sans had offered to be on standby anyway if you found that you needed him, which was comforting in its own right.

“No, let’s just go in.” You reached up and gave Papyrus’s hand a squeeze before opening your door. He did the same and offered you his arm as you started towards the building. Taking it, it felt much easier to go through the large glass doors, be checked through security, and meander down the hallways to the correct set of offices.

The clerk barely batted an eye at you and your skeletal companion when you asked for a petition for the restraining order. They simply pulled up a folder and a pen then went back to what they were doing on their computer.

You stepped away with your mate to look over the papers. There wasn't much to fill out. Your information, your parent's information, and a description of why the order should be enacted. Papyrus glanced over the wording before letting you fill everything out. He did advise how things should be worded to help your case. A judge was going to look over your petition at some point and you needed to be concise.

It felt like you were filling out papers for hours, but by the time you had noted everything down and approached the clerk again, the clock on the wall noted only a few minutes had passed. You handed over your drivers licence for confirmation of your identity and you were handed a receipt stating that you would have a court date within ten days.

Then you were whisked away by your tall mate. Papyrus couldn't teleport, but his long purposeful steps took you back to the car in no time at all.

"First step is the hardest." He said as you were buckling in and he started the car. "Coffee?"

You let out a short laugh. "I think I'm amped up enough without the caffeine, but I could go for a hot drink."

Papyrus hummed and pulled out onto the road in search of a cafe close by. You ended up going through one of those coffee shack drive throughs. Papyrus ordered a large vanilla latte and you got a hot chai. He then found a vacant parking space nearby so you could both enjoy your drinks.

"Thanks for coming with me." You said as you popped open the top of your drink so you could blow on the contents.

"Of course!" Your mate replied. He beamed over at you, his hand coming to a rest on your knee. "I am always happy to help you out my dear. No matter the situation!"

You smiled and stared into your chai. "Still, I appreciate it."

Papyrus jostled your knee, then reached out and popped open the

glove compartment. He rooted around a moment then extracted a well loved notebook. “And now for your reward for getting the ball rolling!” He set his drink in a cup holder and smiled at you.

“Let’s see.” He said as he thumbed through the pages. “It’s still winter here so I suppose a camping trip is out until spring or summer.”

You giggled and tested the temperature of your drink. Hot but not scalding, perfect. “Any winter activities hidden away in there?” You asked.

Papyrus gave you a flat look, “Of course I have winter activities, what kind of year round planner would this be if I didn’t have winter activities?”

“Okay, hit me with the options.” You giggled.

He flipped through a few more pages without looking at them, his eye lights smiling at you the whole time. When he did tear his sockets away, he ran his phalange down the page.

“Ice skating, snowshoeing, ski lodge vacation, sledding…” He went on, rattling out a long list of activities that could be accomplished in the cold months. Your mind wandered back to your shopping trip with Blue a few months back. He had you try on quite a few winter coats and weedled your shoe size out of you. Had he planned this far ahead in activities?

“Some of these things we can do at home with the snow in the backyard, but I think we should go on a vacation once this whole court thing is done!” Papyrus was saying.

You hummed. “I’m not sure I can convince Oliver to let me off on another week-long vacation to a ski lodge this soon.”

“Oh, a weekend would be a sufficient get away.” Papyrus assured you. “We can take off Friday night after your shift so we have all weekend to enjoy ourselves!”

“You have an answer for everything don’t you?” You asked with a sly grin.

Papyrus puffed out his chest. “Of course! What kind of mate or lawyer would I be if I didn’t have an answer for every scenario!”

You giggled and sipped at your chai. “Okay, ski lodge sounds fun.”

With a satisfied snap. Papyrus shut the notebook and returned it to the glove compartment. “It does doesn’t it?” He pulled out his phone and sent a few texts before taking up his latte. “Now I believe that you can still get to work on time if we leave right now.”

You sighed and agreed. Might as well get in to work on time if you were going to be seriously thinking of taking more vacation time in the future.

You blinked at the odd grouping of your mates coming in for the evening. Stretch and Red hung out on occasion but you didn’t think that they were that close. What really surprised you was the presence of Black following the other two. Alcohol didn’t affect him, though he enjoyed the taste of certain boozy beverages. It was surprising because he didn’t seem to get along with either Red or Stretch at all, and really only hung around them if his brother was present.

You were serving another patron at the moment, so you couldn’t immediately greet them. Pyre took their orders while you worked, leaving you free to check in on the far end of the bar before circling back to say hi.

“hey honey.” Stretch raised his glass to you when you came to a halt in front of them. Red was talking to Pyre but he waved before carrying on with his conversation.

Black sniffed at his beverage before looking up at you. “GOOD EVENING PET, HOW DID THIS MORNING GO?”

“Good, got the petition in. I should have a hearing date within ten days.”

Black hummed and sipped at his drink, then made a face. “YOU WILL NEED TO MAKE ALL OF MY FUTURE ORDERS.” He gave his glass a disdainful look. “THE ELEMENTAL CAN’T MAKE THEM TO MY STANDARDS.”

You snorted. Of course Black was going to be picky about how his drinks were made. You were going to say something about it to him but Stretch butted into the conversation.

“so what did you and papyrus choose as a reward for booting demon one and demon two out of your life?” He waggled his brow bones at you causing Black to roll his eye lights.

You giggled. “We’re thinking a trip up to a ski lodge for a weekend would be fun.”

“did you choose that? or did the activity enthusiast convince you that that was the most fun?” He asked.

You hummed and thought back on your conversation. “I picked the lodge.” You said slowly. “He just suggested we go over a weekend instead of doing the whole week like with the beach.”

Stretch nodded and leaned back so he wasn’t in Black’s space anymore. “as long as it’s you choosing.”

“where we goin’?” Red had joined the conversation.

You laughed and filled him in. To your surprise, Red seemed excited to vacation in the snowy mountains. He pumped his fist when you told him of your decision and toasted to you before taking a large drink.

His companions also gave him odd looks. Red and enthusiasm was a new look. Not a bad look in your opinion, just new.

“you literally used to live in a town called snowdin.” Stretch was saying to him.

Red shrugged. “fresh snow ‘as ‘ard ta come by, what with all the dust blowin’ everywhere.”

Stretch somehow paled but Black was nodding. “YES, I CAN SEE WHY YOU ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO BEING IN SNOW NOT TAINTED BY THE DUST OF THE WEAK OR UNFORTUNATE.”

“fuck guys, we came here to have a good time.” Stretch mumbled over his drink.

Red grinned and tossed his arm around your shocked mate’s shoulders. “aww, i’s okay ashtray, we all can’t grow up ‘n a sugary sweet universe.”

“it wasn’t sugary sweet.” Stretch protested.

“OH PLEASE, WE ALL KNOW THE SWAPS HAD IT THE EASIEST.” Black said. “IT WOULD TAKE THREE OF YOUR UNDERGROUNDS TO EQUAL THE LV I ALONE ACQUIRED BEFORE BEING RELEASED.”

“more ‘n that.” Red agreed

“i get it!” Stretch shrugged off Red’s arm. “we didn’t have to kill each other for resources, good for us. geez, go back to therapy.”

“‘ave a sesh tomorrow.” Red said, brushing off the comment.

“MY NEXT APPOINTMENT IS IN A FEW DAYS.” Black added before turning back to you. “ANYWAY, IT IS A WONDERFUL CHOICE PET, I LOOK FORWARD TO VISITING THIS SKI LODGE WITH YOU.”

You smiled, unsure if you should be concerned about Stretch being bullied for not growing up in a fell universe. It didn’t seem to affect your honey loving mate too much, as he was currently whispering something into the side of Red’s skull. It seemed fine. Plus it was nice to hear them all talk openly about therapy.

With a wave, you moved off down the bar to check in on the other people there. You knew Red was on the verge of being fully transitioned. He had mentioned that he was going to continue therapy after gaining full citizenship, so that wasn’t the step that was holding him back.

Black and Mutt were close as well. Black more than Mutt as Black had been eyeballing some courses that he wanted to take once transitioned. Your tall mate was dragging his feet. He didn’t really care that much about being granted all of his rights, for all you knew, he liked being in the weird limbo of citizenship. Not a full member of society, but still allowed his job at the lab while he worked through all of the red tape.

He never talked about his therapy sessions. Though you assumed they were doing *something* . He wasn’t the silent, stone-faced skeleton that had attempted to kidnap you at his brother’s order last year. He had opened up, laughed often, and somehow adopted Stretch as his best friend even when he was all prickly over the whole poly life situation.

Speaking of Stretch, you were proud of his progress as well. Both of the swap brothers had quietly transitioned already. You could tell that Stretch was making a conscious effort to spend time with the others. And by the complete lack of comment from him after your night with Black, you felt like he was in a much better headspace about the whole situation. You smiled when you caught a glimpse of him and Red taking turns balancing coasters on various things around the bar where they were sitting. Black was staunchly ignoring them, which only made the snickering pair attempt to stack some on him and his drink as well.

Your shift passed quickly. It helped that you had three mates to pass the slower parts of the evening with. Black drank much more than the other two, but stayed as sober as if he had been sucking down water all night. Stretch was drunk by the time you punched out. He leaned on you and Red who only looked a little tipsy.

“race you home.” He slurred at Red. “you take black and i take honey here.”

“ANYONE GOING WITH YOU WOULD BE AT A DISTINCT DISADVANTAGE.” Black huffed.

“aww, why’s that?” Stretch asked as your little group weaved across the cold and empty parking lot.

“YOU ARE A LIGHTWEIGHT AND ARE THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND RIGHT NOW. LET RED GET US HOME.” Black marched along next to you with his hands behind his back. You were helping to hold up Stretch who was between you and Red.

Red chuckled. “wha’ makes ya think i'd get us there any faster napoleon?”

Black rolled his eye lights. “WELL I HOPED YOU WOULD KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU FOR A SHORTCUT HOME BUT I SEE THAT THAT IS TOO MUCH TO ASK.”

“fuck you too black.” Red scoffed.

Stretch laughed and reached out with the arm around your shoulders to snag Black’s upper arm. The street lights vanished and you found yourself stumbling up the driveway.

Black ripped himself out of Stretch’s hold, spouting threats the entire time. Stretch didn’t hear them as he snapped asleep the second he had stepped out of the void. Red whistled and shouldered more of Stretch’s dead weight.

“damn, didn’ think ‘e could actually get us ‘ere.”

You cut off the reprimand on your lips about teleporting while intoxicated and blinked up at the house. “Me neither. It took us forever to get home the last time he tried to teleport drunk.”

“YOU WILLINGLY LET HIM USE THE VOID WHILE INTOXICATED?!”

“He surprised me!” You readjusted your hold on Stretch and you and Red began to haul your unconscious mate towards the door. Black marched behind. “He got us into the neighborhood, I convinced him to walk the rest of the way though so we’re good.”

“wow, ya got ‘im ta walk ‘nstead ‘f takin’ a shortcut? impressive.” Red grunted. He paused on the porch to let Black by who opened the front door.

He didn’t wait around to see Stretch to bed though. He gave you a kiss on the cheek goodnight then strode off towards the stairs. Red grumbled but helped you lug Stretch upstairs and into his room. You sincerely tried to not just dump Stretch onto his bed but he wasn’t awake to control his fall from Red’s shoulder.

“‘e really is a lightweight.” Red grumbled as you removed your sleeping mate’s shoes and found a blanket to cover him in.

“Yup, your turn Red.” You stood and ushered Red back out into the hallway.

“my turn?” He asked.

You nodded and led him to his door. “You may be conscious still, but I saw how many drinks you put away.”

“trus’ me doll, ‘m good.”

With a shrug, you pushed open his door and gestured for him to go in. He rolled his eye lights but did as suggested. You followed him in and helped him take his parka off, even though he whined about it.

“i’s warm.”

“That’s what you have blankets for.”

“yea but, the coat’s already warm, the blankets ‘r gonna be cold ‘till i warm ‘em up.”

“Oh my god, you’re a child, get in bed.” You laughed and pushed at him until he slumped onto his mattress. You covered him with the pile of blankets and pillows he had bunched together at the foot of the mattress.

“Good night Red.” You said.

He mumbled something back that you didn’t quite catch as he

burrowed deeper into his nest of a bed. For such a prickly skeleton, he sure liked his soft and comfortable things. With a grin, you knelt down and kissed the top of his skull, the only part of him that was visible in the mass of pillows and blankets.

Shaking your head, you finally made it to your room. You were tired, but you felt accomplished. You had taken steps to remove some heavy stress from your life, and there were plans for a vacation that you got to pick. All good things.

Chapter End Notes

> Yaaay, forward motion. And more bone boy banter, I can't get enough of it.
>
> Kay, sleep must be attempted now. Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Nowhere to Run Boy Run

Chapter Notes

> Let's have some quality time with Mutt shall we? Not entirely satisfied with this chapter as I haven't had any time to do heavy edits recently. But here we go!
>
> Slight NSFW? Not sure if everyone would consider it that but I'll mention just to be safe. Some intimacy but no smut.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You wanna what now?” You stared at Mutt as he added a little bit of coffee to his mug of milk.

“go up ta the moun’ain.” He replied with a yawn.

You squinted at your mate. Everyone else was going about their morning, a buzz of activity as they left for jobs or otherwise prepared for the day. Mutt was either playing hookie from work or he had let someone know that he wasn’t going to go in today because all of the other skeletons that worked in a lab were gone.

“You.” You reiterated. “The guy who didn’t want to get up for his own *blanket* … wants to hike around on the mountain…” You glanced past him to the cold day outside. “In January.”

Mutt leaned against the counter and grinned at you over the rim of his mug. “yup.”

You stepped forward and reached up to feel at your mate’s skull. “Are you feeling okay?”

He chuckled and leaned into your hand. “i do get outta the ‘ouse occasionally ya know.”

“Yea for work.” You giggled and stepped around him to fix your own coffee.

“ouch duchess, ‘m wounded.” He placed a hand over his chest in mock pain. You only laughed and shook your head as you added sugar and creme to your caffeine. Mutt took that as an opportunity to circle around behind you and drape himself over your shoulders. “‘f it’s the cold yer worried ‘bout, i’ll keep ya warm~”

You ducked away from the tickle of his breath on your cheek. “Okay, fine. A little walk on the mountain it is.”

Mutt immediately perked up, if he had a tail to go with his nickname, it would be wagging. He finished off his coffee in one gulp and took a shortcut out of the kitchen. You took a little more time than he did to sip at your drink and find something to eat.

Once breakfast had been finished, you headed upstairs to bundle up. Mutt found you as you were lacing up your riding boots. He had your coat from the hall closet which you gratefully shrugged on then the void took both of you away.

Your breath billowed out in front of your face as you waited for the teleportation dizziness to pass. “You’d think I’d be used to it by now.” You grumbled then tapped at Mutt to signal that you were okay. He dutifully let go, but didn’t step too far away. You found yourself on a trail on what you assumed was Ebott mountain.

The snow was patchy on the ground under the firs and the sun set the clumps of white sparkling. The two of you set off at a leisurely pace. Mutt walked beside you but just a half a step back. His hands were in his fluffy duster’s pockets and his eye lights were on a constant swivel. But his face and posture were relaxed so you shrugged it away.

Neither of you said much as you crunched down the path. You would make a soft comment about the shape of a tree or rock. Mutt would acknowledge it with a noise and the two of you would continue on. The companionable silence was nice. Mutt wasn’t often chatty, and in this situation, you were thankful for the easy quiet while both of you enjoyed the surroundings and each other's company.

It wasn’t very long into your walk when Mutt halted. His hand flew out and clamped on your shoulder to stop you from continuing forward. With a squeak, you whipped your head around in confusion.

“deer.” He whispered and pointed.

It took you a second to process what he said, but you followed his finger and peered into the trees and snowy undergrowth.

You didn’t see anything.

“Where?” You whispered back.

Mutt leaned down so his skull was right next to yours. Grasping your

shoulders, he shuffled you a little to the side and pointed again. You scanned the area, still not seeing anything. Relaying this to him he tsked but told you to keep an eye on the spot before he stepped away on silent feet. In your peripheral, you could see him prowl up to the nearest tree. He reached up and snapped a low hanging branch, the sound echoing like a gunshot on the snow-muted mountain side.

The noise made you jump, but it also alerted the deer Mutt had seen. You finally spotted it as its head popped up at the noise. You grinned as its large ears twitched around, trying to determine if it should run or not. It apparently decided that it was safe because its head dipped back down to graze at the brush poking through the snow.

“d’ya see it?” Mutt was suddenly right in your ear making you jump for a second time.

Taking a deep breath, you nodded. “How did you see it in the first place?”

Mutt urged you on. When you started walking again, he shrugged. “was kinda my job un’ergroun’.”

“Seeing animals?”

“seein’ threats.”

Ah, yea, fell universe. You hummed in understanding but didn’t push the topic just in case it was a sensitive one. Mutt didn’t talk much about the underground. What you knew of his experience consisted mostly of what he had told you after his break down on the beach vacation.

“an’ findin’ folks ‘o didn’ wanna be found.” He continued to your surprise.

“So kind of like an investigator?” You prodded.

Mutt shrugged, his skull still panning back and forth as you headed down the trail. “kinda. when general sans fira skeleton gives ‘is attack dog a target, i’s more like... judge, jury, an’ executioner.”

“Oh.” You blinked and fell silent. Mutt didn’t elaborate, choosing instead to let you marinate on his words.

Only the crunch of the dirt and snow under your boots betrayed the two of you to the surrounding wilderness. You knew Mutt, Black, Red,

and Edge all had to do terrible things to survive. Their body counts were a mystery to you and you didn't want to know the numbers. The description of being a judge, jury, *and* the executioner was odd, but then again, you didn't know everything about monster culture and how the system worked down there.

The back of your brain fixated on what Mutt had called his brother. Sans Fira Skeleton. You had a faint memory of Edge's full name, and you knew Sans and Papyrus's full names too. They were all different.

"So," You deliberated over what you wanted to ask about first. "Judge, jury, and executioner? Were there no trials for criminals in your underground?"

Mutt brought you to a halt. He leaned over you from behind, letting his teeth bump against the top of your head. "bear tracks." He growled and pointed at a trail of footprints crossing your path.

"Oh yea, wow." You grinned and broke away from him to leave a footprint of your own next to the giant imprint of the animal's paw.

Mutt chuckled at the size difference and put his own large footprint on the other side of the bear's. "yer so small." He laughed and snatched you up and tossed you over his shoulder. "i could jus' snap ya up."

You squeaked and held on as best you could as he wandered down the trail with you over his shoulder. With a huff you let him carry you along, choosing to prod about his underground again. "So how did you do all three jobs and make it fair?" Your mate came to a halt and you felt yourself begin to slide off of him.

"Mutt!" The rest of your exclamation was cut off as he lifted you and set you on your feet. Your back was to a tree as he towered over you. His hands came to a rest on your hips and he used your center of gravity to push you back into the tree trunk.

"don' ask 'bout my old job duchess." He begged. "please… i ain' there yet."

You blinked up at his carefully neutral face and nodded. The tension faded from his shoulders and he pulled you forward and into a hug. He sighed when you returned it and the cold air of the mountain side was replaced with the warmth of the indoors. There was no room to flail as Mutt pitched backward with you in tow.

He chuckled at your exclamation of 'Oof!" as he landed on his

surprisingly plush mattress. You sat up when he relinquished his hold of you to unlace your boots and take off your coat. Your gaze flit around Mutt's sparse room and you realized just how little time you spent in here. Aside from the clothes and dishes scattered about, Mutt really only had his memory foam mattress and a beat up computer desk with a rolling chair that was missing one wheel. The custom built desktop computer looked very out of place in the mess.

You turned and settled back down on the mattress where he hadn't moved from when you had sat up. "Done hiking?" You asked.

He shrugged. "yea."

You dug your phone from your pocket and checked the time, there was still a few hours before you had to get to work. The walk had lasted less than two hours.

"So what did you wanna do?"

Mutt chuckled and tugged you in for a cuddle. "oh there's lo's a things we could do duchess, all ya gotta do 's tell me."

"Hmm, my decision huh?"

"always."

You hummed again and snuggled closer to your warm mate. "This is fine for now."

No complaint came, in fact Mutt seemed thrilled to be able to bundle you as close to him as physically possible. A fuzzy blanket was magicked over to cover your tangled selves and you sunk into the cushy mattress.

Stars it was a comfortable mattress. Why wasn't your mattress this nice? When you asked him about it, he only laughed. "'as the firs' thing i bought up 'ere. 'f i 'as on the surface, i wan'ed a nice bed. my old one 'as shit."

You giggled. "I need one like this."

"naw ya don', i'll share this one."

"But then I'd never use my bed."

"exactly."

With a snort, you fiddled at the soft blanket draped over you. “Looks like the nice bed wasn’t the only thing you splurged on.”

“ehh, i only ‘ad the clothes on my back an’ the collar on my neck comin’ up ‘ere, startin’ fresh ‘ith what i wan’ed ‘as top a the lis’.”

“You don’t count your collar as clothes?”

“it don’ belong ta me, i’s black’s.”

“Yea, but he gave it to you didn’t he?”

You felt him let go of you with one hand to fiddle with the thick leather and tag circling his spine. “‘e talk ta ya ‘bout collars yet?”

“A bit.” You shuffled around so you could actually look at your mate. “Red told me about what collars mean in his universe but from what I gathered, they are a bit different in yours.”

He looked down at you with a nod and tapped his collar. “this ‘s both a mark a family an’ a way ta let monsters know who ‘m in business with.” You nodded but stayed silent so he could continue. “i don’ think ya c’n feel it but black ‘as drowned this ‘n ‘is magic. it ain’ fer protection as some collars do that. ‘m both physically an’ magically stronger than ‘im. though good luck gettin’ ‘im ta admit it.”

That made your brows raise.

“don’ get me wrong, my bro c’n ‘old ‘is own, ‘e earned ‘is title of general by ‘imself after all. ‘m jus’ sayin’ i can kick ‘is ass ‘f i wan’ed ta.”

That made you laugh. Mutt grinned down at you. “which part a that ‘re ya laughin’ at?”

You got a hold of yourself and smiled up at your mate. “You wanting to kick your brother’s ass. I just can’t see it.”

Mutt snorted and rolled over on top of you just to wrap himself around you and roll again so you were on top of him. “‘s it cuz ya don’ think i’m an ass guy? it’s cuz you don’ think i’m a ass guy huh?”

You burst out laughing again. Mutt chuckled underneath you, letting his hands wander down to coax you into shuffling your legs up so you were sitting astride but still leaning down over him.

“well yer right.” He rumbled, giving your sides a squeeze. “‘m more ‘f

a tummy guy.”

“Gee, I couldn’t tell.” You smiled down at him, remembering all of the times he crammed his lanky frame into your lap just so he could use your stomach as a pillow.

“an’ what ‘bout you? wha’ kinda gal ‘r ya?” Mutt winked up at you as his sharp finger tips grazed up and down your sides.

You hummed and squirmed at the gentle tickles. “I don’t know.”

Mutt raised his brows. “ya’ve been with over ‘alf ‘f the house an’ ya don’ know yet?”

“Well.” You poked at his sternum, “considering that none of you have asses or stomachs to begin with, I’m not sure where to go with that question.”

“what, boobs ain’ even gonna register on yer list?”

“You don’t have those either.” To prove your point, you spayed your hands out over his chest.

“ya don’ know that duchess, i could ‘ave a rockin’ pair a tits.”

Your eyes darted from his chest to his face. “Wait, really? You can make boobs?”

“c’n make whatever darlin’, jus’ gotta get the soul on board.”

“What does that even mean?”

Mutt made a face, “shit, we got a talkin’ ta ‘bout yer thing, but no one's talked ta ya ‘bout ours?”

“What thing?” You sat up and Mutt followed, though you remained in his lap.

“ya know, yer thing with the blood an’ such… yer human thing.”

“My cycle?”

“sure.”

“Are you saying that you guys have one too?”

Mutt shook his skull. “ya gotta reproductive thing, ‘s ‘ow ya are.

though yers ‘s all biological an’ not magic.” He tapped at his sternum, “we’re all magic, ‘s our souls tha’ do the makin’ ‘f the new little monster.”

You frowned and stared at his chest. “So what does that have to do with what you can make with your magic?”

“ya ever wonder why all ‘f ‘em ‘f made ‘uman genitalia fer ya?”

Well, you were wondering that *now*… and also how he knew what they had made, but that was a question for another time. Mutt chuckled as you struggled to put words together.

“think ‘bout it duchess, monster kind ‘s so varied. we can’t stick ‘ith jus’ one type a fuckin’... i’d know.” He gestured at himself, reminding you that he had admitted to sleeping around in the underground.

“So…” You stared hard at a spot on his jaw as your mind turned. “You can make anything? It’s just about the one you’re with?”

Mutt grinned and nodded. “‘s the great part ‘bout ‘avin’ no parts ta begin with. yer soul tells my soul wha’ ya need an’ my magic supplies.”

“Oh.” Was all you could think of to say. This opened a lot of doors. You had just thought that the parts your mates had given you were the parts that they had. That’s how it was with yours and you didn’t really stop to think about the huge difference in species. A smile tugged at the corners of your mouth.

“Can I test it out?” You grinned up at Mutt who chuckled and pressed a kiss to your forehead.

“love the enthusiasm duchess, but ‘m gonna ‘ave ta decline.”

You tried not to show your disappointment and leaned on him until he flopped back down onto the mattress with you still on top of him. The two of you laid there, warm and comfortable as his claws dragged up and down your back in slow circles.

Mutt broke the silence. “i still don’ think i c’n stay ‘n control darlin’, an’ i won’ risk ‘urtin’ ya fer anythin’. i’ve been tryin’ wi’ myself ta tes’ my control, but, i ain’ safe fer ya yet.”

You hummed and gave him a squeeze. “Sorry for pushing.”

“don’ be, my ‘dyne’s testin’ somethin’ tha’ may ‘elp.” You squeaked as he rolled both of you onto your sides. “we c’n still work up ta it though.” His voice dipped and rumbled against your ear. “whatda say?”

The thought excited you, getting to help him like this. Though a little thought niggled at the back of your mind. What if ‘working up to it’ turned into ‘losing control?’

Your contemplative silence caused him to pull away from you so he could look into your face. “‘s jus’ ‘n idea duchess, ‘f ya don’ wanna, tha’s cool too.”

“No, I want to.” You said, cupping his face. “I just don’t know when to stop you if you start to slip.”

Mutt grinned and nuzzled his teeth to your forehead. “safeword’s general, an’ i’ll ‘and ya my fuckin’ soul ‘f it means i getta shot at bein’ with ya.”

You committed general to memory for him but pushed him away a little more and sat up. “I still don’t know when you go from lucid to out of control.”

“tha’s yer judgemen’ duchess.” He tapped his chest. “an’ as i said, ya c’n ‘ave my soul ‘s insurance.”

“Insurance? What would I do with your soul? I thought those were like… private.”

With a chuckle, Mutt gestured and a little white soul popped out of his chest. “no part a my body, ‘nside ‘r out is off limits ta ya, that ‘ncludes the very thing that makes me me.”

You gasped at the casual way he just pulled his soul out. The space between the two of you wasn’t very much but it still felt like miles when he guided your hands to cup the glowing inverted heart. This was a lot of trust. *So* much trust. You couldn’t tear your eyes away from the literal embodiment of your mate. This was it. If you handled it wrong, he would dust. You would lose him and most likely his brother after he found out you killed Mutt… probably some of the others too if you were being honest, killing wasn’t exactly smiled upon by Sans and-

“calm down duchess, ‘s jus’ me ya got there.”

Your hands shook in retaliation to you trying to force your body to stay as still as possible so you wouldn't accidentally move wrong or touch his soul and break it.

"it ain' *that* fragile." Mutt chuckled and cupped your hands in his. "'s all 'bout intention, 'f ya don' wanna 'urt me, yer not gonna."

That did make you relax a little. The only other soul you had had in your hands was your own and it wasn't out for very long. Both Sans and Edge had pulled your soul in the past. Edge did in a literal fight with you and it didn't break throughout the entire encounter so it made sense that their fragility wasn't like a soap bubble.

"'f ya wan' me ta stop an' i some 'ow don' respond ta the safeword, jus' give it a squeeze."

You glanced between his face and his soul.

"give it a shot, i promise ya ain' goooooly *shit* !" Mutt's body curled in an involuntary movement when you pressed your thumb against the less cracked side of his soul.

You immediately withdrew your touch, thinking that you had hurt him. He looked up at you, the magic of his eye lights were huge, almost taking up the entirety of his small sockets and he was panting.

"Are you oka-?"

"do it again."

"What?"

"touch it again. fuck duchess, please touch it again." His tone turned pleading and he reached out to curl an arm around your waist and pull you into a kiss. You kept your hands carefully cupped around his soul but didn't touch.

He still felt in control. The kiss lingered but didn't demand and his hold on you was needy instead of commanding. When you pulled away from him, he let you go but growled. His grip was steadily getting tighter and another growl was starting to build in his chest, his control was there, but only barely it seemed. Glancing down at his soul, you ran your finger down the center as soft as you could.

Mutt groaned and shuddered, his hold loosened again. "don' be gentle duchess."

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“oh, hurt me. please hurt me.” He pawed at you, drawing you as close as physically possible and bent to nibble at your ear.

You sighed and managed to lean away, even though he frowned at that. Holding his soul up, you offered it back to him. “That’s a conversation for us to have outside of the bedroom.”

His eye lights kept darting from his soul to your face. Eagerness rolling off of him in waves. His hands kneaded at whatever part of you they landed on and you could feel a light tremble coming off of him.

“green light darlin’, i promise. ‘m sturdy, an’ ‘s i said, ya ain’ gonna kill me ‘f ya don’ intend ta.” His face told you that he wanted nothing more than to devour you right now unless you did as he asked and hurt him. And as tempting as it was to give into the scene, the wavering edges of his eyelights said that he was somewhere around a limit that should not be pressed.

“Mutt, you’re not in the right headspace to make that decision.”

“please? ‘m still ‘n control, i-”

“No.”

Mutt’s mouth clicked closed and he began to take long measured breaths. The magic in his sockets shrunk and he took his soul back and returned it to his body. You nodded and pushed him to relax back onto the mattress to cuddle. He held you tight, nuzzling into your hair and generally attempting to get as many parts of him to connect to you as he could.

As the minutes ticked by, he relaxed, then pulled away entirely. You hummed in question, and rolled to face him. He was sitting up and scratching at this sternum.

“sorry i pushed.” He said, echoing your apology from earlier.

You shrugged. “You stopped though.”

He dropped his hand from his chest to run his claws through your hair. “i did, that ‘as intense, but i didn’ completely lose myself…” He paused and grinned. “guess soul sex ‘s differen’ than yer run a the mill physical sex.”

“Never had it before? Wait, did we just have soul sex?” You sat up as well, eyes wide. Your shoulders relaxed at Mutt’s laugh.

“naw, naw, takes two ta tango duchess, don’ worry. an’ no, i ‘aven’ done it before. ‘andin’ yer soul ta jus’ anyone un’ergroun’ would be a one way ticket ta bein’ dust at the end a the party.”

“Oh.” You frowned at the thought of having to guard yourself so close, even in an intimate setting.

“don’ make tha’ face, i survived didn’ i?” He poked your forehead, bringing attention to the downward pull of your brows. You relaxed your face with a sigh and he continued. “‘m tougher than ya think duchess, ya can’t damage me.”

“But that’s your soul Mutt, I handle it wrong and…” You made an explosion noise and gesture. “You’re gone.”

With a shake of his skull, Mutt reached out to you. Shuffling forward, you let him tug you in for a cuddle. “ya won’t.”

“How can you be so sure?”

He was silent for a few beats before he responded. “when ya touched me jus’ before…” He brought your hand up in front of both of you, “this…” his sharp distles poked at the pad of your finger. “ touched every damn part a me. an’ i know ‘ntent duchess, i lived ‘ith monsters who ‘ould work ‘ith me ‘r black jus’ fer the chance ta get close ‘nd do real damage.” His fingers fiddled with yours. “but there ‘as no such ‘ntent in yer touch. nervous, sure, curious mostly, bu’ no harm, no fight, no fear.” He guided your joined hands to rest on your chest. “jus’ touch, there’s no way ‘n the stars that ya c’n dust me with ‘ntent li’ that.”

“And you didn’t lose control.” You said.

“heh, yea… think it migh’ be cuz you were… ‘n control i mean, i ain’ gonna lash out at someone ‘oldin’ the very culmination ‘f my being.”

“Really?”

Mutt shrugged. “‘s the only explanation i c’n think ‘f fer it. ‘as nice, not ‘avin’ ta worry ‘bout accidentally doin’ somethin’ ya didn’ like.”

You smiled and turned in his hold for a kiss. “Well.” You pecked his teeth. “I wouldn’t mind trying again another time.” As Mutt opened

his mouth to respond you pointed at him. “ *After* we’ve had a talk about boundaries and how much I can push you and vice versa.”

He closed his mouth and nodded. “fair.”

“Cool, now I need to go get ready for work.” You leaned in for one last kiss, not even complaining when it lingered longer than you had intended.

“come sleep ‘ere when ya get ‘ome kay?” Mutt murmured before you got off of the bed.

“Only sleep?” You asked as you made your way to the door.

“tha’s up ta yer fancy duchess.”

“Okay, but I’m counting it as one of the three nights I owe you.”

Mutt chuckled and flopped over into his blankets. “see ya after yer shift then.”

With a shake of your head you stepped out into the hall. There was definitely a lot of information to mull over on tonight's shift. Luckily you could do most drink mixes in your sleep.

Chapter End Notes

We learnin' what to do with the info? even I don't know >.<

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

For the Glory

Chapter Notes

> And now, for the moment some of you have been waiting for, the court battle!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were sitting in the library with Blue and a laptop when Papyrus came sweeping in with a letter in his hand. Blue took the laptop from you to continue his motorcycle shopping so Papyrus could hand you your summons.

“Next Thursday.” You said, your eyes skimming over the letter from the courts announcing your date to decide on the restraining order you had applied for. “One pm.”

Papyrus slid the paper out of your hands and skimmed over it himself. Blue pat your leg.

“THIS IS A GOOD THING MAIDEN!” He said. “JUST THINK OF THE STRESS THAT WILL FALL AWAY BECAUSE THEY WON’T BE ABLE TO COME NEAR YOU ANYMORE!”

You nod and lean against him. “What if they win though? And I don’t get the order?”

“They would have to show up to make an argument dearest, and from what I know of them, the chances of them coming in on the court date are low.” Papyrus folded and slid the letter back into its envelope.

“They got a summons too?” You peeked up at your mate who nodded.

A legal document concerning them has been requested, they have to be made aware so they have the chance to dispute.”

You grimaced. The thought of seeing them in just under a week made your stomach hurt.

“But as I said before, they have a track record of not being in places they should be, and you’ll have us there as well my dear, we’ll try to keep interactions to a minimum if they somehow show up.” Papyrus pat your head and turned to leave saying that he would bring you a cup of tea.

With a sigh, you returned your attention to Stretch's laptop that Blue was using to shop motorcycles. With Edge now mobile without needing to borrow someone's car or a teleporting brother, Blue had started looking for a ride as well. He already had his motorcycle license with all of the practice on yours so he just needed to find something he liked.

Which was proving to be difficult.

"What about this one?" You scrolled to a Honda Fury. "It's a cruiser so it would be more comfortable on long rides. "

Blue hummed and glanced through the specs. "NOT QUITE WHAT I WANT." He concluded. "YOURS IS A YAMAHA RIGHT?" He backed out and searched for the brand of your bike.

You nodded "Yea, but I've got an older model. You'd have to buy used if you wanted one that looks like mine."

"WHAT ABOUT THAT REALLY POPULAR BRAND? I SAW THEM ALL OVER TOWN BEFORE IT GOT COLD."

You raised a brow. "Harley Davidson?"

Blue nodded and quickly searched it.

"Don't." You tried to take the laptop from him.

"WHY? THE BIKES LOOK FINE TO ME."Blue held the computer away from you.

With a sigh you gestured at the list of bikes he was looking through. "Harley is okay, but you'll need to have a special tool kit with you at all times if you want to ride one."

Blue glanced at you but went back to scrolling

"Seriously Blue, the last time I went out on a group ride, we had to pull over and stop to let the Harley rider's bikes cool down every twenty miles or so, and someone always had to fix something when we got to our destination because the bike would literally shake itself to pieces during the ride. Trust me, you don't want a Harley."

"BUT THEY LOOK SO COOL!"

"They're not built well, plus they patch all of their leathers and gear so you either have to do a ton of seam modifications or buy something

completely new if you ever want to join a club."

"ARE YOU IN A CLUB?"

"No, I ride as an independent. Never found anyone local that I was willing to prospect for."

Blue just stared at you so you launched into an explanation.

"If you want to join a biker club… do NOT call them gangs by the way, that is a one way ticket to getting your ass beat… anyway, if you wanna join you have to go through a prospect period with them."

Blue nodded.

"Think of it like a vetting system, all clubs have a doctrine or kind of a platform that they all agree on like a government party system. You prospect to see if you're a good fit, if you get along with the members, and if you can jump through their hoops."

"HOOPS?"

You hummed, thinking on how to explain it. "Some club prospect periods are brutal, it's more like hazing than anything else, you're the gopher and the new club bitch until you're patched."

"I CAN SEE WHY YOU DIDN'T WANT TO PROSPECT."

"Not all clubs are like that." You shrugged. "I knew a guy in college that prospected for this area's chapter of Castle. He was just expected to show up to every event. Got patched too, just before I dropped out."

Blue turned back to the laptop to type in another search. "I DON'T THINK I WANT TO JOIN A CLUB."

"I don't blame you, just ride as a black back with me." You reached over and took the laptop from him. "And I reeeealy think you'd be good on a Honda, they're reliable and look cool." You clicked around on the Honda website for a minute, flipping through bikes as Blue dismissed or expressed interest in one or another.

"WHAT'S THAT ONE?" He pointed at a sleek bike further down the list.

You jumped to it and opened the info guide. "Goldwing, looks like you can customize it."

“ARE GOLDWINGS GOOD?”

“Don’t know, I’ve never been on one.” You found the bike’s information and skimmed through it. You knew enough about bikes to get something of use out of all of the jargon but some of it still went over your head. “It looks reliable. Got some good stuff built into it.”

“IS THERE SOMEWHERE IN TOWN THAT WE CAN GO TEST ONE?” Blue took the laptop back and searched for a dealer. Finding one, the two of you figured out a date to go down and look.

The distraction of getting another person in the house to ride bikes with you almost distracted you enough to forget about your court date and the prospect of having to see your parents again.

Almost.

“HOLD STILL.” Black slapped at your hands to keep you from pulling at your dress.

“I’m nervous.” You mumbled but forced your hands to rest at your sides.

“NONSENSE, I WILL BE THERE. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE NERVOUS ABOUT.” He waved away your words and handed you a pair of modest heels.

Taking them, you thanked him and sat on the edge of your bed to strap them on. The few days separating you from your court date had vanished in a blink of an eye. Papyrus had prepped you the best he could and even though he wasn’t actually representing you today, he assured you that there was no real need for a barred lawyer to be there.

You took the day off of work and spent your morning steaming in the shower. Black had eventually chased you out under the reasoning that you weren’t the only one that needed to get cleaned up. But you suspected that he just liked telling you what to do.

The long black halter dress from your shopping trip with Edge was pulled from the depths of your closet and paired with a set of deep navy blue stockings and now the little heels. Standing back up, you fought to not worry your fingers as Black tugged invisible wrinkles from your dress.

“I MUST GO CHANGE AS WELL, MUTT WILL FINISH TAKING CARE OF YOU.” Black leaned up to leave a kiss on your cheek. “BREATHE PET, YOU HAVE QUITE AN ARMY ON YOUR SIDE.”

The image of your mates marching into battle against your unsuspecting parents did bring a smile to your face. “Thanks Black.”

He nodded and left. The second he disappeared behind your door, Mutt came in twirling your hairbrush with a smirk on his face. “order up duchess.” He wiggled his brow bones at you and slouched past you to retrieve your desk chair.

You giggled and eyed his clothes. Mutt in slacks and a white button down was quite a sight to see. He had a gray untied tie draped around his shoulders and his shoelaces on a pair of black converse dangled along the floor as he walked. He set the chair down next to you and pointed at it.

“same thing as las’ time?” He asked.

You shrugged and took a seat.

“good, cuz tha’s the only thing i know ‘ow ta do.”

You could hear the grin in his tone and you couldn’t help but smile too. He brushed out your hair, taking his time to help it dry. Though you suspected he was just playing with it because he liked to.

“Could you actually leave it down?” You asked when he finally started to gather it up to set in a bun.

He let your hair fall and he carded his claws through it to smooth it down. The sharp tips grazing over your scalp sent goosebumps all the way down your spine. “yer all done then.” He said.

You stood and turned to him. “You’re not.”

He raised a brow but offered you the hair brush. “don’ know what yer gonna brush, but i ain’ gonna stop ya."

“Your tie, Mutt.” You laughed and pushed his outstretched hand away. “Here, let me help.”

Mutt went still and let you pop up the collar of his shirt so you could properly tie the tie to his neck. You noticed that he had tightened his leather collar to fit better under the button down and tie. “You never

take that off do you?" You asked and folded the shirt collar down over the now snug tie.

"nope, 's gonna be there 'ntil i dust 'r i get a new one."

"How often does Black get you a new one?" It was your turn to tug at nonexistent wrinkles. Papyrus and Blue had done a wonderful job at ironing out everyone's court wear.

Mutt was quiet for a moment. He caught your hands smoothing down the front of his shirt. "not from 'im."

You blinked.

Oh.

He would trade his collar from Black for one from you. He chuckled at the blood rushing to your face.

"yer cute." He poked your cheek and stepped away to lead you out of your room. "le's go win a fight yea?"

You simply nodded and followed his lead down the hall and into the entryway. All of your mates were dressed in a similar fashion as Mutt. Slacks, a button down, and a tie. Simple but professional. Papyrus was helping Stretch tie his tie and Black and Edge were still upstairs. At your approach, Papyrus dropped the ends of Stretch's tie and grabbed up the folder he had helped you put together over the course of the week.

"Here you are my dear. You will be just fine, remember that."

You nodded and took the folder. It contained a detailed synopsis of all of your encounters with your folks in the past year along with a few witness statements from your boys.

"help?" Stretch had attempted to finish tying his tie when Papyrus had abandoned it. The pale yellow tie was now in an uneven knot. You giggled and let the ridiculousness of the moment chase the nerves away.

"How did you even manage that?" You laughed as Papyrus turned back to your other mate with a sigh. Stretch let him tug the knot loose and retie it.

"what can i say? i'm an astronomer honey, i'm *knot* good at staying

grounded."

"at least 'e *tied* right?" Red pitched in.

Papyrus shook his skull but finished adjusting Stretch's tie before turning back to you. "Ready?"

You nodded. "As I'll ever be."

"YOU WILL BE FINE." Edge and Black were coming down the stairs, both dressed like your other mates. Edge came up to you; his sharp fingers tapped at your back, making you fix your posture. "WE ARE OUR OWN KIND OF RESTRAINING ORDER, SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT HOW TODAY ENDS UP."

"'s true." Mutt nodded at Edge who rolled his eye lights and fussed with your dress.

"IT PAYS TO BE EARLY, SHALL WE HEAD OUT NOW?" Blue asked. Everyone was ready so you nodded and you let yourself be whisked away into a car. Your town blurred past, and in no time at all everyone had crowded into a hallway in the courthouse to wait to be called in for your hearing.

There was no sign of your parents. But then again, you were here a good twenty minutes early. A decision you were coming to regret the longer you waited. Time had weights chained to it or something, because you were starting to think that you had been standing in the hall for hours by the time your case was called to the courtroom.

You vaguely heard Red make some sort of judgment hall comment but it was mostly white noise and adrenaline in your head as you tried to look like a competent adult and not fall on your face on your way to your spot.

There was no sign of you parents yet, but you had only just been called in. You sat at the front of the room, your boys clustered behind you in the pew-like seats. Your fingers twisted and worried at each other until a hand landed on your shoulder. Looking up you blinked at Sans who had come up to your seat.

"we gotcha princess." He murmured.

You nodded but your shoulders refused to relax. Two minutes, and you would either have a restraining order or you'd have to argue for one with your parents.

The courtroom door swung open.

Argument it was.

Sans slid into the seat next to you and pat your back. “unclench your jaw, we got ya.”

You forced your jaw muscles to relax as you tracked your mom and dad’s steps to the front of the room and found seats as far as physically possible from your mates. There was a barely contained buzz behind you that didn’t go away, though it did dampen down when the judge came in.

“Good afternoon,” She said as she took a seat.

You were rather proud of the fact that your voice didn’t shake when you returned the greeting in chorus with your parents.

Your name was called and you got to your feet. “You are the one who put in the application for a restraining order?” The judge asked.

“Y-yes.”

The judge nodded and announced your parent’s names as well. They stood.

“Are you aware of the reason behind this application?” Her question was aimed towards your folks.

“No.” Your mom replied.

You refused to look their way, instead you picked a spot just under the judge’s podium and attempted to burn holes into it with your mind. You listened to your statement read out loud. It sounded rather weak to you. An adult human female, wanting to keep her parents away from her because of what, they didn’t love her enough as a child? No one would authorize a restraining order over that.

Their argument barely registered in your brain but you presented your rebuttal like you had rehearsed with Papyrus all weekend. Questions went back and forth then you were allowed to sit while the Judge deliberated over the information.

At the sound of your name again, you stood.

“This seems to be a case of poor communication and family dynamic.” She said. “While I can understand the want to keep estranged family

out of your life, I cannot issue a restraining order on those grounds."

Your heart dropped into your gut.

"I encourage the three of you to communicate openly about when you are comfortable seeing each other and possibly looking into family therapy, but there is no threat to yourself at this time."

The courtroom didn't have enough air for you to breathe. They could continue to barge into your life and verbally attack you and your mates.

"However."

Your chin jerked up and you desperately hoped you didn't look like a crazy person as you stared at the judge like that one word was your only lifeline.

"I did receive an addendum to your application by a… Sans Comic Skeleton."

The chair next to yours scooted back and Sans rose to his feet next to you. "that's me." He said, his posture an exact opposite of your tense stance.

The judge nodded and looked over her papers. "Mr. Skeleton, you submitted a police report to go along with this case… you are a property owner according to this, is that correct?" She glanced up at Sans and held up a page from the stack in front of her.

"that is correct." Sans nodded.

"And it says here that you were threatened on your property by the defendants?"

"in my driveway, with all of my tenants and family present." Sans confirmed.

You blinked as the judge went back and forth with your mate then with your parents over the incident at your house. Medical files were produced by Papyrus for your broken leg and Stretch and Edge gave their own accounts of their encounters with you and your folks. Your mind was still reeling from having your restraining order declined. Why was the judge still gathering info? Was their intrusion at the house a worse infraction than trying to take you away from your mates?

“Granted.”

You tuned back into the hearing, your head whipping around as Sans thanked the judge. The tense buzzing behind you had fizzled out as well. You brought your attention back to the judge who was writing something down. She looked up and read aloud her judgment.

“A temporary order for protection is granted to Mr. Sans Comic Skeleton and the monsters residing under his tenancy. Due to monster law protections against hate crimes and restrictions on magical home protection, Mr. Skeleton is granted a restraining distance of two hundred feet from his property, person, and persons of monster descent under his tenancy.”

Sans took up your hand and gave it a squeeze as the Judge continued.

“Such persons include a Mr. Sans Radis Skeleton, Mr. Sans Vera Skeleton, Mr. Sans Fira Skeleton, Mr. Papyrus Caps Skeleton, Mr. Papyrus Consolas Skeleton, Mr. Papyrus Corbel Skeleton, and a Mr. Papyrus Palatino Skeleton.” The Judge looked up from her papers to gaze around the courtroom. “The order is in effect for one year unless otherwise ordered by a court.” She turned her gaze to your parents. “Any willful violation of this order is a criminal act.”

The sound of the gavel made you flinch and Sans pulled you up against him after the judge made her exit. “you’re gonna be fine princess. we got something out of this.”

Your mind went to what Edge had said earlier. “ *WE ARE OUR OWN KIND OF RESTRAINING ORDER, SO DON’T WORRY ABOUT HOW TODAY ENDS UP.”* This had been the back up plan you realized, if you didn’t get your order, they would pull the ‘human on monster hate crime’ card.

Sans rubbed at your back and you felt the rest of your mates gather around. The press of their familiar magic pushed the last of the tension from your body and you sagged into Sans’s arms. Today didn’t end up how you wanted, you didn’t get a restraining order. But your mates did, while you were at the house or out with one of them, you were protected as if the order was your own. It wasn’t like they already rotated evenings to hang out with you at work, and you didn’t leave the house much without one or more of them accompanying you anyway. The order wouldn’t change your routine much, just make you more conscious about being out without one of the boys closeby.

“Let’s go home.” You mumbled into Sans’s shoulder. He nodded but

waited until you pulled away to start heading for the door. Your parents, it seemed, had already left the courtroom.

Blankets, pillows, and a sickening amount of junk food and drinks were gathered and arranged in the lounge after you got home. You took the time to change out of your dress and into some comfortable pajama pants and the hoodie Stretch had given you. At the last moment, you picked up your fish's bowl and carried him down with you so he could be a part of the evening.

Papyrus, Black, Edge, and Blue had also switched out their nice clothes for some comfortable evening wear. The others were already in the middle of a Crash Team Racing tournament. You leaned against the door frame of the lounge to watch them shout and tease each other. Ties loosened or discarded completely. Buttons undone to show a collarbone or two along with bunched or rolled up sleeves. All shoes had been kicked off too.

"The rumpled business casual looks good on you guys." You called out. Four pairs of eye lights darted to you then back to the game with varying degrees of blush coloring their skulls.

You giggled and moved in to join them, placing your fish on a side table a safe distance away from flailing limbs just in case a tussle over a game broke out. "I get loser's controller." You said and settled on the couch between Red and Stretch.

"better sit next ta sans then." Red said.

"says the guy at the back of the pack." Sans retorted.

"eat missel classy."

"that's mutt at the head red, yer not gonna touch me."

Mutt growled as the missile closed in on him and physically jerked his body to the side as if it would make his cart do the same. The others laughed and raced past his bouncing cart.

"aaaand i win." Stretch said as his cart coasted over the finish line.

"where the fuck d'ya come from?" Red growled as he took a close third behind Sans. Mutt rolled in a moment later to complete the race.

Stretch shrugged but didn't say anything.

“ya cheated.” Red accused.

“how could i *possibly* cheat at ctr?” Stretch asked.

“dunno, ‘ow do i build supercomputers?” Red shot back.

Stretch rolled his eyes and pointed at himself. “i look at *space* all day red, it’s mutt that does the coding.”

Mutt crawled across the floor to sit at your feet and handed you his controller. “duchess doesn’ like cheaters.” He growled. “i didn’ fuck ‘ith the game.”

“that’s a first.” Stretch said.

“ya ‘aven’t ‘ad a first yet ashtray.” Mutt made a lewd gesture with his fingers and tongue which earned him a middle finger from Stretch.

“fuck you mutt.”

“come over ‘ere then.”

“you’re gross.”

“didn’ ‘ear a no.”

You laughed at their soft bickering. Today hadn’t been a total win. But right now, in your home with your mates. You were safe, you wouldn’t have to worry about unwanted visits from your folks. They couldn’t reach you here. All you had to worry about was placing in a fictional tournament.

You were going to be okay.

Chapter End Notes

> I couldn't do a total win guys, where I'm from, a request like Read's for a restraining order wouldn't pass, so I couldn't pass it here. Don't hate me!
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Tip of the Iceberg

Chapter Notes

You did the thing! Now it's time for your reward.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“are we there yet?”

“NO.”

“‘ow ‘bout now?”

“WE HAVEN’T EVEN LEFT THE HOUSE!”

“i wanna snack, ya brought snacks right?”

“RED, GET *OUT* OF MY CAR!”

You bit your lip in an attempt to keep from giggling at the fell brother’s antics. Papyrus was loading the last few bags into the trunks of both his and Edge’s cars. As promised, reservations had been made at a ski lodge that resided along the back side of Ebott Mountain. You were going to ride with Edge, Red, and Blue while Papyrus drove the others.

Red reached forward from his spot in the back seat and shook your shoulder. “never min’, found the snack, we c’n go.”

You laughed out loud at that, much to Edge’s ire. “DON’T ENCOURAGE HIM.”

“aww, c’m on bro, between the two ‘f us, you’d be the one ta know ‘ow she tastes.”

“WE ARE NOT DISCUSSING THIS!”

“WHAT ARE WE NOT DISCUSSING?” Blue had joined Red in the back seat. You could see the others settling into Papyrus’s car. It was time for a road trip.

“NOTHING!”

“wha’ she tastes like.”

“IS THAT ALL?” Blue buckled in and waved Red closer to whisper into the side of his skull.

Edge made a disgruntled noise as he backed out of the garage and followed Papyrus down the road. “YOU ARE BOTH DISGUSTING.”

There was some furtive whispering back and forth but no further comment was made. The drive wasn’t too terribly long. Only one stop was made along the side of the snowy road to put chains on the tires so the little cars could complete the journey to the resort without sliding off of the face of the mountain.

You had only seen and heard advertisements for the sprawling lodge hidden away on the mountain. Lifts could be seen taking skiers and snowboarders to the peak and there was even a small hill for sledding. Blue had mentioned something about an ice skating rink somewhere on the property but you couldn’t see it from where Edge had parked.

The lobby was full of humans and monsters alike, all bundled up for the cold and snowy weather. You hung back with your mates as Papyrus checked everyone in. Each pair of brothers got a room and you had your own.

“Meet us back down stairs when you are settled and we can take a walk around the place!” Papyrus said as you unlocked your room.

“Sounds good, see you in a minute.” The door clicked closed and you hurried over to the queen bed. Tossing your suitcase onto it, you opened it to see what all had been packed for you. Like the beach trip, you had done none of the planning or packing. The only difference with this vacation was that you had known the destination beforehand.

Rummaging through the contents you smiled at the selection of soft sweaters, a heavy new coat and snow pants for playing outside, boots, gloves, long thermal socks, several sets of fuzzy pajamas, more scarves and hats than you thought necessary for a weekend on the mountain, and a smaller selection of swimsuits for the hot tubs. You were going to be here for two days, you had enough layers to last you triple that.

As you weren’t quite sure what Papyrus had meant by walking around the place, you decided to don the snow boots, a sweater, and the heavy coat over the clothes you had come up in. The fur lining in the hood reminded you of Red and Mutt’s coats, only not so used. You also shoved a set of gloves into your coat pockets and stepped back out into the hall.

You felt weird about standing around in the lobby by yourself so you knocked on the door just to the right of yours. Blue answered.

“MAIDEN!” He beamed and stepped back to allow you to pass. “DO YOU LIKE THE RESORT?”

You grinned and nodded. “So far yes, I can’t wait to take a look around though. I hear there are some hot tubs out in the snow drifts.”

Stars popped into Blue’s sockets. “YES! I DID SEE THAT ON THE WEBSITE! DO YOU WANT TO SOAK TONIGHT?”

“Maybe, let’s see how today goes.” You shrugged then snorted at Stretch who was face down on his mattress. You barely recognized him through the baggy sweats and puffy coat that he only had one arm through. A navy blue beanie was covering the back of his skull but wasn’t actually on his head.

Blue shook his head at his brother but didn’t say anything, choosing to pick out his own coat and gloves instead.

“You gonna come and explore the place with us?” You asked, prodding at Stretch’s foot.

“comfy.” He murmured into the mattress.

“Is that a no?” You prodded again and he rolled over onto his back.

His sockets were lidded but he had a soft grin on his face. “never a no for you honey, come lay down for a minute.”

“PAPPY, WE’RE GOING TO GO SEE THE RESORT, IF SHE LAYS DOWN WITH YOU NOW; SHE’S NOT GOING TO GET BACK UP FOR IT!”

“that’s the point.”

“BUT SHE’LL MISS OUT ON THE SIGHTS!”

“you’ve lost the point.”

“PAPPY!”

“sans.”

Blue made a frustrated noise and clamored up onto the bed to drag his brother up into a sitting position. Stretch let himself be a ragdoll and

flopped right back over when his brother let go to take up the sleeve that didn't have an arm through it.

"PAPPY, PUT YOUR COAT ON."

"pappy's not here right now."

"COAT! ON!"

"call back in a few hours."

"I SWEAR TO THE STARS!"

You laughed at Blue's struggle to finish dressing his brother who seemed content to let him have his way as long as he didn't have to move on his own power. You did your best to help, finding a scarf and getting his beanie to actually cover his skull.

"I think we're gonna get dinner when we're done looking around Stretch, do you wanna miss food?" You teased.

Stretch cracked a socket open to squint at you. "that's not fair."

"Aww." You poked his nasal ridge. "Life's not fair."

Stretch stuck his tongue out at you but sat up. "damn honey, playing hard ball i see."

"Closer to snowball, but sure."

Stretch laughed and stood, taking up your hand he gestured to his brother to lead you out. "can't argue with that, let's go."

Most everyone was down in the lobby by the time you, Stretch, and Blue joined them. Red and Edge found everyone not long after and your group wandered off.

The hot tubs you had talked about were located out back, each with little shoveled paths to the edge of the steaming water. There was a sledding hill with a lift that pulled you on your tube to the top, and of course the ski lifts that led to the many trails back down the mountain. It took some looking, but there was a snow-cat that would take people out to a man-made pond that was for fishing in the summer and ice-skating in the winter.

Back in the resort, everyone split off to look at the restaurant selection in the food court. Papyrus had set a time to reconvene to decide on

where to eat for dinner. Stretch had stuck by your side every step of the exploration, and he was quick to hold onto your hand at every turn.

“where do you wanna eat?” He asked when everyone finally split to check out the restaurants.

You hummed and shrugged. “Wherever.”

“ooh, they got a noodle shop.” Stretch tugged on your hand and you followed him over to see. “share your noods with me?” He asked, shooting you a wink.

You snorted. “Tit for tat Stretch.”

“hmm, your tits or tat bowl of noodles?” Stretch shook his skull mournfully. “decisions decisions.”

The bark of laughter that erupted from your mouth surprised you and only made you laugh harder. “Wow, that was… unexpected but not unwelcome.”

Stretch looked immensely pleased with his joke and your reaction to it, following you easily back to the meeting spot.

“Two votes for noodles then.” You giggled.

Sans and Edge were already at the designated meeting place. You made your case for noodles with only a few jokes from Stretch interrupting your pitch. Sans shrugged and agreed but Edge was still set on the steak house he had seen.

There weren’t that many restaurants in the food court so your mates trickled back much sooner than originally agreed upon. You and Stretch won with the noodle shop as a few others had chosen it as well.

Afterwards, you found yourself back in your room and changing into fuzzy pajamas. It wasn’t super late, but Papyrus had insisted on renting a movie. So you followed the proper etiquette for these kinds of events and donned something warm and comfortable. Making sure you had your room key, you slipped out and knocked on Sans and Papyrus’s door.

“who’s there?” Came Sans’s voice.

You stifled a giggle. “Cher.”

“cher who?”

“Cher would be nice if you opened the door.”

You were proud of that one. Sans apparently thought it was good too, because he opened the door with a chuckle and a kiss and ushered you in. Papyrus was shaking his head but he didn’t comment. You piled onto one of their beds and were promptly bundled between your best friends and mates for the film. It was a rom-com, something similar to what you used to watch with these two all the time back before your life went from two skeleton roommates to eight skeleton mate mates.

The throwback was nice. Sans made jokes, Papyrus either egged him on or stubbornly ignored what he just said. You would laugh at both and doze off before the end. The three of you never hung out for the movie anyway.

Dull murmuring brought you out of slumber. Blinking away the sleep in your eyes, you found yourself curled on the bed in another hotel room, but it wasn’t the one you had fallen asleep in. A cursory glance down at yourself told you that Papyrus had managed to get you to change into day clothes at some point, and when your eyes rose to inspect the surrounding area, you concluded that you had been relocated to one of the other boy’s rooms. Red and Edge’s by the look of the familiar parka tossed haphazardly over a chair and the pristine boots set neatly by the guest desk.

“she lives.”

You sat up at the teasing sound of Red’s voice nearby.

“ya really do jus’ sleep through everythin’ doncha?”

“Most things.” You agreed and rubbed your eyes.

Red chuckled and helped you off of the bed and over to where all of your other mates were gathered around the other mattress.

Four trays of various breakfast foods were being picked through. Still drowsy, you chose to take one of the little fruit cups along with a scoop of scrambled eggs and a couple link sausages. You greeted the rest of your boys then shuffled back over to eat on the mattress you

awoke on. Blue, Edge, and Stretch joined you.

“WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO FIRST?” Blue asked as he dug into his own breakfast.

“Depends.” You said and stuffed a spoonful of eggs into your mouth. When the three sitting with you simply stared, you swallowed and clarified. “On what time it is and if there is a coffee place where I can properly wake up at.”

Stretch laughed but Edge and Blue were both nodding. “I BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A CAFÉ ADJACENT TO THE LOBBY. I TOO WOULD APPRECIATE SOME CAFFEINE.” Edge said before taking a bite of his own eggs.

“yer the las’ person who should get one ‘f those sugary coffees boss.” Red called from the other bed.

Edge shot him a glare. “I DON’T WANT THAT SUGARY DRIVEL, I ONLY ACCEPT MY COFFEE BLACK!”

Red continued to stare at his brother.

“AND EXACTLY ONE SHOT OF CRÈME! NO MORE!”

You laughed as quietly into your plate as you could. Edge always made his coffee with as few additives as he could. But you had found that he preferred to have two sugars and a healthy shot of crème when no one was watching or if you made it for him.

With the promise of caffeine, you shoveled the rest of your breakfast into your mouth. Sledding sounded like a good start to your day. With that lift that would drag you in your tube to the top, you wouldn’t have to do much walking.

Papyrus handed you your room key and you slipped out to finish bundling up for snow. The others met you in the hallway, similarly layered up and your little troop headed down stairs for the promised hot beverages. Then it was out into the snow for the winter fun. The sun was out, making you squint through the glittering white landscape as you followed after Blue’s navy blue coat.

Your party huddled around the outside of a little rental shack for your tubes. Sans dropped his not far from where he picked it up and flopped back into it. Sockets shut; he flipped up his coat hood to cover his eyes and promptly dozed off.

“Sans! We are here to sled, not snooze!” Papyrus kicked at the inner tube. He only succeeded in pushing his brother along in the snow. With a sigh, he muttered something under his breath and stocked off towards the lift.

The others followed. The lift was a set of ropes that had handles dangling down as it circulated. All you had to do was sit in your tube and hold onto a handle and you would be dragged up to the top. Mutt whined about having to hold onto something but did it anyway.

You had been sledding once or twice in your life. Mostly down the slopes of the drained ponds in Blaire’s old neighborhood when you were kids, nothing this long and steep. Edge noticed your hesitance as Blue and Black launched themselves down the hill in a race for the bottom.

“GO WITH ME.” He said.

You purse your lips and let Stretch, Red, and Mutt by. They flopped over onto their tubes and let gravity pull them down the hill.

“Are you okay dearest?” Papyrus had also noticed you hanging back.

You nodded and stepped up to the top of the hill. Edge set his tube down on your right, Papyrus on your left.

“HOLD ONTO US.” He said and settled into his tube. You giggled at the sight of Edge reclined in the tube. Edge didn’t recline in chairs, his spine was always ramrod straight whenever he sat, and the oddity of him looking like anyone other than the lieutenant of the Fell guard helped you relax as well.

You sat back into your tube and reached out to Edge. He clasped your hand in his and you felt your seat tip downward.

“Paps!” You squeaked out. You and Edge were already sliding down the hill and picking up speed.

Edge chuckled when Papyrus took a running start and landed chest first onto his tube. The momentum made him bounce a few times, but it did the trick in catching him up to you. Reaching out, you caught his hand as he zoomed by. His faster speed jerked your little train sideways and you found yourself sliding right behind Papyrus with Edge directly behind you instead of side to side.

Luckily the hill was maintained by the resort and the ride down in

your chain was smooth. With the first ride over with, you felt much better about going back up for a second round. You attempted Papyrus's running start and only had a few seconds of fear when you bounced a bit, but you made it down without incident.

Red had joined Sans in napping on his tube after his first ride down. Blue and Stretch shared a tube for one run and Mutt pounced onto yours mid-slide the next time you went down. That ride ended up with both of you bouncing off of the tube and tumbling through the snow. You shrieked as you rolled with Mutt. He could be heard laughing and he managed to get a hold of you enough to keep you against him as he brought you to a halt. You ended up with your face to the sky and your mate under you, giggling in the snow. Your tubes had continued on without either of you.

"ya good?" Mutt asked as he sat the both of you up.

"Yea I'm-"

Mutt cut you off by shoving you down into the snow and kissing you hard. "i win." He murmured when he pulled away.

"Win what?" You asked, dazed still by the fall and the kiss.

He didn't answer, only tugged you up into his arms again to teleport the rest of the way down the hill. You were left on your tube watching Mutt move away to the lift without another word.

"ARE YOU ALRIGHT?" Black came up and helped you to your feet.

"Yea, I'm fine." You replied. Black tsked and helped to brush the snow from your clothes and hair. He offered to go down with you the next ride and you agreed. With the two of you reclined on the same tube, the trip was much faster and you passed Blue on your way down who was attempting to balance on his knees to surf down. After that, each of your mates that were still sledding claimed a ride down with you.

Blue had you kneel with him to surf down. You weren't sure if it made you go any faster, but it sure was more exciting to be up higher off of the snow. Papyrus and Mutt simply sat with you in their tubes. Stretch sat in your lap for his ride down, Edge had you sit while he knelt above you.

Black convinced you to race him and Blue down a few times. You won more often than not as you weighed more than both of them and could pick up more momentum. It seemed that Mutt wasn't only just

jumping onto your tube. You caught him bailing off of his ride and into Stretch, Black, and Edge's tubes throughout the day.

By the time your stomach complained about not having lunch in it yet, you were tired and ready for a break. You trudged over to wake Sans and Red then returned your tube. The sun and your constant moving throughout the morning made you warm and you stripped off your heavy coat during the walk back to the main resort. A spot was found to eat and you enjoyed a meal with all of your mates.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO NEXT?" Blue asked, stars shone in his eyes. He had thoroughly enjoyed the morning on the sledding hill.

You hummed. "Not sure, I'm kinda tired now."

"same." Sans said.

"YOU SLEPT ALL MORNING." Edge argued. Sans just shrugged and continued eating.

"Shall we find a place to play in the snow until you feel up to something else?" Papyrus proposed. "I haven't built a snow Papyrus in years."

You laughed and agreed. You had only seen the fabled snow Papyrus once in your life and it had barely reached your thigh as there hadn't been much snow that winter.

Red disappeared with Blue and Stretch to check out the ski lift, leaving you to find a place to build snow sculptures with the others.

At first you simply watched them scope out an area. Papyrus went right to work on his sculpture, Edge wasn't far behind. What caught your eye was Sans pointing and talking to Black and Mutt. Black started rolling a snowball, Mutt joined as it got bigger, and Sans trailed after them, talking the whole time. Eventually the ball got too big to push anymore and Black started hacking at it with reckless abandon. Mutt simply burrowed into the snow and watched.

"What was that about?" You asked when Sans came over to sit next to you and your little army of tiny snow people that you had been making as you watched the others.

Sans shrugged and gestured at them. "their snowdin snow had a lot of dust mixed in with it. not good for building in, let alone playing. i just showed them what paps would have if he wasn't busy."

You couldn't stop the grin from spreading across your face. "Sans, that's so sweet!"

He shrugged again and wormed down into the snow.

"No really Sans, that's really kind of you." You leaned down over him and placed a kiss on his skull.

"ya missed."

"Oh be quiet." You laughed and kissed his teeth. He hooked his hands into the front of your coat to keep you bent over him. His magic matched the cold of the snow around you as he let it play out over your lips.

"i look out for me and mine princess, ya know that." He said when he finally let you go.

"Black and Mutt are yours now too?" You teased sitting up and making another set of snowballs to add to your tiny army.

Sans gestured at the pair. "that's me and paps if certain things didn't go the way it did in our universe. pap would never have had the chance ta play in the snow and... i wouldn't have been able ta enjoy it with him." You watched them as he continued. "they're part of the family now, so yea, i guess that falls under being mine."

You smiled and looked down at him. "Big bro Sans to the rescue again."

That earned you a shove in their direction. "yea yea, your turn ta entertain them princess."

You didn't argue and got up to wade through the snow to your other mates. "How's it going?" You called out.

Mutt's arm appeared from the snow, his hand in a thumbs up. Black didn't answer; he was too concentrated on carving out a rather fleshy likeness of himself. Muscles that would make a professional lifter jealous were being shaped along what you were coming to see as his arms, and his sculpture was just a bit taller than himself.

You glanced over to where Papyrus and Edge were working on their own statues. Both were taking shape, but you noticed Edge watching Papyrus carefully as he pretended to work on his before taking the next step. The poses looked different, but the overall builds were

similar. You wondered if Edge had never been able to play in the snow like this either.

Sitting down next to where Mutt was sprawled out, you packed three snowballs and stacked them on his sternum. “A snow friend for you.” You said.

The little pile shook with his laughter but didn’t topple.

“Aren’t you cold?” You asked. “You’re not exactly as bundled as you could be.”

Mutt shook his skull. “lived ‘n a town that ‘as always covered ‘n snow.” He rolled to his side, turning your little snow person to mush, and shoved his arm into the cold whiteness up to his elbow. “never seen it this clean though.”

You watched as he retracted his hand, bringing a fistful of snow out of the tunnel he had created. “no dus’, not trampled, no garbage un’erneath.” He grinned up at you and flicked the snow at you. “jus’ snow.”

You brushed the powder from your front and scooped up your own ball to drop on him. “It’s not all clean, stay away from it if it’s yellow.”

Mutt snorted. “when’d ya meet the bun unit?”

Before you could explain, Black cut in with a loud declaration.

“IT IS FINISHED!”

Both of you turned to take in his creation.

“heh, looks good.” Mutt said.

“It’s, very… you.” You didn’t really know what to say about it. While it was impressive that he could do a recognizable self portrait in the form of a sculpture in the first place, the added muscles and flexing pose was a bit over the top. Black was striking a similar pose, minus the muscles next to it.

“Hold that!” You giggled and dug around under your layers for your phone to take a picture. Black indulged you before coming over to see it.

“SPLENDID! NOW YOU WILL HAVE MY MAGNIFICENCE TWICE

OVER!" He puffed out his chest and accepted yours and Mutt's compliments over his skill.

Before you put your phone away, you remembered that you had two other mates with sculptures of their own. Leaving Black to drag his brother out of the snow, you headed over to see if Papyrus and Edge were done.

Papyrus was wrapping his own scarf around his snow likeness's neck, and Edge was carving his name into the base. Both snow Papyruses were muscled and posing in different ways. You grinned and got them to pose like Black had with their creations.

"I SHOULD GO SEE WHERE RED HAS GONE." Edge said after one last photo op with his sculpture.

"I'll come with." You looped your arm through his as best you could with your puffy coat and waived to the others who were getting ready to head back to the resort to change and relax. You had promised ice-skating in the morning before you had to pack up for the drive home.

Edge led you over to the base of the ski lift. Sledding had been fun, but you didn't think you would enjoy downhill skiing, and from your failed surfing attempt during your beach vacation, you weren't confident that you could make it down the mountain on a snowboard either.

It took about a half an hour of waiting for you to pick out Stretch's day-glow puffy jacket coming down the mountain. Red wasn't far behind, both of them were on snowboards. Who you assumed was Blue was farther up the mountain still, slothoming back and forth on skis.

"I didn't know they could do that." You said more to yourself than Edge but he answered you anyway.

"WE DIDN'T EXACTLY HAVE THE SAME TOOLS, BUT ONE LEARNS TO NAVIGATE SNOWY CLIFFS QUICKLY UNDERGROUND."

You nodded and watched Stretch and Red coast down until the land flattened out and they turned to skid to a halt. Blue shot past both of them laughing all the way. You stood from where you had been sitting on Edge's lap on a bench to go greet them.

Your snowboarding mates had already freed their feet and were heading to the rental building to return them. Blue was detaching his

feet from his skis when you made it over to him.

“Did you have fun?” You asked.

Blue looked up, his face already told you your answer but he responded anyway. “YES! DID YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE DIFFERENT PATHS DOWN? SOME EVEN HAVE JUMPS!”

“Did you go off any of them?”

“ONLY ONE, RED DID TOO! THOUGH HE DIDN’T LOOK AS COOL AS I DID.”

“no one looks as cool as you do.” Stretch had returned his board and had made it over to you, Blue, and Edge.

“I KNOW!” Blue beamed up at his brother before picking up his skis and moving off to return them.

Stretch chuckled and pulled you in for a hug. “what did you do all afternoon?”

“Amassed an army of tiny snow people.” You responded.

That got another laugh out of him and Red who came up to hear your answer.

“talk ‘nside guy’s, ‘m freezin’ my coccyx off out ‘ere.” Red shivered and shoved his hands into his parka.

“I TOLD YOU TO WEAR ANOTHER LAYER.” Edge grumbled.

“yea, yea, edgy knows bes’.”

“OF COURSE I DO.”

Red chuckled and elbowed Stretch. “ya gotta take the jump nex’ time carrot stick, feel closer ta the stars yer obsessed with.”

Stretch shrugged and turned to head towards the resort. “astrophysics is my job, not an obsession. and i’ll think about it.”

Blue rejoined your group and the five of you retreated to the warmth of your rooms. Dinner was a quick event and you crashed hard into your rented bed. If you were going to be awake for ice-skating, there was no way you could do another movie tonight.

“SMALLER STEPS.”

You wobbled in Black’s arms on the ice. This was a lot harder than you remembered. Then again it had been since high school that you had strapped on a pair of ice-skates. Black had said he would teach you and you had clung to him the second you stepped out on the frozen pond.

“YOU DON’T NEED TO CROUCH DOWN THAT LOW.” He went on.

“I feel safer like this.” You shot back.

With a sigh, he pulled you up to stand like a normal person. “STAY LOOSE, BUT DON’T SLUMP OVER. NOW PUSH AWAY FROM YOUR LEFT SKATE AT AN ANGLE.”

You followed his instruction, thankful that he didn’t have to worry about circulation from how tightly you were clinging to his arm.

“AND NOW THE OTHER FOOT.” He prompted.

You obeyed and the two of you made a slow circle around the outside of the pond. You were determined to get to a point to where you could at least move around without help. Seeing the rest of your boys sliding over the ice with no effort was more than a little enviable.

“MAIDEN WATCH ME!” Blue came rocketing past you and Black only to make a flawless double turn that ended in a bow to you before he skated off again.

“Show off.” You muttered to Black’s amusement.

“THAT IS NOTHING.” He said steering you around to face the rest of the pond. “YOU SHOULD SEE A FIGHT ON ICE.”

“I don’t think I-”

Black let you go and shot off towards his brother as he coasted along with a dog treat in his mouth. You sucked in a breath to warn him but he pivoted out of the way, turning to face his brother. Black spun and moved back to intercept him again. Mutt pulled his treat from his mouth and skated backwards away from Black’s swings.

You watched as he matched his brother’s speed in his retreat, despite the fact that there were quite a few people also enjoying the ice, he managed to dodge and weave his way through them without looking

back, his hands stayed firmly in his duster pockets the entire time.

Black continued his forward press, leaping over or around anyone in his way until he herded his brother around towards you. Mutt circled around you to slow his momentum before hooking an arm around you and once again took off but with you pinned to his front.

“can’t ‘it me now bro, i got precious cargo!” he called over his shoulder and chuckled at whatever Black shouted back at him. You were too scared to say anything. The speed he was moving at was much more than you were comfortable with and all of your energy was focused on not letting go of him.

To your relief, he did slow down to a reasonable pace, Black caught up and kept pace at his side.

“AS YOU CAN SEE PET, PRETTY TURNS ARE NOT ALL WE CAN DO ON THE ICE.”

“yup.” Mutt shifted to skate at your side, his hands supporting you under your arms. You shrieked when he let go of you entirely and peeled away with his brother.

You weren’t unsupported for long. Red slid up to your side and took Mutt’s place with his arm helping to hold you up, laughing the entire time. “lift yer feet doll, ya can’ turn ‘r do anythin’ ‘f ya don’.”

“I hate all of you so much right now.” You squeaked as he guided you into a turn. Red only chuckled and poked at your side with his free hand until you started to move your feet like Black had instructed you to earlier. Red matched your movements and you started to even out.

“guard change.” Red growled and let go of you just as Papyrus swooped in on your other side to take his place.

“Will you guys stop doing that?” You asked with a huff.

“Oh but you’re doing so well my dear, look at you not needing a hand!” Papyrus cheered.

You whipped your head over to see that he had not reached out to hold you up when Red had peeled off. The jolt of fear followed closely by elation turned back to fear as you found yourself heading straight for the edge of the pond.

“Pap!” You squeaked out and froze.

Papyrus took hold of your shoulder and helped you stumble around the curve.

“That’s right, get your balance back.” He encouraged. “We can take the next turn slower.”

True to his word, he let you coast to a slower speed and helped you around the next curve. “Now do the next one by yourself.” He instructed.

“What? No, I don’t think - Papaya?!” You wobbled as even Papyrus skated away from you with a smile and a wave.

No one else was immediately around you to swoop in and keep you from falling onto the hard ice. The only thing you had going for you was that Papyrus had helped to slow you down to a comfortable speed. Crouching a little lower you made an attempt at the next turn.

“you look like a baby bird who’s trying to leave the nest.” Stretch joined you as you finished your turn.

“I kind of am.” You replied. “You guys keep leaving me so I have to do it by myself.”

“aww, you’re not alone, one of us would have caught you if you had started to go down.” Stretch pushed out in front of you and turned to skate backward so he could face you. He offered his hands and you took them. “look around honey, tell me we skated off on you.”

With Stretch now effectively helping to keep you upright, you let yourself look around. Edge skated by with Blue and Red; they appeared to be skating in wide circles around you. Sans was moving parallel over the ice at your pace, too far away to reach out to, but close enough to keep an eye on your progress. Mutt was coasting along behind you, his sockets were taking in the area around him but his movements matched yours. Black and Papyrus were off on your other side, apparently circling in the opposite direction. Again, out of range of your arms, but still close enough to intercept if you started to slip.

“you’re not gonna fall.” Stretch reiterated.

You let out a breath; you had been so concentrated on what your feet were doing all morning that you hadn’t seen your mates sticking around.

“You guys owe me a trip to the hot tubs before we go for freaking me out.” You said.

Stretch squeezed your hands and chuckled. “deal.”

It wasn’t long until you skated your way off of the pond and led the way back to your rooms to change into a swimsuit for a soak in the hot tubs. It was a tight fit but everyone insisted on being in the same tub as you. Luckily, skeletons do not have a lot in the way of body mass and the water didn’t overflow even with nine of you crammed into the bubbling water.

“So where do you want to adventure to next?” Papyrus asked as you switched laps for the fourth time.

“Already planning something?” You asked.

“Perhaps, but as I said on New Year’s, my planner is flexible. I can change an adventure to whatever you like.”

You hummed and settled on Sans’s lap. Red made a disgruntled sound and shoved at Mutt who had tried to crawl into this lap. Mutt laughed and settled back into this spot. Red muttered something at him that only made Mutt laugh again. You giggled, then tilted your head back to stare at the sky and the towering trees.

“I’m not sure yet.” You finally said. “Why don’t you pick something this time?”

“Okay, but you can override at any time.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” You sighed happily and relaxed in the hot water. This trip had been short, but amazing nonetheless. The beach had been planned for you, and it had been a wonderful escape. You trusted Papyrus to decide on something equally fun.

You knew now that you would be going without a question.

Chapter End Notes

> I honestly don't know how many more adventures I'm going to shove into this fic. It's already so long O.O Anyhoo, fluff is how I'm feeling right now, so it's what I'm gonna dish out.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

We Ride the Highs and Lows

Chapter Notes

There are motorcycles and booze.

Sorry for the delayed upload, Pathfinder dungeon took a bit longer than anticipated. I hope you're enjoying the fluff and banter, it's all I have at the moment :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The days started to get noticeably longer and the snow faded into little icy patches and piles around parking lots and the side of the road. You and Red got your new saddle bags from Gyftmas attached to your bike and the few other new parts G didn't have on hand when he was working on it. You could ride again! Donning your new leathers, you made your way down the hall to Blue's room. He opened his door before you could finish knocking.

"I'M ALMOST READY! JUST NEED MY GLOVES." He said, stepping back to let you in.

You glanced over the stack of papers on his desk as he dug out his own set of riding gloves. "What's this for?" You asked.

Blue glanced over at the papers and smiled. "EBOTT MEDICAL REACHED OUT TO ME!"

You blinked at him then down at the papers. "Oh yea?"

Blue came over to you and took your hand to lead you out of his room. "YES, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT I WANT TO DO UP HERE ON THE SURFACE. I DIDN'T HOLD RANK IN MY GUARD UNDERGROUND AND I DON'T THINK I WANT TO GO BACK TO IT, BUT I DO WANT TO BE OF SERVICE SOMEWHERE." He explained. "I'VE BEEN TALKING TO SOME EMTS AND THEY SUGGESTED THAT I LOOK INTO THE MEDICAL SCHOOL IN TOWN!"

"That's great!" You beamed at your mate. He had been transitioned for a while now, but hadn't secured a job yet. As much as you liked seeing him at home when you were, you knew that he didn't like being idle all day.

"I HAVEN'T FINISHED THE PAPERWORK YET AND THERE ARE A

BUNCH OF CLASSES THAT I NEED TO TAKE FIRST, BUT I'M GOING TO BE AN EMT MAIDEN!"

You paused beside your bike to pull him into a hug. "Proud of you Blue." You murmured into the side of his skull.

Blue gave you a squeeze and pulled back for a quick kiss before stepping away to put on his gloves and helmet. You followed suit.

"ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO DRIVE?" He asked.

"I'm fine Blue, I've crashed before and it didn't stop me from getting back on my bike."

Blue hummed but didn't push. You hopped onto your bike and fired her up. Blue settled in behind you, his hands resting easily on your hips to hold on.

The two of you pulled out of the garage and took off down the road. Blue had settled on a bike he wanted and you were taking him down to the dealer to physically look at it. The air was chilly as it passed on the highway, but it felt good to get back out. The dealership came into view and you could practically feel Blue's excitement behind you.

He barely waited for you to kill the motor and stow your helmet before he darted away to find the bike he had been looking into for the past month. A salesperson met you as you stepped in after your mate.

"How can I help you today?" They asked.

You smiled back. "Do you still have some DCTs in stock?"

They did, you and Blue were led over to a selection of bikes. "Take your time!" The sales person said and stepped away to greet another customer. You nodded after them and wandered down the line to look at each of the bikes.

"THEY'RE ALL SO COMPACT!" Blue said as he looked over one.

"That's a Honda for you." You replied, then pointed at a set of three different bikes on the line. "Those are from the year you were looking at."

Blue agreed and followed you over. He was drawn to the one with royal blue fenders and saddlebags. Both of you checked it over before

calling the sales person over. Blue proceeded to ask all of the questions you didn't have answers for previously.

You almost felt bad for the poor salesperson, but they managed to answer to Blue's satisfaction. You helped haggle a little, but Blue did most of the work and within the hour, he had signed for the bike. It was still weird to see the new ride be paid for in full right then and there. Stretch's pay at the labs must be up there with Red and Sans's.

As an assistant brought the bike out to the lot, you skimmed through his paperwork. Most places in Ebott were good about being monster inclusive, but you still kept a healthy amount of skepticism when going somewhere new. You had been there with Sans and Papyrus when their universe had been settling. Now was different, there were laws and many years of monster integration now, but you couldn't be too cautious.

It didn't look like they had tried to take advantage of Blue for the sale. The only differences between a sale to you and him were he had to have transition documentation to go along with his payment.

"Fire it up." You said handing Blue his helmet. He nodded and strapped it on before settling onto his new ride. The roar wasn't as loud as yours, though you did have an older bike and G had done something to the pipes to make the purr more pronounced. Blue took it around the parking lot a few times before stopping to wait for you to settle on your own ride and pull out onto the road. You let Blue pull ahead of you so you could ride slightly behind and on his right to take up a full car's length of space.

The two of you toured around town before taking the long way back to the house. The royal blue of his bike and the sleek black of yours pulled into the driveway and into the garage. You took a minute to park and make sure both of you had enough room to get around both Edge and Papyrus's cars. The band's instruments were starting to look rather cramped over on the far side and you only felt a little bad about it. The back yard had room for a shed or something in the future. You knew Black would want a ride of some sort when he finally received his transition papers, so the instruments couldn't stay here forever.

Only Black was home at the moment and he didn't have any interest in indulging Blue in letting him show off his new bike. You left them to their bickering to go change for work.

“CAN I COME DOWN TO THE CROWN WITH YOU TONIGHT?” Blue asked as you made your way back downstairs.

“Sure, you have your license and you own the bike. You can do whatever.”

Blue’s eye lights flicked to stars at the mention of him owning his bike. “YES I DO! I THINK I WILL RIDE IN WITH YOU!”

You laughed and said goodnight to Black who rolled his eye lights at Blue but left you with a kiss and a farewell.

The ride to the Twisted Crown was relatively short, you had to get directly to work and Blue didn’t want to ride around without you. Pyre greeted you with his usual nod and the two of you fell into your comfortable rhythm for the night.

Blue chatted with you when you were nearby until Red and Mutt showed up.

“t’nights the night baby blue.” Red said as he settled onto the stool next to him. Mutt took the one on Blue’s other side.

Blue raised a brow at him but let him continue without comment.

“we’re gonna get fucked up, an’ do somethin’ stupid.” Red turned to you. “margarita fer me, somethin’ strong fer the babe ‘ere, an’…” He waved a hand at Mutt. “whatever ‘e drinks.”

You snorted but made no move to fulfill the order. “Blue rode in tonight; he needs to stay sober to get home.”

Blue shrugged and shot you a grin. “ALCOHOL DOESN’T DO ANYTHING TO ME MAIDEN, REMEMBER?”

“i think tha’s bullshit an’ we’re gonna find yer threshold.” Red growled.

Blue shrugged. “YOU CAN TRY.”

Red slapped the top of the bar and laughed. “tha’s the spirit, le’s drink!”

You stared at Blue who shrugged again. “TRUST ME MAIDEN, THESE TWO WILL BE PASSED OUT LONG BEFORE THEY REALIZE I’M STILL SOBER.”

“bold words baby boy.” Mutt chuckled.

“I’M NOT A BABY,” Blue grumbled at him. “I’M OLDER THAN YOU FOR STARS SAKES!”

“not me.” Red cut in.

“NOT BY THAT MUCH!” Blue elbowed him then caught your full attention. “MAKE ME SOMETHING STRONG, PUT MONSTER ALCOHOL IN IT IF YOU WANT, THESE GUYS DON’T KNOW WHAT THEIR TALKING ABOUT.”

You raised a brow but relented. It was true; Blue had drunk plenty in your presence and never seemed to feel its effects. Like Papyrus, Edge and Black, something in their magic nullified the intoxicating effects of alcohol.

You made both Red and Mutt their usuals, then slipped off to confer with Pyre about a strong monster drink. He cracked a smile at your question and wrote down a mixture.

“Drops Red every time.” He murmured then moved off.

It took you a minute to hunt down the correct items, and a blender, but the instructions were easy enough.

Ice, pineapple juice, some red monster alcohol that smelled like coconut, and that strong clear alcohol that you were convinced was the monster’s equivalent to vodka. The blender swirled it all together until it reached a smoothie-like consistency. Pulling out a glass, you poured the blended concoction in then stirred in another monster alcohol that was oddly thick, it was like pouring conditioner into the drink but it smelled nice, so you weren’t going to question it.

The finished product was a pretty red and white swirling frozen drink, you popped in a straw and placed it in front of Blue on a coaster. “I didn’t get a name for the drink so, I present to you, whatever that is.”

Red eyed it and chuckled. “tha’s a red flurry, pyre used ta make ‘em fer me all the time.”

“HE MADE FROZEN DRINKS?” Blue inspected his glass.

“yeeeaaa? didn’ yers?”

Both Mutt and Blue stared at Red.

“MY GRILLBY RAN A TEA SHOP IN HOTLAND.”

“ya think i wen’ ou’ ta ‘otland fer that smuggler’s trap ‘f a dive?”

Red blinked. “coal fuckin’ bar tends ‘n poisoned ashes mutt.”

Mutt shrugged. “never talked ta the guy, ‘otland sucked.”

Blue and Red both looked at him then back to Blue’s drink. “WELL I THINK IT LOOKS DELICIOUS.” Blue said and picked it up.

You watched him gulp it down with the others. Red made a face but Mutt just stared. You dutifully refilled his glass with what was left in the blender then stepped away to wash it out. You could still hear the boys talking over the running water.

“shit blue, we ‘ave all night ta fuck aroun’ an’ get stupid.” Red was saying.

“I LITERALLY CAN’T RED.”

“’m pretty sure ‘e’s right.” Mutt was staring at Blue in awe.

“shut it mutt, everyone ‘as a limit.”

“d’ya see wha’ she mixed ‘n there? i’d be on the fuckin’ floor.”

“tha’s cuz yer a light weight, both you an’ the ashtray suck at ‘oldin’ yer booze.”

“‘ey, we hold it jus’ fine, ya don’ see us pukein’ up ‘r magic af’er one too many.”

“that ‘as *one* time!”

“some’ow i doubt that.”

You laughed to yourself and moved to serve another person standing along the bar. Red and Mutt continued to bicker over Blue’s head but you could no longer hear them over the general buzz of the bar.

“fuck you an’ yer doubts!” Red leaned over and Blue had to move his drink out of the way so he could jab a finger at Mutt without knocking over his drink.

Mutt just raised a brow bone. “i don’ think tha’s as much ‘f an insult as ya think, an’ ‘m sure we could slip out back fer a quickie.” He grinned

and winked making Red stiffen.

“what? no, tha’s wha’ ya an’ stretch do.”

“nyeh heh… wait, ya think we actually fuck?”

“well…” Red sat back up and gave Mutt a critical eye. “yer tellin’ me tha’ all yer ‘angouts ‘n jokes ‘re… no?”

Mutt burst out laughing.

Blue shook his skull. “CAN WE NOT TALK ABOUT MY BROTHER LIKE THAT?” He glanced at Mutt who was trying to compose himself again then over to Red with a grin. “HE CAN BARELY KEEP IT TOGETHER FOR THE MATE HE ALREADY HAS, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT HE CAN BALANCE ANOTHER LOVER?” Red sipped at his drink in confusion and Mutt dissolved into another fit of giggles.

“holy shit, ya thought… nyeh heh heh, fuck i gotta text ‘im ‘bout this!” Mutt pulled out his phone and tapped out a long text. He calmed after a moment and pointed at Red.

“bean pole needed ta loosen up, ‘an my brand a shit jus’ ‘appened ta do the trick.”

“ya keep stealin’ ‘is clothes.” Red said.

“inside joke.”

“the fuckin’ comments.” Red tried again.

“i make comments ta ev’ryone, that ain’ special.”

“ya guys ‘re always tagether these days.”

Mutt shrugged and glanced at his phone to read Stretch’s response. He snorted and texted him back before turning back to Red. “turns out, stretch’s fun ta hang out ‘ith after ya get through the ass’ole exterior.”

Red shook himself and finished his drink while muttering to himself. “oh, ‘e’s the ass ‘ole of the two a ya is ‘e? coulda fooled me.”

“DON’T LOOK SO DISAPPOINTED.” Blue teased.

“‘m not. i jus’... fuck i owe boss a twen’y now.” Red groaned.

Both Blue and Mutt laughed at that. Blue pat Red’s shoulder in

sympathy then finished his drink.

“IF YOU’RE OUT A TWENTY I’LL BUY NEXT ROUND.” He looked up and called out to you.

Mutt leaned around Blue to poke at Red. “‘ey don’ feel too bad, i’d still tag team the shit outta duchess with ‘im ‘f they ‘re both down.”

“You’d do what to me now?” You had made your way back around to your mates. Red’s skull lit up at being caught gossiping. Blue just shook his head and ordered a large fishbowl to share.

Mutt leaned off of his stool and over the bar with a smirk. “talkin’ ‘bout tag teamin’ duchess, ‘s tha’ somethin’ ya’d be inta?” You raised a brow and went about mixing the fishbowl. Mutt took your silence as an invitation to go on.

“a li’l spit roastin’? maybe goin’ ta see the eiffel tower? or ‘re ya more inta some good ol’ double p-”

“MUTT!” Blue slapped the back of Mutt’s skull then yanked him back onto his stool. “ASK THOSE QUESTIONS WHEN WE'RE NOT OUT IN PUBLIC!”

“public don’ bother me none.” Mutt stuck his tongue out at Blue.

“MAIDEN COULD GET FIRED IF YOU KEEP INVOLVING HER IN YOUR FANTASIES WHILE SHE’S WORKING.”

Mutt sighed but relented. “fine.”

You set the bowl down in front of Blue along with three straws. “I personally don’t care what you say, but the people around you might. Maybe keep your horny a little more restrained?” You shot them a wink then moved off again. They all seemed to be doing okay in the liquor department. Then again, they had been spending their time talking instead of drinking so far.

Either way, you didn’t mind. Blue would still be able to ride with one drunk boy home and you could take the other if they ended up getting a little shmakaied.

“drink it.”

“no you.”

“YOU ARE BOTH JUST SO SAD.”

Closing time was fast approaching and you were wiping down the bar. Mutt was pillowing his skull on one of his arms on the bar top and gesturing with the other.

“‘m still a drink ahead a ya red, so drink.”

Red was holding onto the edge or the bar like his life depended on it. “remember wha’ ya said ‘bout magic comin’ back up? that’ll be me ‘f i finish that.”

Blue rolled his eye lights and took up the bowl. It was the third one they had shared and there was only about a quarter left. Both Red and Mutt watched him chug the rest of the drink with glazed eye lights.

“fuuuck, where does it all go?” Red squinted at Blue.

Mutt gave Blue a few pats on his shoulder then heaved himself up off of the stool mumbling. “need a smoke.”

Blue leapt off of his seat when Mutt attempted to take a step. His torso didn’t follow the direction his feet tried to take and he ended up stumbling at a weird angle towards the tables. Blue caught him and helped to steer him outside.

You finished closing down with Pyre and went to retrieve Red. “You okay?” You asked.

Red grunted and let you pry his claws off of the bar. “no one ‘as tha’ kinda tolerance.” He mumbled.

“I’ve been through this with Papaya.” You said throwing his arm around your shoulders. “It’s like water to him.”

“‘s stupid.”

“I know.”

You got Red outside and leaned against the wall so you could lock the doors behind Pyre.

“I haven’t seen you this far gone since…” Pyre thought for a second. “The week before we surfaced actually.”

“shut it grillbz, ther ’as a lotta shit ‘appenin’ then.”

Pyre snorted and gave Red a shove while you tried to get him to lean on you again.

“And what’s your excuse this time?” He asked

Red pointed at Blue who was half dragging Mutt towards the bikes. “i wan’ed a night ta get fuckered an’ do some shit, but ‘e didn’ get there.”

You paused at the waver in his voice at the end of his sentence. “Red?” You peered at his face.

“‘m fine.”

You and Pyre exchanged shrugs and he punched Red’s shoulder before heading to his own car.

“stretch ‘n mutt ‘re besties,” Red mumbled as you hauled him towards Blue and the bikes. “boss ‘n papyrus gotta trainin’ thing goin’, i jus’ wan’ed ta get drunk an’ ‘ang out.” He blinked over at you. “but i’s no fun ‘f someone’s still sober.”

“Oh, Blue’s plenty of fun sober.” You reassured him. “Wanna ride back with him?”

Red nodded and you called out to Blue. “Trade me drunks!”

Blue eyed Mutt who was half draped around his shoulders but accepted the trade. “ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN GET HIM ON YOUR BIKE?”

“Yea, once he’s settled he’ll cling so we’ll be fine.”

“IF YOU’RE SURE.”

You nodded and put an arm out for Mutt. Blue took Red first, then transferred Mutt to you.

“You have a spare helmet for him right?” You asked.

“YES, I GOT AN EXTRA WHEN I BOUGHT THE BIKE.”

You nodded and worked your way over to your own bike. Mutt was able to get his leg over the back and you helped secure his helmet before donning your own gear. It took a minute to get Mutt to put his feet on the right pegs but he managed and happily wrapped his arms around you at your warning to hold on.

“Take it slow Blue!” You called out over your engine. “Red looks a little wobbly and it’s a bit frosty tonight!”

Blue shot you a thumbs up and wrangled Reds arms around him before flipping his visor down. The two of you eased out onto the road and headed for home. You had Blue ride just a bit ahead of you to make sure he didn’t lose Red. Fortune was on your side and the four of you made it home without any incidents.

Red was mumbling to Blue as you killed the motor and removed both yours and Mutt’s helmets. It took some coaxing but you managed to get him to let go of you long enough to get off of the bike. Both Stretch and Sans met you guys in the kitchen as you came through the mud room.

“blue wasn’t lying.” Sans muttered coming to help you with Mutt.

“dude, you *know* blue doesn’t get drunk.” Stretch took Red’s other arm and everyone headed for the stairs.

“go ‘elp mutt.” Red grumbled to Stretch.

“he’s got helpers.” He replied. “foot-on-stair big guy, you need to put out a little effort here.”

Red complied and started taking steps up. “but’ yer ‘is bes’ frien’, not mine.”

Stretch glanced at his brother over Red’s head, concern and confusion in his eye lights as he responded. “we’re friends too red.”

“‘... kay.”

Sans shot you a look as the two of you followed behind. “he okay?” Sans asked.

You shrugged. “He’s been in a mood since they finished the first fish bowl.”

“first?”

“They wanted to get Blue drunk.”

“ahh, i see how well that went.”

“‘e’s fine.” Mutt slurred. “jus’ ‘ang out ‘ith ‘im tomorrow… ‘e’s fine.”

Sans snorted and shot you a wink. “ya know what fine stands for right?”

You giggled and paused at the top of the stairs. “You are such a movie nerd.”

“yea, but ya know what it means right?” Sans asked, his grin taking over his face.

You rolled your eyes and nodded. “Freaked out, Insecure, Neurotic, and Emotional.”

Mutt chuckled and you were reminded of your burden. “yea, tha’s all ‘f us though.” He mumbled. “‘ey duchess, c’n we cuddle t’night?”

“aww, i wanna cuddle too.” Red groaned up ahead.

You glanced between them, Stretch and Blue had paused in front of Red’s door.

“Do you think you’re gonna puke?” You asked.

Mutt shook his skull making both you and Sans sway.

Red narrowed his sockets and was quiet for a long moment before responding. “naw ‘m good.”

You nodded and gestured down the hall. “Everyone to my room then.”

There was a small chorus of ‘yay’ or just laughter and you finally managed to get into your room. Red and Mutt were deposited on your bed but you took the time to change into something comfortable to sleep in. Blue and Sans got shoes and jackets off of the already snoring pair and piled on with Stretch once you were settled.

“ya need a bigger bed princess.” Sans mumbled.

“Buy one then.”

“okay.”

“Wait. No. I was joking.”

“too late, gonna do it.”

“Sans, no.”

“sans yes.”

“sans shhhhh, the goal is sleep.” Stretch’s voice came from somewhere in the pile.

You giggled, everyone was settling. It was nice to see your boys being friends with each other and not just focusing on being your mates. This was what contentment felt like. It was nice.

Chapter End Notes

Yeeeees, I'm living for forcing the boys to hang out. ^_^

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Honey and the Bee

Chapter Summary

You love him, even when he's being a brat on your date.

Chapter Notes

I'm so very sorry guys, I realized halfway through the week that I didn't upload a chapter last weekend. Having Pathfinder on the same night I upload is throwing me off. So that's on me, sorry :(

Song in this chapter:
La Da Dee - Cody Simpson

See the end of the chapter for more notes

February can be deceiving. The days are definitely getting longer and December is far enough behind you that you think it would be warm enough for a stroll in the park. A little playing in the grass. But no. It's still cold. No matter what Stretch says. It's cold.

"There aren't going to be any ducks." You insisted. "I promise."

Stretch pouted. "why not?" The two of you were lounging in his room. He had been reading a book as you scrolled through your phone, your head in his lap.

"It's still technically winter. I don't think there'll be any ducks until April or May."

"boo, seasons suck."

"Mmhmm."

"did you know that ducks have corkscrew penises?"

If you had anything in your mouth, you would have done a spit take. Dropping your phone onto your chest, you craned your head around to look up at your mate. " *Why* do you know that?"

Stretch shrugged and plucked your phone up. "ever seen 'true facts'?"

He proceeded to pull up one of the mentioned videos.

"Is that Morgan Freeman?" You giggled at the narrator's voice.

Stretch shrugged. “i don’t know who that is.”

“ *What* ?!” You took your phone back to furiously search for some voice bits for him to listen to. “Here, tell me you wouldn’t want this guy narrating your life.” Hitting play, you and Stretch listened to the sound bit.

“mmm, i think i’m gonna go with ‘true facts’ guy.” Stretch said.

“Why do I like you again?”

Stretch chuckled and shooed your head off of his lap so he could lay next to you. “cuz i’m just too damn pretty.”

“Okay captain Reynolds.” You giggled and he rolled over to lay on top of you propped up by his elbows.

“i’m also fun to talk to.” He reasoned.

“Fair point.” You sighed and let your arms settle around him.

“and let’s not forget how you can’t keep your hands off of me.” He winked down at you.

You narrowed your eyes at him but there was a smile on your face. “I see what you did there sneaky boy.” Your arms tightened and he followed the pressure down so you could kiss him. When you broke away, you smiled. “And I guess I do like to see you, talk to you, and touch you.

Stretch grinned. “oh good. would you wanna see and talk to me in the park? We can hold hands.”

“Holding hands in the park? Scandalous!”

“i know, i won’t tell if you won’t.”

With a sigh, you pushed at him and he easily rolled off of you. “Fine, let me go get something warm on.”

Stretch let you go without complaint. The day was sunny and the breeze was almost nonexistent, but it was still February. Boots, long pants, and the hoodie Stretch had given you should be enough. The snow was all melted, except for what was up on the mountain.

“love the sweatshirt, where’d you get it?” Stretch asked with a wink when he met you in the hall. He had his guitar case strapped to his

back.

You giggled and wrapped your arms around him in preparation to teleport. “Oh, a cute guy I know gave it to me.”

The familiar whirl of cold and nothingness of the void didn’t stop you from needing a second to recover once in the park. Stretch let you settle, then the two of you wandered off down the path.

“a cute guy huh? should i be worried?” He gave your hand a squeeze .

“Only if you’re worried about yourself.”

Stretch chuckled and you continued on in silence. The grass was starting to perk back up after being flattened by snow for so long. Ice no longer ringed the ponds, but as you had guessed, there weren't any ducks yet.

There were a few other people in the park. A runner passed you going the opposite direction, another couple was out walking their dog, and a gaggle of kids and their parents were enjoying the playground.

You found a bench near a pond and pulled Stretch down to sit. He unslung his guitar case and opened it. You half expected him to have blankets and snacks stuffed inside, but the actual guitar wasn’t unwelcome.

“Ooh, gonna be guitar guy at the park?” You asked as he checked the tuning.

“i’m always guitar guy. the location is irrelevant.” Stretch grinned and strummed a chord. “any requests?”

You hummed and looked up at the few wispy clouds floating overhead. “got anything new up your sleeve?”

To your amusement. Stretch actually tugged the cuffs of his sweatshirt open to glance up his sleeves. “mmmm, nope. same old bones. but i might have a new tune for you if that’s okay.”

“Sure, hit me with it.”

“weeellll, you see, hitting isn't really my *thing* honey.”

You snorted. “Play it for me then, brat.”

“who’s brat?” Stretch placed a hand on his chest in mock offense. “did

you invite someone else to our hand holding date at the park?"

You burst out laughing and stood up. "I can't be seen with you like this." You caught his grin as you turned and sauntered off down the path. There was some shuffling behind you then an upbeat tune carried to you followed by Stretch's voice.

There's no way to say this song's about someone else

Every time you're not in my arms

I start to lose myself

Someone please pass me my shades

Don't let 'em see me down

You have taken over my days

So tonight I'm going out

You kept walking but crossed your arms in fake anger at your mate. He didn't seem to be fazed, and followed along, a smile in his voice at your antics.

Yet I'm feeling like

There is no better place than right by your side

I had a little taste

And I'll only spoil the party anyway

'Cause all the girls are looking fine

But you're the only one on my mind

You veered off of the path to avoid making eye contact with another park goer and headed over the grass. Stretch stayed right behind you, strumming his guitar and drawing attention.

La da dee

La da dee doo

La da da me

La da da you

La da dee

La da dee doo

There's only me

There's only you

You paused by one of the ponds, Stretch took advantage of your halt and circled around you, still singing. It was a strain to force your face into something other than a smile. He winked at you and you had to turn away and stride off around the pond towards a little bridge leading over a narrow strip of water. Your singing shadow followed along.

All these places packed with people

But your face is all I see

And the music's way too loud

But your voice won't let me be

So many pretty girls around

They're just dressing to impress

But the thought of you alone has got me spun

And I don't know what to say next

There were fewer people wandering between the ponds so you stopped and turned to face him before he could circle you again.

“You’re lucky you’re cute, or I would have taken your guitar from you.”

Stretch continued to play and sing, wandering up close so he could lean over you with his instrument.

I pretend the night is so beautiful

Take a photo with the bros

La da dee

La da da doo

They won't see through my disguise

Right here behind my eyes

Replaying in my mind

Sticking your tongue out at him, you backed away and circled around him. Stretch turned to keep you in his sight. His face was unconcerned and he didn't falter in his playing.

La da dee

La da dee doo

La da da me

La da da you

"Stop being talented." You joked and dodged around him again. He stepped after you with ease .

La da dee

La da dee doo

There's only me

There's only you

You were laughing now, and made a swipe for his guitar. He stepped out of the way with a wink. You lunged again only to miss.

La da dee

La da de-

Stretch gasped and dropped his guitar as you over corrected your turn and rolled your foot over a loose rock by the pond's edge. With your balance thrown, you teetered with flailing arms and a squeak of shock, then plunged into the icy water. Stretch was right behind you, fishing you out and you found yourself out of the water and back at the house in seconds.

There was a faint noise of surprise, and you looked around to find yourself in Blue's room. You shivered at the water and mud that had soaked into your clothes, you needed to get changed.

“PAPY, WHAT HAPPENED?” Blue was up and away from his desk at your appearance.

“she fell into the pond, it was my fault.” You squirmed at the alarm in Stretch’s voice.

“I’m okay, it was shallow.” You mumbled and tried to escape his hold again. “I just need to change.”

“ARE YOU SURE YOU’RE OKAY?” Blue felt at your cheeks and forehead. You let him fuss for a second before nodding, the cold clothes were getting more and more uncomfortable.

“Stretch, I need dry clothes.” You gave up trying to escape and switched to appealing to your captor.

Stretch nodded but glanced at his brother first, worry written all over his face. Blue waved him away and went back to his desk.

“GET HER CHANGED, I DON’T SEE ANYTHIN-.”

Stretch teleported before Blue could finish his sentence. Instead of your room though, you found yourself in Stretch’s. You were finally set on your feet while Stretch hunted around for something clean for you to wear, discarding his empty guitar case while he looked. You got your wet shoes and socks off and had your hoodie and the shirt underneath halfway off when he came back with yet another orange hoodie with black sleeves.

“Thanks.” You exchanged the tops and you felt much warmer. You hadn’t fallen into deep water. Maybe only a few inches, but it was enough to really soak the back of you. Stretch was rummaging around in a pile of clothes but stopped after you took off your pants.

“better?” He asked, then remembered himself. “uh, do you want something to cover your legs? i think i have some clean sweats around here somewhere.”

You laughed and sat down on his bed as he searched around again. His long hoodie draped down to about mid thigh so you were covered. Plus it seemed that Stretch had forgotten that your room was just down the hall, if you really needed any other clothes you could just get your own.

“I’m better now that I’m not wearing wet and muddy clothes.”

That seemed to reassure him and he came over to sit next to you. “sorry for making you trip.”

“It’s just a little water, I’m not hurt.”

“still.”

You sighed and leaned against him. The pressure of your body melted the remaining tension in your mate and he pulled you into his lap.

“well… wanna watch something? you’re not exactly dressed to go back to the park now.”

You laughed. “I do live here Stretch, I can get other clothes on.”

There was a pause then he shook with laughter. “right. wow, panic doesn’t do me any favors huh?”

“Aww, you care about me!” You poked at his chest.

“we’re mates honey.”

“Still, you’re sweet for worrying about me and some pond water.”

Stretch chuckled and scooted back with you in tow. He fished his laptop from the floor next to his bed and let you settle more comfortably against him as he skimmed through Netflix.

“admittedly, that’s not the kind of wet i want you to be honey.” He teased.

You snorted, then quirked a brow at him over your shoulder “Is that why you took us to Blue first? You were freaking out too much?”

Stretch shrugged and hit play. “blue’s good in most situations, if i’m not thinking straight, he will be.”

You giggled and leaned back against him, the laptop perched on your bare legs. The show was some murder mystery that you and Stretch had been watching on and off. Your eyes drifted to his guitar case that had been discarded during his hunt for clothes for you.

“Is your guitar still at the park?” You asked.

Stretch hummed. “oh, yea. lean forward for a sec.”

You complied and he vanished from behind you. A moment later he

was back with his guitar in hand. He slid it back into its case and leaned it up against the wall.

“Is it okay?” You asked.

Stretch shrugged. “i’ll check later. i gotta pretty lady in my bed so it can wait.”

You giggled and let him settle behind you again. His legs on either side of yours and his arms around your waist. Stretch radiated heat, you never understood how he could be so warm all of the time, but right now it was nothing to complain about. The lingering cold from your fall was slipping away to a comfortable warmth that only increased as he magicked blankets up to cover your feet.

It didn’t take long for the soft hoodie and the warmth of your mate to lull you into sleep. You hadn’t been at the park long, but the cold of the pond had seemed to sap all of your energy for the afternoon. February was too cold still for outside events.

Well, it was too cold without Stretch there to be your space heater.

Chapter End Notes

> Oh ho ho cuddle puddle with our boy ^_^ what could possibly happen next?
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Smoke Clears*

Chapter Summary

> "You love him don't you? Him and his pale, long fingers tangled in your hair, running down your spine.
> Him and his teeth against your neck, your jaw, your chin.
> And in these empty halls, with him, religion shifts and turns and blurs.
> His mouth is your confessional, and you sin, you sin, you sin.
> ~The devil never seemed so holy (via kingrobb)

Chapter Notes

> Aaaaand Stretch wins the bet! I was really tempted to let Mutt get there first, but he still has a major issue to work though. Stretch has put in the work to get to this point and I say that he's earned it :D Enjoy the smut my friends.
>
> Smut themes:
> loss of virginity
> orgasm denial/control
> begging (light)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You don’t know how long you dozed. You awoke to Stretch’s voice in your ear, teasing you about something while he poked at your cheek.

“you’re gonna have to do some catching up honey.” He continued. “you were out hard.”

“What time is it?” You asked.

“about three.”

“Really? How long was I out for?”

You moved as Stretch shrugged, “a couple of episodes i think. didn’t know you were asleep at first.”

You hummed and snuggled back against him. You were toasty warm now.

“gonna nap again?”

“Mmmmnope.”

“aww, i woulda napped with you.”

You giggled and swatted him with the loose end of his hoodie sleeve that your hands didn’t reach out of. “You'd nap anytime, now’s not special.”

“course it is, you’re scantily clad and in my bed,” He leaned down around you while he tilted your head closer to his. “ i’d say that’s special.”

You hummed as he kissed you. The smokey heat of his magic taking its sweet time on your tongue.

At first, he kept his hands politely in their places around your waist and on your cheek, but as the kiss deepened, they began to wander. Warm phalanges crept up under your hoodie to play with the hem of your panties. The heat from his magic made you wonder why you were even wearing a hoodie still.

Stretch broke the kiss just long enough to push his laptop from your legs and off the bed. Rolling to the side, you found yourself laying down. To your surprise, Stretch crawled out of bed and headed for the door. Before you could ask, he locked it and turned back to you.

“not gonna risk an interruption.” He said with a shrug, he pulled off his NASA sweatshirt and kicked away his shoes and socks as he came back to the bed.

You giggled as he rejoined you. Smothering you with another kiss and blindly searching for your underwear again. You’re not sure if you remembered what air was. All you had was sensation. Fabric bunched in your hands and slid over your thighs, but you weren’t sure if you took a breath. Stretch’s teeth and tongue sent hot rivulets of magic through your body wherever they touched.

He systematically removed your remaining clothing before helping you with his own. His honeyed magic had already formed, long and curving up from his pelvis. There was a pause in the moment as he settled down next to you and just stared.

“Stretch?”

His eye lights flicked up to your face.

“You okay? Do you want to keep going?”

Stretch grinned and reached out to you, his fingers trailed down your side and came to a rest on your bare hip. “yea, i’m good. i just… wow.”

“You know that we haven’t gotten to the actual sex part right?” You teased.

Some tension in your mate’s shoulders relaxed and he dragged you in closer to him. “can i not enjoy the view before diving in?”

“Enjoy away big man.” In the heat of the moment, you had forgotten about his inexperience. His magic was primed and ready to go, but it seemed that he was still processing.

You let him crawl over you and kneel between your legs. His mouth found yours again and you sighed into the kiss as he pushed you down into this mattress. The hand that wasn’t supporting his weight, slid down your body. Cupping your breast, running his thumb over the sensitive nipple. A growl came out of him at your shiver and his kisses traveled to your jaw and throat.

“i want to taste you.” He murmured into your ear. His hand was still exploring ever lower.

You nodded and he worked his way down. It felt like an eternity but the worshipful touches and kisses left a trail of tingling magic on your skin. By the time his tongue hit your slit you felt like he had caressed every other part of you on the way there.

The sensation of his tongue running experimentally over your entrance made your breath hitch. He may not have the experience some of your other mates had, but he was a quick learner.

“A little higher.” You said. Stretch obeyed and you clamped your hands to his skull as his tongue flicked over your clit. There was a hum and he dove in, ravenous for your pleasure. It didn’t take long for the coil of pleasure in your belly to start tightening.

Before you tipped over the edge, Stretch pulled away. He chuckled and licked his teeth at your whine. “not yet honey, i’m not done with you.” He made his way back up your body to kiss you again. You could taste yourself on him as you tried to get him to move closer. You had been so close!

But Stretch made no moves to allow that release. Instead his hands and teeth fell to the rest of your body. Goosebumps rose on your arms as his fingers dragged down them. Finding your wrists he brought them up to pin them to either side of your head. Soft but heated kisses burned your neck and chest as he worked his way over you with his mouth.

You whimpered and rocked upward with your hips, looking for any kind of stimulation. Stretch let go of one of your wrists to press you back down into his mattress. “give me a minute honey, let me savor you.” He murmured into your chest and made you shiver.

The worshiping touches resumed. Both hands came to your sides, memorizing your shape as his tongue curled around one nipple then the other, nibbling gently at your skin as he moved over it. The slow torture of want ended with his hands on your hips. Sitting up, Stretch let his finger run down your legs and hooked his hands into the back of your knees, lifting and pressing them forward towards your chest. He let one rest on his shoulder so he could take hold of his dick to run it over your dripping cunt, so nicely presented to him in this position.

“my turn?” He asked, almost too quiet for you to hear. You nodded anyway.

The feeling of him filling you was almost too much. Stretch had quite a bit of length to him, and coupled with the fact that you had not quite made it to orgasm earlier made the sensation of him working his way in feel more charged than normal. He stopped several times to let the sensations fade before he continued. It felt like an eternity, but he finally hilted. He let go of your legs with a groan in favor of leaning on his elbows above you, you wrapped your legs around him and let both of you adjust.

“fuck.” Stretch groaned. “oh, fuck, i’m not sure how long i’m gonna last honey.”

You pat at his skull, “It’s okay, there’s time to build up your stamina later.”

He let out a shuddering breath and gave an experimental thrust making both of you moan. “how does one build up stamina when you feel this good?” He buried his face into your neck and started slow rhythmic thrusts. You sighed happily, the slow build of pleasure from before once again heading to a peak. Your hands found purchase on his scapulas making him growl. “please not yet.”

Stretch froze, you whined but dutifully checked in on your mate as he shuddered above you. “You okay?”

He pushed himself up, magic sweat made a sheen on his bones and the normally small pin pricks in his skull were large drops of amber. His chest heaved as he fought down his own release. Blinking a few times he seemed to realize that you had asked him a question because he grinned. “never better honey, just wanna keep this for as long as i can.”

You nodded then gasped and clamped your hands around his forearms where they gripped your hips. He made smaller thrusts to a slower beat, letting both of you down off of the edge again.

It didn't take him long to once again lean over you. His teeth met your lips, a soft kiss. The sweetness of his honeyed magic trickled into your system. The heat was still there, only less intense as if he was dialing everything way down in order to stay against you longer.

"i love you." He murmured against your mouth. "stars, i love you." His pace picked up, making you whimper.

"I love you too." You managed to get out between the rhythmic kisses and his magic seemingly hitting every part of your insides.

Stretch whined. His body crashed against yours only to stop again. This time you let out a frustrated huff.

“Stretch, don’t-”

“where can i… uh, shit i shoulda asked before we got to this point…” Stretch looked worried as he searched your face. “i-i mean i can’t get you pregnant like this, that’s… ya know, different a-and we would need to-”

“Stretch.” You cupped his face making him shut his mouth. “Finish wherever, just don’t stop anymore. Okay?”

Your mate blinked down at you. The feeling of wishing you could take back your words immediately welled in your chest at the contemplative look growing on his face.

“don’t stop huh?” He asked and began to rock into you once again, his demeanor a complete one-eighty from just moments before. It was agonizingly slow, each thrust even and measured.

“you sure?” He went on. “i’ve heard enough of your nights in bed with both papyrus and edge on either side to know that you need breaks.” His voice dripped false concern, a teasing tone that suggested you should have picked your words better.

“i had to listen to it all.” He murmured.

“every.” His hips snapped harshly against yours.

“fucking.” He thrust again eliciting a moan from your lips.

“thing.” Your fingers scrabbled at his ribs for something to hold onto making him shudder and gasp but he had resumed his methodical pace.

“and you know what honey?” Stretch trailed kisses over your cheek towards your ear. “between the two of them.” You squeaked as he nipped your earlobe. “i heard enough to know just how to make you scream.”

You sucked in a breath only to cry out as he sank his teeth into your shoulder. At the same time he picked up his pace from the even slow thrusts, to an almost feral rutting. All you could do was hold on.

Stretch poured magic into you from where his teeth had latched, the heat seemed to infect your blood stream and flowed through you like a wild river. You weren’t quite sure when it happened, but the orgasm that ripped through you made you cry out again. Stretch let go of your shoulder, his tongue lapped over where he had bitten but he didn’t stop, only covered your mouth with his as he continued. There was a faint irony taste on his tongue but your brain didn’t quite process it in the moment.

“mine.” He growled into your mouth. “you’re mine.”

You could only moan in response.

“almost everyone else has had their turn.” His thrusts were starting to lose their calculated rhythm. “it’s my turn, mine, you’re mine, all mine!” With a final harsh thrust, he hilted once again spilling his magic into you in hot waves. The sweet smell of honey and smoke drifted from every part of him, encasing you in the scent of his mark.

You gasped at the unexpected thrust from your mate. Stretch hummed and kissed your temples and forehead. He started up a medium pace again, pressing hard into your over sensitive cunt.

“Stretch!” You gasped.

“you… asked me to not stop…” Stretch groaned, “so i’m not stopping.”

The liquid magic of his release warmed you from the inside out, and the solid magic of him moving inside of you again had your toes curling. You should be done, you would normally be done and tired by now. But something in Stretch’s magic demanded you keep going. So you did.

“S-stretch, please.” You begged for what felt like the hundredth time. “I wanna cum, please, let m-meee!”

“shhh honey, a little more for me, just a little more, please?” Stretch’s tone equaled yours as he labored over you. It had felt like an eternity since he had first entered you. A lifetime since you had an orgasm. Stretch had somehow kept you right up on that ledge teetering between bliss and frustration. He worked slowly, moving his hands and mouth over you as he worked inside of you too.

Little murmurs of ‘i love you’ and ‘mine’ became a mantra that filled his room along with the strong scent of honey and smoke. Now paired with your soft begging Stretch finally gave in and reached down to press against your clit.

After being hung from the edge for so long the stimulation made you scream as you finally got your release. Stretch slowed his pace way down and watched your face closely, humming in contentment at the feeling of your body twitching around him.

“stars you’re beautiful.” He murmured.

You could only moan. He hadn’t stopped rubbing little circles over your clit. “ahh~ honey, do you think you can take more of my magic? i wanna give you more.”

You felt yourself nod and the heat rushing into you made little stars dance in your vision. The pressure on your clit had disappeared and the weight of Stretch’s body pinned you to the mattress. Thankful for the reprieve, you basked in the afterglow and pet at Stretch’s skull as he nuzzled your cheek.

“You sure you’ve never done this before?” You panted.

Stretch chuckled and propped himself up on his elbows above you. “i’m sure, but i’ll take that as a compliment.”

“As you should.”

Stretch chuckled again and gazed down at you, stroking your hair with blunt finger tips. “is it bad that i kinda wanna be inside you forever now?”

You laughed. “No, but this isn’t the only time we can have sex you know, we’re mates, you can just ask whenever.”

Stretch raised a brow and you clamped your teeth together at the look. He leaned down and a tiny spark of magic bit the tip of your nose where his teeth touched it. “can i fuck you again?” he murmured. His skull slid past your nose to your cheek and trailed kisses up to your ear. “i want to feel you cum around me, just one more time.”

You squirmed under his weight, you were tired and sore, but for some reason you felt like you could go another round. Stretch was nibbling around the shell of your ear. “i want to fill you again.”

Your breath hitched and an involuntary shudder ran down your spine. You could hear the grin in Stretch’s voice as he spoke again. “let me have you once more today, please?”

“Well, when you ask like that, how can I turn you down?” You said.

Stretch hummed then sat up, pulling you up into his lap as he did. You had expected him to just go at it again but you were pleasantly surprised when he simply kissed you. You kissed him back, sighing into the warmth of his magic playing over your lips. Opening your mouth, you prodded at his teeth until he let you in to play with his tongue. Slow and gentle hands slid over your back, kneading at your shoulders and sides as they traveled over your sweat slicked skin.

In turn, you ran your fingers around his ribs and over his spine. Slipping one hand up under his rib cage earned you a loud keen from your mate. He pulled away from the kiss, panting and gazing up at you with unfiltered adoration.

“i love you.” He murmured and kissed you before you could return the sentiment. You hummed instead and rocked your hips pulling a moan out of each of you. “no.” Stretch’s hands dropped to your hips to still you. “not, uh… can you turn around? i uh, wanna try…” He trailed off, his fingers drumming on your hips.

“Doggy style? Anal? What are you going for here?” You grinned as he fumbled for the words.

“the first one? wait, you’re okay with the second?” Stretch’s eye lights were wide as he stared at you.

You shrugged. “Never tried it, but I’ve read up on it. My answer would be, not tonight. I uh, would need some size training to get there.”

Stretch just stared at you. “the more you know.” He said softly, you almost didn’t catch it as he grinned and pulled you in for another kiss. “turn around for me honey?” He asked against your lips.

You nodded and he let you go so you could rise off of him and turn around. Magic ran down your legs as you settled on your knees and you twitched as Stretch trailed a finger through it. “it’s a good color on you.” His dick pressed against your still dripping hole and slid in with ease. “though it’s even better in you.”

You laughed then gasped as he started up a fast pace, his hands gripping your hips for leverage then sliding around to roll over your already overworked clit. Neither of you lasted long. Stretch shuddered above you as both of you basked in your high. Dismissing his magic, he gathered you into his arms and hummed. “fuck, why was i such an idiot for so long?”

You giggled and cuddled into his chest, exhaustion finally settling in. He didn’t hold you for too long, Stretch urged you to lay down and he hunted around for something to help clean you up. He settled on a nearby shirt and made an attempt at wiping the mess from your body with tired hands. You smiled as he fumbled through it, the inexperience obvious but endearing. A cup of water was handed to you and you drank it in greedy gulps. You were sore all over and you let out a groan as you sank into the mattress to finally rest.

“shhh.” Stretch soothed and pulled his blankets up around both of you. He bundled you close to his chest. “think i overdid it.” He mumbled into the top of your head. You huffed out a laugh and looked up into his face.

Oh.

He was staring down at you like you were a goddess. “i love you.” He whispered.

You smiled, “I love you too Stretch.”

His sockets slid closed. When they opened, they were full of concern. “i didn’t push you too far did i? i kinda went a bit overboard there… i’m sorry.”

You giggled weakly. “Yea, I think I’m going to be leaking you for the next few days, and I’ll definitely feel this in the morning…”

Stretch opened his mouth but you pressed on.

“But. It was also amazing, and I’m happy that you didn’t stop.”

Stretch sighed. “good.”

Silence surrounded you and you contemplated if you wanted more water or not. Stretch ran his fingers up and down your arm. When they dragged up over your shoulder and neck you winced.

“Ow, did you break skin there or something?” You reached up and gingerly prodded at the bite mark.

“not sure actually,” Stretch leaned in closer to look as well. He hissed and leaned away from you. “yea, a few spots are bleeding a bit… here.” A bottle of Missy’s Honey came into your field of vision and you took it.

Bleh, you had forgotten how sickeningly sweet the stuff was. But it did the trick and you didn’t feel as exhausted as before. Stretch took the bottle from you and had some himself.

For as tired as your body was, your mind wasn’t quite ready to drop off into dreamland. With a groan, you sat up and leaned over your mate to hunt around off of the edge of the mattress. Your fingers closed around your phone and you settled back down.

“Oh shit, it’s just barely evening.” You said.

“really? when did we… uh…”

“Don’t know actually.” You thought back to your day. Your walk in the park had not been long after breakfast. You had napped through lunch and a few episodes of your show and it was just hitting evening now. “A few hours at least.” Which was impressive for his first go around.

“huh… want food?”

You giggled and dropped your phone. “Nap first, I don’t think I could

make it down the stairs at the moment.”

“oh good, me neither.”

You laughed outright at that. Stretch chuckled too and you let yourself be enveloped in his arms. You felt the grin on his teeth as he kissed you before relaxing.

“see you whenever we wake up.” He murmured.

“Yea.” You shut your eyes and smiled. You were going to be so sore and sticky when you woke up, but you couldn’t muster the energy to care.

“See you then.”

Chapter End Notes

There you have it folks, hopefully that was what you needed.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

You Never Know

Chapter Notes

Stretch has won his little bet, now what? It's time to settle up.

Music in this chapter.
Catch Me If You Can - Set It Off
Never Know - Set It Off

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stretch stared at Mutt's tiny eye lights from where they bored into him from his lawn chair in the corner of the garage. It was only the two of them at the moment, they had been polishing one last song before band practice.

He had ended up sleeping through the night with you. Both of you woke up sore, sticky, and more than a little disoriented from sleeping so long. He spent the morning being a slug with you. Showering and eventually getting clothes on to limp downstairs for some much needed food. There had been a few comments but nothing too out of the ordinary. He left for work and you went about your day until it was time for your shift.

He did notice that Mutt had been watching him a lot more. He joked around like normal, but he had taken on this brooding stare.

"what?" He asked when Mutt's unblinking stare started to get uncomfortable.

"what?" Mutt mimicked his tone.

"you're doing the staring thing again dude." Stretch set aside his notebook and tried to match Mutt's intensity. It didn't work out that well.

"'m thinkin'." Mutt replied. "we didn' actually set any terms."

Stretch frowned. "terms?"

"'r bet." Mutt gestured at him. "ya won."

Stretch blinked. "wait, that was a serious bet? i thought you were ribbing me."

Mutt shrugged. “i was, but we shook on it.” He suddenly sat up from his slouched position and set his bass aside. “so, whaddya want?”

Now Stretch was more confused. “i… thought the prize was being with her first? is… is that not what we were betting on?”

“it was,” Mutt nodded and dragged his chair right up to Stretch’s, bumping his knees into the other skeleton’s and leaning into his space. “i don’ do debts stretch, ya anted up an’ won so we gotta settle.”

Stretch leaned away from him while searching his face. “there’s... nothing to settle? i got there first, that’s it, that’s the prize.”

Mutt grumbled but leaned back. “tha’s never it.”

“it really is dude.”

“i offered a prize, ya gotta claim somethin’ ‘r ‘m gonna lose it.”

Stretch sighed and slouched down into his chair, “i don’t know.”

“seriously? there’s nothin’ ya want?” Mutt stared at Stretch who was searching the garage with his eyes.

“uh, it would be great if you stopped insinuating you also want to sleep with me around the others.” Stretch finally said. “we both have a mate, you shouldn’t want to fuck somone else.”

Mutt snorted, then laughed out loud. “tha’s it? man i gotta make bets with ya more off’en if yer askin’ fer dumb shit like that.”

Stretch rolled his eye lights. “we settled now? you’ll stop?”

“heh, yea fine, ‘ave it yer way.”

“you were never serious about it right?”

Mutt shrugged and stood to retrieve his bass, still chuckling.

“wait…” Stretch also stood, “mutt, you… you weren’t serious right?”

“would be the ultimate, go fuck yerself huh?” Mutt grinned and plugged in his instrument. “gotta keep my options open, jus’ ‘n case.”

“in case of wh-”

“i got too much lv ‘n me stretch.”

The garage went dead silent. Stretch had only ever CHECKed the other skeletons in the house a handful of times, and they were all during those first few months on the surface. He knew that Mutt and Black had high LV stats. Hell, Edge and Red did too. His discomfort over the whole thing had been slowly fading but hadn't entirely dissipated.

"what..." He paused with a frown. "what does that have to do with anything?"

"i got more 'n anyone else 'n this 'ouse… an' i can't fuckin' keep it together when she's with me." Mutt huffed a half hearted laugh and settled his bass around himself. "i 'as *so* close. on the beach trip, did ya know? we almos'... but it flares up 'n i'd prob'ly end up killin' 'er."

Stretch kept his mouth shut so Mutt continued.

"my 'dyne 'n i've been testin' somethin' that may 'elp but, 'f it doesn', i gotta be ready ta face the fact that she may break our bond cuz 'm a danger ta her."

Stretch made a face. "you're not-"

Mutt's skull whipped around, magic flaring in his socket. Stretch was yanked forward by an invisible force and cold claws wrapped around his neck before he could retaliate.

"tell me i ain' dangerous!" Mutt snarled, "tell me every one a ya's absolutely safe 'ith me un'er this roof!"

Stretch grasped at Mutt's wrist and let his own magic surge in hopes of making him let go. He could still feel magic circulating through his bones, Mutt's grip hadn't cut that off but he couldn't stop the flash of panic in the back of his skull at the knowledge that Mutt could effortlessly dust him if he applied just a bit more pressure.

Mutt grit his teeth at the burn of Stretch's magic as it responded to his assault but didn't let go of his vertebrae, only dragged him closer causing his hips to knock into his bass guitar as he growled into his face.

"'m a killer ashtray, 's been my job since i shed my stripes. the *fuck* d'ya think ya c'n do ta me?"

The sharp tip of Mutt's thumb scratched down the side of Stretch's neck making him wince but his grip wasn't crushing. Mutt's agitated magic buzzed around both of them, but Stretch blinked at the

realization that it wasn't actively being used on him. The blue magic used to haul him across the garage had vanished the second Mutt had laid a hand on him. Nothing had been conjured as an attack and Mutt's hold on his neck while firm, wasn't doing him any harm. This was a display, nothing more.

"you're an ass mutt," Stretch wheezed. "but you're no more danger to her than you are to me right now." Stretch forced his own magic to down, ignoring the alarm bells in his skull and let his hands fall away from Mutt's wrist.

Mutt's fingers twitched around him and loosened at his refusal to fight back. Stretch tugged his claws away from his neck with one hand and grabbed a fist full of his shirt with the other so he could yank his counterpart down to where he could glare into his eyes and not have to stand on his toes. Mutt's bass clacked uncomfortably between them.

"have some faith in your mate. if she decided that my jealous and hypocritical self was worth it, then you're going to be just fine."

Mutt's features had taken on his blank stare again as Stretch growled into his face. His free hand came up to hook under Stretch's chin and tilted it to the side as if scrutinizing him. "justice soul my ass." He muttered.

Stretch frowned. "wha-"

The door to the house banged open.

"whoa. we'll c'me back later."

Both Stretch and Mutt looked around at Red, Papyrus, and Edge standing in the doorway.

Right.

Band practice.

Stretch glanced at Mutt and realized just how close he was to him, one hand was still holding Mutt's wrist and the other was balled in his shirt. Not to mention Mutt's hand gripping his chin. This was way over the boundary of friends with a mutual mate. With a grunt, he shoved him away. There had already been rumors, he wasn't about to perpetuate them.

Red chuckled and led the way over to the band's set up. "ya sure ya guys 'r good? we c'n step out 'ntill yer done."

Mutt had an easy smile on and he shrugged but kept to his word about not making any more insinuations about him and Stretch and made no comment, choosing to readjust his instrument instead.

"oh shove it red." Stretch muttered and went to pick up his guitar. "lets run through that new song from last week."

You sipped at your drink and grinned up at the band on stage. They were on fire tonight, Stretch, Mutt, and Red had written several new songs over the past few weeks and seemed to be having a great time sharing them with the bar.

(Stretch) **I paved my path**

Outplayed, outclassed

Sans settled down next to you, a drink in his hand and some joke on his teeth that he was aiming at Red. You didn't quite hear it but both of them laughed.

Catch me if you can

(Mutt) **I'm gone just like the wind now**

(Stretch) **'Cause once I plant my feet**

Taking the lead

Better believe

You never had a chance, no, hah

So catch me if you can

Blue whistled loudly on your other side as the song came to a close. The band spared no intro for the next song, choosing to dive right into it. All of them had grins on their faces and seemed to really be enjoying playing their more upbeat songs.

(Stretch) **Do you what you're told**

Don't think about it

Life is dangerous outside these walls

So tell me how

We're supposed to make it

When they make our dreams appear so small

We could fail we could fall we could flatline

Bet it all roll the dice it could backfire

Hide the key play it safe till it's over

Do or die fight or flight

So take the leap!

Blue urged you up and herded you over to stand at the base of the stage during the chorus. Red joined you to listen and dance.

So picture this

A new beginning

Where the canvas clears a brand new path

So make a mess

And go get in trouble

And make a toast to those who never left

You were dancing over by where Mutt was playing. He grinned and winked down at your little dancing trio as he played. He moved a little to the beat he was underlining with his bass when he wasn't backing up Stretch with vocals.

Up this close to the stage, the drums really thrummed in your chest, and the loud guitars and keyboard would leave you feeling like you had cotton in your ears for an hour or so after the concert. You didn't care, you were happy to see your mates enjoying something together.

For the ones who doubted thanks for nothing

Gonna show you that we're made of something

No you can't escape the fight we're bringing

'Cause when you knock us down we're coming for you

Red bounced on his heels to the beat behind you and Blue was jumping with some of the other bar-goers who were up next to the stage.

'Cause you never know

Yeah you never know

If you never ante up and let it roll

(All) **Ah-oh Ah-oh!**

(Stretch) **'Cause you never know**

Yeah you never know

If you never take a shot and lose control

We risk it all

The song ended and Stretch flicked his guitar pick out into the crowd, another was fished from his pocket and he made some joke about it. Papyrus could be seen shaking his head behind his keyboard even though everyone was laughing. Mutt riffed off of the joke earning more laughs and another song started.

You motioned at the bar to Red who nodded and followed you away from the stage. Pyre nodded at you and took your order. Red declined a drink, taking a water instead and pulled you back to lean against him as your drink was made.

“what’ya think a the songs?” He rumbled close to your ear so you could hear him over the music.

“Very nice.” You replied, “They sound much happier than when they first started playing.”

Red chuckled, “therapy’s a hell ‘f a thing.”

You hummed agreement and accepted the drink from Pyre.

“ya ever gonna get back up on stage doll?” Red asked.

You shrugged and took a drink. Blaire was all the way across the country. Playing on stage wouldn't be the same without her.

"aww c'me on, write a song with me, play it up there with the guys." He nuzzled your head with his. "ya looked good 'n stage lights."

"It wouldn't be the same." You sighed.

"nothin' stays the same doll face, this time las' year, ya didn' even know i existed."

That was true, last February, you were living with Blaire. Sans and Papyrus were settled in their giant home, and your life had been much less exciting. You would have never guessed that you would meet six more skeletons in a few short months, you didn't even know of the bond that had been strengthening between yourself and your skeleton boys yet. Oh how things changed.

"I guess we could work on a song." You said into your drink.

"hmm? wha' was that?" Red needled, a huge grin on his face.

"I'll consider getting on stage again, if you stop that." You poked him and smiled.

Red chuckled but didn't press again. Yes, things definitely changed.

Chapter End Notes

Dash of jokes.
Sprinkling of oofs.
Stir in some feels
Now set it to low and let it simmer.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Life Is So Pure

Chapter Notes

> So kind of a longer chapter this week, I had a lot of stuff to put in it and I didn't feel like splitting it into two. Lots of stuff happens so I hope y'all enjoy the fluff!
>
> Song in this chapter:
> Pure - Radical Something

See the end of the chapter for more notes

March rolled around and you were beginning to think that things really were all settled. The absolute roller coaster that had been the beginning of this multi-bond life had come back into the station and you were left with only some lingering adrenaline from the laundry list of crazy that had been your life for over half a year.

Normal life crazy returned and it was almost mundane.

“hey, do you know where fish’s food is?”

You rolled your eyes at your mate as he searched your desk for fish flakes.

“I don’t know anyone named fish.” You said from your place sprawled out on your bed and returned to your book.

“har har, honey bun. i’m sure your son would be offended if he could understand your words.” Stretch gave up his search and came over to flop over your legs. You laughed and pat his back but didn’t move to help him find food.

“My son hasn’t been given a name yet because his *father* refuses to give any meaningful input.”

“oh i’ve got something i can input.” Stretch wriggled up and plucked your book from your hands.

You laughed again and wrestled with your mate. “Go feed our scale baby you egg!”

Stretch hummed and kissed over the bite mark he had left on your shoulder. Only the points where his incisors had broken the skin had

left permanent marks. They were sensitive and tingled pleasantly whenever he touched them. They were like the scratch marks on your hip from Edge and the smaller bite marks from Sans and Blue. Papyrus and Black hadn't physically marked your skin like that, the bracelet Papyrus had given you was enough for him and Black had promised a collar at some point.

"goldfish can go for a long time with no food." Stretch murmured. "ours can wait another hour or two." He wrestled you down with a grin.

"We're leaving in a half-hour Stretch." You hooked your legs around his and rolled the pair of you over. The void surprised you and you yelped when you landed back on your back. Stretch was crawling off of you by the time you blinked away the dizziness.

"fine," He laughed. "but you gotta help me look."

You heaved a huge fake sigh but hopped off your bed to help him find the fish food. You had secured a long weekend from work for this little vacation. Rumor was that G was coming by to watch the house while everyone was away. Papyrus had found a campground just outside of Ebott next to a river. It was still chilly out but the threat of snow and the freezing temperatures of winter had passed.

By the time you and Stretch had secured a bottle of flakes and brought your fish down to the kitchen to stay for the weekend, the rest of the house was up and bustling. Muffins were out for something quick to eat while the cars were packed and the house secured.

Five minutes before the time Papyrus had planned on hitting the road, G rolled up on his bike. Someone was riding with him this time. You waved as he parked on the side of the road and hopped off. Both him and his passenger took off their helmets and headed your way.

"angel!" G grinned and swept you up in a hug.

You laughed and hugged him back. When he let go, he motioned his companion up. "this is quinn, she took me in a while back, uh, she wanted to meet you and the guys this time instead of being left at home while i puttered around here."

"Hi." Quinn reached out a tentative hand for you to shake. "Thanks for dragging this one out of hell. I heard it was not a pleasant trip to get him here from wherever it was that you guys met."

You smiled and shook her hand. “Well I don’t remember most of the journey home, G did the heavy lifting and my mates supplied the road for us to get here.”

Quinn hummed. G slapped you on the shoulder with a grin and headed towards the house. “good to see ya walking again, is classic inside?”

“Yea!” You hollered after him. Turning back to Quinn you realized you had a guest on your hands and you were about to leave. “Uh, wanna come inside?” You gestured at the house. “I don’t know if Sans knew you were coming but you can stay in my room if you want.”

Quinn smiled shyly and followed your lead in through the garage. “G said he let whoever Classic is know I was coming, so we should be good. Um, hey.”

You turned at her tap on your shoulder when you made it into the mud room. She glanced around and pulled you to the side. “Is G okay?”

“What?” You blinked in confusion.

Quinn gestured towards the kitchen where voices could be heard. “I mean is he okay being here? Last time he rode out here he was really nervous and when he came back, he was more than a little distraught.” She pulled off her riding gloves and played with the leather in her hands. “I don’t need to know what happened, but I need to know that he’s okay here.”

You sighed. “Last time he was here, I got in an accident on my motorcycle.”

Quinn’s eyes darted over you but didn’t say anything.

“I think it freaked him out.” You continued. “We uh, were also each other’s only company where we met and when we got here…” You searched for the right way to phrase it. “The boys are... protective… to say the least. I don’t think they got into a fight or anything but, things were a little tense until he left.”

Quinn frowned and glanced towards the kitchen. “So…”

“He’s fine being here.” You interrupted, “Sans doesn’t trust just anyone, if he’s asking G to watch the place while we’re gone then he’s fine.”

There was a long pause as Quinn searched your face. In the end she nodded and moved around you to head into the kitchen. You followed.

G, Sans, and Red were standing around the muffins talking in quiet tones that faded when Quinn joined them. G grinned and wrapped an arm around her before addressing Sans about something. You watched the four of them move off.

“Are you okay my dear?”

You turned to Papyrus who had noticed you hovering in the mudroom doorway. With a nod you leaned into him. Your mate didn’t say anything else, only hugged you to himself until you pulled away.

“We almost all packed?” You asked.

Papyrus nodded. “Yes we are! As soon as Sans gets done settling our house-sitters, we can be on our way!”

It didn’t take long, G came back with Sans and Red to see everyone off. Quinn waved goodbye as well but stayed back.

“have fun angel, don’t go getting hurt again, my track record of you being healthy and conscious while i’m around is abysmally low.”

You snorted and accepted his hug. “I’m sure I’ll be fine, knock on wood for me though.”

G raised a brow but didn’t ask.

In short order, everyone found a place in a car, and your group was on the road. Like the weekend trip to the ski resort, the drive was only a few hours long. Short enough to not worry about rushing to get there, but long enough to warrant car games.

“Hink-pink, uh, large vehicle.” You were half turned in the front seat of Papyrus’s car to look back at the skeletons sitting behind you.

Stretch, Mutt, and Blue were crammed into the back seat. Blue was thinking over your hint, Mutt was staring out the window and Stretch appeared to be attempting to burn holes into Papyrus’s console as he thought.

“big rig.” Mutt finally replied.

You grinned and nodded. Blue snapped his fingers and Stretch made a

small ‘oooh’ sound.

“Your turn then.” You pointed at Mutt who squinted out the window.

“hinky-pinky…” He muttered then paused as he thought up a two syllable rhyming pair of words. “jokin’ cash.”

The car was quiet for a while, “Funny money?” Papyrus finally asked.

“bingo.” Mutt shot him a finger gun.

“Oh good!” Papyrus beamed into the rear view mirror then continued the game. Word games like that were always popular with your boys. The verbal puzzles helped the drive fly by and the next thing you knew, the cars were pulling into a large camping spot.

This early in the camping season, the majority of the other campsites were empty. You could only see one other occupied site as you helped unpack. Edge and Papyrus were good at fitting as much as they could into the trunks of their vehicles, but the large canvas tent and shade tent had to be tied to the top of Edge’s car much to the annoyance of the driver.

Once they had been removed, he spent the better part of the next twenty minutes inspecting his car for any damage the fabric could have caused. You helped get the tents set up, two portable wood stoves had been stashed in a pack just in case the nights got a little too chilly. Cots and sleeping bags were set up and a small propane stove was placed on the edge of one of the picnic tables.

You claimed a cot in the center of the canvas tent. It was a tight fit, but the boys had managed to fit nine single cots in neat little rows of three. There was only floor room to walk down two aisles on either side of the center set of cots but you didn’t plan on spending too much time in there other than to sleep.

Stashing your prepacked bag under your cot you stepped back out to explore. Your campsite was close to the river. A little path meandered away down to the running water. A huge pile of downed trees clogged parts of the river creating little pools on the banks and a tempting natural bridge to get across.

Black helped you balance your way out to the middle of the river. The time and water-smoothed wood crisscrossed under your feet in a jumble of collapsed trees. There were a few leaps that you had to take, they weren’t big, on flat ground you could make it no problem. But

the running water filtering through the half-sunken tree trunks and branches made it more difficult.

“LOOK AT ME, NOT THE WATER.” Black instructed and reached out his hand.

You obeyed and held your breath as you jumped toward him. He helped you land and re-balance yourself. “THERE, THAT WASN’T HARD WAS IT?”

You rolled your eyes at him and looked around at the scenery.

Black chuckled. “SO YOU’LL MAKE IT BACK BY YOURSELF THEN? GOOD.”

“Wait, no, help me.”

Black chuckled and nimbly walked along the tree trunk you were on then jumped to another one. “I THINK NOT, YOUR ATTITUDE SAYS YOU CAN DO IT ON YOUR OWN.” He turned to you and grinned. “COME ALONG PET.”

You stood frozen in a war with yourself. A part of you wanted to stay put in defiance of Black’s command, but you also didn’t want to be left out in the middle of the river by yourself.

Black took your hesitance as defiance and he turned on his heel to pick his way back to shore. You let out a small ‘Wait!’ and traced Black’s steps as quickly as you could over the broken trunks and random rocks. He didn’t stop but his retreat bolstered you enough to make it back to shore without his help. He grinned at you when your feet hit the rocky river bank.

“IT SEEMS YOUR ATTITUDE WASN’T LYING. MARVELOUS.” He pressed his teeth to your cheek then headed back up the path to the campsite with you right behind him.

The sun was just starting to touch the tops of the trees and someone had started a fire. Most of your boys were sitting around it. Edge was digging through one of the coolers and Blue was pulling roasting sticks out of one of the car trunks.

“HOT DOGS ARE A STAPLE OF CAMPING DINNERS!” Blue crowed as you found a seat next to the fire. He handed out sticks to everyone then went to help Edge with the food. Dinner that night was simple. Hot dogs cooked over the fire, then consumed. The wide assortment of

toppings was a bit different than you were expecting but not unwelcome.

Sans, Red, and Mutt put away way more hot dogs than you thought was healthy, even for a magical skeleton, but they dove right into smores afterwards with no problem so you assumed their systems could handle the absurd amount of meat.

Before everyone headed to bed, hot coals were transferred to the portable wood stoves then stoked to get the tent warm. Due to the packed nature of having nine cots in one canvas tent, there was very little privacy for changing. Most of your boys didn't care, and got their pajamas on without complaint. You, Black, and Papyrus made due with changing in your sleeping bags.

It wasn't like you hadn't seen the majority of them with little to no clothes on, you were just accustomed to having your own space. It was only for a weekend though and it wasn't uncomfortable. You liked being able to wish everyone goodnight at once, and to receive that good night back.

The smell of breakfast sausage woke you up. The tent glowed with the rising sun and you could hear one or two other skeletons snoring still. The usual early risers were gone, the other four were still in their sleeping bags. Red appeared to be awake but was content to stay where he was, the others were asleep.

You reached over the edge of your cot to dig out your bag. The wood stoves had done a good job of keeping the cold at bay. The air was cool, but you weren't shivering. Digging around, you grabbed out some clothes for the day and changed in your sleeping bag again.

A bright sun was peeking over the foothills when you stepped outside. Edge was at the little propane stove cooking sausages. An assortment of yogurts and cereals were arranged on one of the picnic tables where the other early risers were sitting and eating some breakfast.

"Good morning." You yawned and found a seat next to Blue. Your boys greeted you and you grabbed a cup of yogurt to start yourself off. By the time the sausages were done, Papyrus and Black had gone to rouse the others from the tent. Only Mutt followed his brother and Papyrus out, still in his sleeping clothes and looking like he was still somewhere in dreamland. The others could be heard moving about and talking, but they stayed in the tent.

Unlike the beach trip where there was an ocean and a town full of things to do, and the complete opposite of the ski lodge where it was built to have activities available. Camping was just that, camping. You could hang around camp all day and no one would bat an eye. You could go splashing into the river. There were hiking trails around but they were optional.

You found yourself at a bit of a loss once food had been cleared away. Sans, Red, and Stretch finally emerged from the tent to immediately find camp chairs to lounge in. Stretch had a book and the other two fell back to sleep. Mutt was dozing on the picnic table from where he had sat down to eat.

“RIGHT!” Blue clapped his hands together. “SHALL WE FIND A TRAIL? OR GO DOWN TO THE RIVER? WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO MAIDEN?”

“let her relax bro, we’re camping.” Stretch called out over the top of his book.

“EXACTLY!” Blue shot back. “THERE’S SO MUCH TO DO!”

Stretch could be seen rolling his eye lights before going back to reading. You bit your lip to keep from laughing.

When Blue turned back to you, you had made a decision. “I wouldn’t mind going down to the river for a bit.”

“AN EXCELLENT CHOICE!” Blue beamed at you and bounced off to grab two camp chairs.

You giggled and followed him down the path to the river. The sun was steadily rising making the day cool but pleasant. You were comfortable in the one sweatshirt and your jeans. The smell of pine and damp earth permeated the area and the chattering of little animals hidden in the undergrowth broke up the static sound of the river.

Blue crashed down to the gravely bank and set up the chairs. Instead of settling on one, he hopped up onto a tree trunk and struck out over the water to the scattered rocks and jammed logs. You watched him for a minute then began to wander down-river. Past the log jam, the river bank became more rocky. Little eddies of water swirled and larger rocks created smaller streams or waterfalls depending on where in the flow they sat.

Crouching down, you pushed a rock over. It slipped beneath the running water with a little ‘bloop’ sound. The disturbance in the flow sent the water burbling over the new obstacle. You watched it for a moment then turned away from the water to hunt around for rocks on the bank. You didn’t want to stick your hands in the river. The water was still icy cold from the snow melt.

A small pile of rocks began to form. You jumped when you straightened up to find Papyrus in front of you.

“Collecting rocks?” He asked.

You smiled. “Sort of? I have an idea is all.”

Papyrus’s face lit up and he bent down to pick up a rock. “Mind if I assist?”

“Not at all.”

And with that, Papyrus moved back up stream to search for rocks there. With him collecting for you. You began to drop the collection into the river. The flow by the shore changed and shifted as you placed the stones. A few times, you did have to reach into the water to shift or remove some of the submerged rocks, but that was fine. Edge and Blue had caught wind of your project and came to help. There was a sizable mound of rocks by you now and you were pretty sure you couldn’t use all of them. No matter, you would use what you needed and put the rest back.

Edge stopped collecting to watch your progress. He caught onto what you were doing and grabbed up an arm full of rocks to extend your project down stream. He was more creative than you were. He was much better at using the river’s current flow to help determine where he would place rocks. A few small waterfalls were added to his section while you made the finishing tweeks to your part.

Standing up, you stretched and twisted around to relieve the stress of being hunched over the water for who knows how long.

“VERY NICE.” Blue said. “WHAT IS IT?”

You grinned and turned away from the river. The others watched as you hunted around in the trees for a piece of wood. You settled for a piece of tree bark that was about palm width but only half as thick.

“It’s a boat coarse!” You said and set the bark at the head of the

course. The rocks you had placed in the water, created a tiny separate river for your little boat to drift down. It bobbed and swirled around with the water, bouncing off of the walls of its course as it moved towards the end.

You tsked when it bumped into the corner of a particularly sharp turn and stayed there. “Darn.” You picked your way over the rocks to the stuck boat and plucked it out of the water. Several hands joined yours in adjusting the turn. In no time at all you dropped the wood back into the water and watched it make the turn successfully and continued on downstream. There were a few other places that you and the boys needed to work out some kinks but in the end you had a long track for stick-boats.

Black proposed a race and everyone immediately scattered to find and build their own little river boats. You went back to camp to see if the others wanted in on it too. All of them followed you to the course then went to hunt for their own boats.

You discarded your test boat and scoured around in the slash for something else to use. Bark seemed to be a good base, so you peeled away some bark off of a downed tree branch. Plucking a twig off of the same branch, you poked it through the bark to make a sort of mast. On your way back to the river, you picked a leaf from a nearby bush and stuck the stick through it as well to make it look like a sail. Smiling at your creation, you went to wait for the others at the head of your boat course.

Sans and the other lazier halves were all there. Blue was nearby, hunting around in the gravel again. You held up your little boat and grinned. “You guys are going down.”

Red chuckled and opened his hand. It was just a short stick. The others had similar sticks or bark chunks in their hands. You frowned at the lack of creativity. “How are you going to differentiate your contestants?” You asked.

Mutt held up his boat and scratched at it with his claws. When he was done, he turned it to show you. There was an M scratched into the middle of his stick. Red laughed and scratched a R into his. Stretch had a piece of bark so he did nothing.

Sans shrugged and did nothing as well. “mine’ll be the only blank stick then.” He reasoned. You rolled your eyes.

Your exasperation at the lack of cool boats ended when the other four

joined your group. Papyrus had a stick with willow reeds wrapped around it. A few leaves were wedged in between the reeds and the stick for color. Edge had a piece of bark like yours but he had stuck a bunch of tiny sharp twigs into the top side of it making it look like a pin cushion. Blue had a bark chunk with two little pebbles on it in a nest of pine needles and a flower. Black had a stick with a sail similar to yours on it. Though his creation also had a feather that he had found and wedged it into a crack in the wood.

The nine of you made your way to the head of the course. It became abundantly clear that you had made the course too narrow for any more than two or three boats at a time. The majority of the boats got bunched up and wedged from wall to wall at the first turn. You sighed and had everyone retrieve their boats.

Blue had you hold his as he ran back to camp for some paper and a pen. A tournament was arranged and the races began. With nine of you, the brackets weren't even, but you made it work.

Red beat Sans in the first round and Blue beat Edge. Stretch won over Black and Mutt's boat just barely beat Papyrus's. You were the odd one out that round and was pushed to the next round automatically. Red and Blue raced next with Blue taking the win. Stretch passed to the next round automatically that time while you and Mutt went head to head. Mutt's boat won. Blue beat his brother leaving him to race Mutt's boat in the final round. You didn't watch the race. You were too busy laughing at your boys standing around the river's edge while yelling encouragement or threats to the floating chunks of wood in the water. Blue took the championship that round.

Edge was furiously re-designing his boat and demanded another bracket be created. You declined to race this time around so there would be an even eight. The rest of the day was spent racing, re-racing, and redesigning the course and boats. As the sun started its descent back below the tree line and the running water helped to cool the evening air, you and your mates knocked over the course so the river could flow naturally again and let your boats be carried out of sight down stream.

On the short walk back, you were discussing the last race with Sans when Edge grabbed your arm and yanked you to his side. Before you could protest the unceremonious movement, you caught sight of something in the air above you. Edge had apparently seen it too and was now half curled over you with his rapier in one hand. The others had stopped too, either looking at Edge and you in question, or up

into the air at the little black missles darting around. Black startled at one that swooped low over his head and suddenly his dirks were summoned as well.

“STAY LOW.” Edge muttered at you and started to herd you along the trail while keeping at least some part of him over you at the same time. Red appeared next to you to help his brother.

“look at that, didn’t know bats were around here.” Sans’s amused voice cut through the tension.

Bats? That was what the little flying things were?

Red paused his escort to search one out in the darkening sky. Edge paused too but didn’t let you leave his side. You could see Black growling up at the creatures and even Mutt had his summoned bow out with an arrow knocked and aimed skyward. Blue and Stretch didn’t seem worried, and were trying to follow the darting animals with their eye lights. Only Sans and Papyrus seemed totally unperturbed.

“ARE THEY DANGEROUS?” Blue asked, glancing around at the fell monsters who were all tense and ready for a fight.

Sans shook his head. “naw, we don’t have the blood sucking kind around here.”

“THERE ARE KINDS THAT SUCK *BLOOD* ?!” Edge hunched further down over you, his murderous glare back at the bats. Mutt loosed an arrow and you watched a little dark smudge spiral once around it as it passed. Mutt growled but didn’t knock another arrow.

The look of amusement on Sans’s face made you relax. You weren’t in danger. Edge and the others had just never seen bats before.

“We’re fine, Edge. They’re probably hunting bugs is all.” You said as you pat Edge’s arm. He didn’t move at first, but as the seconds ticked by and no bats made an attempt on your life, he slowly straitened back up and dismissed his weapon. Mutt did as well followed by his brother. Red and Edge stuck right next to you as you watched the darkening sky.

As the sun sank lower, more bats took flight. “They look like oversized moths, just really fast ones.” You muttered to yourself.

Red heard you and snorted. “sky rats is wha’ they look li’.”

You huffed out a laugh in response.

“gotcha.” You turned to see Mutt grinning down at his cupped hands with glee. Several bats were circling and swooping through the air around his head but he only had eyes for the one in his hands.

“holy shit, ya catch one?” Red moved away from you to go see. You followed behind.

Mutt cooed at and shushed the little creature in his hands. You would have laughed if you weren’t afraid that you would scare his captive. You gathered in close next to Red and a few others that came over to see. Mutt adjusted his hold and opened his fingers enough for you to catch a glimpse of the tiny blob of fur with wings. It was currently biting at Mutt’s chipped fingers in an attempt to escape which didn’t seem to faze your mate. He only inspected it with everyone else.

“LET IT GO MUTT, YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT FILTH IT CARRIES!” Black grumbled.

Mutt pouted and thrust the caged creature at this brother. “aww, bu’ look at it. little thin’ wouldn’ ‘urt us. plus it looks pretty clean, i ain’ gonna get sick.”

“ *YOU* MIGHT NOT GET SICK, BUT OUR MATE COULD. NOW LET. IT. GO!” Black punctuated his demand by jerking his finger up into the air. “THEN GO WASH YOUR HANDS, I DON’T WANT YOU CONTAMINATING ANYTHING!”

Mutt glowered but sighed and raised his conjoined hands over his head and opened them. The bat didn’t take off immediately as it was apparently still gnawing on his finger. But after a gentle wave, it realized it was no longer caged in his hands and launched itself back into the sky. Mutt brought his hands back down and looked them over. “see? ‘m fine.” He showed them to his brother.

“GO WASH.” Black grumbled and turned to finish the short trek back to camp. He didn’t wait to see if his brother would obey. A few of the others followed Black and the sounds of a fire being built carried to you, Blue, and Mutt who stayed out on the trail to continue to watch the bats.

Mutt chuckled and was suddenly gone from your side. Blue took his place and wrapped you up in his arms from behind. “THEY ARE STRANGELY CUTE.” He said. “ARE THERE REALLY ONES THAT SUCK BLOOD?”

You shrugged. “There are bats called vampire bats but I don’t think they ever go after humans. I don’t know too much about them.”

Blue hummed and rested his chin on your shoulder. You caught sight of Mutt darting through the trees after the flying creatures. He would occasionally leap into the air or teleport directly onto a high up branch. His claws lashing out in hopes of capturing another bat. He was successful a few times. He would hunch down over his catch and look at it before immediately letting it go and chasing another one.

You don’t think you had ever seen him quite like this. The relaxed happiness on his face paired with the energy he was putting out to hunt down the animals made you smile.

"Look at him go." You giggled.

Blue chuckled and hugged you to himself. "OH LET THE BABY PLAY."

"Baby?" You tilted your head to bump into his.

Blue hummed. "MUTT IS THE YOUNGEST SKELETON IN THE HOUSE." You blinked in surprise. Blue nestled his chin further into your shoulder. "SO GIVE HIM HIM SOME SLACK."

"How much younger is he?" you asked.

"YOUNGER THAN PAPY BY A FEW MONTHS, OUT OF STRIPES OBVIOUSLY SO IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT..."

"I fucking hope so." You said. "I've served him at the bar and uh…"

Blue chuckled and stepped back with you in tow. Mutt barreled by, his face wild with joy and supposedly zeroed in on a bat overhead.

"WANT TO GO SIT BY THE FIRE? YOU'RE FEELING A LITTLE COOL MAIDEN." Blue rubbed your arms and you agreed. As entertaining as watching Mutt chase bats as if they were butterflies was, the sun had sunk below the horizon and you were starting to feel the chill.

A variety of foods were sitting out on the picnic table. The others were gathered around it, making boats with tin foil and filling them with their desired ingredients. Blue got you a section of foil and you carefully copied how he made a little boat that would hold food.

The base of the dinner was rice. You buttered the bottom of your foil boat then sprinkled in a layer of minute rice. Next you added some

precooked chicken breast chunks then filled in the rest of the room with various vegetables and cream of chicken soup. Using a water bottle, you poured some in your boat for the rice to cook in then followed Edge's instruction on how to close up the top and place it on the hot coals that had been scraped to the side of the fire pit.

Black set his boat next to yours then went to find his brother who was still out with the bats. In no time at all, the dinners were pulled off and checked then handed off to whoever made them to eat. You set yours on top of a paper plate and dug into the hot meal. Hmmm, maybe you could make this into a casserole to cook at home as well.

Once dinner was done, the fire was stoked back up and everyone settled in around the heat. It didn't take long for Stretch to pull out his guitar and start picking away at it. Mutt joined in singing from where he slouched in his chair.

(Stretch) **Tie-dye shirts, feathers in your hair**

Dancing in circles we can smell the fresh air

Music's all we got but damn it's all we need

Out here on our own life is so pure, oh yeah

Life is so pure

Life is so pure

(Mutt) **don't think you ever have to be lonely**

don't think you ever have to be the only one out on your own now

you just met the world and its ready for you

we're spinning in circles slowly away from everything that's phony

were clearing our minds now, and feeling fine's what we're ready to do

(Stretch) **I think that we should move to the mountains**

Just you and me and we'll never come back

Done looking for the truth cuz we found it

I hope you know we found it, I hope you know we found it, yeah

You laid your head back into your chair and stared at the stars over your head, so bright with many more visible away from the city. Stretch and Mutt's voices blended and drifted around the fire as they sang.

(Mutt) **get a little muddy, laugh about the money**

and wonder why we ever even cared about it

the city is funny but nature is lovely

another night with you I can't be without it

And all I ever dreamed of, is disappearing

Saddle up with my people and tell my old life that I'm leaving

I'm leaving right now

(Stretch) **I think that we should move to the mountains**

Just you and me and we'll never come back

Done looking for the truth cuz we found it

I hope you know we found it, I hope you know we found it, yeah

The crackling fire and the singing voices relaxed you. The night deepened but your little group stayed put around the fire pit, taking in the warmth of the flames and each other's company.

Chapter End Notes

I love camping, I can't wait for warmer weather to get out into the woods again. Plus, new character! Quinn gets explored more in a short fic I'm lining out about G and what happens with him when he leaves the main household after coming to this universe.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Hang Out*

Chapter Notes

> Heeeeyy, sorry about being inactive, more than a few things have been unceremoniously dropped onto my plate and handling it all has taken every ounce of my time an energy. Don't worry it hasn't killed me or my charges yet so that's the positive I'm holding onto.
>
> So welcome to this chapter, where we get to see a bit more of G and Quinn. But first, a bit of smut, I wasn't intending for it to happen but there is a little section. If you want to skip it pass over the section that starts and ends with *****
> Smut themes
> Shower sex
> Wall sex
> Multiple partners (not at the same time though, don't get too excited)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus convinced you to go on a hike the next day and you successfully made it to the other side of the river by yourself later that afternoon. It was a sunny weekend and you got some time to be lazy around camp too. But as with the other vacations, it was eventually time to go home.

You sighed as you helped to break down camp. A small part of you was starting to understand why your parents liked to be off on trips all the time. It would never be okay that they left you while they traipsed around the globe. But the euphoria of being away from normal life was understood.

With the cars packed, you piled in with the others and headed for home. You napped for most of the drive making the trip back feel like a few minutes rather than a few hours. G met the cars in the garage as they pulled in. He and Quinn helped unpack and the rest of the afternoon was spent re-settling and being lazy.

*****

You got first dibs on a shower, and you hummed as the hot water started to rinse away the smoke and dirt from camping. The chime on

your phone went off alerting you to a text but you ignored it in favor of relaxing into the hot water. A knock on the door did make you peek around the curtain.

“it’s me.” Sans’s voice came from the other side.

“Come in then.” You said and let the curtain slide back into place. A cool draft of air wafted over the top of the shower as he opened and closed the door behind him.

“mind if i join?” He asked.

You shrugged, then realized he couldn’t see you. “Sure!”

Clothes rustled as he shed them. You turned to grab your shampoo only to find Sans in the way. You raised a brow at him and grinned. “You seriously teleported like two feet to get in here?”

Sans shrugged and reached around you for some soap. “what can i say princess? i wanted to *shower* ya with affection.”

You snorted and danced around him so he was in the water and you could rub shampoo into your hair. The pair of you quietly cleaned away the weekend. You bent to shut off the water but was stopped by an arm around your waist. Something else pressed against your thigh and you giggled.

“Others need to use the shower Sans.”

Hands snaked around your bare body and tugged you back against him. “they’re still unpacking, and i’m sure paps will let some of them use his shower.”

With a sigh, you let him tug your leg up for better access. “You’re not gonna help unpack? How mmm, lazy of you.”

Sans sank into you with a groan. “ya don’t feel that upset about it princess,” You could feel his grin against your back as he pressed into your greedy cunt. “i have something else ta unload anyway.”

You braced yourself against the shower wall and did your best to keep quiet. It didn't take too long for at least one of your other mates to figure out that Sans wasn’t helping unpack. You stifled a moan as someone knocked on the door.

“IS THAT YOU IN THERE PET?” Black’s voice carried easily to you

through the running water.

“Yea!” You managed to squeak out. Sans picked up the pace. His hand snaked lower to press against your clit, hurrying you along.

“CLASSIC ISN’T IN THERE WITH YOU IS HE?”

“Ah! N-no?”

Sans pressed harder against you. Pleasure had you gritting your teeth in an effort not to make noise as you twitched and spasmed around him. The rush of Sans’s cool magic inside of you prolonged it making you almost miss Black’s next question.

“ARE YOU OKAY?”

You were coming down now. Sans pulled out and quickly helped you rinse away his magic, leaving little tingling kisses on your skin as he went.

“better make my escape.” Sans murmured into your ear, kissed you, then blipped away with a whispered ‘love you’ and a wink.

You giggled and quickly shut off the shower. Teleportation did come in handy when one didn’t want to get caught. Still giddy from the impromptu sex, you grabbed a towel and started drying off.

Black knocked again. “PET? DID YOU HEAR ME?”

You forced a calm tone into your voice. “I’m fine!”

Apparently it wasn’t calm enough.

“ARE YOU SURE? MAY I COME IN?”

You bit your lip and toweled your hair. “Sure?”

The door opened enough for Black to slip in, his eye lights darted around before landing on you.

“See? I’m fine.” You smiled at him and continued to towel the moisture from your hair.

“INDEED.” Black flipped on the fan to help pull the moisture from the air. THAT WAS A LONG SHOWER PET, YOU USUALLY DON’T TAKE SO LONG.”

You hoped that your cheeks weren't as red as they felt. "Camping made me gross, there was a lot of dirt." You mumbled.

Black hummed and stepped forward. You jerked as his fingers slid up your inner thigh to your nether lips. "IT APPEARS THAT YOU DIDN'T GET ALL OF THE FILTH OFF OF YOU PET, WHATEVER DID YOU DO WITH ALL OF THAT TIME IN THE SHOWER?"

You glanced down to see the smudges of Sans's magic as it dripped out of you and down your legs. "Uh, listen-"

"IDIOT DIDN'T EVEN TAKE HIS CLOTHES WITH HIM." Black muttered as he took your towel from you and pushed you back into the shower. "IF HE WAS GOING TO HELP YOU CLEAN, THEN HE SHOULD HAVE ACTUALLY CLEANED YOU."

In no time at all Black had stripped and re-started the shower. "LET ME SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE PROPERLY." He growled and picked you up to settle your back against the wall and your legs over his pelvis.

The feeling of being filled again so soon made you gasp. Black grinned and pressed you into the wall, covering your mouth with his own to muffle your shared noises. He didn't take as long as Sans had, his deft fingers helping you along until you were shuddering against him. He kissed you hard and hilted to fill you with his own release.

Dismissing his magic, he set you down on wobbly legs. You were guided under the water and Black's fingers returned to your sore heat, rubbing and rinsing the now mixed violet and blue magic as it ran from your body. And if he coaxed another orgasm out of you, that was his business.

You remained in the shower with him as he washed himself as well. No one else interrupted as he helped you dry and sent you down the hall in your towel to get clean clothes on.

Black stopped his brother before he could close himself in his own room. "TAKE THESE TO CLASSIC, HE CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO JUST LEAVE HIS LAUNDRY AROUND."

Mutt raised a brow but took Sans's discarded clothes. "so 'e was 'n the shower with 'er?"

Black nodded then rolled his eyes at his brother's grin. "so 'ere you it seems. 'as this a tag team 're ya takin' sloppy seconds now?"

“THAT’S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! JUST TAKE HIM HIS CLOTHES!”

Mutt chuckled and slouched off down the hall.

*****

Dinner was a fend for yourself kind of night as everyone settled and cycled through the showers. You chose a bowl of cereal and retreated to the lounge in hopes of finding someone to watch something with.

Quinn was there, reading a book on one of the couches. She greeted you with a smile as you sat down and turned on the TV.

“Wanna watch something?” You asked and began flipping through the options.

Quinn hummed and marked her place in the book before setting it aside. “Sure.”

You settled on a true crime show and let it run.

“Did you have fun this weekend?” She asked, her tone quiet.

You nodded. A spoonful of apple jacks kept you from verbally answering. The show droned on for a few more minutes before she spoke up again.

“Do you do this often? Travel, I mean?”

You tucked your feet under you and set your empty cereal bowl aside. “Not until recently. I hadn’t really done any traveling until last winter. I guess I’m playing catch up.”

Your companion hummed to acknowledge your answer. You turned to her. “Do you travel a lot?”

Quinn nodded. “My papa did a lot of traveling with one of those daredevil shows. Mom and dad always found a way to get us out to wherever they set up so we could watch the jumps.”

“Wow.” You had never seen a live traveling show before.

“Yea.” Quinn grinned and glanced over at you. “Papa’s really good with motorcycles. He’s retired now, but he runs a little bike shop and helps the local bikers keep their rides running. Barely charges them anything, just likes to tinker.”

“He sounds really cool.” You said.

“He is.”

G wandered the house. Quinn had disappeared somewhere but he wasn’t too worried. She came a long way since he met her all those months ago and his constant supervision of her wasn’t required anymore. Didn’t stop him from worrying. This was a big house, sure the residents were home now making it feel not so hollow, but Q was socially anxious at best and with so many new faces around he felt like he should stay nearby.

He rapped his knuckles against a bookshelf in the library as he checked to see if she had sequestered herself away somewhere in here. “q?” He called out. “q. t. ya in here?”

With no response, he turned and headed for the door. He couldn’t help but glance upward. His single eye light searching for the worst before reprimanding himself and leaving the library. She wasn’t like that anymore.

He headed for the kitchen next but paused at the sounds of raised voices coming from the lounge, both he recognized. A jolt of panic set in only to die down at the raised voices turning to laughter. More quickly than he cared to admit, G strode over to the lounge door and peeked inside.

Quinn was indeed in the lounge. His shoulders relaxed at the grin on her face as she gestured at the TV with a fist full of popcorn. You were there too. Laughing and talking about whatever it was that the two of you were watching. He knew bringing Quinn along this time was a good idea, it was a good thing for her to interact with someone that wasn’t him or her old biker grandpa. The guy was great, but her social circle was abysmally small.

“‘s not nice ta eavesdrop.”

G spun around to find Red standing behind him, a sandwich in his hand. With a sigh he turned to peek once more into the lounge. “just making sure she’s okay.”

“which one?” Red didn’t sound angry, just curious. A huge upgrade from the last time the two of them had spent any time together.

“quinn.” G turned back to Red. “she doesn’t get to hang out with

another girl often.”

“she dangerous?”

G shook his head. “she’s recovering.”

Red didn’t press, instead he jerked his head to the side and led G out the back door. Without a word, he handed him a cigarette and settled on a deck chair. The evening was cold but G didn’t mind too much. Riding a bike in this weather was colder.

He lit up the smoke and leaned against the side of the house. Red alternated between smoking and eating his sandwich. Both of them had almost finished their stick before Red spoke up.

“i know doll’s gonna wanna ride ‘ith ya again ‘fore ya go. stay ‘n town this time kay?”

“for the ride or forever?” G laughed.

Red stubbed out his cigarette and stood, “ya know what i mean, i don’t wan’ another call ‘bout ‘er needin’ a ‘ospital.”

G nodded, “wasn’t planning on seeing her hurt again.”

With a nod, Red headed back inside. G took one last drag before stubbing his own cigarette out in a nearby ashtray and followed the other skeleton’s lead. He had practiced arguing with you in his head to dissuade you from going on another ride, he was gun shy about you crashing for a second time while out with him. But deep down he knew that it was a moot point. He would ride out with you if you asked, and Quinn would follow if he went.

“so little boy blue owns this one?” G eyed the gleaming motorcycle parked next to yours in the garage. You nodded and Blue rolled his eye lights at the name.

You had indeed found him the next morning, wanting to know if he would take a non-injury inducing ride with you. Of course he said yes and went to get himself and Quinn ride-ready. He wasn’t anticipating another rider to join though. He had seen the sleek royal blue bike over the weekend but he didn’t know that the little bubblegum version of half of him owned it.

You and Blue chatted as you mounted your individual bikes and

settled for the ride. You did turn and smile at Quinn when she hopped onto the back of his bike.

“Coming with?” You asked.

Quinn nodded and made sure her helmet was secure. You grinned and fired up your bike. G was rather proud of the sound. He had chopped your pipes to get that purr just right, who knew that a few inches of metal could change the sound so much.

You rolled out onto the driveway and he followed after Blue. The four of you headed out into the neighborhood and fell into formation for the ride into town. You had apparently also been told to keep it close to home this time as you led everyone into the city. It wasn’t the fast and free riding of the open road, but it was much closer to help if it was needed.

It wasn’t needed.

You found a shop and parked, Blue and G pulled in next to you and got off. “where are we?” He asked as he stowed his helmet.

“New Again.” You pointed at the sign hanging over the door. “Jack works here, he does repairs on old furniture and stuff. Thought we’d do a little sightseeing with you and Quinn in town.”

Blue was already at the door, you followed and he opened it for you. G let Quinn follow you in and trailed after. What appeared to be a quaint little antique shop on the outside was actually a quaint large antique shop on the inside.

You made a beeline for the back of the shop. Blue went with you, chatting the whole way. G glanced at Quinn who was eyeing a shelf full of old books. She didn’t leave his side though so he leaned over to whisper to her.

“good?”

“Five.” Quinn whispered back.

G nodded and conjured up a hollow hand. Quinn took it and moved away. He watched her for a minute as she worried at the magical hand but didn’t seem to need another. With one last look, he went to see where you and Blue had disappeared off to.

He found you perched on an old chair, Blue and your human friend

Jack were squatting around a different chair, deep in conversation. You turned and smiled at G, waving him over.

“Where’s Quinn?” You asked.

G waved in her general direction. “looking at stuff, she’ll come around eventually.”

You nodded and turned back to watch Jack show Blue how to measure out the length and size of the leg that needed replacing. “I like her.” You said.

G grinned and leaned on the back of your chair. “i do too.”

You didn’t say anymore, so he didn’t either. Blue and Jack moved away to grind the replacement leg into shape and you stood. With a smile, you headed off to wander around the store, leaving Blue to work with Jack.

While mildly entertaining to watch, G wasn’t entirely interested in watching the chair get its new leg attached. He also turned away and headed for the door. He wanted to get a smoke in before everyone decided to get back on the bikes. Quinn noticed his exit and followed him out. She smiled and took the offered cigarette in the hand not still holding his conjured one.

“It’s nice here.” She said lighting up. “I can see why you had a hard time leaving.”

G didn’t say anything, only took a long drag.

“She’s nice too.” Quinn continued, exhaling smoke. “Makes me wonder why you left at all.”

“internal problems q. i’m not quite the monster she can bond with.” G said as he watched the smoke drift from the end of his cigarette.

Quinn hummed “Because of your soul stuff?”

“yea.”

“Gotcha.”

“i know.”

Quinn laughed, “Here I don’t need this anymore, I wanna go back in and look at some more things.” She held up the magical hand. G

dismissed it and continued to smoke. Quinn stubbed out her half-finished cigarette and went back into the shop.

They spent another good ten minutes browsing and checking on the status of the damaged chair. Jack was still filing and shaping it so it would fit exactly like the old one did. The process was going to take a while and you eventually said goodbye and herded everyone out to the bikes.

“Let’s go somewhere for lunch then we can ride over to the monster district.” You said before putting your helmet on.

“lead the way.” G replied as he settled on his bike.

The rest of the day went smoothly. Everyone enjoyed a lunch at Buns ‘n Bites then rode over to the monster district for some window shopping.

G was proud of Quinn for stepping out of her bubble. She generally didn’t talk to people if she didn’t already know them. It was a nightmare just getting her to get groceries some days as she was so anxious about talking to the cashier. It did help that Quinn had hung out with you the night before, and that Blue was so talkative that she didn’t really have to participate in the conversation that much.

All in all, the day was peaceful and hospital free. That evening, Quinn politely turned down Blue’s offer of helping him with dinner and she retreated to their little guest room to get in some alone time before food.

You were tired. Happy, but tired. The day had been fun, you got to hang out with G, Quinn, and Blue. And you had gotten a chance to see Jack. It always felt like the times you got to see the twins kept getting fewer and further between. You peeked at the calendar in the kitchen as Blue bustled around, grabbing things for dinner.

Blaire would be coming out in two weeks for a visit, and not just to visit you. April was when your grandpa had died and she had always come with you to his grave to catch him up on the comings and goings of your lives. Jack and Hayden had joined in the past two years and Sans and Papyrus had been only once.

Almost exactly a month later and it would be a year since the other monster universes came crashing into yours and you discovered that you had eight monster mates. What had happened to this year? It felt

like it had flown by but also crawled as well.

“MAIDEN? ARE YOU OKAY?” Blue had noticed you staring at the calendar.

You smiled and went to help him at the stove. “Yea.” You said. “Just thinking.”

“WELL I GUESS YOU DO HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR THE FACT THAT MY BROTHER AND A FEW OF THE OTHERS UNDER THIS ROOF DON’T DO ENOUGH OF THAT.” Blue grinned and handed you some veggies to cut up.

“strong words boy blue.” Red had wandered in. “wha’s fer dinner?”

Blue rolled his eye lights and brandished his stirring spoon at him. “SAYS CULPRIT NUMBER ONE IN THE I-DON’T-THINK-MY-WORDS-OR-ACTIONS-THROUGH GANG.”

Red only laughed and settled at the breakfast bar. “‘m in a gang? nice.”

You laughed. Blue shook his head but he was smiling.

“OH BE HELPFUL RED, GO SET THE TABLE.”

“wha’ do i get ‘f i do?”

“YOU GET DINNER.”

“aww, ya wouldn’ let me starve would ya?”

“DON’T TEMPT ME.”

“doll, baby blue’s threatnin’ me.”

You laughed and concentrated on your veggies. “Don’t drag me into this, you guys gotta figure it out on your own.”

Red gasped. “doll! ya’d let me starve?”

Blue had moved away from the stove to grab a stack of plates. “TABLE. SET IT RED.” He set the stack next to Red who poked at him. Blue slapped his hand away with a laugh and pointed at the plates again.

Red grumbled but got up. “gotta lot ‘n my *plate* already blue, can’t we

table this fer later when i don' 'ave ta-"

"STARS YOU'RE WORSE THAN MY BROTHER, GO, SET, TABLE, NOW." Blue and Red squabbled in quiet tones back and forth for a minute longer, though both complained about each other, their words didn't have any bite to them and there were grins on both sides. Red eventually left with the plates to presumably set the table and Blue returned to the stove.

"You guys seem to be getting along." You commented.

Blue snorted and took your diced vegetables. "OF COURSE WE ARE! EVERYONE GETS ALONG WITH ME!" He took a step closer to you and lowered his voice. "You Didn't Hear This From Me, But He's A Big Softie On The Inside."

"I won't say a word." You ginned. You had finished chopping and went to find Red in the dining room with a handful of silverware to set out. You stopped before you passed through the doorway.

Edge was with his brother. Half of the plates had been set out. The other half were still in a stack on the corner of the table. Edge had Red in a tight hug, his mouth was moving but you couldn't hear the words. Red was clinging to Edge's shirt and when the two pulled away from each other, there were little smudges of red around the corners of his sockets.

Edge straightened his shirt and gave Red a curt pat on the head before leaving the dining room. Red watched him go then went back to setting out plates. There was a grin on his face that you didn't want to chase away so you left him to it and returned to Blue's side.

"I think Red's secret softness is not so secret." You said.

"HMM?" Blue glanced around at you.

You grinned down at Blue then reached for his wooden spoon. "We're all doing just fine here aren't we?"

Blue let you have the spoon in favor of leaning up to give you a kiss. When he pulled away he grinned.

"YES WE ARE."

Chapter End Notes

Woooo! Okay, I'mma go crash now. I'll try to be a bit more active this week too.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Can We Pretend?

Chapter Notes

> Ah ha! I updated late, but I still did it! Things are calming a little but nothing is totally settled.
>
> I didn't quite finish editing this chapter but it's passable, we'll see what y'all think. Good-evening and Good-morrow!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You bounced your foot as you waited in the terminal with Papyrus. Blaire was flying home for the week and you were here to pick her up. People began to trickle out and you stood up. This should be her flight. Papyrus stayed sitting, his nose in a book.

Spouses greeted each other and kids ran to hug family members as they got off of the plane. An unexpected twinge hit your chest and you sighed. Human style marriage probably wasn't in the cards for you. The laws were already unkind to human poly relationships, and marriage between monsters and humans was a hot topic for debate still. So a poly monster and human marriage was out of the question. You had your bonds, that should be enough.

"Dearest?" Papyrus had stood. "You look sad, is this not Blaire's flight?"

You glanced at the huge screen displaying incoming and outgoing flights. "No, this is it." You replied. "Just people watching."

Papyrus looked around at the friends and family greeting each other after being apart. "She will be just as happy to see you as these people are to see their loved ones." He said.

You took a deep breath. He meant well. "I know."

"Good, because I see her coming this way." Papyrus's height advantage let him see over the heads of most of the crowd.

You turned to follow his gaze and sure enough, Blaire was coming down the way. "Blaire!" You shouted and waved. Papyrus also waved. Your friend caught sight of you and smiled as she hustled over.

"Hey trouble, I've missed you!" She crowed and gathered you in for a

tight hug.

“Missed you too B.” You squeezed her back. You giggled as Papyrus settled his arms around both of you. Eventually drawing away, the three of you headed to the baggage claim then to Papyrus’s car for the ride home.

Since you had discovered the state of the guest room the first time G had come to watch the house, you had gotten a few of your mates to help you actually clean it out and make it livable for a guest. Blaire settled her things in then joined you in your room to catch up.

“So we ended up just sitting in the quad in our pajamas for five hours because no one wanted to admit that they had forgotten the key to our dorm.” Blaire was saying. “I missed calc, and Dorian missed business law but we got free coffees from the cafe we were hanging out next to.”

You laughed. “Damn, sometimes I miss college.”

“Isn’t Papyrus going to school?” Blaire asked.

“Yea, but he’s so focused on his classes that the college kid shenanigans just pass him by.”

“Sucks for him, college is where you’re supposed to get your weird out.”

You shrugged. “I can’t imagine a bunch of law school kids being weird in the first place.”

Blaire made a face. “You’ve obviously never hung out with a group of law majors, there’s this girl down the hall from me, who just paces the halls, arguing with herself as if she’s both the defendant *and* the prosecutor.”

You nodded as she continued to talk.

“Gods forbid you approach this girl, she’ll drag you into the scene and you can’t escape, you’re just a part of her imaginary court drama until some sort of verdict is reached.”

“Wow.” You giggled. “I guess that’s one way to wrap your head around laws.”

“Mmhm.” Blaire grinned and relaxed back onto your bed. “Anyway,

what's been happening with you? We haven't really talked since new year."

A twinge of guilt pinched your chest, you had been getting bad about reaching out to Blaire. You had been so worried about her not wanting to talk to you when she first left, and here you were, not staying in touch.

"Sorry love, it's been busy."

Blaire waved away your apology. "Well catch me up now."

You filled her in as best you could, not sure what all you had shared with her and what Papyrus had told her. They texted occasionally so she at least knew some of what was going on through the lens of your tall mate. You did leave out the visit from Ink and Error. Blaire wasn't privy to the whole multiple universes thing.

"What even is your life." Blaire laughed when you finished talking. "I wish I had a gaggle of monster mates to make my world interesting."

"It's definitely an experience."

Blaire opened her mouth to say something but closed it at the knock on your door.

"Who's there?" You called.

"girl." Came Red's voice.

"Girl who?"

"girl time's up, 'm 'ere ta crash the party."

You glanced at Blaire who shrugged. "Come in then!" You said.

Red opened the door and trooped in, his guitar in his other hand. "'f ya need more girl time 'm sure i could muster up a pair a tits ta make ya feel better 'bout me bein' in 'ere." He grinned and shot you a wink.

Blaire's eyes widened. "You can do that?"

Red shrugged. "sure."

You grinned and slid off of your bed to retrieve your own guitar. "Mutt said something about you guys being able to make whatever parts as well." Returning to the bed you pat at a free space to invite

Red to join. “He didn’t show me though. I’m curious.”

Red settled cross legged onto your bed across from you. Blaire hopped off to find one of your music folders. “ya wanna see my fem bod?”

You grinned and nodded. Red’s eyes darted to your friend. “she gonna care?”

“I was going to run away to chase UFOs forever with this one if you guys hadn’t shown up.” Blaire said as she bundled some papers and your music binder to her chest. “Boobs don’t bother me.”

Red rolled his eye lights then the smokey scent of his magic wafted through the air. You squealed and set your guitar aside to lean towards your mate. “Holy shit Red, those are nice.”

Your mate’s face was slowly turning a pretty shade of ruby red. Blaire came back over to settle on the bed with both of you. “I’m looking respectfully.” She said.

That made Red snort and the tension faded. You leaned back up and shot your mate a wink. “Whatcha got under there? D’s?”

Red shrugged and re-settled his guitar. “dunno ‘ow ya humans size yer tits, i got enough though.”

“We’re measuring.” Blaire said and jumped off the bed again to find something to measure with.

“what?” Red shot a look at you then your friend.

You giggled and motioned him off of the bed, you followed suit. “Welcome to girl time Red, can I touch your boobs?”

Red’s face mimicked his name again. “fuck, *this* is what ya do ‘n girl time? shit i shoulda pulled the girls out ferever ago.”

Blaire laughed and handed you a fabric measuring tape. “This isn’t normally our thing Red, you’re just new and your girl here is curious, arms up now.”

Red obediently raised his arms so you could wrap the tape around him. You dropped it a second later and gestured at his coat. “You’re going to need to take your coat off for good measurements.”

“Have him take the sweater off too.” Blaire chimed in. “I’d say take it all off, but I’m here and he doesn’t belong to me.”

You raised your brows at Red. “You comfortable with this?”

Red let out a bark of laughter then quickly shed his coat and sweater, the t-shirt underneath fit tightly to the magic protruding from his chest. Putting a hand on one hip, he shot you a grin. “play away darlin’, ya should know i ain’t got no shame by now.”

You laughed and re-wrapped the tape around him, reading off the measurements to Blaire. You heard another knock on your door frame, Red hadn’t closed the door behind him.

“we ready for..? oh… didn’t know this was a thing.”

You glanced around Red’s frame at both Stretch and Mutt standing in your doorway. Stretch had a brow bone raised and Mutt looked about ready to explode with laughter.

“‘s still girl time.” Red called over his shoulder as you read off the last measurement and rolled up your measuring tape. “tit up ‘er yer gonna ‘ave ta wait outside.”

“It’s fine Red,” You said and poked at one of his boobs. “I think we’re ready for music.”

Red shrugged and dismissed his magic. “‘s long as ya enjoyed ‘em doll.”

“Indeed I did.” You laughed and went to see what Blaire had calculated him out to be. “Rockin’ some 42D’s there Red, nice.”

Red raised a brow. “there’re letters an’ numbers ‘n yer sizin’? ya humans an’ yer way a doin’ things ‘s just weird.”

“any more than a handful’s a waste.” Stretch said. He had settled into your desk chair.

Red snorted and clamored back onto your bed where Mutt was already lounging. “yer jus’ sayin’ that cuz ya got small tits ashtray.”

Stretch frowned. “i’ve never summoned my female body around you red, you wouldn’t know.”

“don’ ‘ave ta, everythin’ ‘bout ya screams tiny titties.”

"nothin' wrong with li'le tits red." Mutt chimed in.

"like ya'd know." Red elbowed him prompting Mutt to sit up. He

gestured at his chest and both you and Blaire laughed as his shirt stretched out around his own breasts.

"double d's red." Mutt winked at him then dismissed them to flop back down onto your mattress. "anyhoo, i thought we 'ere gonna jam."

"We are, I just… wow, didn't expect any of this today." You laughed. Blaire nodded as she laughed into her hand.

"You're a lucky girl." She whispered to you before moving to shoo Mutt and Red over so she could sit down next to you music stuff.

It took you a minute to stop giggling enough to actually focus on music. Blaire pulled out a few pieces that you had been working on before she had left. The boys skimmed through them, then your little group settled into a comfortable argument over how to round them out.

“Wanna try that song for your grandpa?” Blaire held up a paper-clipped together packet of papers from your binder.

You pursed your lips together. “Not right now B, let’s try to get through Pretend first or something.”

Blaire nodded and set the pages aside to hunt through the binder for the mentioned song. Red picked up the discarded song and looked through it.

“this isn’ a song doll, i’s jus’ notes.”

You nodded, “I wanted to write something for Grandpa, but I could never get anything together for it.” You gestured at the pages. “Just some ideas but nothing sounds right.”

Red hummed and handed the papers off to Mutt when he reached for them. Blaire found the song you had mentioned before. “We’re going to need Papyrus for this one.” She said and handed you the pages.

You hummed and slid off of the bed to hand your guitar to Stretch who was still sitting in your desk chair. “I think I can fill in for him, he’s in class right now.” Dragging your keyboard closer, you turned it on and reacquainted yourself with your set up. “Okay, this one goes a bit like this?” You settled on the settings and started playing.

I remember conversations

We were dancing up on tables

Taking pictures when we had nowhere to post

You were laughin', I was cryin'

We were dancin', we were dyin'

Sometimes I don't know how we walked away

If I'm honest, what I liked

Were the things we didn't know

Every morning, every night

I'd be beating down your door

Just to tell you what I'm thinking

But you already know

Screw this, I don't wanna let it go

You frowned and paused playing to pencil in a few keys on the page. “Okay so the next part has a bunch of things that we were wanting to pretend.”

Stretch nodded and picked at your guitar mimicking the tune you had played on the keyboard. Mutt’s head was cocked to the side and he was staring at the ceiling as he listened to you. Blaire and Red were watching you as you fiddled with the tune.

“how do you imagine the chorus going?” Stretch leaned forward to peek around at your song pages.

You hummed, “Something like this? I never settled on anything and that’s why the song got shelved.” You pressed a few keys and muddled through what you had written for the chorus.

So can we pretend that I'm 22 today?

Dancin' on the tables with you, oh yeah

Can we pretend that we all end up okay?

You paused again and Blaire spoke up. “I remember we were trying to find weird things to pretend to like or do.”

“Yea.” You pointed to some notes off to the side. “We wanted to use ‘do you like my fake-ass shoes’ or something like that somewhere.”

Red snorted and joined Stretch’s tune that he was playing as he stared at your song page. “why’dya need the vanilla bean fer this again?” He asked.

You listened to their playing for a minute. “I was kinda thinking of putting a technoish keyboard solo in somewhere, probably after the first chorus.”

Red nodded and kept playing. Mutt vanished from the bed just to reappear with his bass in hand. The three kept playing, pausing every once in a while to argue out a section or to restart when they really liked a part. You and Blaire joined in and got some more of the song written.

In the end, you put it away again. Something in you wasn’t quite ready to finish one of your own songs. The boys left their instruments strewn around as they left to go get some snacks. You followed them out, leaving Blaire to shuffle through some of your other songs. A bathroom break was what you needed.

Your door was mostly shut when you got back from the bathroom. You shouldered it open thinking the guys had gotten back with snacks before you.

Your heart dropped into your stomach and you sucked in a panicked breath. Error stood by your window staring at your friend, Blaire was sitting in your desk chair smiling at him, she looked around in surprise when your door slammed shut.

Before you could shout for help, Error was in front of you shushing and glaring you down. “k33p y0u2 m0u7h 5hu7 p1x31.” He grumbled and made a ‘call me’ gesture before pointing at you.

Blaire stood from where she was sitting, concern on her face as she walked toward you and Error. You shot the glitchy skeleton a fearful look before edging by him to rush over to your friend before she could get closer.

“Are you okay?” You gasped and pulled your friend forward, checking over her for any sign that Error had done anything.

“Yea I’m fine, are *you* okay? You look like he’s killed someone and is now after you.”

You grimaced and pulled yourself and Blaire to the other side of the room. Error hadn’t moved from where he stood by the door. He had an expression of annoyance on his face but his stance was slouched.

“ph0n3.” He finally said when you had put as much distance between yourself, and him as possible.

You blinked at the garbled almost-word then realized he was waiting for the translation app on your phone to hear him. Not taking your eyes off of him, you grabbed your phone from where you had left it on your keyboard and opened the app.

The socket with the blue and yellow rings in it twitched as you stared at him with weary eyes. He hadn’t attacked you yet, and he hadn’t seemed to have harmed Blaire. You didn’t know how long the two of them had been alone together before you got back but it couldn’t have been long considering you didn’t take that long in the bathroom. The fact that Blaire had appeared confused at your fear of him only fueled your weariness.

“Error.” You acknowledged him.

He rolled his eye lights. “1’m ju57 h323 70 137 y0u kn0w 7h47 y0u2 117713 un1v3253 p20813m 15 501v3d.”

You and Blaire watched his words translate into the app.

<**Translation.E11**> (i’m just here to let you know that your little universe problem is solved.)

“Universe problem?” Blaire looked over at you.

“They’re gone?” You asked, your voice shook at the thought of three whole universes just being erased like it was nothing.

Error shrugged. “d0n’7 4c7u411y kn0w. 1nk m19h7 h4v3 501v3d 7h3 155u3 f02 y0u un1n73n710n411y.”

<**Translation.E12**> (don’t actually know. ink might have solved the issue for you unintentionally.)

You frowned at the words as they popped up on your screen. “O...kay? I- I don’t really know what that means.”

Error frowned and his eye lights searched your room for nothing in particular. He sighed in frustration and curled and uncurled his fists. “1nk h454... 4n 4nn0y1n9 w4y 0f f0293771n9 7h1n95. c0n574n71y.”

<**Translation.E13**> (ink has… an annoying way of forgetting things. constantly.)

You blinked at the words as they translated over to you. You stayed silent so Error continued.

“1n h15 p4n1c 70 k33p m3 f20m 93771n9 21d 0f 7h3m, h3 d20pp3d 7h3 d0025 70 7h053 un1v32535 1n70 50m3 24nd0m p0ck37 0f 7h3 wh173 v01d 4nd n0w n317h32 0f u5 c4n f1nd 7h3m.”

<**Translation.E14**> (in his panic to keep me from getting rid of them, he dropped the doors to those universes into some random pocket of the white void and now neither of us can find them.)

You stared at the words on your phone screen. “White void?” His explanations were bringing up more questions than answering them.

Error waved away your question, irritation in his motions. “17 d035n’7 m47732, w3 c4n’7 f1nd 7h3m, 7h3y’23 p208481y 0k4y wh323v32 7h3y 423, 4nd 1nk’5 90nn4 f02937 h3 1057 7h3m, ju57 83 h4ppy w17h 7h47.”

<**Translation.E15**> (it doesn’t matter, we can’t find them, they’re probably okay wherever they are, and ink’s gonna forget he lost them, just be happy with that.)

“But,” You glanced between your phone and the dark skeleton. “What if he comes here again and sees them? Won’t he try to take them again?”

Error rolled his eyes again. “74k3 7h3m wh323 p1x31? w3 c4n 724v31 4nywh323 45 10n9 45 w3 kn0w wh323 w3’23 901n9. w3 d0n’7 fuck1n9 kn0w wh323 7h312 57up1d un1v32535 423 4nym023 50 h0w 7h3 fuck d0 y0u 7h1nk h3 c0u1d 937 7h3m 7h323?”

<**Translation.E16**> (take them where pixel? we can travel anywhere as long as we know where we’re going. we don’t fucking know where their stupid universes are anymore so how the fuck do you think he could get them there?)

You stepped back at the exasperation in his tone. He noticed your withdrawal and shook his head with a growl. When he spoke again he sounded much calmer. “1 ju57 7h0u9h7 y0u w0u1d w4n7 70 kn0w, 1nk 5u23 45 h311 w0u1dn4’7 23m3m832 70 upd473 y0u 504... 7h323.” He shoved his hands into his pockets and glowered at the floor.

<**Translation.E17**> (i just thought you would want to know, ink sure as hell wouldn’t remember to update you so… there.)

You watched him, waiting for the other shoe to drop and for him to attack or mark you again. Blaire shuffled behind you bringing your awareness back to the entire room and not just of Error.

“I don’t know what is happening but uh, thanks for the uh update? Strange, skeleton... man?”

Error’s eyes landed on your friend, the glitching lights narrowing at her words. His stare turned to you after a moment. “y0u c0113c71n9 hum4n5 n0w 700?”

<**Translation.E18**> (you collecting humans now too?)

You couldn’t help but snort at the casual question, normal conversation with him was something you didn’t ever see happening before. Communicating without the threats or being strung up was new and oddly delightful.

“No, she’s my best friend.” You chanced a smile.

“I’m just visiting.” Blaire chimed in.

Error grunted and the room went silent again. The tension in your shoulders was slowly relaxing. The skeleton before you seemed like he was done with the conversation but wasn’t quite ready to go. He shuffled on his feet and kept glancing around your room and at the scattered instruments.

You took a deep breath “Thank you Error, I uh, appreciate you letting me know, and… for helping keep them here.”

Error’s eye lights landed on you and he shrugged, hunching further into his jacket. “w311 y0u w32n4’7 90nn4 d0 4ny7h1n9 480u7 17.”

<**Translation.E19**> (well you wern’t gonna do anything about it.)

“Still.” You said. “It’s nice to know that I don’t have to worry abou-”

All of you jumped when the door opened again and Red, Stretch, and Mutt all came back in, arms full of snacks and drinks and chatting. Error had stepped away when the door opened so they didn’t notice him at first. Mutt was the first to see him. His shout and the presence of his bow with an arrow already knocked alerted the others. Snacks tumbled to the floor as he swung his weapon around.

“Wait!” You squeaked out but Error had already vanished. A small string dummy took the arrow Mutt fired at him, pinning it to the wall. Red had made it to you and Blaire but you pulled away before he could teleport and made a move to intercept Mutt. “Stop! He’s not here to take you guys!”

Stretch caught you before you could make it over to Mutt who had another arrow knocked and was searching the room with his eyes, a low growl rumbling in his chest.

“hold up honey, how do you know that?” Stretch asked. He didn’t let you go but he didn’t teleport away with you either.

You waved your phone in front of him, the translation app was still open. Stretch stilled your hand and scanned over what Error had said to you and Blaire. “white void?” He said. “that’s a thing?”

“I guess.” You said. “Mutt, put that away, he didn’t hurt us.” You tried to go for Mutt again, but Stretch’s hold was too strong for you to break out of.

Stretch looked around at your tense mates. “says that our universes were lost in something called the white void? and… that they’re probably okay but he doesn’t know.”

“an’ we care ‘bout that why?” Red growled, he still had one of Blaire’s arms in his grip and his eye lights were darting around the room as he spoke.

Stretch shrugged and you felt his grip loosen. Pulling away, you made it over to Mutt and grabbed his arm. Mutt jerked out of your hands and rounded on you with a snarl. Stretch snatched you up and pulled you backwards.

“dude, chill out. i don’t think he’s here anymore.” Stretch growled at Mutt who had returned to searching the room.

Red eased away from Blaire to distract your tall mate. “weapon down mutt, threat’s gone.”

Mutt growled again, though this time it was less aggressive and more sullen. The bow faded from his hands and the doll fell from the wall when his arrow disappeared. Red waved him toward your door. “go walk it off mutt, we’ll be ‘ere when ya get back.”

The two fell monsters stared at each other in a silent argument. One Red apparently won because Mutt grumbled and teleported away. Stretch had moved you back over to Blaire and was silently checking over you. Red joined your little party.

“ya good?” He asked.

You nodded but let Stretch continue his search for injury. Finding nothing wrong, he let his hands fall to his sides.

Blaire had stayed silent through the exchange but spoke up when the tension seemed to have died down. “Did I miss something important?”

You chewed your lip. You had left out the whole universe ordeal while catching her up on your life. It seemed like Sans and the others were not in the business to share the fact that the different clans that escaped the mountain were the same set of monsters from the first evacuation just sucked in from entirely different universes. Guilt ate at you for not sharing but you weren’t sure about what you could disclose.

“B, I-”

“error and his friend came by a while ago, stirred up some trouble.” Stretch said. At Blaire’s stare, he glanced at Red who nodded for him to continue. “see, uh… you know papyrus and sans right?”

“Yeeeaaaa?” Blaire gave him an odd look.

“uh, well.” Stretch scratched the back of his skull before extending his hand to your friend. “hi, i’m papyrus… too, uh, as well.”

Blaire glanced at you then back to Stretch. “You… you and Papyrus have the same name?”

“yes, because we are the same monster.” Stretch gestured vaguely with his outstretched hand. “sort of, i mean, magical genetic code yes, actual monster no.”

Red shook his head and pushed Stretch back so he could step in front of Blaire. “stars yer bad at explainin’ things.” He looked down at Blaire then pointed at himself. “i’m sans, jus’ from a differen’ universe. so’s stretch. we got pulled ‘ere and tha’s why we all came outta the mountain in specific ‘clans’.” He made air quotes around clans. “our clan ‘s jus’ a copy a the firs’ group’s monsters, we jus’ lived un’er differen’ circumstances. so,” he gestured at himself. “differen’ monster.”

Blaire squinted at your mates. “Different universes.”

“yes.” Stretch said.

“But you’re… Sans and Papyrus?” She pointed at each of them in turn.

“yea.” Red narrowed his sockets as if gauging if her confused reaction was positive or not.

Your friend had her face scrunched as she processed the information. “So you’re… aliens? Monster, aliens from another universe?”

Stretch sighed. “um, kinda? not really? but also sort of yes?”

Red rolled his eye lights. “we’re not aliens ashtray, get yer ‘ead outta the stars.” He turned back to Blaire, ignoring Stretch as he grumbled ‘well i think we could classify as aliens’.

“look, believe us ‘re not, we’re not from around ‘ere. jus’ know tha’ we’re sans and papyrus. jus’ differen’.”

“And the black skelton?” Blaire asked.

Stretch shrugged. “not too sure about him. he’s with another guy that comes and goes. once tried to take us back to our different universes, they’re still out there, just minus the monster population.”

“hence the reaction we ‘ad.” Red chimed in. “our las’ encounter wasn’ great.”

“Huh.” Blaire blinked at both Red and Stretch then after a long pause, turned to you. “You’re dating different versions of the same two guys?”

You nodded. “Essentially yea.”

“That’s not fair.” She said in a rush.

You blinked in surprise and looked to your mates who appeared equally confused.

Blaire gestured at your mates. “You get to experience your boy friends in all of the ways they could be. You’re not stuck with the quirks of one type.” Blaire grinned and grabbed your hands. “You get everything! I’m so jealous!”

“ *that’s* your take away?” Stretch muttered. He shook his head and chuckled before finding your desk chair and sitting down. “to each their own i guess.”

Red also laughed and moved away from you. “fuck doll, why *didn’* ya run away ‘ith this one?” He retreated to make a circuit around your room, searching for any signs of Error.

You giggled and slipped away from your friend’s side to go pick up the string doll Error had left behind. The vibrant blue strings made it easy to find and you turned it over in your hands. It appeared to be a little dummy version of Error. Hole in the chest from Mutt’s arrow aside, it was well made. The threads sat tightly together showing changes in the pattern of the weave to depict details on the face and clothes.

A little piece of paper was tucked into one of the sleeves and you tugged it out and unfolded it. Error’s hurried handwriting was clear on the small page.

keep your head down, our interests lined up enough this time around for me to help you. but if one of your misplaced boys starts to glitch out from being in another universe, i gotta get rid of them. i’ll be around to make sure.

also, finish a fuckin song pixel, it ain’t gonna hurt ya to put it on the page. stars you humans are annoying!

You blinked at the message and flipped the paper over to see if there was anything else. There was nothing. Folding it back up and tucking it back into the doll’s shirt, you turned to find Blaire huddled in close to Stretch and Red as they whispered to her. She caught you looking and waved. Your mates both immediately stopped talking and broke away to find their instruments.

“Everything okay?” You asked.

Blaire nodded and flicked through a few songs. “Let’s work on this one next.” She held out the cobbled together stack of papers from your

song for your Grandpa.

You glanced at your mates then at Blaire. “We’re bouncing back to songs? After what just happened?”

Blaire waved the pages at you again. “I had thought he was another one of your guys I hadn’t met yet at first so, yea, let’s get back to music.”

Red and Stretch both shrugged.

“‘e’s gone.” Red said.

“we’re on the alert now but neither of you were hurt while he was here.” Stretch added.

You sighed and let your attention settle on the pages in Blaire’s hand. “Why do you want to work on that one so bad?”

Your mates stayed quiet and chose to tune their guitars while Blaire spoke. “We’re going to visit in a few days, I think this would be the perfect year to have it ready is all.”

You took a deep breath and let it out as slowly as you could, shaking the last of the surprise from Error out of your system and bracing yourself for the task ahead. “Fine.” You took the pages from her and shuffled through them. Setting the string doll aside, you took the guitar from Stretch and sat on his lap. He rested his chin on your shoulder and took the pages from you so you could play around with chords.

“I don’t even know how to start this.” You muttered.

“That’s what we’re here for. “Blaire said.

“‘s fer yer gramps right?” Red asked. “got any stories?”

“Plenty.” You replied.

“start ‘ith that then.” Red watched your fingers as they fiddled with the strings.

You huffed and glanced over the notes in Stretch’s hands that you had written over the years to memorialize your grandfather. “Been trying that, not super easy.”

Stretch bumped his skull into yours. “what kind of story do you want

to tell to him? what do you believe would be best?”

Your fingers stilled and you stared at the pages in front of you. “I guess I would want to ask him some things.”

Blaire smiled and pulled out a blank song page. “What would you want to ask?”

The room was silent as you thought. Mutt opened the door and paused at the quiet. “we good ‘n ‘ere?” He asked. He still looked around wearily but he seemed to be out of whatever head space he was in before.

Red glanced at him. ‘jus’ startin’ a song, *you* good attack dog?”

Mutt nodded and strolled over to your group, he poked absently at some keys on your abandoned keyboard and you looked around as he moved off to your bed to reclaim his bass.

“I liked that.” You said and wriggled your way out of Stretch’s lap. He took the guitar back when you thrust it at him so you had your hands free to copy the notes Mutt had made when he passed.

Everyone watched you repeat it and smile. “Yea, I like that a lot.”

Chapter End Notes

> Okay, I dumped a lot of pieces here, do what you will with them :)
>
> A few Error translations not caught by the app.
> ~keep your mouth shut pixel.
> ~ phone.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

The Mending of Human Hearts

Chapter Notes

> I posted on time! yay! Okay, get your tissues and cozy blankets friends because I have lots of feels for you today, happy feels, warm feels, maaaybe a sad feel or two but mostly happy feels. Let's a goooo!
>
> Music in this chapter:
> Dad's Song - Set It Off

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rising sun rays shone through the kitchen window as you stared through it. A few days had passed since Error had dropped in and there had been no other contact. You had stashed the little doll he had left in your closet, unsure of what else you could do with it. Blaire had stayed with you in your room that night, helping smooth out words in the song that had flowed onto the page that afternoon.

The next day and the day after brought a sudden withdrawal of your mates and your friend. You would be hanging out with Blaire one minute, then a skeleton would come steal her away. They would always bring her back, but the frequency of them pulling her away without explanation was odd. You had also stumbled upon your friend whispering quietly with one or more of your mates only to quiet and disperse when you entered the room.

They would still greet and talk to you if you were in the room with them, but the amount of time they usually tried to occupy during your day had diminished. Blaire accompanied you to work with one of your mates each night to chat with you and them until closing.

Finishing your coffee, you washed out the mug and left in the strainer to dry. The house was quiet. You kind of expected it today. It was the anniversary of your grandpa’s passing and everyone was getting ready to go with you to visit his grave.

The sound of the shower running as you passed the bathroom let you know that someone other than you was up and about. You weren’t usually a morning person. But you always got up earlier on this day to get ready and mentally prepare yourself for the visit.

Slipping back into your room, you dug around in your closet for

something nice but warm to wear. You settled on an emerald green tunic shirt with long sleeves and a belt. You layered that over a pair of fleece lined leggings and then shoved your feet into a pair of boots. There was a soft brown cardigan that you fished out of the back to layer over the shirt too. You settled for just brushing out your hair, then picked up your guitar and stowed it into its case along with the song that had been finished a few days ago.

Taking a deep breath you made sure you had everything and headed back down stairs. Papyrus was in the kitchen when you made it back down.

“Good morning my dear.” He murmured and pressed a kiss to your temple as he dried his hands on a dish towel.

You returned his greeting and settled at the breakfast table to fiddle with your phone. Papyrus made an affectionate noise after hanging the towel up and came over to wrap his arms around you from behind.

“Breathe with me dearest.” He encouraged and exaggerated the motions of his rib cage expanding and contracting with air he didn’t need to be exchanged within. You leaned back against him anyway and followed the motions with your own breaths. It helped. A lot. Stars you were thankful to have Papyrus in your life.

At some point the doorbell rang. Papyrus gave you another kiss on the top of your head then left to answer it. He returned with Jack and Hayden. Both in button downs and nice pairs of jeans.

“I’ll leave you in their care.” Your mate waved and headed for the stairs to change.

Sliding off of your stool, you went to your friends. They pulled you in for a hug and whispered their good mornings.

“I heard you and B finally hashed out that song you’ve been waffling on for years now.” Jack said as he and his brother followed you over to sit down at the breakfast bar.

“Yea, the boys helped a bunch too.” You replied.

“Cool, can’t wait to hear it.” Jack grinned. “It’s gonna be a good day, we got the whole band back together, we’re gonna go see your gramps, and all of your guys are coming to carry on tradition!”

You laughed. Jack was always so light hearted.

“Plus we get to see your face when they p-”

Hayden clapped his hand over his twin’s mouth effectively cutting off the rest of his sentence. “When they get to properly meet the family that you associate with.” He finished, glaring at Jack.

“Really.” You narrowed your eyes at your friends. Hayden let go of his brother who was flushed a light red.

“Yea, so did you wanna do some more song writing after?” Jack pressed forward and you let the conversation change. First Blaire was stealing away with your mates and now the twins seemed to be holding something back. You'd weedle it out of them eventually. Jack was terrible at keeping secrets.

Blaire came in yawning but dressed nicely in a pretty purple blouse and black leggings. She grabbed some coffee then joined your group. You were itching to go but your mates hadn’t gathered yet.

“Let me go see where they’re at.” You said and slipped out to head upstairs. You found Mutt in the hall with Sans. The odd combo of Mutt’s usual duster layered over a pressed black button down and slacks made you pause. Sans was also in a button down but he had on a dark pair of jeans and some dress shoes.

The two of them stopped talking when you entered the hallway. “Hey guys, almost ready?”

“almost princess.” Sans pulled to his side as he turned back to Mutt. “one last check sounds good.” He said.

Mutt nodded then vanished from the hall.

“What was that about?” You asked.

Sans pulled you around to his front for a proper hug. “he went to check out the grave site earlier this morning. found your folks out there.”

“Oh.” You hugged him back.

“don’t worry princess, he’s checking to make sure they’ve finished their visit and have gone.”

You nodded and pulled away to look him over and change the subject.

“Looking rather snazzy there, you might actually live up to the nickname classy.”

Sans chuckled. “gotta make that good impression ya know.”

You grinned. “You’ve been out to see grandpa once before.”

“i know, but this time i’m going as your mate and not a friend.”

Your heart melted a little at that. Sans grinned and pulled you along back to the kitchen. “don’t go getting teary on me yet princess.” He handed you back to your friends with a wink. “the others will be down shortly.”

His statement proved true as your mates all trickled in, all dressed as in nice clothes and ready to go. Mutt appeared last stating that the gravesite as well as the surrounding five blocks were free of your folks. With that, everyone piled into cars. Blaire went with the twins and you and your mates split yourselves between Edge and Papyrus’s cars.

When the car finally stopped moving in the cemetery. You hopped out and ran to the twin’s car where they were pulling out picnic blankets and some bags full of snacks. Your mates hung back to let you and your friends greet the little gravestone with your grandpa’s name, birth, and death dates on it. You spread the blankets and settled on them to set out the snacks. Blaire and the twins talked and helped you lay everything out.

Waving your mates over you unwrapped a sandwich and placed it on the grave. “Hey grandpa.”

Your friends echoed your greeting and unwrapped their own sandwiches. Your mates found places on the blankets to settle and eat their food and listen. As usual, the conversation was easy. You let your friends talk about what was new with them since they had been here last year. Everyone cheered when Blaire announced her college career and laughed at some of the stories the twins shared.

The sandwiches were gone by the time they were done talking. You were smiling when it was your turn.

“Well,” You started. “As you can see, there are a bunch of skeletons with us today.” Looking over at your mates, you pointed them out one by one and introduced them. Each said hello or waved when their name came up.

“You probably can’t tell but, the nine of us are bonded.” You placed a hand over your chest. “It’s a monster thing, we’re mates. Was a shock to me at first but we’ve pretty much figured it out now.”

“I approve at least.” Blaire cut in.

You laughed and launched into the journey that had been the past year. “And um, now we’re here. I really hope you like them as much as I do.”

The silence didn’t linger too long. Stretch opened your guitar case and handed the instrument to you. He set the song sheet down in front of your folded legs then moved back to where he had been sitting before.

“I got your song done.” You said weakly. “I know it’s been a few years since you passed but,” Your throat felt raw. “it’s been kind of hard to get down.”

You had written for this to be done on the keyboard but there was no place to plug one in out here. Stretch helped you translate it over to acoustic and you felt like you could get through some of it before you would start crying again. Taking a few breaths, you began to play. The simple notes floated out into the air and you let your voice join them.

Do you believe in happy endings?

Or the mendings of human hearts?

Oh, I believe in both, I'm certain

Because these curtains

Are state of the art

If you'd occasionally happen to spy on me

You'd think I'm having one sided conversations

But I hear him talking back

You'd think I may even lack some sanity

But maybe I can't let go

So I'll say

I finally wrote your song at last

Sorry that this one came out so sad

Every tear I had

Was shed for the man that gave me a better sense

Of life and meaning to motivate

There's no shortcuts to success

I'll wait for his guiding hands

My guardian angel until the very end

You blinked furiously in order to keep your vision clear enough to read the music sitting on the blanket.

I see a cold seat on the couch

Where I remember that just six years ago around December

You sat me down

And held me next to you so close

How I long for things to be restored

To back when times weren't quite this hard

And record that song you sang to me

Never rang so loud before

Oh, what'd I'd give for just another hug from you

You may be gone, but love will never die

So I'll say

Blaire joined you for the second chorus, lending her voice where yours failed. Jack and Hayden listened quietly along with your mates. You concentrated on the song page on the blanket in front of you and the guitar in your hands.

Tears can't run dry when I start to cry

When I hear people speak of how

You'd be so proud of me

And how I hope this song will reach your ears

I've battled all my darkest fears

I once was blind, but now it's clear

Wherever I go, I know that you'll be near

You paused to blink away the tears that blurred your vision. "Sorry." You muttered to no one in particular. Shaking yourself you took a deep breath and started up again. Singing the last chorus softly.

I finally wrote your song at last

Sorry that this one came out so sad

Any tear I had

Was shed for the man that gave me a better sense

Of life and meaning to motivate

There's no shortcuts to success

I'll wait for his guiding hands

My guardian angel until the very end

You sniffed and handed the guitar back to Stretch to put away. Folding up the song page, you placed it with the sandwich on the gravestone. "Hope you liked it." You murmured to the rock. Settling back into your spot, you wiped at your eyes with the sleeve of your cardigan and worked on calming yourself down.

Sans cleared his nonexistent throat and shuffled forward on his knees to sit next to you. The others moved in closer as well. Blaire, Jack, and Hayden all moved away to make room for your mates.

You noticed that Blaire and Hayden both had their phones out and had them casually aimed at your group. It got a brow raise, but you tuned back into Sans's words as he reintroduced himself to your grandpa.

“-and i know that that whole adventure that your girl told ya sounds really out there.” Sans was saying. “but all of us are here ta make sure the crazy dies down and stays away as much as she wants it ta.” He flashed you a grin and reached out to turn you by the shoulder so you were sitting to face your mates.

“i uh, well we’re already bonded princess, that’s the peak for us on our end.” You raised a brow at the drop of sweat running down the side of Sans’s skull. “but it isn’t on yours so… we uh, we’re still looking into the official part of it but…”

Your eyes widened when Papyrus handed his brother a little black box. A wave of adrenaline hit you making you dizzy and you barely registered it as all eight of your mates shifted to kneel in front of you. Sans cracked open the box and held it out.

“we wanna be tied ta ya in every way.” Sans was saying. “marry us? all of us? in your human tradition, however ya wan-”

“yer babblin’.” Red muttered. Though he looked just as apprehensive as Sans appeared.

You looked over at your friends, who all had their phones up recording with smiles on their faces. Blaire tilted her head towards your mates in a nod but didn’t say anything.

You turned back to your boys and the sound that came out of you was halfway between a laugh and a sob. You were immediately surrounded by skeletons.

“‘f ya don’ wanna bring ‘uman stuff inta this tha’s fine too.” Red was saying.

“I TOLD YOU THAT WE SHOULD HAVE ASKED HER ANOTHER TIME.” Black grouched but was rubbing your back.

“‘m sorry princess i-” Sans snapped the ring box shut but was stopped from stuffing it in his pocket by your hand on his.

“You guys are fucking saps and I hate you.” You grinned, tears in your eyes and leaving new tracks down your face. “Of course I’ll marry you, all of you.”

There was a pregnant pause as your words settled in, then the press of skeletons around you tightened as they clamored for a part of you to hold. You were laughing too hard to really pick out any of the

individual exclamations from your mates.

As the commotion died down, you remembered that you were in fact in a graveyard. Your mates and now fiancés pulled away and you took the ring box from Sans. Popping it open, you pulled the simple white gold band from where it had been nestled in the lining. A single stone sat in your favorite cut on it. It glimmered and winked on the band as you slipped it onto your finger. There were eight little holes in the band. four on each side of the stone that didn't have anything in them.

Sans nodded at the twinkling rock. "that's a stone from the star gazing room in waterfall." He explained. "they fall sometimes and we had this one cut down for ya."

You had no words and fresh tears ran down your cheeks. Blaire conveniently had some tissues in her purse and handed them off to you. It didn't seem that Sans was done. He resituated you and him so you were facing your grandpa's grave again.

"we wanted him to witness it." He murmured. "blaire helped us figure out the timing and such."

You sighed, the past few days of your mates pulling your friend away suddenly made sense.

"and she may have helped with this next bit." Sans continued. He pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and unfolded it. "since poly marriage is kind of up in the air legally for both of our species, we wanted to get some things out of the way now so we can just party when we do get the legal green light."

Your hand shook in his as he grinned at you. " we've been friends for so long." He started. "ya brought me and paps into your home and your life and somehow didn't get sick of us." He chuckled and worried the paper in his hands as he glanced over it. "and i'm pretty sure i loved ya before i knew i did. i mean. i didn't even know we were bonded until these guys showed up."

A ripple of chuckles rolled through your other mates and your friends. Sans grinned and clasped your hand with your new ring on it in both of his. The little paper he had been referencing crumpled against one of his palms. "nothing's changed princess. i love ya, and i'm gonna love ya. i'm gonna love ya in your weakest moment and your strongest one too. i'm gonna love ya when you're happy, and i'm gonna still love ya the most when you're sad. i'm here, and i'm not going anywhere. i want ta love ya, each and every piece of ya. i want

ya with your imperfections as much as i want ya for you. and i'm always gonna want ya, i'm always gonna be here loving ya with everything i am. until i dust, i'm gonna love ya."

Your fingers felt icy in his grip as his magic sparked with the words tumbling from his mouth. Were you crying again? Probably. You couldn't stop it if you tried. Sans leaned in and the same cold magic you had known for so long bit at your lips in a kiss. It ended faster than you liked but as Sans pulled away to sit with the others. Papyrus came up to take his place.

The warmth of his hands engulfed yours and he also appeared to have tears in his sockets. "Oh dearest," He warbled. "I don't think I ever *fell* in love with you." You blinked up at him in confusion. "I walked into it dearest, with my eyes wide open. I chose to take every step along the way, even though I was terrified the entire time." He blinked at his own tears and leaned down to press his forehead to yours. "I think i believe in fate and destiny, but I also believe we are only fated to do the things that we'd choose anyway… And I'd choose you; in a hundred lifetimes, in a hundred worlds, in any version of reality. I'd find you and I'd choose you."

Leaning back a bit he gestured over his shoulder. "I think that's already plain to see as true though."

You giggled and Papyrus's teary face found yours. His magic danced over your lips injecting his warmth and love into you. At the same time his magic played over your hand in his. He pulled away and smiled at you as he backed up to let Blue forward.

"OH MAIDEN!" He threw himself into your arms, hugging you tightly and sniffling into your cardigan. You hugged him back giggling as he shuffled back up to take your shaking hand in his. "I'M SO EXCITED TO BE CALLED YOUR HUSBAND AS WELL AS YOUR MATE!" Stars danced in his sockets over the pool of tears threatening to fall down his face. "I DEARLY WISH I COULD EXPLAIN HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE MAIDEN." His eye lights darted over your features, drinking all of you in as he spoke. "HOW I COULD LOOK INTO YOUR EYES AND NEVER GET TIRED OF THEIR BEAUTY. HOW THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE GIVES ME BUTTERFLIES. HOW SEEING YOU WALK INTO A ROOM MAKES ME SMILE. HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME AND HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU."

You bit your lips as he gushed, the words pouring out of him like a river that couldn't be stopped by any sort of dam.

“BUT YOU HAVE ME AT A LOSS FOR WORDS. AND EVEN IF I COULD FIND THE WORDS TO TELL YOU THESE THINGS, IT WOULDN’T COME ANYWHERE NEAR TO SHOWING HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME.” His magic flared around your hands and he leaned up to kiss you as if that was the only thing that would keep him from chattering at you for the rest of the day. As fleeting as it was, the intensity made you a little dizzy.

Before you could fully recover, Stretch had taken his brother’s place. His usual grin was in place but the corners of his jaw trembled and the magic in his sockets were wobbling. “hey honey.” He said reaching out to take your hands in his. You couldn’t tell if the shaking was your fingers or his at this point.

“Hey.” You replied and both of you giggled.

“so, you actually wanna marry us? me?” He went on.

You nod, not trusting your voice to crack with emotion.

Stretch nodded too. “good, uh, good.” He looked down at your joined hands and smiled. “i’ve thought a lot about what kind of husband i wanna be… and i think i wanna still be like how we are now.” His eye lights rose to meet yours. “you’re gonna marry me, a-and i wanna spend our weeknights eating cereal on the floor, even though there’s a perfectly good table behind us.”

You huffed out a laugh as he continued.

“we’re gonna be husband and wife, and i wanna paint my room in our house and get more paint on us than the walls. we can hold hands and go to parties that we end up ditching so we can drink wine out of the bottle in the bathtub because you mentioned that that would be fun three months ago.” The heat of his magic chased away the chill on your fingers as he leaned in slowly as he spoke. “marry me, and slow dance with me in your bedroom with an unmade bed and candles on the nightstand to make it romantic. let me love you forever honey.”

He kissed you, though you giggled through it, you did your best to kiss him back. As he pulled away he grinned and placed your hands into Red’s as he came forward.

You could see little beads of sweat dotting his skull as his claws fiddled with your hands. But when he spoke, his voice was even, quiet, but even.

“i know we got off ta a rocky start doll, an’ i’ll ferever be sorry fer it.” You inhaled to reassure him but he pressed on. “an’ i can’t promise ya tha’ dark clouds ‘ll never ‘ang over our lives ‘r that the future ‘ll bring us rainbows. hell, i can’t promise that tomorrow ‘ll be perfect ‘r that life ‘ll be easy.”

He brought your hands up to his teeth, smoky magic rolled over your skin as he murmured into your skin. “what i c’n promise ‘s my everlastin’ devotion, loyalty, respect, an’ unconditional love fer a lifetime.” Raising his eye lights to yours he grinned. “i c’n promise ta always be here fer ya, ta listen an’ ‘old yer ‘and. i’ll do my bes’ ta make ya happy an’ make ya feel loved. i c’n promise that i’ll see ya through any crisis, ta dream ‘ith ya, build ‘ith ya, an’ ta always encourage ya. i’ll protect ya an’ be yer friend, yer husband, an’ yer family.”

He tugged you forward and you hiccupped out a laugh. “‘m gonna kiss ya now, can’t do any more ‘f the sappy shit.” His tone was warm and you eagerly met his teeth with your lips. It carried on a little longer than the others, Red took his time letting his magic play over your lips and prickle over your hands. His brother did move forward and urge him back after a bit. Red went without complaint, only winking at you as Edge’s hands engulfed yours.

“Kitten.” One hand came up to cup your face as the other rubbed circles over the back of your hand. “Do You Even Understand The Things We Would Do For You? What *I* Would Do For You?”

You blinked up at him as he worked at wiping the wet tracks on your face. “I Do Love You Kitten.” He paused and you nodded.

“I love you too Edge.”

He growled in satisfaction. “As Your Mate, I Already Loved You Enough To Fight For You, Compromise For You, And Sacrifice Myself For You If Need Be.”

You gazed up at him and smiled, “I know.”

Edge ran this thumb over your cheek again. “As Your Mate *And* Husband. I Love You Enough To Do All Of Those Things And More.” His eye lights darted around your face, memorizing it as he spoke. “I Miss You Incredibly When We’re Apart, No Matter What Length Of Time It Is For And Regardless Of The Distance. I Love You Enough To Believe In Our Relationship, To Stand By It Through The Worst Of Times, To Have Faith In Our Strength As A Couple, And To Never Give

Up On Us."

He dropped his hand from your face so it could join the one holding your hand. "I Love You Enough To Spend The Rest Of My Life With You, Be There For You When You Need, Or Want Me, And Never Ever Want To Leave You, Or To Live Without You."

The sting of his magic was prickling over your hands and he leaned down to let it burn your lips as well. He pulled away faster than his brother had, little drops of crimson gathered at the corners of his sockets that he was blinking away as he let Black come forward.

There was a long silence as Black took your hands in his. He simply contemplated them. You watched his face as he finally looked up at you.

"I THINK… I HAD NEEDED YOU BEFORE YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE." He said. "EVEN BEFORE YOU ACCEPTED ME AS YOURS, I LEARNED. I LEARNED ABOUT LIFE UP HERE, IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE, UNDER THE SUN. AND THAT IT SHOULD BE LIVED, NOT JUST ENDURED.

His claws ran lightly over your hands as he stared up at you.

"AND THEN YOU ACCEPTED ME, AND I FOUND AN ALL NEW UNIVERSE IN YOUR ARMS. I FOUND MY PERFECT PARTNER IN YOU. I FOUND LOVE, AFFECTION, AND PROTECTION. I FOUND POSSESSIVENESS, MADNESS, PASSION AND INSANITY IN YOUR LOVE. I FOUND RECOGNITION RESPECT AND FORGIVENESS. I FOUND NEW DIMENSIONS ABOUT MY LIFE AND A TREASURE OF LOVE BURIED UNDER MY OWN BONES."

He squeezed your hands.

"I'LL STRIVE FOR YOUR HAPPINESS. AND THAT NO MATTER WHAT, I'M HERE AND I FULLY INTEND ON STAYING FOREVER." His sharp teeth curled into a grin and he leaned up to press them to your lips. Magic snapped and prickled at your skin. He growled faintly in appreciation before pulling away.

Mutt shuffled up, nearly crawling into your lap with how close he crowded forward. "i don' 'ave a collar from ya yet." He tapped at the one hidden under his button down and grinned. "but 'm already yers." A chuckle from his brother behind him eased some of the tension in his shoulders and he took up your hands.

“i mean it duchess. ‘m yers, with ev’ry inch ‘f magic an’ bone ‘f my body, an’ every ounce ‘f love and lv instilled ‘n me, i belong ta ya. with ev’ry subtle thought that slips my min’, an’ ev’ry void space ‘n my soul, i belong ta ya.”

He shifted nervously and fiddled with your hands in his, “i wasn’ a good person un’ergroun’, an’ ‘m gonna tell ya ‘bout it sometime soon. ‘n a few days? c’n we ‘ang out ‘n talk ‘bout this?”

You laughed and nodded. “yea, whenever you want Mutt.”

He sighed and nodded. “good, it might break me, but, ya should know. ‘n even ‘f… no matter what outcome, i’ll still be yers. my soul, my everythin’, ‘s all fer whatever ya wan’ ‘r need. ‘ntill ‘m dust.”

The odd sensation of his magic jolted through your hands and met the bolt from his teeth on your lips. You squeaked, but the sharpness of the immediate contact rolled away to let the soft floral magic underneath play out over you.

When he pulled away to join the others, you laughed and dabbed at your eyes. Color caught your eye and you pulled your hand away to look at the ring on your finger. The previously empty holes on either side of the star stone were now filled with little drops of colored magic. One from each of your mates.

Blaire had bustled forward at the conclusion of their promises and wrapped you into a hug, squealing with glee the entire time. “My girl’s engaged! Got vows and everything already!” She tugged on your wrist and presented your hand to your grandpa’s gravestone. “Look at that gramps, she’s got a group of guys to keep in line now.”

You laughed. Unable to take your eyes off of the glittering stone and magic on your hand. Everyone had been thrown head first into this bonded thing, you hadn’t known if it was something you wanted or if it was something they all wanted at first either. It had been sudden and messy and had taken a long time to smooth over.

But this.

This was still unexpected on your end, but you knew that this was what you and your boys wanted.

Chapter End Notes

Stew in your feels, stew in them!!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Swing Life Away

Chapter Notes

> Just a couple little things in this chapter. I wanted to bring back an old habit and explore a bit of Edge's job before we go diving into the next little arc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next day came slowly. A blanket fort was constructed in the lounge upon everyone's return from visiting your grandpa and a movie marathon was started. Much to several of your mate's dismay, food was ordered for delivery and soon, the smell of burgers and fries filled the room. You passed out somewhere in the middle of the second movie, swaddled in a blanket and cuddled into a pile of bones. Blaire, Hayden, and Jack found spots in the cuddle fest as well. Blanket forts are the best.

"SHHH." Blue's voice cut through the quiet of the lounge.

"don' gotta tell me, 's yer voice ya gotta keep down." Red's low growl came next.

"Pick Up Your Feet Red, You're Making Too Much Noise." Blue did lower his voice to a whispered shout.

You lay under the many pinned up blankets listening to the two of them move around outside. It was day three of you sleeping under it and you hadn't planned on stopping any time soon. Blaire had left the warmth of the fort a few minutes ago so it was only you and Sans left.

By sheer force of will, you stifled a laugh as you listened to Red and Blue moving about. Sans seemed to be sleeping still.

"Ready?" Blue's whisper shout could be heard off to your right. Red grunted and suddenly the ceiling of your fort was collapsing down on you.

"TIME TO GET UP MAIDEN!" Blue shouted through the soft walls as they settled on top of you. "IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS, THE FORT NEEDS TO BE PUT AWAY."

"No!" You called back and wriggled your way through the mess.

You heard laughter and the sound of your mates starting to paw through the pile to find you. You giggled and burrowed deeper. A hand found you and dragged you sideways.

“looks like they found us.” Sans muttered into your ear.

You laughed again then gasped as the blankets whirled around you through the void. You let out an ‘Oof!’ as you and Sans collided with a soft springy surface.

Flailing around, you managed to get your head out from under the few blankets that made the trek through the void with you. A pair of orange eye lights were blinking at you and your bundle in surprise.

“Oh, hey Paps.” You said.

Sans had brought both of you to Papyrus’s room. The owner of the room was sitting next to you on his mattress, his legs stretched out over the bed, his back propped against the wall, and a textbook in his lap. A muffled ‘hey bro.’ Came from the blankets making Papyrus shake his head with a grin and go back to the book.

“Hello my dear, and good morning!” He gave you a distracted pat.

Sans’s arms wormed their way around your middle and his weight settled against you. The occasional snore told you that he had gone back to sleep. You managed to maneuver the pair of you around so you could steal a pillow from Papyrus and settle down.

“I’m surprised you’re not up and about.” You said to your conscious mate.

Papyrus hummed and set his finger on the page he was reading so he wouldn’t lose his place. “It’s Sunday dearest, and taking it easier on this day has become sort of a habit because of you two.”

“You still do nothing on Sundays?” You raised both brows. “Without me?”

Papyrus chuckled and returned his attention to his textbook. “Not nothing, just less than my usual schedule.”

“that’s as close to nothing as you’re gonna get huh paps?” Sans’s voice came from the blankets and you uncovered his skull. “hey princess, thought i’d *hold onto* this tradition now that things are settling.” He gave your middle a squeeze and nuzzled his skull back into your

stomach.

You smiled and nestled further into the blankets and Papyrus's mattress. "A nothing day sounds great actually."

It had been so long since you had had a true nothing day. Sure, there were some days where you lounged around more than others, but there was always something pulling at your time and attention.

A knock at the door roused you from your doze. Papyrus got up and opened the door. Blaire came in with a bag.

"Oreos, chips, chisps, pretzel sticks, and some sodas." She handed the bag off to your mate and backed out of the room with a smile. "Pizza rolls are in the oven, though I can't guarantee all of them will make it up here with the others around."

"That is fine Blaire, thank you." Papyrus pat your friend on the head as she shut the door. He turned and came back over to the bed. He set the bag of snacks within arms reach of you then turned to retrieve his laptop from his desk. "Would you like to relax a while longer? Or would you like to find something to watch?"

You giggled and accepted the laptop as he crawled back over the bed to his original spot. "You got B to deliver food so we keep doing nothing?"

"But of course! She is aware of our tradition and was more than happy to assist." Papyrus took up his book again and went back to reading. Sans was silent from where he had wrapped both his arms and legs around you.

It was still morning, and you weren't one to complain about getting more sleep. Your eyes drooped and you let yourself drift off.

The sound of a show roused you. Papyrus had put his book away and shuffled down to lay more comfortably by your side, his skull tilted to rest on top of your head. Sans had also shifted, he had slugged his way out from under the blankets and had tucked himself into your other side. His skull under your chin and arms keeping you trapped in place.

He was awake, eye lights watching whatever Papyrus had running on his laptop. The nostalgia of the moment swelled in your chest and you reached for a snack to dispel the energy.

Sans released your trapped arm to allow the movement. “look who’s awake, thought ya’d sleep the whole day away.” He teased.

“Isn’t that the point of Sundays?” You asked, voice thick with sleep.

“It’s not, but for you I’ll make an exception.” Papyrus said without taking his eye lights off of the screen.

You had apparently slept through Blaire, sneaking you and your boys a plate of pizza pockets before slipping off to distract the household. Taking one, you blew on it and popped it in your mouth. You were so lucky to have a friend like her.

The day slid by and you ended up staying the night with Sans and Papyrus, curled in Papyrus’s bed with a skeleton on either side.

The next day, Red caught you coming down the stairs after you had showered. “‘ey, c’n i steal ya fer a secon’?” He asked.

You shrugged and turned to follow him back up the stairs. Slipping into his room, you noticed Edge standing in his uniform by Red’s bed.

“GOOD MORNING.” He greeted you but didn’t move from his spot.

You returned the greeting as Red pulled you around to face the both of them. He released you and shoved both of his hands into his lab coat pockets. “kinda doin’ this backwards but, we’d like fer ya ta go out on patrol ‘ith boss taday.” Red said, nodding to his brother as he loomed over his shoulder.

“Okay, any particular reason why?” You asked.

“YOU HAVE SOMETHING THAT NEEDS TO BE GOTTEN RID OF,” Edge said.

Red brought one hand out of his coat pocket to reveal the torn shred of fabric from an old sun dress of yours. Ruining the outfit had cost you a trip south for a tropical cruise.

You blinked at it. The scattered and inconsistent timing of your mates presenting you with old memory box items to dispose of was throwing you for a loop. “Can’t I just toss it in the trash or something?” You asked.

Red shrugged. “ya could do that, but the ‘ole point a gettin’ rid ‘f this stuff ‘s ta replace it with somethin’ better yea?”

“ *Is* that the point?” You grinned.

“YES.” Edge stepped forward and plucked the piece of fabric from Red’s open palm. “WE WERE ORIGINALLY GOING TO APPROACH YOU WITH THIS AFTER THE COURT CASE. HOWEVER, THE ORDER ENDED UP BEING FOR US INSTEAD OF YOU.”

You chewed your lip as he spoke.

“THIS,” Edge held up the scrap. “SHOULDN’T BE ANYWHERE NEAR YOU, EVEN IF IT IS IN THE GARBAGE HERE. I PROPOSED THAT WE PATROL TOGETHER AND LOSE IT ALONG THE WAY.”

“an’ uh, this may feel like a cop out doll but… we kinda thought that what better thing ta replace this piece of somethin’ ya use ta wear ‘ith somethin’ yer sure ta wanna wear.” Red gestured at your ring. The star stone and your mate’s magic glimmered in the dark room.

You smiled down at the ring then up at your mates. “Well if that’s the deal, then I’ll happily go on patrol.”

Tension dropped from both of your mate’s shoulders and Red stepped forward to wrap his arm around you. “great,” He grinned and pressed his teeth to your temple. “no fuckin’ ‘n the squad car now guys, i know ‘ow much ya like ‘avin a pair a cuffs on ya bro but work ‘s wo-”

Edge swatted at his brother, his face glowing. Red vanished, leaving behind the smell of his smokey magic and laughter. He turned to you and the blush faded. “I WOULD NEVER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU IN MY PATROL CAR!” He said.

“I’m aware.” You giggled.

“I KNOW THE UNIFORM AND VEHICLE ARE ALLURING, BUT I TAKE MY JOB SERIOUSLY, RED IS JUST PUSHING BUTTONS!”

“I’m aware.” You repeated as Edge flustered through his brother’s insinuation.

“GOOD.” Edge gave you a curt nod and ushered you out of his brother’s room. “GO CHANGE INTO WHAT YOU WILL BE WEARING TO WORK, I WILL DROP YOU OFF TONIGHT.”

You nodded and went to do as you were told. Red had reappeared by the time you had finished changing. You found the brothers talking idly in the entrance hall when you descended the stairs.

“Red?” You asked. “Don’t you have work today too?”

Red glanced down at his lab coat and grinned. “gonna miss me doll? wanna run some experiments ‘f our own?”

You laughed and joined them. Edge placed his hand on your shoulder. “HE PULLED ME AWAY FROM MY POST TO COME GET YOU. HE IS HERE TO RETURN US BEFORE HE GOES TO WORK.”

“aww, yer no fun.”

“OF COURSE NOT, IF I WAS FUN THEN YOU WOULDN’T HAVE HAD A CHANCE WITH OUR MATE IN THE FIRST PLACE.” Edge knuckled his brother’s skull before grabbing onto his shoulder in preparation for a shortcut.

Red snorted and you found yourself in the monster district. “‘ave a good patrol.” Red shot his brother a salute then disappeared, presumably to work.

Edge stood still to let you regain your balance, then lead you to a standard looking cop car parked along the road.

You blinked at it. “Is this yours?”

Edge opened the passenger door for you, ushering you in and closing it once you were seated. Circling around the car, he entered the drivers side. “I DO NOT OWN IT, BUT THE EMBASSY HAS ALLOWED THE MONSTER GUARDSMEN THE USE OF THESE FOR PATROL.”

“Nice.” You looked over the tech and gadgets in the cab.

“INDEED.” Edge held out the fabric piece to you and grinned. “I WILL NOT TOLERATE LITTERING BUT IF YOU SO HAPPEN TO FIND A GARBAGE CAN ALONG OUR WAY TO DISPOSE OF IT IN, I WILL FACILITATE THE TRANSFER.”

“Wow, monster cop to the rescue.” You teased.

“I PROTECT AND SERVE.” Edge responded. “NOW BUCKLE UP, WE SHOULD BE ON OUR WAY.”

You giggled and bucked in. Your mate started the car and pulled out onto the street. Fewer monsters than you originally expected purchased cars or another vehicle once transitioned. Many wouldn't fit in a human’s standard vehicle, either being too large or too small to

operate it safely. Most monsters that could fly stuck with that method of transportation. Many more latched onto the public transits that were set up just for the monster side of town.

You had expected to maybe watch your mate hand out a few parking tickets or even pull someone over for speeding. But neither of those things happened. Edge drove through the streets making stops at seemingly random places. He would get out and either go into a business or knock on the door to someone's home.

At first it seemed odd and sporadic, but as the day continued, you noticed that he stopped at exclusively fell universe homes and shops. The visits were never long. The monsters would talk to Edge and then he would leave for the next stop.

"So," You asked after the eighth visit. "what exactly are you doing with all of these stops?"

Edge was writing something down in an official looking report. "AS YOU KNOW, MY UNIVERSE DIDN'T HAVE THE LUXURIES THAT THE SWAP AND THIS UNIVERSE HAD." He said without looking up. "MY UNIVERSE AND BLACK'S UNIVERSE HAS RETAINED OUR GUARD, UNLIKE THE OTHER TWO."

You nodded. Any monster from Sans or Blue's universes that wanted to stay in law enforcement went through the human route and were officially part of the Ebott Police Department. But Edge's badge placed him in the Fell king's guard.

"AS THIS UNIVERSE IS ILL EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH THE HIGH LV MONSTERS OF OUR UNDERGROUNDS, WE MUST POLICE OUR OWN." The report book snapped shut and he started the car. "I TAKE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF HOMES AND BUSINESSES AND PERFORM A CHECK ON THE RESIDENTS TO CONFIRM THAT THEIR LVS HAVE NOT INCREASED SINCE SURFACING. AND TO ENSURE THAT THEY ARE ALSO NOT SUCCUMBING TO THE EFFECTS OF POSSESSING A HIGH LV."

"Effects?" You asked.

Edge nodded as he drove. "YES, LVED MONSTERS TEND TO LASH OUT FASTER, WE RELY MORE ON PREDATORY INSTINCT OVER LOGIC, AND THE HIGHER THE LV, THE MORE THAT INSTINCT TELLS US TO FIGHT, TO CLAIM, OR TO ERADICATE THE PROBLEM WE ARE FACED WITH."

“Oh.” You turned your head to look out the window.

“YOU MAY RECALL HOW I WAS INSISTENT ON FIGHTING YOU WHEN WE FIRST MET, HOW MY ONLY INTERACTIONS WITH YOU RESULTED IN VIOLENCE?”

Your shoulder twinged at the memory of the old training room you had fought Edge in. “Yea.”

“I AM NOT INNOCENT, MY LV IS QUITE HIGH AND… IT HAS TAKEN SOME INTENSE MAGIC THERAPY TO GET ME TO WHERE I AM.”

You hummed and eyed him from your passenger seat. Edge’s transition from the snarling angry monster to the collected man in front of you had been one you seemed to have glossed over. You had assumed the same transition process that Sans and Papyrus had gone through was universal. Apparently it wasn’t.

“I AM NOT EXCUSING WHAT HE DID, BUT I KNOW THAT IT WAS A LV INDUCED ACT OF DESPERATION THAT RED ATTACKED YOU WITH.” Edge pulled over to the side of the road for his next stop. “A MATE REFUSING A HIGHER LV MONSTER ALMOST ALWAYS ENDS UP MARKED AND FORCED LIKE HE TRIED WITH YOU.” He turned off the car. “IT’S NOT AN EXCUSE, BUT I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.”

You sighed, the explanation didn’t excuse the action. But the LV talk was helping you understand the rapid changes in your fell inclined mates. From Edge’s words, you were now assuming that Red, Black, and Mutt were also undergoing magical therapy. Obviously progress was different with each of them, but if it helped Edge this much then you were all for cheering the others on as they worked on themselves.

“WOULD YOU LIKE TO ACCOMPANY ME?” Edge asked. He hadn’t gotten out of the car yet.

“Is that okay?” You assumed that the check ins were private.

Edge gestured at the shop he had parked by. “THIS IS A PLACE OF BUSINESS, YOU ARE ALLOWED TO ENTER.”

You shrugged. It would give you a chance to stand for a while and possibly find a trashcan to get rid of the fabric scrap that you had been fiddling with the entire drive.

Edge let you out of the car and held the door open for you before

entering the little shop. You watched him stride up to the owner. The two of them moved further into the back of the shop but not completely out of sight. You wandered around, looking over the selection of fell inspired fashion.

You paused by a large glass display case. It was filled with collars. The designs ranged widely from clunky thick leather to thin ribbons. Most were plain, but there was a section of decorative pieces. Spikes, crystals, lace, and multiple tags decorated the collars. You recalled Black's wording for collars for mates.

Elegance and lace. He had meant it for you but you wondered what kind of collar he would wear. He said he would. You also thought of Mutt and how he would trade his brother's collar for one from you. Was there a ceremony for collar giving? Did you need to do or say something special? There were different types of collars for different relationships, you knew that. But you couldn't see Mutt wearing something so dainty as delicate lace or a ribbon. You really should have asked more questions.

"SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE?" Edge's voice in your ear made you jump. You hadn't noticed him coming out of the back of the shop.

"You are *way* too silent for being so large!" You gasped. Edge only chuckled and raised a brow at the collars you had been staring at. Looking back down at the selection, you shrugged. "I was thinking about what to get for Mutt." You finally admitted.

"AHH." Edge leaned over the case. "BLACK HAS YET TO PRESENT YOU WITH ONE YES?" You nodded and Edge hummed. "I SUPPOSE HE'S ORDERING ONE SPECIAL, A MATE'S COLLAR TENDS TO BE MORE PERSONAL."

"So, what do you think Mutt would like?" You asked.

Edge looked over the collars again before straightening up. "THAT IS NOT SOMETHING I CAN ASSIST YOU WITH."

You blinked up at him and he sighed.

"PICKING A MATE'S COLLAR MUST BE DONE BY THE GIVER. IT IS A STATEMENT, A CLAIM. WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO PRESENT HIM WITH IS A VISUAL EMBODIMENT OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP."

The shopkeeper cleared their throat and you glanced over at them. "If you are looking to purchase a mate's collar, I have a catalog that you

can design one from."

"Oh!" You smiled at them. "Can I take it with me so I can give it a bit more thought?"

The shopkeeper nodded and pulled out a little book. You received a brief explanation of how to use it for designing and you flipped through a few of the pages.

Edge thanked them and urged you out the door and back to his patrol car. You sat through two more of his visits before putting the catalogue down. Edge was pulling over once again.

"MAKE A DECISION?" He asked.

"Not really, I have some ideas now but I still don't know enough about the whole thing to just buy what I think would look nice on him."

Edge nodded. "GOOD, IT MEANS YOU'RE TAKING IT SERIOUSLY." You looked over at him and he pointed at his next stop. "COFFEE?"

You agreed and followed him out of the car and into the monster cafe. A giant hand monster was at the register to take your orders. Looking around, this didn't feel like a fell centered establishment. Before you could ask, your orders were called and you found a table with Edge to sip at your drinks.

"Do you have someone to check here?" You asked.

"I DO NOT, THIS IS SIMPLY A SMALL BREAK."

"The great and terrible Edge takes breaks on duty?" You gasped in mock surprise.

Edge rolled his eye lights. "ONLY WHEN I HAVE A DELINQUENT IN MY CUSTODY."

"Delinquent huh?" You stuck your tongue out.

"INDEED."

"And what happens if I escape custody?" You grinned and stirred your drink.

Edge just snorted and took a sip of his coffee. You jumped when his legs stretched out underneath the table and trapped yours in their places. Only the smallest of smirks could be seen playing at the

corners of Edge's teeth. When he set his cup down, he simply stared at you, a silent challenge to press your luck.

"You're on the clock." You murmured.

"AND YOU'RE A HUMAN IN THE MONSTER DISTRICT. SOME MIGHT QUESTION YOUR MOTIVES IF THEY SEE YOU RUNNING FROM A GUARDSMAN."

"I've done nothing wrong."

"THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN."

Edge held your gaze as he finished his coffee. When you made no move to challenge him, he untangled his legs from yours with a smirk, and went to toss his cup. You stood too and downed the last of your drink. Edge passed you on his way out of the cafe.

"BE SURE TO GET RID OF *ALL* OF YOUR GARBAGE, I DON'T WANT ANY FILTH IN MY CAR."

You nodded and went to the garbage can, the cup went in first, the scrap of fabric second. You stared at the garbage flap for a moment, then followed Edge outside. Each time one of them asked you to get rid of a bad memory, it was easier. Most of your frustration had been burned through with the plate piece. Now you were just cleaning house.

"Where to next?" You chirped as you plopped into the passenger seat.

"I HAVE ONE MORE STOP FOR THE DAY THEN I HAVE A CIRCUIT TO MAKE."

"Riveting." You buckled in and pretended to ignore Edge shaking his head at you as he chuckled.

The last stop took a while. He apparently had to do his thing for a small family. You blinked in surprise to see what appeared to be a family of… slimes?

You and Edge were ushered into a small apartment. Little slimes, no bigger than your head and one the size of your fist lead you away to play in another room while Edge spoke to their parents.

Play with the little trio of slime monsters consisted of them chasing each other around until someone was caught. They would then

proceed to ‘wrestle’. Sort of. As the monsters didn’t have any arms or legs to speak of, they really just smashed into one another. The force of it made you wince, afraid that they would hurt each other open while you were overseeing.

Luckily, no such injuries happened under your watch. Edge came in, followed closely by the larger slimes who you assumed were the parents. You watched your mate settle on the floor and beckon to one of the children. It took some convincing, but he managed to pull one of the monsters into his lap.

“NOW NOW IGNI, IT’S A SIMPLE CHECK.” Edge was saying. “KIMBER, LEAVE YOUR SISTER ALONE, YOU CAN PLAY WHEN WE’RE DONE.”

You felt a faint buzz and the presence of Edge’s magic made itself known to you. Your eyes didn’t see anything, but the way Edge’s eye lights seemed to dart over the child in his lap as if there was text for him to decipher told you that he was in fact doing something.

It saddened you that he needed to check on children for this LV thing. From what you knew, it was accrued through killing someone. Sure these kids played rough with each other, but that may just be how they played.

The buzz of Edge’s magic faded and the little slime rolled from his lap. One of the others knocked into them prompting Edge to snatch them up. “WHAT DID I SAY KIMBER?” His tone was firm but not harsh. His magic buzzed again and Kimber grumbled but didn’t try to escape his grasp. This check took longer but he eventually set the child down and stood up. You glanced at the last little slime monster, they were the smallest, not even half the size of their siblings. Was Edge not going to check them as well?

Edge was talking to the parents in quiet tones, but you could still hear them in the small room.

“Is Kimber Still Going To The School Here In The Monster District?” Edge asked.

“Yes.” One of her parents replied. “They haven’t suggested any magic therapy for her yet though, just the regular sessions with our family doctor.”

Edge nodded and flipped open his report folder. “I Should Hope That She Hasn’t Been Prescribed Magic Therapy. It Isn’t Suggested For

Monsters Still Bearing Their Stripes.”

“I see, thank you lieutenant.”

“Igni And Scoria Seem To Be Doing Fine,” Edge went on. “I Found No EXP Or LV Changes So They Won’t Need Another Check Until Next Month. Though You May Contact The Embassy If Anything Comes Up.”

“Of course.”

Edge gave them both a curt nod then gestured at you to follow. You waved and murmured a goodbye as you passed them on your way out the door. Back in the patrol car, Edge finished out his report and started the engine.

“Why didn’t you check the other kid?” You asked.

Edge glanced over at you. “SHE IS TOO YOUNG, EVEN US FELLS DON’T INVADE SUCH A SMALL SOUL WITH A CHECK.”

“But the other two were old enough?”

Your mate nodded. “CHILDREN WERE GENERALLY LEFT ALONE UNDERGROUND, THOUGH, THERE WERE OCCASIONS WHERE A LV CRAZED MONSTER WOULD GO AFTER SOME EASY EXP BY ATTACKING A CHILD.” Edge kept his eye lights on the road as he began his circuit. “NOT ALL CHILDREN STAYED HIDDEN AT THEIR PARENT’S SIDES. SOME STARTED ACCUMULATING LV YOUNG.”

“Oh, so… those kids?”

Edge shot you a look. “I CAN’T SHARE PERSONAL INFORMATION REGARDING THE RESIDENTIAL CHECKS. I CHECK THEM AND REPORT TO THE EMBASSY, THAT IS ALL I CAN SAY.”

That made sense. You shrugged and picked up the collar catalogue again. You attempted to make sense of Edge’s patrol route. But it felt so random, he didn’t make any other stops, but he trundled through the district, pointing out little things here and there. You did recognize the alley that Red had led you down to get to the Poisoned Ashes as you passed. A tiny part of you was sad that there wasn’t some car chase or event that required Edge to haul someone in.

Monsters stayed firmly in their lane for the most part. Crime was low. You had noticed this trend when Sans’s universe first emerged too. It

seemed that as a society, threatened by their monarchs or not, the monster population did their best to be law abiding citizens. They wouldn't be able to transition and gain full rights if they didn't.

Edge dropped you off at the bar, leaving you with a kiss as he pulled away to return to the embassy to finish out his shift. Sans came in a bit later and stayed until closing to take you home.

Once home, you made your way to your room. Shutting the door behind you, you felt your way through the darkness to your closet. You jumped when two burnt orange points of light swiveled around to look at you.

"'ey duchess."

"Mutt?" You huffed and tried to get your heart rate to slow down.

The little lamp on your desk clicked on to reveal Mutt slouching in your chair.

"You okay?" You asked, "You look like you haven't been sleeping."

Mutt shrugged. He really did look like he had tried to sleep but ended up just tossing and turning all night. His clothes were rumpled and there were dark bruise-like coloration under his sockets.

"'m fine darlin' jus' a rough session today… hey… can we..? go? somewhere?"

"Now?" You raised your brows at him.

Mutt shook his head. "naw, like, tomorrow 'r this weekend 'r somethin'." His leg bounced and his claws clicked over each other, broadcasting his nerves. Before you could ask, he looked up.

"duchess we need ta 'ave that chat."

Chapter End Notes

> Ahhh, the ol' 'we need to talk' bit. I've grown weary of the tooth rotting fluff.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

It Starts in My Soul

Chapter Notes

It's time for the 'we need to talk' conversation. Good luck!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You blinked at the backpack stuffed to bulging in Mutt's room. Your mate paced around picking up things to consider. Some were set back down, some were wedged into the pack. He didn't have that many things, but you had watched him tetris in a mess kit and some packaged food from the pantry along with some clothes and a blanket or two. The other little things were just gadgets or kitsch that he had accumulated over the year on the surface.

"Mutt-" You started, only to be cut off by a grumble from your mate.

He hadn't said anything to you all morning. He had asked you to wear something warm when he was still in your room last night. After that, he vanished. You had immediately gone to check on him but he hadn't been in his room.

Now, with the sun up and you dressed as he had requested. You were starting to really question what it was that Mutt wanted to do with you today before your shift. You had assumed he wanted to talk about his past underground. But he was packing up like he was leaving.

He was wrestling one last thing into his pack. Somehow, it closed and he stood with it in his hands. You opened your mouth to try to question him again, but he teleported away, leaving you alone in his overturned room.

Whirling around to see if he had just popped into the hall, you squeaked to find him right behind you. The backpack was gone.

"ready?" He asked. He sounded nervous.

"Yea, you doing okay?"

Mutt only hummed and drew you to his chest and wrapped his long arms around you. He was clinging more than normal. That, paired with the nervousness from last night and this morning, your worry doubled.

“You’re not okay Mutt, what’s going on?” You asked as you rubbed at his back.

“judge, jury, an’ executioner.” You heard him mumble as he pulled away. “my job, un’ergroun’. i wanna uh, share.”

You frowned, so he was wanting to talk about his past. “Are you sure you want to share?”

“mhm, therapist ‘n i been talkin’ ‘bout it…” He let the sentence trail off and he ran a hand over his skull, wiping away the little drops of magical sweat that had been accumulating.

“...But?” You prompted.

Mutt stepped away from you and began to pace. His feet making a hasty track across his floor, cleaner now that he had packed as much as he could into that backpack.

Your tall mate halted in front of you. His face was set in his blank stare but the faint rattle coming from him betrayed his nerves.

“we’re bonded.” He said.

“Yes?”

“an’ um, engaged.” He gestured at your ring.

You hummed in acknowledgement.

“‘m jus’ sayin’ tha’ i ain’ gonna ‘old ya ta either ‘f those things.”

“What?” A jolt of fear twisted your gut which spurred you forward. Mutt let you grab onto his hands. You worried the rough bone between your fingers as he stared at you.

“‘m not a good monster.” His voice cracked and he cleared his nonexistent throat. “i killed, a lot… an’ i mean *a lot* a monsters un’ergroun’. i-i ‘ould chase ‘em down, judge ‘em, an’ jus’ cuz our universe ‘as fucked up li’ that, i’d almost always ‘ad ta dust ‘em. i got so much lv duchess, i killed so many.”

You could feel his hands shaking now. The careful mask on his face was starting to wear thin.

“i don’ know what ya know ‘bout lv, but it fucks ya up. we’re called monsters but that ain’ accurate. you’re not a monster ‘till ya’ve got

another's dust 'n yer marrow an' exp burnin' yer soul. an' tha's only the firs' time…"

Mutt's claws twitched around your fingers as you stroked over them. The slender digits hooked around your hands but didn't grasp. Words continued to pour from his teeth. Executions both public and private, issued by the queen and passed to his brother who sent him to carry them out if it required a chase. Deaths due to others attacking him or his brother, killings of monsters who tried to take him while they were in bed with him, and a few who were picked off for being injured or dying anyway.

The steady stream of information processed slowly, even slower came the realization that Mutt had sunk to his knees as he talked, hands still in yours as he babbled up at you.

"it 'urts but 's easier every time. fuck, duchess... when we met, an' black told me ta fetch ya… we woulda had ya... 'f edge didn' step forward. i woulda 'anded ya ta my brother... a-an' then taken what 'e left be'ind."

"Mutt." You tried to stem the tide of word vomit.

"an' the beach, ya know what my mind 'as tellin' me ta do? mark ya, breed ya, tear inta ya 'ntil ya could only rely on me fer everythin', 'till every inch a yer flesh bore a mark from me."

"Mutt."

"i meant it when i said i belonged ta ya duchess, an' that means that i'll go 'f ya don' wanna see 'r deal 'ith me. so jus' tell me, an'... i'll do it. i c'n go, i c'n…" Mutt pulled his hands from yours and undid the buckle of the collar around his neck with shaking fingers.

You took advantage of the break in his words. "Mutt, I'm not going to ask you to go anywhere."

He blinked owlishly up at you as he slid the thick leather off of his vertebrae.

"I…" You took a deep breath and let it out while counting to ten in your head. "I don't support what you did, I don't like that it happened and… I wish that you didn't do those things."

Mutt's head bowed.

“I also didn’t know you back then.” You spoke slowly, “The underground you… all I know is that it haunts you, and makes this…” You gestured between yourself and him. “difficult for you.”

Mutt didn’t say anything. He kept his head down and fiddled with the collar in his hands.

You sighed. “Have you killed anyone since surfacing?”

Mutt shook his head, still staring down at his hands.

“You’re going to all of your therapy sessions?” You prodded.

“yea.”

“And… you want to be better? You don’t want to go back to how you used to be?”

“...i wanna be okay... don’ think i can ‘ith all the, ya know.”

You knelt down, joining him on his floor. “Hey.”

He didn’t look at you.

“Mutt.” You reached out and tilted his head so you could see his face. “You have never hurt me.”

The look of disbelief you got almost made you laugh.

“You’ve chased me around the arcade, twice now and both times, you caught me, but you didn’t do anything terrible. You’ve dragged me into the ocean, pulled me from a tree, and even let me literally climb you when we didn’t even know each other that well.”

“‘s cuz all that ‘as a game.” Mutt muttered.

You raised a brow. “Stealing my phone and nearly falling over a table when I got it back was a game?”

Mutt narrowed his sockets at you. “yyeeeess?” You held his gaze and he sighed. “ya took me by surprise, monsters ‘n my un’ergroun’ wouldn’ even think ta pull somethin’ like that.”

You waved his words away. “The point is, you’ve done nothing to me.”

“the beach-”

“You stopped when it went past what I was comfortable with, and I was onboard with everything up until that point.” You could see the wheels turning in his skull, searching his memories for any slight he may have caused. Your heart sank at his desperate search for wrong doings “Mutt, it sounds like you don’t want to be bonded to me.”

That got his attention.

“no! i do, ‘m jus’... duchess ‘m not… i could-”

“You belong to me.” You let a sharp tone enter your voice causing Mutt’s skull to jerk up to look at you as you continued on. “You said it yourself, when you proposed. You said you belong to me and since I’m still wearing the ring, you should consider that as me accepting you as mine.”

Mutt’s eye lights darted around your face in confusion.

“And since you belong to me, I am *telling* you, that you are doing fine.” You let your voice soften. “I’m not going to expect you to be a model citizen right off the bat. You haven’t even been above ground for a full year yet.”

“but.”

“Look at me Mutt. I’m a grown ass woman, I haven’t had to follow anyone's rules but my own for a while now and I still get weird when my parents show themselves…" You paused at your own admission. "I really need to look into therapy myself now that I’m thinking about it but the point is. I haven’t healed just because they dropped off of the face of the earth for several years. So I don’t expect for you to have come to terms with your trauma in the short time that you’ve been on the surface.”

“the others ‘re doin’ way better than me on this ‘ole transition thing though.”

“And? They’re different monsters, they process things differently than you. It’s not a race, there’s no finish line of ‘I’m perfectly healthy now, my past is one hundred percent gone’.” You were gripping his face now. “You promised yourself to me, and I’m not letting you go. Did you know that I’ve been collar shopping for you? I’m aware that some things are hard for you and I still want to collar you. I still want to be associated with all of your crazy because you have put up with so much of mine.”

“yer not crazy.” Mutt muttered.

You raised your brows and grinned at him. “I touched a machine I knew nothing about which resulted in me being sucked into another universe.”

The deep rumble of Mutt’s laugh made you relax. “‘kay, yea, yer a li’l crazy.”

“Glad we agree.” You dropped your hands from his face onto his shoulders and gave him a light shake. “You doing okay now?”

Mutt nodded and offered Black’s collar to you. “‘f yer really gonna collar me… ya gotta take my ol' one.”

“What would I do with it?” You asked.

Mutt shrugged, “give it back ta black, throw it out, stash it some'ere, i doesn’ matter.”

You hummed and took it. You were surprised at the weight of it. The dark thick leather creaked as you turned it over in your hands. The tag clinked against the buckle and you looked it over.

“Do you like having a tag?” You asked.

Mutt grinned. “yea, ‘s nice ta have the name ‘f the person who gave the collar ta me somewhere.”

You hummed and stuffed the collar into your sweatshirt’s pocket. Now that the tension of Mutt’s confession had passed, your legs were starting to complain. The two of you were crouched in the middle of his room.

You stood and stretched, Mutt also stood and looked around. “uh, i was expectin’ ta be kicked out honestly so… whatcha wanna do now?”

“Well,” You shook out your legs. “we could go do something.”

Mutt chuckled. “aww, an’ ‘ere i was ‘opin’ fer a makeup kiss.”

You snorted and picked your way through the mess to his door. “What needs to be made up? We didn’t fight.”

“could start one.” Mutt followed along at your heels.

“Why?”

“so i c’n get a make up kiss.”

With your feet on less messy ground, you turned back to your mate. His hands were in his pockets and his slouched posture suggested he was relaxed. Though his face said that he was still nervous from his confession.

“You can ask for a kiss you know, there doesn’t need to be a reason.” You smiled up at him.

“kay… can i kiss ya?”

“Yes you may.”

You giggled at how quickly Mutt swept you up and pressed eager teeth to your lips. All of the anxiety about the previous conversation bleeding out of him when you kissed him back.

“i wanna take ya somewhere.” He murmured before kissing you again.

“Okay.” You felt the whoosh of a shortcut wash around you and cool air hit your cheeks when sensation returned. Regaining your balance, you pulled away to see where Mutt had taken you.

He had brought you to a clearing on the side of the mountain. You blinked at the presence of a fire ring and a cleared away patch of undergrowth in the midst of the foliage.

“Come here often?” You asked.

Mutt nodded and sat down on a rock near the empty fire ring. You noticed the pack he had shoved his things into leaning up against it.

“needed a place ta blow off steam when my lv flares up.” He gestured to the other side of the clearing and you turned to see clawed tree trunks with their branches ripped away. Holes riddled the surrounding upright trees suggesting he had sent more than a few arrows into them.

“Does it help?” You asked.

“yea.”

“Good.” You eyed the backpack on the ground. “Were you planning on hiding out here after our conversation or something?”

Mutt grunted. “somethin’ like that.” He scratched at his skull then

continued. “was expectin’ ta loose our bond actually, ‘s a lotta deaths ta be okay with.”

You shook your head and meandered around the clearing. “I’m not okay with it, but as long as it stays as part of your past, I won’t hold it against you.”

Mutt chuckled and followed you as you explored his hideout. “‘m dangerous duchess.”

“Are you?” You smiled back at him as you continued to wander. “I don't see it.”

Your mate smirked back at you. “could really ‘urt ya.”

“Whaaat?” You turned around and grinned up at him. You kept walking backwards as you goaded your mate on. “Little ole you? I’ve never seen you hurt a fly, even those bats were perfectly safe when we were camping.”

Mutt shook his head but you could see him relaxing as you teased him.

“not sure little ‘s the word ya wanna use ‘n conjunction ta me duchess, i may see fit ta prove ya wrong.”

You laughed as you continued to walk backwards. Mutt followed along, close enough for conversation but far enough back that he couldn’t easily grab you without a lunge.

“Oooh, I’m so scare-" Your heel caught on a root and you flailed as you fell backwards.

Mutt darted forward, catching you before you made contact with the forest floor.

You laughed as he pulled you up right and pat his chest. “There see? Couldn’t hurt a fly.”

“yer not a fly.” Mutt rumbled.

“Then what am I?”

Mutt considered your question as you started walking again. You had found a little path leading away from the clearing and the two of you wandered off down it. The trees kept your walk shaded and cool. The sun wouldn’t have baked you as it was still early in the season but

spring was here.

“deer.” Mutt said.

You stopped walking and looked around. “Damn your eyes are good. Where?”

Your mate chuckled and stopped behind you. Curling down over your shoulder he tapped your chin. “right ‘ere.”

Raising a brow you looked up at him. “ *I’m* the deer?”

Mutt hummed. “yer small, soft, an’ ya got those wobbly legs that keep fallin’ fer me.” He circled around to your front, keeping his hand curled under your chin. “ya got those big eyes tha’ keep me comin’ back ta ‘unt ya.”

“Do you have a license?” You asked.

Mutt’s hand dropped from your chin to tap at your chest. “got a tag an’ everythin’.”

You grinned and took a step away from him. “Oh good.”

Whirling around you took off into the trees. If history had taught you anything. A game of chase would both make your mate happy, and show him that no matter how intense the game got, he wouldn’t hurt you once you were caught.

Mutt’s laughter behind you spurred you onward. The undergrowth was thick, slowing your progress and probably making a ton of noise for him to follow. Slowing down, you glanced behind you. There was no sign of your mate. That didn’t mean he wasn’t around. You hadn’t gone very far and you were sure he knew exactly where you were.

In an attempt to make the chase a little harder, you began to carefully pick your way through the brush. Moving through the woods silently was hard. By the time you came upon a little meadow, you were tired from hopping over branches and tiptoeing around dense underbrush.

The grass in the meadow was long but bowed down under the weight of snow melt. You weren’t in the mood for wet shoes, so you skirted around the tree line and headed up a little game trail. The thin worn path that had been created by many animals taking the same route over time made your progress faster. You kept an eye out for some place to hunker down and wait for Mutt, but nowhere looked good

enough.

“usin’ a game trail ta cover yer tracks? not bad.” Mutt’s voice behind you made you jump. Arms circled your middle and the path ahead of you turned into the clearing Mutt had brought you too originally. “caught ya.”

You could hear the smirk in his voice and you giggled. “That you did, good job.”

Mutt hummed at the praise and he turned you in his arms to face him. “do i get a prize?”

You narrowed your eyes up at him. “Mmmmnope.”

He raised a brow bone. “no?”

“No.” You agreed and stepped out of his arms. He let you go though he watched you through narrowed sockets. “You’re going to have to earn this one.”

“i jus’ caught ya.”

You shrugged. “Guess you’ll have to do it again.” You smiled and turned to run off down the path again, leaving a confused Mutt in your wake.

He caught you. He always did. You stopped counting the amount of times you ran and hid from him. He would always sneak up on you and lift you out of a bush or intercept you by dropping out of a tree. He was always silent, sneaking up on you as you crashed through the woods, not even caring how much noise you were making anymore. Each time he would bring you back to his clearing. Each time you would deny him a prize.

You could see the frustration building in his skull, but you weren’t going to allow him catharsis yet.

“I have a shift tonight.” You said as you pulled away from your mate for the umpteenth time.

“‘ave i earned it then?” Mutt perked up, hope flaring in his sockets.

“Not yet.” You reached up and pat his cheek bone.

“duchess.” He whined and leaned into your touch.

“Take us back to the house, I need to change and get into work.”

“yer a masochist.” He muttered, but he did as you bid and brought you directly into your room. You swayed at the shift in your world then stepped away from him to get to your closet.

“And since when did you not like, or want that?” You said over your shoulder as you pulled off your now dirty clothes from running around the mountain side.

Your mate watched in silence, though you could feel the burning intensity of his eye lights. “yer doin’ this on purpose.” He muttered.

“Well would you prefer this torture or the kind I know you'd put yourself through regardless of the fact that I’m not breaking our bond or engagement over your past actions?” You finished changing and returned to your mate’s side. “Because I know which I’d prefer.”

Mutt stared down at you then cracked a grin. “‘ow’d i get so lucky ‘ith ya?”

You shrugged and hooked an arm through his. “Don’t know, universe shenanigans I guess, now I need to get to work.”

He chuckled and bowed as best he could with your arm around his. “whatever ya say duchess.” And the void took both of you away.

Chapter End Notes

Good outcome? Bad outcome? Only time will tell.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Am I Still Your Charm? Or Am I Just Bad Luck?

Chapter Notes

> It is possible to drag a game out too long. Some things can get misconstrued.
>
> I'm here! I'm working on a career change so if updates get sporadic. That's why. Sorry in advance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You continued the game the next day, then the next. It was obvious that he was hurt by your refusal to kiss him each time he caught you around the house. But the burning look of want and the laughter in his growl whenever your praise over a catch of his didn't elicit a physical prize as well told you that some part of him accepted and was enjoying it. He had become your permanent shadow, always on your heels, opening doors and getting you things, always hovering but not touching unless given permission or until you took off running from him.

He did leave for work during the day which gave you some down time. Black was still at home so you went to him the second day. You wanted to give him Mutt's old collar and talk about your choice for his new one. He took the collar back with a grin and insisted you show him the design you were thinking of getting for his brother.

"Well, I didn't think that he would like anything really small or dainty." You were saying as you thumbed through the catalog. "But I also didn't want to get any of the business partner or indebted style collars either.

Black peered over your shoulder from where you sat on the edge of his bed. "THEN GET HIM A BULKIER SIZE OF WHAT YOU WERE ALREADY THINKING ABOUT."

You looked at him in confusion, there wasn't anything like that in the catalogue.

"HERE." Black flipped through a few pages and showed you where you could look at the different lengths and widths of materials. "PICK WHAT YOU WERE THINKING OF AND SCALE IT UP FOR HIM."

“Do you think he’ll like it?” You asked. You had already shown him your tentative design.

Black gave you a flat look and plucked the catalogue from your hands. “YOU COULD PRESENT HIM WITH A LENGTH OF TWINE THAT YOU FOUND IN THE GARBAGE AND HE WOULD WEAR IT WITH PRIDE.”

You snorted. “True, but he should have something nice from me.”

“INDEED.” He walked over to his desk and set the catalogue down next to Mutt’s old collar. He opened a drawer and pulled out a box. “SPEAKING OF, I FEEL AS THOUGH I SHOULD GIVE THIS TO YOU NOW.”

You blinked in surprise as he passed you the slender black box. The contents weren’t a mystery, you had simply expected Black to find some big occasion to present his mate’s collar to you with some form of ceremony.

Opening the box, you smiled. “Black it’s beautiful.” And it was. The inch wide ribbon of lace lay flat in the box. A little violet stone was affixed to the center of the collar and would sit against your throat when you had it on. Just below the stone, a small silver ring was hooked into the lace, nothing hung from it though.

Black reached down and lifted the collar from the box. “MAY I?” You nodded and he secured it around your neck by the little clasp and chain on the back. He hummed in approval and you reached up to feel at it.

“What’s the loop for?” You asked as you fingered the little bit of metal.

“MUTT MAY ADD HIS MARK WHEN YOU GIVE HIM YOUR COLLAR.”

You gasped and stood, the little box in your lap almost falling to the floor. Black caught it of course.

“I forgot that I should get you a collar too, right?” You flushed in embarrassment of forgetting the elder brother in your search for the right collar.

“DO NOT WORRY, I HAVE CHOSEN A SIMPLE DESIGN. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADD ANYTHING TO IT, I OF COURSE CAN HAVE IT MODIFIED.” He reached into the box and flicked aside the tissue paper your collar had been sitting on. “WHAT DO YOU THINK?”

A length of black leather was lifted from the box. It was about the width of your pinky finger and jet black. The clasp was reminiscent of Mutt's collar but it didn't have a tag. He flipped it over to reveal the inside. You smiled and took it from him to get a closer look. Emerald green velvet lined the inside of the leather, the same shade as your soul. You also saw your name stitched into the green in curving elegant lines.

"Simple design huh?" You grinned at him.

"DO YOU APPROVE?" He asked.

In response, you held up the ends of the collar and gestured at him with it. He smirked and turned around. You gently looped the ends around his cervical vertebrae and secured the clasp. Mutt's old collar had sat loosely around his neck. Black's was more like yours, a choker that hugged his neck without restricting movement or ability to breath. Low enough to be covered by a collared shirt or by most sweatshirts or jackets, but high enough to be seen with anything else.

Black turned back around and pulled you in for a kiss. "THANK YOU FOR INDULGING US IN OUR CUSTOMS." He murmured when he pulled away.

You only smiled and raised your hand up to flash him your ring. "Considering you're indulging me in mine, we can call it even."

He only chuckled and handed you your catalogue back. "GO, FINISH TORTURING MY BROTHER SO HE CAN MOVE ON."

"Not my intention but he seems to like it." You said as you stood to leave. "If he's looking to move on, he needs to talk to his therapist."

"OH I ASSURE YOU HE LIKES IT." Black laughed, "BUT YES, PLEASE URGE HIM TO TALK TO HIS THERAPIST AS WELL."

Nodding, you headed out the door. You had a collar to order.

"i think you broke him." Stretch was sitting next to Mutt at the bar on your shift as you were filling last call orders.

It had been a week of depriving him of physical prizes from your games and you were about ready to call it quits. You had still spoken to him and joked around, he still received good morning kisses if your ran into each other in the kitchen before his work, you even joined in

on a jam session with him and the others. Only kisses from the games he loved so much had stopped. Each time you stepped away or shirked him he would whine, but something in his eye lights appeared grateful. He would shrug and tell you he would talk to his therapist when you brought it up though so, that was something. He even told you he was having fun with this game when you offered to stop.

At the moment. He was sitting on his bar stool with his arms crossed on the bar top. His eye lights were quite literally smoldering as they tracked your movements as you worked. Stretch waved a hand in his face and only got a growl.

“see? broken.” Stretch went back to his drink.

You snorted and set aside the glass you had been polishing. “You alive in there Mutt?”

He nodded but didn’t take his eye lights off of you.

“At least he’s responsive.” You said.

Stretch chuckled and poked at his shoulder. “earth to mutt, you-whoa-kay get off.”

Mutt had turned and slumped over onto Stretch when he had touched him. “take me ou’ back then.” Mutt mumbled.

Stretch rolled his eyes and gave him a light shove which did nothing to dislodge the hulking skeleton from his front. “you said you’d stop insinuating dude.”

Mutt growled again and snuggled in closer. “i ain’ ‘nsinuatin’ anythin’, ‘m instigatin’.”

“i’m good thanks.” Stretch sighed but seemed to accept his fate as a pillow.

“‘m touch starved dude, she ‘asn’t let me get too close ‘n days.” Mutt groaned.

“You’re the one that teleported me here Mutt.” You pointed out. “We literally hugged to get to the bar. *And* I said I would stop if you wanted me to.”

“‘s beside the point.” Mutt grumbled.

You shook your head as you moved off down the bar to fill drink

orders.

“you’re so dramatic.” Stretch said and made another attempt to get Mutt to sit up on his own stool. “just ask her to stop, it’s not that hard.”

“ooh, ‘s hard alright.” Mutt chuckled and sat up shooting Stretch a grin. “girl’s doin’ a good job, why ‘ould i stop that?”

Stretch blinked at him. “wait, you *want* her to do this whole no touchy thing?”

“i wan’ ‘er ta finish punishin’ me fer my crimes agains’ my un’ergroun’.”

“she’s doing what now?” Stretch bit back the strong urge to check to see if Mutt had a fever.

Mutt smirked at him before turning his gaze to you at the other end of the bar. You had your shaker in hand and was measuring in mixers and alcohol for someone’s order. “i told ‘er ‘bout my old job, ‘n that ‘m dangerous.”

“and this is her response?” Stretch followed his stare.

Mutt shrugged. “she won’ break our bond, so.” He sighed and leaned his chin on his hand.

“did you ask for her to punish you ooorrr?” Stretch circled his fingers to get Mutt to fill in the rest.

“naw, but ‘m goin’ ‘ith this little game she started.”

“so you *do* want her to do this to you.”

Mutt shrugged and grinned over at him. “i wan’ ‘er ta do a lotta things ta me.”

Stretch just rolled his eye lights and went back to his drink. He knew where this road led, and he wasn’t about to be baited into it. Mutt could keep his fantasies to himself.

You circled back around to take his and Mutt’s empty glasses. They were the last two along the bar at the moment. Pyre was calling for closing and you joked with him as the place was shut down. Mutt stood and slouched out the door, Stretch followed, signaling to you that they were going for a smoke while you finished up.

“was this what it was like? watching me stumble my way through not being an idiot around her?” Stretch asked, taking the offered cigarette from his counterpart.

Mutt shrugged and lit his smoke. “ya don’ ‘ave dust on yer ‘ands stretch.” Taking a long drag he handed off the lighter. “but yea, ‘m sure it’s pretty close.”

Stretch snorted and lit up. “does that mean i can be a shit to you like you were to me?”

“sure.” Mutt chucked. “you do you, i’ll do me, then we’ll do our sweet li’l mate.”

“separately.” Stretch pointed at him.

“well ‘f yer gonna be borin' ‘bout it, sure.”

Stretch made a face at him. “why are you so insistent on that?”

Mutt shrugged and pushed away from the side of the building that they were both leaning against. “cuz, ya keep givin’ me reactions,” he exhaled a long stream of smoke, “yer the only one ‘n the ‘ouse i’d trust ‘ith the endeavor, *and,* ” He turned to lean his arm against the wall over Stretch’s head so he could grin down at him. “ya ‘aven’t strait up told me no for a while now ‘ich makes me think yer comin’ ‘round ta the idea.”

Stretch rolled his eye lights and took a drag while pretending Mutt wasn’t leaning over him like he was a school girl in some anime. “you really need to get your shit worked out with our mate if you’re resorting to hitting on me.” He grumbled.

“that’s not a no.” Mutt growled.

“you said you’d stop insinuating.”

Mutt snorted and backed away. “naw, see. i said i’d stop insinuatin’ ‘round the *others* .” He spread his arms wide and spun in an exaggerated circle. “don’ see no others smoke stack.”

Stretch shook his head and concentrated on his cigarette. “i’m done with this conversation.”

Mutt just chuckled as he tapped ashes. “yea, yer comin’ ‘round.”

Before Stretch could make a snarky remark, you came out of the front

doors with Pyre on your heels. You wished the elemental goodnight as you locked up then came over to join him and Mutt.

“ready ta go?” Mutt ground his cigarette out on his palm and offered his arm.

You hummed assent but stepped around him to slot yourself against Stretch’s side. There was a flash of hurt across Mutt’s face that almost had Stretch wondering if he should tell you to let him take you home after all. He immediately changed his mind when the look faded to acceptance then a mischievous smirk.

“Man I’m tired.” You were saying. “Take me back? We can cuddle tonight if you want.”

Stretch blinked down at you then glanced at Mutt as he burned holes into him with his eyes. “uh, yea, that sounds good.”

Mutt’s eye lights flashed and the beginnings of a growl started in his chest. “now tha’s jus’ mean duchess, bringin’ in the calvary.”

You glanced around at him pointedly. “Is it? Shall I stop?”

Stretch watched Mutt’s eye lights dart from you to him and back. His claws clicked against each other as if he were itching to snatch you away from him. But he didn’t. Instead he grinned and stepped back. “naw, don’ stop, ‘m jus’ gonna wreck ya harder later duchess.”

You snorted. “Great, looking forward to it.” Turning your head you smiled up at Stretch. “In the meantime, that’s your job. Let’s go home.”

Stretch flushed and glanced at Mutt who looked like he was in danger of having his skull catch on fire with how brightly his eye lights were burning. “uh, yea sure let’s go.” He fled through the void landing in your room.

You stepped away from him and started to change for bed. “Sorry to drag you into that.” You said as you shuffled around in the dark.

“how long do you suppose he’ll keep it going?” Stretch stepped to the side as you passed him to get to your closet to change into your sleep wear.

“I don’t know, I’ve suggested that he talk to his therapist about it, but he keeps saying he doesn't want to stop our game no matter what I

do.” You finished changing and headed for the bathroom. Stretch trailed after.

Stretch hummed as he leaned against the doorway as you brushed your teeth. "is this the right way to go about punishing him?”

You rinsed out your mouth and turned "Punish him? I wasn't intending for this to be a punishment, he likes a game of chase, so I gave it to him. All I know is he was expecting to lose both our engagement and our bond when he told me.” You shook your head. “You should have seen his face when he was telling me about it. If he's taking this as a punishment I need to stop."

Stretch hummed. “he thinks this is your compromise.”

You made a face.“Stars it sounds like I want to hurt him over his past huh? I have a call scheduled with him and his therapist tomorrow, we’ll see if that sheds any light on the situation.” You looked down and scratched at your arm.

Stretch nodded and glanced around the hallway. He wasn’t within sight, but Stretch could feel the agonized buzzing of Mutt’s magic in his room. Nothing he could really do about it now, he would help you help him as he could.

“i could do something about *your* mental health if you’re up for it.” He prodded.

“Yea?” You giggled as he reeled you in to where he was still leaning against the bathroom doorway. “What’s the plan big man?”

Stretch pressed his teeth to your forehead. “you said you wanted to cuddle tonight, maybe we can do a little more? Maybe get rid of some of that stress?”

You giggled and leaned up to kiss him. “Take us to bed then.”

Stretch chuckled and pulled the two of you through the void. “yes ma'am.”

Chapter End Notes

If there is one thing I like to do, it's torture my characters.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Eye of the Storm

Chapter Notes

> It's been a while since I've written any sort of fighting. The angst is mostly behind us... mostly ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“DON’T COMPLAIN, IT’S PLENTY WARM OUT. STAND UP STRAIGHT!” Edge grumbled at you as you, him, and Papyrus spread out in the backyard.

“Don’t you have work today?” You asked as you mimicked the stretches he was starting.

“I HAVE THE NEXT TWO DAYS OFF.”

“Weird days to have off.”

Edge only shrugged and changed the stretch. You and Papyrus followed his lead. “I DON’T MAKE THE GUARD SCHEDULE.”

Papyrus laughed at that but didn’t say anything.

It had been quite some time since you had done any training with either of them. After Edge had gone back into the guard, your schedules never matched up enough for a consistent day to get into the gym like you used to. Papyrus would occasionally pull you around to dance in the house, but it wasn’t like you were getting ready for a competition anymore. The heels stayed off.

“Don’t you have a gym at the embassy that you could use?” You huffed and pushed a little harder into the stretch. You had definitely lost some flexibility, not a ton, but you knew you had been able to do more before winter hit.

“I DO, BUT NEITHER OF YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO USE IT.” Edge rose out of the stretch and shook himself loose. “NOW, LET’S SEE HOW MUCH YOU REMEMBER.”

Blue watched you fend off Papyrus from the back door. Mutt was sitting on the back porch step smoking as he also watched the show.

Black paused as he passed by. “WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?”

“TRAINING BY THE LOOKS OF IT.” Blue replied. “EDGE WAS INSISTENT.”

Black snorted. “YES, HE TENDS TO DO THAT.”

They watched Edge join in on Papyrus’s attack. You dodged and blocked their forward press as best you could. Edge called for a halt only to poke and prod at you until you were doing whatever move he wanted you to do.

Blue snorted and turned away. He had some schooling paperwork to finish up if he was going to start classes next week.

Black remained by the back door, watching through the window. Your form wasn’t bad, not guard worthy, but you at least had some battle sense about you. He was about to turn away but paused when Edge called out to Mutt on the porch.

“TEAM ATTACKS, COME ASSIST THE CREAM PUFF!” He yelled.

“not feelin’ up ta it righ’ now, sorry.” Mutt shrugged and took a pull from his cigarette.

“Come on Mutt,” You pleaded. “Just one round? Blow off some steam? I’ll smooch you after.”

Mutt stubbed out his cigarette without any further complaint. You brightened as he stood and pulled off his sweatshirt. Tossing it on a deck chair, he slouched to your trio.

“only cuz ‘m gettin’ a kiss.” He muttered as he came up to your side.

Edge circled around and pushed him over to stand next to Papyrus. “WE WILL DEMONSTRATE AND YOU WILL REPLICATE IT.” Edge announced.

You dutifully watched him and Papyrus perform a surprisingly coordinated team attack. Papyrus lunged ahead of Edge, a long leg lashing out at an invisible foe before dropping to kneel with his arms up to block an attack. Edge was right behind him, fists darting out over his head. Papyrus surged upward, his fists delivering an uppercut. Edge pivoted around him and the pair performed a set of jabs and feints that would presumably finish off their enemy.

Mutt watched with a bored expression on his face. You hoped you would get to see it again because there was no way you could do that without being walked through it a few times.

“YOUR TURN,” Edge said coming to your side. “PAPYRUS AND MUTT WILL DEFEND.”

“Uh, can we do it slowly? I don’t remember what happened first.”

Edge sighed but steered you around and into position. “YOU WILL DO AS PAPYRUS DID.” He took up a stance behind you and nodded. “ENSURE YOU ARE BALANCED THEN KICK AT MUTT, YOU ARE ATTEMPTING TO MOVE HIM BACK, THEN DROP DOWN AND DEFEND MY FRONT SO I MAY ATTACK.”

You nodded and readied yourself. Mutt stood with his hands in his jean pockets, just staring at you. Papyrus was in a defensive stance next to him. Taking a deep breath, you readied yourself then lashed out in a kick at Mutt. He simply stepped backwards out of your range, his face still bored.

Your kick missed but you did as you were instructed and regained your balance before dropping into a crouch. Edge was right behind you, aiming his hits at Papyrus who was closer. “UPPERCUT.” Edge called and pivoted to the side to avoid a swing from the other skeleton. You obeyed and lept out of your crouch bringing your fist up with you. Papyrus knew the hit was coming and tilted his skull so you wouldn’t actually hit him.

“FORWARD PRESS.” Edge urged and he was at your side, forcing Papyrus back with a swipe of his claws. You joined him and pushed Papyrus back to Mutt who simply stayed out of your reach by moving backwards.

Edge called for a halt and glared at Mutt. “YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO ASSIST YOUR PARTNER.”

Mutt shrugged. “‘e ‘ad it handled.”

“THAT MENTALITY IS HOW SOLDIERS GET DUSTED.”

“well ‘s a good thing i ain’ a soldier then.” He grinned and shot you a wink.

Edge growled and lunged for him. Mutt stepped back then to the side turning as he moved so Edge would go past him. Edge was quicker on

his feet than that and aimed a fist at where Mutt was going instead of where he currently was.

Mutt kept his hands firmly in his pockets but corrected his retreat, his movements no longer sluggish like when he was avoiding your practice attacks. His refusal to return an attack and his speed in dodging everything Edge was throwing at him reminded you of Sans who was notoriously hard to hit.

“FIGHT BACK YOU COWARD!” Edge swept a leg out in an attempt to trip him up.

“naw, sounds li' too much work.” Mutt shot back, nimbly jumping over the leg sweep.

Papyrus had been watching the one sided fight with you but snorted at that before moving forward to help Edge. With two attackers, Mutt finally pulled a hand out of his pocket to shove Papyrus’s arm back towards him while he leaned out of the way of Edge’s punch. He still had a calm look on his face and the other two were grinning as they attempted to hit him.

You stared in awe as Papyrus and Edge coordinated their attacks to either hit at the same time or just barely staggered to keep Mutt guessing at who he needed to block and who he needed to dodge.

Edge hurled his fist at Mutt’s skull while Papyrus stepped back to send a sidekick at his pelvis. Mutt batted the fist away as he jumped backward then ducked down to avoid the twin feet coming in on either side.

“YOU CANNOT WIN UNLESS YOU FIGHT BACK!” Edge growled as he chased Mutt around Papyrus.

“ya sure ‘bout that?” Mutt laughed as he kept Papyrus between himself and Edge. “yer putin’ out way more energy than me righ’ now edgelord, yer gonna exhaust yerself long before i even start ta feel tired.”

You blinked at his words. Was that how he racked up so many kills? He had said he hunted them down first. Had exhausting them been part of that hunt so he could have a low effort execution?

You hummed and stepped forward when his back was to you. Lunging at him, you went to shove him forward so he had to deal with the attacks coming in from your other mates. Only, he vanished from sight

making you stumble.

“now tha’s not very nice.” Mutt’s teasing voice was right behind you. “thought this ‘as a team exercise.”

“It is,” You turned to him and smiled. “My team just happens to have both Edge and Papyrus on it.”

He snorted then dodged to the side. Edge had taken advantage of your distraction to circle around to one side. Papyrus had moved in on the other. You moved in on him from the front.

Mutt growled and actually grabbed Papyrus’s arm instead of just blocking it so he could forcefully push him back. The move let him focus on you and Edge instead of all three of you but cost him a hit. Edge managed to land a punch to a scapula. Mutt dodged the next hit and danced nimbly out of the way of your kick, shaking a taunting finger at you as he went.

Leg sweep.

Uppercut.

Step back so the others could move in.

Front kick.

Swing for his jaw.

Jab at his chest.

Mutt’s socket twitched in irritation at the onslaught of attacks and you faltered in helping the other two then removed yourself entirely when you heard a growl rumble low in his chest. He didn’t look like he was having fun anymore as he avoided them.

Dodge.

Block.

Jump.

Block.

Block.

Side step.

Side step again.

Papyrus's fist connected with his sternum and he grunted at the impact. The cream puff had some strength behind that. Too late he realized that Edge had moved in on his other side as he jerked out of the way.

His knee buckled as a foot hit the back of his leg.

Ambush.

His knee hit the ground and he immediately brought up an arm to deflect the hit coming down on him.

They're after your dust.

Another attack caught his socket and he reached out to meet the enemy.

You gasped as Mutt deflected Papyrus's attack with one hand. Edge was on his other side with a hit of his own. Only. Mutt snarled and grabbed a hold of Edge's arm before he could land more than a glancing blow. Mutt wrenched his body sideways and down, dragging Edge across his shoulders and flung him into Papyrus.

The two skeletons tumbled into the grass in a tangle of bones. Mutt was on his feet in seconds, advancing on the pair now that he wasn't being attacked from all sides.

"YES! EXELE-" Edge jerked to the side, pulling Papyrus with him as Mutt attempted to curb stomp his skull.

"Whoa, hey!" You darted forward and grabbed his shoulder.

Mutt rounded on you with a growl, his sockets were a void of darkness as he lunged forward. You didn't have his speed and he caught you in a strong hold before you could dart away. Sharp teeth snarled into your face and you flinched.

Mutt had lost control.

You sucked in a breath to try to calm him but you were dropped and shoved to the side. Blinking in confusion you registered the sharp buzz of magic and your other mates shouting.

Edge had managed to separate himself from Papyrus and both got to their feet in time to see Mutt pushing you to the side. "WALK IT OFF

MUTT.” He growled.

The other monster rounded on him a long bone materialized in his hand, one end was shattered into a jagged point. Edge cursed and summoned his rapier. This was not the fight he wanted.

Magic also buzzed at Papyrus’s fingertips but he hadn’t summoned anything yet.

“Count to ten for me Mutt, show me your eye lights.” Papyrus soothed.

Mutt growled and launched himself at Papyrus. A wall of bones just barely made it up in time to take the sharp end of Mutt’s weapon. Edge shouted to draw his attention and took up a defensive stance.

Swinging his weapon around, Mutt met Edge’s rapier with a snarl, forcing him back. Their weapons flashed in the early spring air as each struggled for the upper hand. Papyrus had dismissed his bone wall and charged.

Edge lept out of the way as Papyrus tackled Mutt to the ground. The pair writhed and you gasped when Mutt grabbed a hold of Papyrus’s skull and threw him across the yard with a pained shout. Before Mutt could get to his feet, a small blurr shot passed you, taking your tall mate back to the ground.

“THAT IS *ENOUGH* PAPYRUS!” Black had run out of the house to handle his brother. “SHOW ME YOUR EYE LIGHTS BROTHER!”

Mutt growled up at him and made an attempt to free himself. You flinched when Black full on punched Mutt in the jaw..

“STAY DOWN BEFORE I PUT YOU DOWN!” Black snarled.

“ *fuck* you.” Mutt growled back and grappled with his brother. Claws and teeth flashed from both skeletons as they tumbled over the lawn.

You shot them a worried look before hurrying over to Papyrus. Edge was already with him, helping him to his feet.

“Are you okay?” You asked, grabbing his cheekbones and turning his face this way and that looking for injury.

He gently pried your hands from him. “I’m fine my dear, it takes more than a few hits to take me out.” He glanced at Edge. “We need to cage

him long enough to calm him down."

"AGREED, A PRACTICE FIGHT SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIGGERED A FLARE LIKE THIS."

Papyrus rubbed at his skull, "He's been wound rather tightly lately."

You clenched your jaw. "That's my fault."

Both of your mates glanced at you then moved away to intercept the brothers as they fought. Mutt had Black pinned but his shirt was torn and you could see dust leaking from a few new scratches.

Edge and Papyrus split so they could flank him. "NEED A DISTRACTION." Edge shouted over the snarls.

Before Papyrus could respond, you stepped up. "Mutt!!"

Mutt's skull jerked up at your shout. Black used his break in concentration to wriggle free. Just as he cleared his brother's reach, a set of summoned rib cages crashed down on top of Mutt, pinning him to the grass.

"EYE LIGHTS MUTT, LOOK AT ME!" Black was clutching one arm as he pleaded with his brother.

Mutt struggled against the double cages summoned by Papyrus and Edge.

"Let it go Mutt, you're with friends." Papyrus was sweating as he worked to keep his construct from breaking.

"Mutt." You stared at him as he tore grass up, desperate to escape. He must have heard you over his own struggle because his head turned.

"KEEP TALKING, BUT STAY BACK." Black urged.

You tried for a smile. "Hey Mutt, um, can you count with me? I would love it if you helped me count."

He stilled but didn't start counting, he simply stared at you with hollow sockets. The backyard was silent. The few early birds that had returned with the first week rays of spring chirped overhead and you raised your hands up in front of you in a placating gesture. "Talk to me Mutt." You murmured.

Black took a step in your direction but stopped when Mutt growled.

Edge and Papyrus were still laser focused on keeping the cages in place over your mate. He wasn't struggling anymore but his skull was disturbingly empty of light.

"Come back to me Mutt." You murmured. "You're okay."

He raised a hand and held it out to you. Biting your lip you crouched down but didn't reach out to him. "No," You shook your head. "You can't touch me right now Mutt, you're not in the right headspace."

He growled and dropped his hand only to heave upward at his restraints. They held but you could see the strain on your other mates.

"Please." You stood and shuffled a step away. "Come back to me."

Another crudely sharpened bone appeared in his hand and he tossed it at you. You flinched back and Black darted to intercept but it wasn't necessary. The bone thumped into the grass at your feet.

A low whine escaped your downed mate and you looked up to find tiny blood orange eye lights wavering back at you.

"carve it outta me duchess," He begged. "take what dust ya need ta punish me, i ain' gonna be absolved by bein' denied by ya, so take it before i give ya what i think it should take."

You glanced at Black who looked as shocked as you felt. "I'm not going to *take* dust from you, why-"

"i 'urt ya, all a ya jus' before, my mind said ya were ambushin' me so i did…" He glanced around from his prone position. "obviously enough damage ta warrant a cage."

"But you didn't hurt me Mutt," you gestured at yourself, "you pushed me to the side but you didn't hurt me."

"'s not the point duchess i coulda-"

"It *is* the point though!" You inched forward on your knees towards him. "You had lost control to your LV and you still did me no harm, that has to say something."

"it says i left ya un'armed 'n order ta do shit ta ya later, 'ow many times do i 'ave ta tell ya that I ain'-

"THAT'S ENOUGH MUTT," Black cut in, his voice was clipped but

softer than you had expected, "WE'LL NEED TO REVISIT THE LV MEDICATION DISCUSSION BUT IN THE MEANTIME, GET UP, I'LL CALL YOUR DOCTOR." He glanced up at your other mates. "LET HIM GO... PLEASE."

Edge and Papyrus stared at Black but ultimately let their constructs disappear. Mutt stayed on the ground, eye lights staring at his brother.

"ARE YOU INJURED?" Edge was at your side, his eye lights scanning you. Papyrus was healing the gouge on Black's arm while he talked on the phone.

You blinked and checked yourself over. "No, I'm fine. He really didn't hurt me." Edge hummed and stayed by your side.

"I should have stopped the game a long time ago, it's been hurting him more than being fun." You murmured to yourself. "I'm sorry." You said louder.

Mutt had risen off of the grass enough to get into a sitting position, his long legs folded under him. He shook his skull at your apology. "'s my fault... 'm broken."

"No," You moved around Edge to get to him. "No, you're trying to heal and I wasn't helping." You crouched down in front of him and opened your arms. "So I'm sorry."

Mutt's eye lights drifted across your open arms then up above your head where Edge was standing behind you. "i 'urt ya." He muttered.

"Not me." You gestured at yourself. "You didn't do anything to me."

"I'VE TAKEN WORSE FROM SOME OF THE LV CRAZED MONSTERS OF MY UNDERGROUND." Edge waved his words away.

Black came around and extended a hand to his brother. "I HAVE MADE AN APPOINTMENT, WE ARE TO PICK UP DYNE BEFORE WE MEET WITH YOUR DOCTOR. CAN YOU TELEPORT?"

Mutt nodded and took his brother's hand. "'m sorry." He glanced at you before vanishing from the yard.

Papyrus pulled you to your feet and wrapped you up in a hug. "I'm sorry you had to witness that." He said. "He usually comes down with a little coaxing."

You buried your face into his chest. “How often does he lose control?”

Edge joined the hug, squishing you between your tall mates in a tight embrace. “NOT AS OFTEN AS YOU ARE FEARING.” He reassured. “THIS WAS THE FIRST IN MONTHS THAT I KNOW OF. WE’VE ONLY COME TO BLOWS ONCE BEFORE BUT IT WAS BRIEF AND HE WAS TALKED DOWN BY HIS BROTHER BEFORE ANYTHING ESCALATED.”

“This is my fault.” You choked out, a sob halting anything else you were going to say.

“Nonsense, this was just a bad episode.” Papyrus pulled free of your front to look down at you. “Don’t beat yourself up, it won’t help either of you.”

You chewed your lip, “Can we go inside?” You would talk to Mutt when he got home. There was nothing Edge or Papyrus could do, you had to make it right with Mutt by yourself.

Your mates nodded and led you towards the house. You picked up Mutt’s discarded sweatshirt on your way in. There, you had an opener now.

He had to be okay.

Chapter End Notes

> Big oof there friends, LV is nothing to blink at. Mutt's tough though right?
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Absolute Ground Zero of My Heart

Chapter Notes

Yeets chapter at y'all
Sorry I've been radio silent for a few weeks! Here's a short chapter!

Warning! Mentions of death(s)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mutt got home late. He had a long session with both his surface therapist and his magic therapy doctor. His Undyne had been called upon and the little bottle of pills that now rattled in his pocket had been prescribed. LV pills, drugs that were supposed to help him control the LV flares. Keep his non-existent brain thinking rationally in heated moments. There was no data on if they would work for him, but at this point he would try anything to keep you from flinching away from him again.

The house was dark and silent when he stepped out of his brother's room. Black wished him a quiet good night before he shut the door. Padding to his room on silent feet, he could hear low voices coming from behind your door. The tones suggested both Stretch and Red were with you. He paused at his door, listening intently to the noises coming from yours so close by.

He couldn't pick out words but he could hear Red's deep baritone exchange with Stretch's tenor.

"ya can knock ya know."

Mutt turned his head to Sans standing a little ways down the hall.

"they were waiting up for ya anyway." Sans shrugged and turned to go into the bathroom. "just saying."

Were they? Mutt watched Sans shut himself in the bathroom then turned back to your door. He schooled his face into his signature calm, almost bored expression and knocked on your door.

The voices within silenced. A faint hum of magic could be heard with the sound of the door handle turning. The wood in front of his face swung away to reveal your dim room. The only light that was on was

your TV, nothing was playing though, just the Netflix selection screen.

Red and Stretch were sitting on your bed facing each other, separated by your sleeping self. Stretch had a pillow in his lap that you were resting your head on. Your legs were tucked over Red's and a blanket was draped over your middle.

"hey." Stretch waved when no one else said anything.

Mutt grunted and stepped into the room. "she okay?"

"physically yea, but you really need to talk to her." Stretch gazed down at your sleeping face. "she's blaming this entire situation on herself."

"she 'as a habit a doin' that." Red said, his claws massaged your legs where they draped over his lap.

Silence took over again. Mutt could see Stretch quietly fuming and Red's careful indifference. They were both right, but it felt too raw at the moment. He had managed to keep his flares relatively out of your space for the past year. Escaping off to his camp spot or finding one of the others he and his brother had trained to handle him when he could. Somewhere in his skull he knew that it was only a matter of time until he completely lost it around you. The beach had been close, but he had somehow dragged himself out of that flare at the sound of your voice.

Today had just been bad, it had been a long time since he had participated in any kind of sparring, and the intensity of fending off two opponents had dragged him back to a night in the Snowdin forest where he had been heading back into town for a drink at Muffet's when a pair of snowdrakes had come out of nowhere and attacked him. Something about him killing their brother at some point which was probably true. Not that it mattered, they ended up as dust in the snow just like their sibling apparently was.

"mutt."

He felt his eye lights flicker back to life at Red's voice.

"yer slippin'." He grumbled.

Mutt nodded and schooled his face back into impassiveness. "'m gonna go ta bed."

“dude, wait.” Stretch was easing your pillowed head off of his lap and onto your mattress. “are you okay to be alone right now? from what i heard, it was a bad episode.”

“ya offerin’ ta stay the night ‘ith me smoke stack? ‘m honored.” Mutt let a grin play over his features as Stretch approached him. He could play this off if he turned the conversation correctly.

“you know that’s not what i mean, so don’t start.” Stretch grabbed his arm and led him into the hall. Mutt let himself be pulled along leaving Red to bundle you into bed.

“‘goin’ ta yer room ‘nstead huh? ya got more neighbors 'n i do, ya sure ya c'n be quiet enou-”

“knock it off mutt.” Stretch let go of him halfway down the hall and turned to face him with his arms crossed. “now what are you going to say to her?”

Mutt raised a brow and leaned against the nearest wall. Stretch rolled his eye lights. “i’m aware of the irony, but let’s move past my own abysmal communication skills and focus on yours.”

“oh good, was lookin’ forward ta talkin’ ta my *third* therapist tanight.” Mutt droned. When Stretch didn’t drop his stare he sighed. “was gonna sleep on that thought an’ talk ta ‘er once it's settled.”

He almost laughed at Stretch’s unimpressed look. “you mean, you’re going to go to bed and curse yourself until the sun comes up, then hide in your lab all day to avoid dealing with this.”

Mutt narrowed his sockets at Stretch who matched his stare.

“i did the same thing for months then ended up with my foot in my mouth every time i was forced to hold a conversation.” Stretch started pacing. “you were even *there* , poking and being a dick to force me into dealing with it half of the time.” He stopped and jabbed a finger at him. “so this is me making you deal with your own shit so i don’t have to watch this train wreck for stars know how long like the entire house had to for me.”

“aww, ya care ‘bout me?” Mutt chuckled.

“you’re deflecting.”

“‘m not.”

“and that’s a lie.” Stretch took a deep breath and rubbed his hands down his skull. “do you at least have an idea of how you’re going to work with her on this?”

Mutt shrugged. “plan’s aren’ really my thing, i’ll deal with it as it comes.” He pushed away from the wall and shoved his hands into his pockets, intending to end the conversation there and go to bed. His hand hit the bottle of pills making it rattle and drawing Stretch’s attention.

Stretch frowned at Mutt’s pocket then at his face. “are they drugging you? is that the only solution they have?”

“welcome ta bein’ tagged as fell stretch, we ain’ all able ta hold our cool with jus’ a few nice conversations with a therapist.” He pulled the bottle from his pocket and held it up for Stretch to see. “ya wan’ me ta not be a train wreck? i gotta contain my lv.” He watched Stretch’s eye lights dart from him to the bottle and back. “i earned every fuckin’ drop ‘f exp an’ this ‘s my karma, gotta be medicated ‘r i can’t do what i need ta fer my mate.”

Stretch fidgeted and Mutt put the bottle away. “‘m goin’ ta bed, ya wanna continue this conversation? yer gonna ‘ave ta either wait ‘r join me.”

He turned to head back to his room and was surprised when Stretch followed. When he opened his door Stretch muttered ‘good night’ and slipped past him to go back into your room.

Right.

Made sense.

Now it was time to decide if he was going to prove Stretch right and lie awake berating himself or if he was going to get any actual shut eye. He’ll just have to see how he feels once horizontal.

Red looked up as Stretch stepped back into your room. “‘ow’d it go?” He asked.

Stretch sighed and moved to crawl back into your bed. “it’s like talking to a brick wall.” He shuffled around then glanced at Red sitting on your other side. “do you take anything for your lv?”

Red shook his head. “last i ‘eard, lv meds were still bein’ tested.”

Stretch frowned. “mutt had a bottle of pills that were for his lv. had his name on the prescription and everything.”

Red frowned. “i’ll check inta it at work tomorrow.”

“thanks.”

“hmph.” Red stared down at you sleeping next to where he was sitting on your bed. His lv wasn’t as high as Mutt’s. He still had flares but they were never as intense as what he had witnessed Mutt going through in the past. He hadn’t seen today’s episode but he had heard that it took Black, Papyrus, and his brother to get him down and keep him there long enough to calm him. It was unfortunate that you had to witness it, but it was bound to happen. Half of your mates bore stains of lv on their souls. Fortunately Edge and Black seemed to bear it better than he and Mutt did, their numbers weren’t as high, but lv was still lv.

With a sigh, Red rolled off of your bed and went to shut your door. “‘m also gonna go crash.” He said. “yer on duty tanight.” He didn’t wait for the other skeleton to respond, he teleported to his own room leaving you in Stretch’s arms.

Chapter End Notes

> More oofs! Again sorry for the lack of updates :(I'll try to be more active this week.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Silent and Strong

Chapter Notes

> Let's try some of that good old communication that the kids are talking about these days yea?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mutt’s alarm blared, jolting the skeleton awake. With a grumble he hit snooze and rolled over. He hadn't slept well, your face kept creeping into his mind every time he tried. The horror that contorted your features as he begged you to take his dust.

Bone scraped bone as he scrubbed at his face. Don't think about it, get up, go to work, gather a game plan.

…

Okay, that was harder done than thought. Mutt made no move to get out of bed, he simply stared at his ceiling. His alarm went off again, prompting the large skeleton to groan and force himself off of the mattress.

He dressed for work then scooped up the bottle of pills he had left on his desk before crashing. He popped the top and shook out a single capsule.

One was to be taken every morning. He lacked a stomach but he was still told to take it with some sort of monster food. Something about it helping the medication absorb more effectively.

Putting the bottle away, Mutt teleported him and his pill into the kitchen. He wasn't one for breakfast. He would eat if something was made by one of the others but he normally just grabbed some coffee and went about his day.

Today wasn't much different, coffee in a travel mug, no creme, only copious amounts of sugar.

"morning."

Mutt's socket twitched as he smoothed his expression into something resembling indifference and turned to face Sans.

"mornin'." He mumbled back.

Sans shuffled by to fix his own coffee, looking as tired as he felt. Mutt moved away to rummage around in the pantry for one of those breakfast bars that Papyrus kept around.

Finding one, he munched on it and willed his body to wake up. Sans drank his coffee in silence, only yawning as he dropped his mug in the sink before teleporting away. Mutt finished the bar, washing the last of it down with his pill and a large gulp of coffee.

Just as he was topping off his mug, Stretch shuffled in with Red. Both grunted out their greetings as they went about caffeinating themselves in their own ways.

Mutt stirred another scoop of sugar into his coffee before securing the lid and teleporting to his lab without a word.

His computer buzzed to life and he settled down to lose himself in the lines of code.

Stretch frowned at the equation in front of him. It wasn't the answer he had anticipated, but who was he to argue with hard numbers? He transferred the result to another equation and got to work.

"Mr. Skeleton?"

Stretch glanced around at one of the human astronomers that worked in his division. Daniel? David? Devin? He couldn't remember, this guy was fairly new.

Stretch opted for a smile, the other scientists were pleasant enough. "what's up?"

The human returned his smile and gestured over his shoulder. "Someone from your last project is asking for you."

Stretch pushed his chair away from the desk to get a look at who he was talking about. His brow bones rose at the sight of Red by the entrance to the lab.

"uh, thanks." He stood and headed towards the other skeleton only to swing back around to point at his computer. "oh, I need sam's numbers before we can move forward."

The human nodded and walked off to hopefully find Sam so Stretch

wouldn't have to later. But that would wait. Stretch checked his phone as he moved towards Red. The tone from the emergency chat hadn't gone off and there wasn't anything important in any of the other chats. Just some jokes in the one with Sans, Red, and Mutt, and one from Blue asking about his preference in location for their lunch plans tomorrow.

"hey." He made it to Red's side and dropped his phone back in his pocket. "everything alright?"

Red nodded and led him out into the hallway. "got some info on mutt's prescription."

"wow, that was fast." Stretch followed the shorter skeleton outside. "how'd you swing that?"

Red rolled his eye lights and handed him a cigarette.``i go' ways. anyway, 's a legit prescription. stuff's made ta 'andle lv." He paused while they lit up. Exhaling a thick cloud of smoke he continued. "'parently mutt's 'verse 'ad somethin' started before they got 'ere, jus' had ta finish tweakin' it 'r somethin'."

"huh." Stretch leaned up against the side of the building.

"my response too." He grinned and took another drag. "that ease yer mind 'bout yer sweet'eart?"

Stretch made a gagging sound and flicked his cigarette butt at Red. "not sweethearts, don't start dude."

Red just laughed and continued to smoke as Stretch went back inside. It was a relief to hear that the pills were legitimate. In the back of his skull he was worried that Mutt was being used as a guinea pig and being fed drugs until something stuck. His reaction to seeing the bottle of pills was less than stellar, if they were helping Mutt then that was good.

It was almost lunch time so he veered away from his own lab. He wound his way through the halls until he found himself at the core team's workshop. Mutt had been helping with the coding for the core replica that they were attempting to build on the surface. Stretch did not envy him.

An astigmatism opened the door at Stretch's knock. Its large eye blinked at him in greeting.

"can i steal mutt?" Stretch asked.

The monster nodded and moved away to go find Mutt. Stretch stayed out in the hall.

It didn't take long for Mutt to come slouching out to meet him. Stretch frowned at the dark rings under his sockets.

"you sleep at all last night?" He asked as they moved off in the direction of the front doors.

Mutt shrugged, "some."

"and now you're hiding in your lab?" He couldn't help but prod.

"not hidin'." Mutt grabbed Stretch's arm and the two of them were suddenly in front of a little hotdog stand that set up shop just off the lab's main property. Lots of monsters enjoyed the little mobile stand making it a popular lunch spot for the magical scientists.

"if you say so." Stretch slipped in front of Mutt so he could order first. He could feel the eye roll from his friend.

They both picked up their meals and settled at a picnic table nearby. The other regulars were starting to filter out of the lab and congregate in front of the stand for their own lunches.

Mutt drowned his dogs in BBQ sauce. Stretch resisted the urge to make a face at it. The cook didn't make corn dogs so he just ate his hot dogs with a touch of ketchup. Not the overwhelming amount Sans liked though, he wasn't a heathen.

"so." Mutt prompted. "wha's with the impromptu lunch date?" He took a large bite of his dog with a grin.

Now was the time to make that face. "not a date." Stretch jabbed his dog at him only to jerk it back when he tried to take a bite of it.

Mutt only chuckled and went back to his own food. They ate in silence, watching the little crowd as it filtered through the hot dog stand.

To Stretch's surprise, Mutt broke first. "'ow was she this mornin'?"

Stretch looked around in surprise. Mutt appeared to be incredibly interested in his soda can. "she was still asleep when i left so…" Stretch said slowly then shrugged. "ask her yourself when you get

home."

Mutt snorted. "i will, jus' need ta know 'er disposition."

"she's not an animal, you don't need her to sniff your fingers before interacting."

That made both of them laugh at the mental image.

"no, i know." Mutt took a drink. "it pays ta be prepared 's all."

"uh-huh."

"it does."

"sure," Stretch downed the last of his drink then flicked the can at Mutt. "so you're gonna go from hiding in your lab to hiding around the house?"

Mutt caught the can and smirked at Stretch. "only place i'll be hidin' 's in 'er closet." He stood, gathering both of their trash. "then it'll be *you* who's gonna be smellin' *my* fingers."

"gross." Stretch got up to follow him over to the garbage.

Mutt snorted. "'s really not but be borin' i guess."

It was Stretch's turn to grab Mutt to take them back to the lab. Only, Stretch dropped them outside of the building. He didn't let go of Mutt's wrist forcing the taller skeleton to look at him.

"im sorry for reacting the way i did last night." The words came out in a rush and Stretch kept his eye lights firmly on the ground between them. "if it helps you then… that's good, that's what you need." He let go of Mutt and stepped back expecting him to teleport away.

When he didn't, Stretch risked a glance up. A decision he immediately regretted. Mutt had a shit eating grin on his face.

"don't-" He tried to protest.

"awww look at ya." Mutt used his height to loom over Stretch. "ya do care, 'm touched."

"I'm looking out for our mate." Stretch shot back.

Mutt hummed before throwing an arm around Stretch’s shoulders.

"keep tellin' yerself that." His teeth bounced off the side of Stretch's skull. No magic accompanied it but Stretch still jerked away. Mutt laughed again and pulled away. "keep yer panties on smokestack i'll chat with 'er."

Before Stretch could spit out a retort, Mutt teleported back to his desk. His grin dropped as he sat down. As nice as it was to know that Stretch was firmly on his side with the whole medication and lv thing, it didn't ease the twist of fear that accompanied all thoughts of approaching you about it.

He was supposed to be the carefree guy, the one that wasn't fazed by anything. The skeleton with no shame. Stars he wished he had his brother's skill in diplomacy. Mutt could control and turn conversations just fine, but it was usually at the expense of the other party.

With a huff, he looked over the code he had been working through before lunch. Stretch could gloat all he wanted, but Mutt was going to hide out under the excuse of needing to finish this before finding you.

You were shutting down the bar in silence. It had been a relatively slow night so there wasn't that much to do. Sans had stepped outside to wait for you to lock up so you were by yourself.

The lock clicked into place and you turned to Sans.

Only… he was gone. Mutt was stubbing out a cigarette and grinning at your confusion.

"finally gotta growth spurt." He mimicked Sans's voice.

"I can see that." You laughed and went to him. "Interesting change of style though."

Mutt chuckled. "thanks, i call it doggy style."

"Really?" You had stopped right in front of him. "And when did you pick up smoking?"

Mutt just shrugged.

You continued to eye him. "Did you tell Mutt that you're stealing his wardrobe?"

"naw, gotta be sneaky 'f i wanna take the sexiest skeleton spot."

The two of you stared at each other for a solid ten seconds before both of you burst out laughing. You stepped forward again, opening your arms. Mutt drew you to his chest, basking in the embrace.

"'m sorry i scared ya." He murmured into your hair.

You shook your head and looked up at him. "I'm sorry I pulled you into our sparring. And that I kept our game going for so long."

Mutt blinked, he had not expected to receive an apology for anything, you had already derailed his plan. Damn it!

Your hand cupped his cheek bone drawing his attention back to you. "Are you okay?" You asked.

"'m on medication." He blurted out. You just stared at him so he expanded on that thought. "'s fer my lv...jus' started it taday so… yea."

You nodded and smiled. "That's good, as long as it's helping you."

Mutt blinked. Was that it? You weren't mad about him attacking you, Edge, and Papyrus? No comment on the pills? No lingering fear of how easily he could kill you? He searched your face and only found honesty.

"Can I kiss you?" You asked.

That made the corner of his teeth twitch upward. It was usually him that was asking for the kisses. He was half tempted to say no, just to see your reaction, to make you want it more. But he also really wanted to kiss you.

He nodded and dipped his head down to press his teeth against your soft lips. The tension you were holding in your body melted away as he greedily ate up your affection.

"You're really okay?" You asked between kisses.

Mutt hummed, too caught up in the feeling of you against him to properly respond. It was odd, he would normally be pushing you up against a wall by now or inviting you to bed. But he just held you in the parking lot of your work like his life depended on it.

By the time he finally pulled away, your lips were raw. He pressed his forehead to yours. "hi." He rumbled. "'m mutt, black's younger

brother."

You let out a breathy laugh as he continued to talk. "i got lots a lv which makes me dangerous an' prone ta flares but i got some stuff ta 'elp that so don' be scared a me."

"I'm not."

"good."

"Mutt?"

"mm?"

"There are no debts."

Mutt raised his head to look at you properly. You stared back in earnest.

"You don't owe me dust for who you used to be."

Oh.

"We're mates, fiances. You help me when I'm struggling, which you do… like a lot." You gave him a squeeze. "And I'll help you when you're struggling. Kay?"

"...kay."

You smiled again. "Take us home?"

"kay." Mutt pulled you into another kiss just as he stepped into the void. He could live with no debts. It would take some adjusting, but if you weren't counting, he would strive to do the same.

Chapter End Notes

It's a good place to start, now they can focus on growth.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Sing New, Sing Good

Chapter Notes

> It's time to celebrate by going back to the first group activity everyone participated in! Lots of music in this one. Just having fun with this chapter because I can and music is how i survive life.
>
> Songs in this chapter!
> Death of a Bachelor - Panic! At the Disco
> What I Got - Sublime
> Close Yours Eyes - Lily Allen
> Speed of Love - Owl City
> Church - Fall Out Boy
> Stupid for You - Waterparks
> The Pocket - Andy Grammer
> Misfits - Shinedown
> Did I Say That Out Loud? - Barenaked Ladies

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You stared at the TV in disbelief. A whole year had passed since your boys had come to the surface. Well. around a year. Blue and Stretch's universe had emerged days before Red and Edge's. Black and Mutt's had come up a few short weeks after. The whole month would be dotted with celebrations as the newer monsters shared their joy of escaping the mountain.

The news was currently showing old footage of the various clans as they came out of the mountain. Stories were lined up and interviews with the royals were scheduled for later in the evening. It didn't feel like a whole year, but then again it also felt like ten in some cases. Noise from the kitchen drew your attention and you went to go see what was going on.

Black and Blue were clattering around chatting up a storm as they prepared breakfast. Well, not so much chatting as passive aggressively fighting over what was to be made for breakfast. You watched Blue pull the same ingredients out of the fridge no less than three times because Black would put them back when he went to go get something out of the pantry.

Not wanting to get in the middle of it, you slipped back out of the

kitchen. From the sound of it, Red, Stretch, and Mutt were out back smoking and talking. Edge had left early for guard duty while his king was interviewed. He had left a note saying he would be home for dinner though so that was something.

You were pretty sure Sans was still asleep so you wandered off in search of Papyrus. Lucky for you, he was easy to find. He generally hung out in his room or the library when he was home so there was no need to search the entire house.

“Hey Papaya.” You said and draped yourself over his shoulders. He was sitting in the library, book in hand and laptop open.

“Good morning my dear. How are you today?”

“Mmmh.”

“Mmmh?” Papyrus marked his place in his book and set it to the side. Doing the same with his laptop he coaxed you around from his back to sit in his lap. “What’s on your mind?” He asked.

“I didn’t plan anything for Breaking Day.” You mumbled into his shoulder. “You guys have planned all sorts of things for me and I didn’t even come up with anything for you guys.”

Papyrus tsked and squeezed his arms around your middle. “Do you have something in mind now? I’m sure everyone would love to do something with you.”

You shrugged. “All that comes to mind is dinner, but I want to do something else too.”

Your mate hummed as he snuggled you closer. “Well, we could look at what’s happening tonight in town? I’m sure there are plenty of festivities to pick from.”

“Kay.”

Papyrus adjusted you so he could retrieve his laptop. Opening up a new tab, the two of you began your search. By the time Blue came in announcing that breakfast was done, you had a pretty good idea of what to pitch to everyone.

“KARAOKE?” Black raised a brow as he loaded his breakfast burrito.

“Yea,” You grabbed your own plate and began filling your burrito as

well. “It was the first thing that we really did as a group. And I thought it would be fun to do again now that we’ve made it a year.”

Black hummed. “I SEE, WELL I DO NOT HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO IT.”

“just can’t get enough of my singing huh?” Stretch was behind you in line for burritos.

“You don’t sing your own music in karaoke.” You laughed.

“that right?” Stretch shrugged and reached around you for the sausage. “if you say so.”

You snorted and finished filling your tortilla and went to sit at the table to eat. Everyone who was present agreed to your idea and you sent Edge a text to get his input. He was on duty, but he would see it when he got a chance.

Your day was filled with playing video games in the lounge with some of the others. A laptop was set up nearby to play the various interviews and replays of the newer clan’s Breaking day coverage. By the time Edge got home and changed out of his guard uniform, you were buzzing to go out and celebrate.

Food could be ordered at the karaoke bar, so dinner didn’t need to be fussed over. Instead, everyone piled into cars and headed into town. You paused before heading into the bar. A visible glow was coming from the monster district. The entire area was abuzz with joyous monsters as they celebrated under the darkening sky.

The karaoke bar was also pretty full, but your group was still able to secure a room without too much trouble. Blue immediately plucked up the song binder and was searching through it while the others ordered drinks and food.

“WHAT SHOULD I SING?” Blue plopped down next to you on one of the couches.

“eager are we?” Mutt leaned over the back of the couch to knuckle the smaller skeleton.”

“OF COURSE!” Blue slapped away his hand and went back to searching through the binder.

Mutt hunched down and leaned on the back of the couch to read over

Blue's shoulder. "ya ain' prepared fer this?" He teased. "i know what 'm gonna sing first."

"Oh?" You looked up at him. "Offering to go first then?"

Mutt snorted. "naw, jus' prepared."

"food first, then we'll fig're out order." Red said as he came over with a menu. "know what yer gettin' doll?"

You hummed and reached out. He offered the menu but you passed it in favor of grasping his wrist and tugged. Red made a noise of surprise, but followed your pull without much resistance.

"Let's see." You laughed as he settled unceremoniously onto your lap. "What's on the menu?"

Red shuffled his bulk awkwardly but didn't try to get up as he managed to get comfortable as he shared the menu. Being slightly sideways, he kicked at Blue's legs. Blue shook his head as he continued his search through the song binder.

"blue." Red nudged his legs again so he would make more room.

"RED." Blue didn't take his eye lights off of the pages but there was a hint of a smirk on his teeth.

"yellooow." Mutt said. You snorted and both you and Red looked up at him still leaning on the back of the couch. He shrugged. "wanned ta be included."

You laughed. "Now that we know our primary colors, let's move on." You maneuvered Red's arm around your shoulders so you could see around him enough to read the menu.

Despite a few muted grumbles about greasy bar food, everyone ordered and began to search through the various song lists for something to sing. Red had made himself comfortable on your lap and sunk his weight down to make sure you didn't get up. He did take off his big coat so it was easier to hold him, and he kept starting a kicking war with Blue whenever he tried to put his feet up, but all in all he was warm and content to sit with you.

"You're not feeding me that." You warned your mate when your plate with a burger and fries arrived.

“aww, what? ya a *fried* ‘f gettin’ stuffed?” Red picked up your burger and twisted in your lap to hold it in front of your face. “c’m on doll face, *meat* me ‘n the middle ‘ere.”

With a huff, you opened your mouth and let him feed you a bite. He chuckled as you chewed and set your burger down in favor of digging into his own meal.

“MAIDEN, YOU HAVE A LITTLE…” Blue leaned over to wipe a smear of ketchup off of the corner of your mouth.

“Thanks.” You mumbled and leaned around Red to get at some of your fries.

“ya did it wrong li’l boy blue, yer supposed ta fix smudges li’ this.” Red took advantage of your proximity and ducked his skull down to lick up your cheek. You jerked back in surprise, slapping a hand over the wet trail of magic to wipe it away.

“Red!” You squealed and tried to wipe your hand on his shirt.

Your mate slipped off of your lap before you could, scooping up his food with a laugh and dodging away from your limbs as you tried to catch him. You gave chase. The little room wasn’t huge, but he ducked and wove his way around the others while shoving his food into his face.

Edge nabbed the back of his shirt as he passed letting you catch up and wrap your arms around his shoulders. “You forgot this.” You teased and wiped your hand down the side of his skull. Edge chuckled at his brother and let go of him. Red made a noise halfway between a growl and a squeak and wriggled out of your grip.

“c’m on doll, yer supposed ta ‘elp clean my face not mess it up.” He had finished his burger and was backing away from you, stance ready to bolt again.

“Oops, guess I’ll have to try again.” You shrugged and lunged for him. Your fingers closed around his arm and he let himself be pushed back. The fact that you actually caught him without help told you that he wasn’t really trying to evade you. Red chuckled but stood still as you wiped crumbs and his own spit from his face.

“Ahh, there *is* a handsome skeleton under there.” You teased. Red’s face dusted a cherry red and you grinned wider. “You’re even glowing now.”

His face darkened and he shuffled on his feet. “le’s go sit down.”

“Are you going to be good if we do?” You poked a red cheek bone.

Red shrugged, slipping an arm around your waist. “me ‘n good don’ go too well together.” He attempted to steer you back to the couch and you let him. Though you insisted he sit first so you could eat.

You noticed a few of the others hovering around the stage, Edge was the first one to actually get up on it though.

He punched in his song choice. You recognized the tune immediately and cheered as you worked on finishing your food. Edge glanced at you with a grin and started singing.

Do I look lonely?

I see the shadows on my face

People have told me

I don't look the same

Edge rarely sang with the band in his place as the drummer, but he definitely sounded more practiced than the first time you had heard him sing.

Maybe I lost weight

I'm playing hooky

With the best of the best, pull my heart out my chest

So that you can see it too

I'm walking the long road

Watching the sky fall

The lace in your dress tangles my neck

How do I live?

His voice didn’t quite reach the high notes but he pressed on regardless.

The death of a bachelor

O-o-oh! Letting the water fall

The death of a bachelor

O-o-oh! Seems so fitting for

Happily ever after, ooh

How could I ask for more?

A lifetime of laughter

At the expense of the death of a bachelor

His singing had improved since last year. But his stage presence hadn't changed. He still stood stalk still, simply singing the words as they came up on the screen.

I'm cutting my mind off

Feels like my heart is going to burst

Alone at a table for two

And I just wanna be served

And when you think of me

Am I the best you've ever had?

Share one more drink with me

Smile even though you're sad

You finished eating as the song came to an end. Edge gave a small bow and strutted off the stage. He passed your couch on his way back to his seat, and Red gave him a high five as he went.

"my turn." He muttered into your ear and tipped you off of his lap and into Blue's side.

"Aww, I was going to go." You complained.

"'m already goin'." Red said as he stepped onto the stage. Blue wrapped an arm around you and you leaned into him, content to let your mate go for the moment.

Red fiddled with the song selections until he found what he was

looking for. An easy beat and guitar came up and Red bobbed his head as he sang.

Early in the morning, risin' to the street

Light me up that cigarette and I strap shoes on my feet

Got to find a reason, a reason things went wrong

Got to find a reason why my money's all gone

I got a dalmatian, and I can still get high

I can play the guitar like a motherfucking riot

You giggled as Red pretended to play out the solo on his air guitar. A few of the others laughed as well.

Well, life is too short, so love the one you got

'Cause you might get run over or you might get shot

Never start no static I just get it off my chest

Never had to battle with no bulletproof vest

Take a small example, take a tip-tip-tip from me

Take all of your money give it all to charity

Red was much more relaxed this time around. Granted, the last time you had come out for karaoke had been right after the incident with him. He had sung his song then disappeared from the venue.

It all comes back to you, you'll finally get what you deserve

Try and test that you're bound to get served

Love's what I got

Don't start a riot

You'll feel it when the dance gets hot

Yup, definitely having fun this time around. Red had a huge smile on his face and he swayed languidly as he sang.

Lovin' is what I got, I got, I got, I got

Replacing the microphone on its stand, he shot finger guns around the room and hopped down from the stage. He didn't come right back over to the couch, instead he grabbed up a menu again and glanced through it.

"wan' anythin' from the bar doll face?" He asked.

You shrugged and got up from the couch. "Surprise me."

"brave girl." Stretch said from his seat next to Papyrus.

You shrugged again and got up on stage. The song book was huge but you had an idea of what you wanted to sing. It took a minute to find and you were delighted that the song was available.

"Okay, here we go." You selected the song and took up the microphone with a smile. Time to tease your boys. The soft electric sound of a keyboard keyed up and you winked at the closest skeleton who happened to be Sans. He chuckled and winked back as you started singing.

Baby baby

I have to say

That there's something you should know

When I'm standing there in my underwear

I know that I let myself go

But I still feel sexy

When you undress me

And whisper in my ear

Come over here

Come over here

The room was dead silent and you couldn't stop the smile on your face as you had every one of your mate's attention. Hopping off of the stage you wandered around the room, first running a hand over Blue's skull as you passed by his couch.

Let's spice it up you can dress me up

I'll be anyone you like

Next you danced your fingers across Edge's shoulders while you swayed by.

Get my leathers on

Yea let's get it on

Come on, ride me like a bike

I'll be Beyonce

Baby say my name

Tonight you're my hová

Baby come over

Baby come over

Circling around, you covered Sans's sockets with your free hand and sang over the top of his head.

Close your eyes

Baby take off your shirt

I'ma just hit the lights

Come and let me get to work

I'm gonna hypnotize you

Then I'm gonna yank your chain

We can do it again

All over again

Sliding away from Sans, you leaned over Papyrus with a smirk.

Driving your sedan up to my mini van

I see you in my mirror

Straightening up, you pointed at Black across the room.

Ain't no other chick

Gonna cut my shit

You know I'd have to kill her

Sliding to the side, you walked your fingers around Stretch's skull.

You know how to use

That I'm 'bout to lose

You blow my fucking mind

Park it right up behind

Park it right up behind

Red had made it back from the bar with both yours and his drinks in his hands. You draped your free arm around his shoulders. Leading him back to the couch as you sang next to him.

Close your eyes

Baby take off your shirt

I'ma just hit the lights

Come on let me get to work

Red easily plopped back down in his seat at your nudge and you moved away only to snag Mutt's arm from where he perched in a couch arm.

I'm gonna hypnotize you

Then I'm gonna yank your chain

We can do it again

All over again

You managed to twirl your tall mate around once before letting him back down to his seat and hopping back up on stage.

Where d'ya learn to do the things you do?

You're everything, you're all my dreams come true

You know your way around like no one else

Right there

Like you care

You're so close, so nearly there

Oh yes, this was fun. You sang and flirted from the stage. Something you hadn't been able to really do since the band had stopped performing. You missed it. Maybe you would take up that offer to sing something with the boys sometime.

Close your eyes

Baby take off your shirt

I'ma just hit the lights

Come on let me get to work

I'm gonna hypnotize you

Then I'm gonna yank your chain

We can do it again

All over again

You bowed to the loud whistles and cheers coming from your little audience. Placing the mic back on its stand you stepped down and made your way back to your seat. Red chuckled and tugged you back onto his lap, handing you your drink once you were settled.

"don' threatn' me with a good time doll face." He teased as he scratched your back.

You hummed at the touches and sipped at your drink. Red leaned forward so he could whisper close to your ear.

"d'ya 'ave any leathers ta put on?"

You almost snorted out your drink. "Got my bike leathers, but I could go get something a little more fitting if-"

"bike leathers 'r fine." Red rumbled and leaned back as Blue hopped out of the seat next to him to rush up to the stage.

“SO WE’RE DOING LOVE SONGS TONIGHT?” He smiled and quickly flicked through the book.

“You sing whatever you want to Blue.” You called up to him.

He shot you a smile and selected a song. You didn’t know this one. The intro was a long techno piece that started out small and built into a fun beat. Blue bounced around the stage until words came up on the screen.

I tried to disappear

But your the only reason I'm floating here

Eyes painted crystal clear

I can see our future through the atmosphere

Your smile mirrored Blue’s as you finally recognized the artist. He had once sung another song by Owl City at the bar with Papyrus on an open mic night.

Don't you go, no, don't you go

Don't you know I'm up here alone

Yeah, I am like a satellite

Sending you a signal tonight

Oh, oh, oh like a streak of light

Oh, oh, oh watch the world fly by

Oh, oh, oh rev your engine up

Everybody's racing at the speed of love

Always the energetic one, Blue was all over the stage singing loudly and with great joy.

You were so hard to find

With oh, so many clouds across my summer sky

You, my constellation prize

Yeah, every single star is sparkling in your eyes

Stars glimmered in his own sockets as he danced around the stage, hardly needing to reference the lyric screen as he went. The chorus was repeated several more times after the bridge, Blue kept the same energy throughout. Stretch clapped his hands to the beat encouraging his brother along.

Oh, oh, oh like a streak of light

Oh, oh, oh watch the world fly by

Oh, oh, oh rev your engine up

Everybody's racing at the speed of love

You whistled and clapped as he hopped off of the stage, handing the mic to Black as he moved to take Blue's place.

"HOW WAS THAT?" Blue asked as he settled in his spot next to you and Red.

"That was awesome, you sounded really good!" You leaned over and planted a kiss on the side of the shorter skeleton's skull. Blue hummed in satisfaction.

"IF YOU ARE GOING TO EXPRESS YOUR AFFECTION, DO IT DIRECTLY TO YOUR MATE BLUE." Black tutted from the stage

"Guys it's not a competition." You laughed.

Black ignored you in favor of queuing up his song. Red rubbed your arm as he chuckled behind you.

"no power n' any 'verse 's gonna stop tha' one from bein' competitive, jus' let 'im do it." He said.

He was right. But you rolled your eyes anyway. Black's song was another you recognized from the music that often drifted from his room.

If you were church, I'd get on my knees

Confess my love, I'd know where to be

My sanctuary, you're holy to me

If you were church, I'd get on my knees

I'd get on my knees

You bobbed your head to the song as the guitars came in. Red's hands tapped with the beat on your legs as he listened as well.

And take the pain

Make it billboard big then swallow it for me

Time-capsule for the future

Trust me, that's what I will be

Oh, the things that you do in the name of what you love

You were doomed but just enough

You were doomed but just enough

It was almost weird to see Black so animated as he sang. You didn't see it often. In fact the only other time you had seen him sing was the last time you were here. He had been all over the stage then too.

My sanctuary, you're holy to me

If you were church, yeah, I'd get on my knees

Black was incredibly expressive as he sang. He may not have had the best singing voice, but it seemed like he sang more often than you gave him credit for. A part of you wondered if he ever sang with his brother who had a wonderful voice.

I love the world but I just don't love the way it makes me feel

Got a few more fake friends

And it's getting hard to know what's real

And if death is the last appointment

Then we're all just sitting in the waiting room

I am just a human trying to avoid my certain doom

Not quite human, but you guessed that it was hard to find monster centric songs with most of the population just being surface side for a year. Sans's universe had a few music stars. Most notably Mettaton but

the robot mostly did film these days. Black belted out the last chorus and put the mic up.

Shooting you a sly grin, he tapped the collar around his neck and sat back down. You couldn't stop the smile from spreading over your face as you reached up to touch your own collar.

Stretch was talking to Papyrus but when no one jumped to get up next, he stood and got up on stage. He took his sweet time flipping through the songs, humming and considering almost every single one.

You finished your drink and set it on the nearest table. Turning a little, you slung an arm around Red's shoulders so you could sit sideways and prop your feet in Blue's lap.

"Having fun?" You asked Red.

He hummed and gave your middle a squeeze. "mmhmm, wanna 'nother drink?"

"Trying to get me drunk huh?" You grinned at him. "I don't remember most of the night last time we did karaoke."

Red shook his head. "neither do i doll, but tha's cuz 'f somethin' other 'n alcohol."

"You going to stay this time?"

"where c'n i go? ya got me pinned."

"You can teleport."

"true, wanna 'port somewhere more private?"

The thought was briefly tempting, but you were here to sing and have a good time with all of your mates. "Another time big guy."

"aww." Red poked at your sides making you squirm.

"Don't push your luck Red." You giggled and slapped at his hands.

"'r what? can't tickle me back." He redoubled his efforts making you squeal at the tickles.

Blue chuckled next to you and reached over to drag you from Red's lap and into his. "I'VE GOT YOU MAIDEN!" He said and you stuck your tongue out at Red.

“Ha! That’s what you get for tickling me, no more lap bud-dy!” You jumped as Blue prodded your side.

“HMM, YOU’RE RIGHT RED, SHE IS REALLY SENSITIVE HERE.”

“told ya.”

You managed to wriggle free of your torturers and skipped away to sit in Stretch’s spot instead. “Please don’t tickle me.” You murmured to Papyrus. He only laughed softly and drew you to his side.

“I would do no such thing my dear.” He replied.

Both of you knew that was a lie, but he didn’t do anything as Stretch seemed to have finally landed on a song.

“lotta good tunes in here guys, we might be here a while.” He joked as he pressed play, words sprung to the screen and he started singing.

Hey, tell me what you want me to say

You know I'm stupid for you

Hey, can you come-a come out and play?

You know I'm stupid for you

Stretch could hit much higher notes than most of your other mates. You’re pretty sure Mutt was the only other one with the high and low range.

I'm color-coding my moods

You're yellow, I'm natural blue

Let's get together and be green like my insides

At least I'll match your eyes

Jealous and hypnotized

Let's match our faces and be equally in love

He shot you a wink then his eyes darted back to the lyric screen to sing the chorus again. He did what he usually did on stage and swayed to the beat with his upper body even though he was laser focused on his singing. Without his guitar, he held the microphone

with both hands, singing with practiced ease.

Let's trash our whole afternoon

Reciting recycled news

Until we melt and go back to your hotel room

I'll be your new favorite tune

I'll be your black cloud by June

But only when you miss the rain like I miss you

Just double dare me

And I promise now that I'll stay

It's not like you're married but I still got carried away

This kind of rock was right up Stretch's alley, you could easily imagine him writing something like this for the band to perform.

You're playing ring around my head

I wear you like a halo

You're a symphony, I'm just a sour note

I'll take what I can get

The best is hard to grip when everybody wants you

And everybody wants you

He repeated the verse much quieter the second time around only to do a little jump at the drop and rocked out for the final chorus. You clapped and cheered with Papyrus as he stepped off stage. Seeing you in his seat he grinned and moved to sit on you, only for Papyrus to stand and take the stage.

Stretch plopped down next to you and you gave him a nudge. "Great song."

"thanks, never heard it before."

You gave him a look of disbelief and he laughed.

“the title sounded good, i’m just happy that it actually turned out to be a good song.”

“You sang that really well for it being your first time hearing it.”

Stretch shrugged. “i got an ear for music honey, don’t underestimate my ability to bull shit my way through a song.”

"tha's not all 'e c’n bull shit." Mutt called from the other couch.

Stretch flipped him off but he was laughing. Sans shushed both before they could start bickering so Papyrus could start his song. He beamed out at everyone then hit play.

Do you want to be my love, my sight, my heart, and my eyes

My world, my pride, my stars in my skies

I'm looking for a queen who's more than gorgeous on a movie screen

I'm looking for the cover girl of dignified beauty magazine

I want dimples, and simple symbols that she's sweet

Wrinkles her nose, expose what I mean

I'm looking for a four-course meal that isn't based in base desire

I'm looking for a lady that knows the soul is more than an appetizer

Just one more thing

Papyrus was all smiles as he sang. His skull swayed back and forth with the beat and he held the mic with one hand so he could gesture with the other.

Do we fit in the pocket, can we fix it back in the pocket

When the dreams and the drums start rocking

Can we dance with our knees not knocking

See I, I want a lady I can put stock in

I want a bass and backbeat to lock in

I want to know real love's not forgotten, not forgotten

His long fingers mimicked the piano pieces playing in the background before he jumped into the second verse.

I want a teacher who's eager to speak her mind

Delicate features, sweet with her tongue so kind

I'm looking for the markers that say permanent so we can share

I'm looking for a love still alive and well in rocking chairs

I want faithful, and stable, and able

Beauty that moves me and improves my soul

I'm looking for a shining light that likes to fight and persevere

I'm looking for a lady that wants to make me part of her atmosphere

Papyrus's voice had come a long way. In the sixish years that you had known him, he had gone from no inside voice and lack of pitch, to the well spoken college kid who just so happened to be in a band and could harmonize with the leads when he pleased.

As he finished singing, Sans cheered and you whistled while everyone else clapped. Papyrus took a deep bow and placed the mic back on its stand.

"who hasn't gone? i got another i wanna sing." Stretch said beside you.

"It's down to Sans and Mutt." You replied.

Said skeletons were staring at each other, locked in a silent fight. One Mutt must have felt threatened by, because he threw out his fist in invitation to settle over rock, paper, scissors. Sans shrugged and they counted off. Sans threw paper, Mutt threw rock.

Mutt grumbled but accepted his defeat and lumbered up onto the stage and began flipping through the song book.

"thought you had a song picked already." Stretch said.

Mutt glanced up at him then back to the book. "changed my min'."

“IF YOU’RE GOING TO BE A MINUTE, I’LL BE GOING TO GET A DRINK.” Edge stood and headed for the bar. You hopped up and went with him.

He scanned over the list of drinks, one hand tapping rhythmically on the bar top. The bartender came by and smiled at you and him. “What can I get you?”

“Whiskey sour for me.” You said.

The bartender nodded and looked to your mate. “Anything for you?”

Edge narrowed his eyes at the wine selection. You took his elbow and leaned up to murmur to him over the buzz of the other people around the bar. “Can I suggest something?”

Edge nodded but didn’t take his eye lights off of the drink sign. They didn’t appear to have his favorite wine here.

You turned to the bartender. “Can you do a Maker's Mark manhattan?”

They smiled and nodded before moving off to fill your order.

“A MANHATTAN?” Edge asked.

“Mmhmm, you’ll like it, it has bourbon in it.” You gestured at the bartender who had finished your whiskey sour and had started on Edge’s drink. Ice into a shaker followed by bourbon, vermouth sweet, and maraschino cherry juice. Instead of shaking it up, he simply stirred it all together then strained it into a glass. Two maraschino cherries were speared onto a cocktail stick and balanced across the rim of the glass.

Both of you thanked him and headed back to your group’s area. Mutt was still humming and hawing over his song choice so you had a minute to chat with some of the others. You stopped by Black and leaned down to give him a kiss on the skull.

“How’s it going?” You asked.

Your mate hummed and tugged you down to sit on his lap. “I AM ENJOYING MYSELF IF THAT IS WHAT YOU ARE INQUIRING.”

You laughed and took a sip of your drink. “That is what I am inquiring. Glad to hear it.”

Black snorted and took your drink to sample it himself. “I WOULD BE BETTER IF THE MUTT WOULD PICK A DAMN SONG!” He shot a glare at his brother who chuckled and closed the song book.

“a’right, ‘ere we go.” He slid the book away and punched in a seemingly random song number. Black rolled his eye lights as he handed your drink back to you.

The song started and you blinked at the slow tune.

Staring back in time

The two of us intertwined

And your black boots

Walking fast next to mine

We were chasing the thunder inside the storm

Running so wild outside the norm

And what we made

The two of us against the grain

Come out, come out, wherever you are

I know you're there

I know you are

Mutt’s voice was clear and steady as he alternated from glancing over the words on the screen and singing to his audience.

They called us crazy cuz we never fit in

We never thought of keeping up with their trends

It didn't matter that we weren't on the list

Cuz we were misfits

We were misfits

Like Stretch, Mutt kept the beat. But instead of swaying he simply tapped his foot. A hand would come up occasionally to put emphasis on a part but he stayed still for the most part.

Staying up all night

Drinking more than we should

Getting way too high

When the sun came through

I watched you laugh

I saw you cry

Cuz the world has a way of tearing you down

Keeps you tied to the circus

Paints you up like a clown

But I'm right here

Day after day, year after year

Mutt had always exuded a calm sort of confidence that made it seem like everything he did was effortless. Like he knew exactly what he was doing when he decided to get off his coccyx and actually do something. Singing was one of those things that you hadn't expected him to excel at when you had met him. But here he was, serenading the room like it was his job. Not that you were complaining, you really liked his voice.

Don't wait up

We're long gone

Mutt tossed the mic to Sans the second his song was over. "'nough procrastinatin' classy, get up 'ere an' sing somethin'."

Sans chuckled and got up. "it *mic* take me all night. i don't have the pipes ya do so don't *sing* le me out if it's not that good."

Mutt snorted and sat back down on the arm of one of the couches. He leaned over to poke at you in Black's lap.

"sing a song 'ith me later duchess."

You turned to him. "Have something in mind?

Mutt only nodded and leaned back up when music started playing signaling that Sans was going to start singing.

I know you're not to kiss and tell,

But maybe nobody has ever kissed as well as you do,

Don't know what's got a hold of me,

Alcohol or alchemy,

I know you're not to kiss and tell - oh well.

Anywhere you're gonna be, that's where I wanna be,

Right now, did I say that out loud,

Put your hands up in the air,

Wave 'em like you care and I'll be there,

Anywhere you're gonna be, that's where I wanna be,

Right now; did I say that out loud,

They tell you not to plan too far,

But I'm already miles ahead, and I intend to be wherever you are,

Don't know what's got a hold of me,

It's greater than gravity,

They tell you not to plan too far, but we are.

Unlike the last time he did karaoke, Sans actually put some emotion into his voice. He still didn't move around at all. Content to stand and stare at the lyric screen, but it was more than simply singing the words this time. He had a huge grin on his face as he read the words.

When you get close,

And my heart goes,

Boom-boom-pow,

Did I say that out loud?

When you kiss me,

And it hits me,

If I try to write about it,

Someone's gonna diss me,

Miss me miss me,

Now we got a history,

Is it such a mystery,

How I fell for you?

How I fell for you.

You did have quite a history with him. Going on six years worth of history in fact. Going from indifferent roommates, to best friends. To roommates again though as actual mates this time, to fiances.

Anywhere you're gonna be, that's where I wanna be,

Right now; did I say that out loud,

I know you're not to kiss and tell, oh well.

Papyrus cheered loudly for his brother and you whistled as you clapped lightly against your glass. Stretch was up and on stage again and a country sounding song came on.

Mutt got you up for that duet after Stretch's song and you ended up staying on stage to sing another one with Blue.

Not everyone took a second round at the mic but there were a few that went up more than a few times to fill the evening. You were surprised when everyone started getting up to leave before it got too late.

"Done for the night?" You asked Red who was shrugging his parka back on.

He nodded and draped an arm around your shoulders to steer you out of the building. "'s 'bout that time when we escaped the moun'ain." He said. "we were thinkin' a goin' ta look at the stars fer a bit. ya know, didn' 'ave ‘em undergroun'."

You nodded and followed everyone out. A slight breeze cooled the night air, but the chill wasn’t too bad. Little puffs of clouds dotted the night sky, blocking a few stars but plenty were still visible. Your group wandered off down the street, chatting and sharing stories about that first little bit of craziness that accompanied getting to the surface and meeting each other.

Some of the stories were hilarious, some were a little frightening. You regaled how you had mistook Stretch for Papyrus making everyone laugh. You were so happy to have them all on the surface with you.

Chapter End Notes

> And now back to the plot heh heh.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Let’s Compare Scars

Chapter Notes

> So it's been a minute, but in short, I am uprooting my entire life at the moment. Getting things aligned to change my career and home are both huge undertakings but ya know, why have only one thing to stress over when you could have two? That's my excuse anyway. Enjoy this fluffy chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“PAPY! LIE DOWN!”

“no, you’re gonna do something weird.”

You giggled as you watched Blue chase his brother around the lounge.

“I NEED TO PRACTICE BANDAGING THOUGH!” Blue stomped when Stretch ported to the opposite side of the room. Stretch just shrugged and unwrapped a sucker.

Mutt snorted from his place sitting next to you, he was munching on a bag of chips while he enjoyed the show and waited for them to be out of the way of the TV so he could go back to building in Minecraft.

Stretch dodged around his brother again and made for the lounge doors. One opened before he got there and Red stepped in only to stumble back as Stretch barreled past him.

“fuck, where’s the fire at?” He grumbled as he stared after Stretch.

Blue made it to the door and latched onto his arm. “RED, HELP ME PRACTICE FIRST AID!”

Red made a face and attempted to pry the other skeleton off of him. “no, i ain’ inta yer weird dress up shit, ask someon’ else.”

Blue rolled his eye lights and tugged at him. “IT’S FOR MY CERTIFICATION RED! ALL I NEED YOU TO DO IS PRETEND TO BE UNCONSCIOUS SO I CAN WORK ON MY BANDAGING TECHNIQUE!”

Red hadn’t budged from his place by the door; his sockets were little slits of suspicion as he stared his counterpart down. “ya jus’ wan’ me

ta lay on the floor an' let ya wrap bandages on me?"

"YES!"

"nothin' else? yer not gonna try cpr 'r somthin'?"

"WELL I DO NEED TO PRACTICE THAT TOO BU-"

"no."

"AWW RED!"

"i don' wan' yer mouth anywhere on me."

Blue huffed and gave his arm another pull. "I WOULDN'T HAVE TO PUT MY MOUTH ON YOU, THERE ARE COVERS TO KEEP THINGS SANITARY."

"still no." Red dug his heels in and leaned the opposite direction to counteract Blue's pulling.

"FINE, NO CPR, BUT I DO NEED SOMEONE TO BANDAGE."

Red grumbled something that your group from the couch couldn't hear. Blue apparently did because he pulled harder on Red's arm. "PLEASE? I'LL MAKE YOUR FAVORITE FOR LUN-!!"

Red went limp and crumpled to the floor, making Blue stumble at the sudden lack of resistance from the bigger skeleton. Recovering his footing, Blue straightened and placed his hands on his hips.

"RED, I NEED YOU OVER THERE." He pointed to where he had a first aid kit open by your couch.

"victims aren' 'n convenient places baby blue, deal with it." Red grinned up at him.

Blue heaved a sigh but knelt down to peer over his new test dummy.

"c'n bribe red 'ith food, good ta know." Mutt muttered next to you. When you glanced over to him, he simply grinned at you and twisted back around to go back to his game. You adjusted so you could split your attention on what Mutt was building and watching Blue assess Red.

Blue was gently prodding at his shoulder and talking in a low voice. Red didn't respond which prompted Blue to lean down over him

towards his face. Red jerked and shoved him back up.

“i said no mouth stuff!” He growled.

Blue raised both of his hands in a calming gesture. “I WASN’T GOING TO TOUCH YOU, IF A PATIENT ISN’T RESPONDING I NEED TO MAKE SURE THEY ARE BREATHING.” He pointed at Red’s chest. “I WAS GOING TO WATCH TO SEE IF YOUR CHEST MOVED WHEN YOU BREATH AND IF I COULD HEAR IT AS WELL.”

“promise?” Red glared up at Blue.

“PROMISE.” Blue held up a hand as if taking an oath.

Red growled but nodded for him to continue. Blue leaned down slowly and turned his head so he could listen for breath coming from Red’s mouth and watch for that same breathing in his chest movements. Blue leaned back up and nodded to himself.

“I’M GOING TO MOVE YOU NOW.” He announced. “THIS AREA ISN’T SAFE.”

Red grunted that he heard but did nothing to help as Blue hauled him around the couch and laid him out by your feet. Blue talked through what he was doing as he announced Red’s various injuries and what he was going to do about them to get him stabilized. The verbal narrative helped Red relax on the floor and let Blue patch his nonexistent wounds up.

Mutt continued to play his game and ignored the scene at his feet until Red sat up looking like a half-wrapped mummy. You told him so and he chuckled.

“watch ou' doll face, ‘m gonna eat ya.” Red made a noise akin to a zombie groaning and reached over to drag you off of the couch and onto the floor.

You shrieked and twisted to grab onto Mutt. “Ahhh! Mummy!”

Mutt chuckled but didn’t make any moves to help you. “sorry darlin’ i ain’ anyone’s mummy.” He shrugged and pulled your hands off of him. “bu’ play yer cards righ’ an’ i’ll let ya call me daddy~.” He winked and you laughed. He let go of you and Red was able to pull you the rest of the way down to the floor.

The pointed tips of his fingers found your sides and you screamed and

tried to wriggle away as he tickled you relentlessly. Mutt simply watched, an amused smirk on his face. Blue let it happen while he packed up his kit. “YOU’RE GOING TO MESS UP YOUR BANDAGES DOING THAT.” He said, keeping his eyes on his task.

Red paused just long enough to respond. “yea, thanks doc, now i c’n go back ta terr’rizin’.” Lifting your wrist, he nibbled along your forearm like it was a piece of corn.

You placed your free hand over your forehead in a mock faint. “Oh no! I’m being mauled by this creature! If only there was someone to help!”

Mutt chuckled and went back to his game. Blue kept an eye on your torture but took his sweet time latching and finding a spot for his first aid kit. Red dropped your arm and plopped himself down on top of you so he could be lying down as he continued to prod at your sides.

“OKAY, SHOO NOW CREATURE, YOU’VE HAD YOUR FUN.” Blue made a shooing motion at Red who ignored him and nestled further down onto you. Blue tsked and crouched down. “MAIDEN? ARE YOU OKAY?”

You squeaked as Red poked your ribs. That seemed to be answer enough because Blue hooked an arm around Red and attempted to dislodge him. It didn’t work. He tried again only to be shoved away by your captor. Not being one to be easily deterred, Blue lept at Red who growled but leaned into it to prevent you from being hit. His growl turned into a chuckle as he heaved both him and Blue away from you and the couch.

Mutt’s hands hooked under you and you found yourself re-situated in his lap while the other two grappled on the floor. Red was much bulkier than Blue and he used his size to keep the other skeleton on the defensive. Blue on the other hand was much more nimble and could twist and slip out of any sort of pin or hold that Red attempted.

“ya cost me a spot wi’ doll face.” Red grumbled as he twisted one of Blue’s arms behind his back in an attempt to pin him to the floor face down.

Blue managed to get his arm free and tried to flip Red over only to be faced with the immovable wall that was Red. “I DID NO SUCH THING, YOU COST YOURSELF THAT SPOT WHEN YOU TICKLED HER.”

Red laughed at Blue’s attempt to move him and pushed him aside.

“she’s fine, ain’t ya doll?” He looked over at you bundled into Mutt’s lap as he played his game around you.

You shrugged and smiled.

“see? she’s good.”

“IS SHE?” Blue peered over at you, a glint in his eye. “I DON’T KNOW RED, SHE LOOKS A LITTLE OUT OF SORTS FROM YOUR ATTACK EARLIER, I MAY NEED TO CHECK HER OVER.”

The corner of Red’s teeth twitched upward. “good luck, she don’ look like she wanna be checked baby blue.”

“WELL THEN YOU WILL JUST HAVE TO MAKE SURE SHE SITS STILL FOR IT THEN.” Blue was inching back towards the couch.

Red was also easing his way over. You shrunk back against Mutt who chuckled but didn’t take his focus away from what he was building.

“HEY MUTT?” Blue asked, “MAIDEN NEEDS TO BE CHECKED OVER.”

Mutt hummed but made no move to let you go, let alone look at them. Your other two mates had made it to the couch. Blue was standing by the arm with his hands behind his back as he pleaded with Mutt. Red was standing in front of the couch but just off to the side enough to not block Mutt’s vision of the TV screen. He had his hands in his jean pockets and a sly grin on his face.

“IT’S FOR HER HEALTH, WE JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS OKAY.” Blue continued to needle.

You felt the faint rumble of a laugh in Mutt’s chest and his arms lifted from around you. “well, ‘f it’s fer her own good, who ‘m i ta argue?”

You gasped and turned to look at him, your face full of betrayal. “You literally *always* argue, how could you abandon me to these heathens?”

Mutt shrugged “‘m quite a heathen m’self duchess.”

Red swooped in and plucked you off of his lap and plopped both of you back onto the floor, only this time you were sitting in his lap. Blue circled around the both of you, gauze rolls in hand.

“You have more?” You wriggled in Red’s hold. “Why do you have so much gauze?”

Blue shrugged and leaned over you. “I HAVE TO PRACTICE SO I BOUGHT LOTS!”

Red chuckled and hugged you tighter, his own wraps had loosened and were starting to fall off. Blue freed your arm and began talking through the process of bandaging up whatever imaginary injury was ailing it. Then your other arm, your shoulder, ankle, thigh, and finally your stomach.

“IT’S IMPORTANT TO STABILIZE A WOUND WHEN YOU’RE ON SCENE.” Blue was rambling as he poked a hole in a large bandage with a pencil and adhered it to your midsection, pencil still sticking out of it. “LET’S SAY YOU HAVE THIS STUCK IN YOU.” He gestured to the pencil then grabbed more wraps. “I WOULDN’T WANT TO REMOVE IT AS IT IS THE ONLY THING HOLDING YOUR BLOOD IN YOU AT THE MOMENT.” He proceeded to carefully bind both the bandage and pencil in place. “SO I WOULD STABILIZE THE OBJECT AND HELP IT HOLD YOU TOGETHER UNTIL WE CAN GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL FOR A DOCTOR TO FIX YOU UP!”

Beaming with satisfaction, Blue sat back on his heels to look you over. Red looked over your shoulder and poked at the pencil stuck to your stomach. “i got somthin’ better ta stick ‘n ya doll, no ‘ospital needed.”

You snorted and Blue rolled his eye lights. “NOT NOW RED, BE GROSS SOME OTHER TIME.”

“says you.”

“AT LEAST I TAKE IT SOMEWHERE PRIVATE!”

“do ya though?”

“YES!... AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE… THIN WALLS ASIDE.”

Red snorted and nipped at your ear. “’m fuckin’ with ya baby blue, I don’ care.”

“I’M AWARE.” Blue grinned and reached out to turn your head to the side. “NOW, IF A HEAD INJURY IS INVOLVED…”

You giggled as Blue fell back into work mode and poked and prodded at your face and head, bandaging your imaginary injury and finally letting you go. Red didn’t. He stubbornly kept you in his lap and the two of you sat and watched Mutt work on his game. At some point your captor dozed off. His skull nodded forward until he was resting

on the back of your head, snoring into your hair.

You didn't notice the sun sinking on the other side of the house, signaling that you had spent your entire day on the floor of the lounge. Papyrus poked his head in not too much later.

"Dinner is ready." He said.

Mutt grunted and saved his game and Papyrus left to go alert the rest of the house.

"food." Mutt nudged Red and bent to untangle you from his hold. Red grumbled and clung to you harder. "dude. wake up." Mutt tried to get you free again but when you shifted Red growled.

Mutt sighed and moved over to the side and snapped his fingers next to Red's skull. "get up 'r i get yer servin'." Red's sockets popped open and one arm let go of you to lash out in Mutt's direction. Your taller mate easily avoided the attack with a bored expression. "ya awake now?"

"fuck off man." Red grumbled and released you to rub his sockets. "yer fell too, don' wake me up li' that."

Mutt shrugged and stood, offering you a hand. You took it and got to your feet. Mutt ushered you by and reached down again to help Red get up and the three of you headed into the dining room.

Papyrus had made some broccoli stuffed chicken and rice that you inhaled. There were a few comments on yours and Red's bandaged appearance but past the initial concern, no one paid it much attention. The evening passed quietly and you found yourself trudging up the stairs for bed.

"c'n i borrow ya, 'r ya wrapped up fer the evenin'?"

You turned on the stairs to find Red just a few behind you. His own skewed and falling wraps adding to his grin.

"Borrowing means you're going to return me eventually." You said and continued up the stairs.

Red chuckled and was right on your heels, crowding you to the nearest wall. "did i say borrow? i mean' steal."

You huffed out a laugh. "That implies that someone owns me."

The brief panic that flashed over your mate's face at the insinuation made you laugh again and you reached up to rest your hands on his shoulders. "I know that's not what you meant Red. You can borrow my time whenever."

"fuck, don' do tha' ta me doll." He grumbled.

You hummed. "Sorry, now what's up? Wanna hang out for a while longer?"

Red's grin was back and he stepped away to gesture to his room. "yea, was 'opin' ya'd stay the night."

"Oh really now? Mr. bold over here asking for what he wants?" You teased and let him usher you into his room.

"yea, yea, yer real funny."

"You think so too?"

His door swung closed and you flicked on his side table lamp. Arms wound around your middle to turn you to face him. You were surprised at the kiss. Gentle and seeking. Melting into it, you let him pull you in.

Only... there was still a pencil stuck to your bandages that caught on his sweater and poked you through your shirt. Drawing back, both of you looked down at the item.

"looks like 'ere's somethin' between us doll face."

You tugged at the pencil. As firm as the bandage and wraps were holding it to you, it came away with a gentle pull. "I just needed to pencil you into my evening."

Red chuckled and took the pencil from you to toss it somewhere in his room. "'m not a schedule kinda guy." Pulling you back in he grinned down at you. "don' like the paper trail."

"I'm sure that drove your brother up a wall." You murmured as you leaned up to meet him.

"oh jus' furious." He managed to get out before he kissed you again. It was sweet, he didn't try to make it more. Just let his magic play across your lips as his teeth nibbled over your skin.

"this okay?" He mumbled against your mouth. You hummed assent

and his arms tightened.

Again. He didn't push for more with the kiss, content with the current contact apparently. For as excited as you were getting with the closeness and sweetness of the moment, you let your mate set the pace.

The rich smokey scent of his magic played over your lips, trendles of it explored your cheeks and tickled your sides where he held you. Your hands were balled in the front of his sweater.

When he did pull away, you couldn't help but chase him back a few inches before stopping yourself.

"You okay?" you asked as he stepped away to fiddle with the shocking amount of blankets and pillows on his bed.

"yea." He tossed a few pillows around then crossed the room to root around in the pile of clothes dumped on his computer chair. "here," He chucked something at you. "get comfy doll, once yer in, ya ain' leavin'."

"Sounds ominous." You fumbled the catch a little but found that he had thrown one of his shirts at you. Raising a brow you glanced back towards him.

Red was still at his desk, back firmly towards you as he played with the odds and ends strewn across the surface. Taking the hint, you took off your own shirt and pants then slipped on Red's shirt. Being taller than you by an inch of two and much broader, it draped low, obscuring your form.

Your mate had yet to turn around so you came up behind him to peer at what he was playing with on his desk. Little bits of machinery in various states of disassembly covered the surface. Tools filled the places in between projects. You couldn't tell what any of it was supposed to be or even used to be.

"Whatcha making?" You asked.

Red set the tool he had been using down and shot you a grin. "updatin' some security stuff fer poisoned ashes."

"Ooh, security stuff." You laughed at the vague description.

Red set the piece of tech down and turned abruptly to scoop you up

into his arms. “yea, machine bias ‘s a pain ‘n the ass, gotta do some tweekin’.” He rumbled as he carried you across to his bed and dropped you onto it. “but it c’n wait.”

You laughed as he stripped off his sweater, shoes and socks, then crawled on next to you and proceeded to bundle you into his nest of blankets and pillows after flicking off the light. The pillow under your head was switched out several times as he fussed with your positioning and you had to bite back a laugh at his insistence on burying the both of you under no fewer than five blankets.

"Comfy?" You asked when he finally settled down, curled against your side.

"tha's my question doll face." He rumbled. His skull was pillowed on your shoulder and the rest of him was wrapped around you as if you were a body pillow.

You snorted and tilted your head to rest against his. “I’m very comfy, makes me wonder why my bed isn’t this comfortable.”

Red chuckled as you pondered the familiarity of this conversation. “‘f it ain’ comfy, jus’ stay ‘n ‘ere with me ta sleep.”

Yea you definitely had this conversation before with a different skeleton. You giggled and nestled further into the blankets and pillows. “I’m here now aren’t I?”

“mmhmm.” Red nipped your jaw sleepily and fiddled with the bandages wrapped around your arm. “i didn’ actually ‘urt ya earlier did i?”

You shook your head. “No, you’re fine.”

He hummed, his sharp claws wearing quickly through the wraps. The points prickled at your skin but no pain or discomfort followed. Only a light tickle as he released the rest of your arm from the bandaging. “yer so sensitive.” He murmured as goosebumps chased his fingertips up your arm.

“Does it not tickle if I do it?” You shifted so you could take his arm. You let your fingers trail softly up and down his radius and ulna. The two pinpricks of light in his sockets followed the motions and you felt him flex his fingers.

“not ticklish…” He murmured. “‘s nice though.”

You hummed and continued to gently stroke the bones of his arm and hand. The weight of your mate settled heavily into your side and you only stopped when a loud snore announced his descent into sleep.

“Good night Red.” You whispered. He snored in return and you grinned as you closed your eyes and waited for sleep to claim you as well.

You were sweating. Red was a furnace next to you and the plethora of blankets didn’t help. You had slept soundly despite the chainsaw-like snores from your partner. Something you had grown accustomed to with Sans. But Sans didn’t produce this much heat. You felt like you had been standing too close to a bonfire for too long.

With all of the practiced gentleness of slipping away from clingy bed mates, you worked an arm free and tossed back the blankets. Sighing at the cool air as it hit your skin, you idly wondered what time it was.

A question that was answered rather quickly when Red’s door swung open and the tall form of his brother stepped in. Edge paused when he caught sight of you, then leaned down to uncover his brother.

“GET UP SANS.” He commanded.

Red’s face scrunched and he buried his face into the side of your neck.

“RED.” Edge tried again, his voice was loud but not aggravated. “YOU HAVE A SERVER TO CHECK TODAY.”

“ naw i don’.” Red muttered and felt around for a blanket.

Edge tugged the pile of blankets farther away and glanced at you. A clear plea for help.

“I NEED TO GET TO WORK BROTHER-.”

Red groaned before he could finish his sentence and sat up. You blinked as he blindly scooted off of the bed and turned to Edge. “'m up. ‘ave a good day ‘n all that shit.” He grunted and stepped forward.

Edge accepted his hug, a sly grin playing over his teeth as his sleep rumpled brother yawned into his chest before stepping away. “now get out. i got comp’ny.”

Edge chuckled and waved to both you and Red before leaving.

“shut the-! fuck.” Red hauled himself over to the door and shut it before coming back over to crumple onto the mattress next to you.

“Good morning?” You mumbled.

Red grunted and reached out to find you. His hand closed around your bicep and he tugged at it until you moved closer. He hummed in satisfaction as he wrapped himself around you again. Without the blankets, the warmth was bearable and you happily settled into his arms. Instead of going back to sleep he nuzzled at your neck and jaw, casually nibbling at the skin and making you squirm.

“come ta work with me taday?” He said between little bites. “gotta spot we c’n escape ta ‘f ya get bored.”

You snorted. “Don’t think you want me around that big machine after last time.”

Red paused and chuckled before resuming his nuzzling. “ain’ gonna take ya anywhere near tha’ machine. project’s on ‘old ‘ntil we get a few more things stabilized.”

“Ahh, so what would you be doing today then?”

You could feel the grin in his teeth as he spoke against your skin. “tha’ depends.” He pulled away and sat up. “got a server ta rewire but i c’n always reschedule it ta do ya ‘nstead.”

He turned and rolled over you to pin you to the bed. His teeth found your mouth and you laughed into his kiss. “Go to work Red.”

“come with me an’ i’ll make ya come for me.” He rumbled.

“Tempting, but you would probably get fired.” You replied.

Red growled but rolled off of you to slouch over to his closet. “i’d like ta see ‘em try ta replace me, but i see yer point.”

You yawned and got up as well, gathering up your clothes and pattering back to your room to change. Mutt was in the kitchen with Red and Sans when you finally wandered down the stairs for some food.

“come on.” Mutt was whining, “hit me.”

Sans just shook his head and stirred his coffee. Red stuffed a slice of toast into his mouth and slugged Mutt’s shoulder. The taller monster

didn't even sway at the impact.

"lame." Mutt grumbled and took a long drink of his coffee. His eye lights landed on you and he brightened. Setting down his mug he followed you to the pantry where you grabbed a box of cereal.

"mornin' duchess, c'n i ask ya somethin'?"

"Sure." You shrugged and navigated around him and the other two skeletons in the kitchen to collect a bowl, spoon and milk. Mutt stayed right on your heels.

"would ya hit me?" He leaned down over your shoulder as you poured your breakfast.

Setting down the cereal box, you looked at him with a raised brow. "Why would I hit you?"

Mutt shrugged, "cuz i asked ya ta?"

"Yea, but- oh, bye Sans." You grinned as Sans slid past your taller mate to give you a peck on the cheek before vanishing into the void. "But why do you want me to hit you?" You finished your sentence.

"yer medicated mutt, not immune." Red said as he tossed back the rest of his coffee and followed Sans's example of cutting past Mutt to give you a kiss. "plus this migh' piss ya off more 'n gettin' hit."

You squeaked as Red bent you back over the counter for a deep kiss. His tongue swiped over your bottom lip twice before he let you back up and stepped away. "later doll face." He winked at you and disappeared.

You felt your face heat as you glanced up at Mutt. He appeared mildly surprised but no trace of anger or disgust was apparent in his features.

"whaaat just happened?"

Your eyes darted over to find Stretch who must have walked in to find Red kissing you while Mutt watched. Mutt pivoted away from you to get into Stretch's space with a chuckle.

"hit me smoke stack." He pressed.

"what? no, you're going to hit me back." Stretch shuffled away from him to grab his thermos and the kettle to boil some water.

“i won’.” Mutt held up his hands in surrender. “c’me on man, i know ya wanna.”

Stretch rolled his eye lights and concentrated on the stove. You snorted and put the milk away. “Do I want to know why you want to be hit all of a sudden?”

“don’t pay attention to him honey, attention fuels him.” Stretch said as he dug out his box of tea.

“true, but i ain’ after anythin’ weird this time.” Mutt pressed.

Stretch glanced at you and shook his head. You took a bite of your breakfast and watched Mutt hover just behind Stretch.

“Why do you want to be hit?” You asked.

Stretch slumped a little bit but didn’t acknowledge Mutt as he grinned and rested an elbow on his shoulder.

“ya know ‘bout my lv meds yea?” He asked. You nodded and scooped more cereal into your mouth as he went on. “‘aven’t ‘ad a flare since startin’ ‘em.”

“that’s what they’re made to stop dude.” Stretch cut in.

Mutt grinned at him then returned his attention to you. “so i’ve been thinkin’, ‘ow far c’n someone push me? ‘s been so long since i’ve been regular pissed off an’ not outta control hell-hound pissed off.”

“i don’t think you should be trying to get pissed off in the first place.” Stretch finally turned around to face Mutt. The action made Mutt’s elbow fall from his shoulder but he recovered quickly.

“please?”

You snorted as Mutt let his eye lights expand to almost fill his small sockets in the best attempt at puppy-dog eyes you have ever seen a skeleton do.

Stretch stared at the display with a blank expression. “no.” He turned back around and screwed the lid onto his thermos. “i gotta get to work.” Stretch stepped around Mutt to come over to you. “see ya later honey. good luck with this one.” He bent to plant a kiss on the top of your head before he followed the other two into nothingness.

You eyed Mutt as he sulked. Dropping your empty bowl and spoon in

the sink, you approached him with your arms out in invitation for a hug. He heaved a sigh, but accepted it.

“You doing okay?” You asked.

Mutt hummed and gave you a squeeze. “yea, ‘s jus’ a bit weird, adjustin’ ta bein’ more normal.”

“How so?”

You felt him shrug. “i feel… less.” He was quiet for a second. “thin’s that used ta set me off don’ anymore, i jus’ get annoyed… ‘re mad, but i don’ wanna lash out.”

“That’s good right?” You asked.

“yea… but,” Mutt drew back so he could look down at you. “i also don’ get as… excited? happy?” He shook his head. “everythin’s dulled, not jus’ the flares.”

You hummed, “Have you talked to your therapist about it?”

“should i?”

You blinked. “Yes, it’s your medication, if it’s not quite right, they might be able to adjust your dosage or try something else.”

“kay. i’ll give ‘em a ring.” Mutt pulled away and pat at his pockets to make sure he had everything he needed. “talk ta ya tanight?” He asked.

You nodded. “Yea, but come here first.”

He quirked a brow but obeyed. You reached up and pulled him down for a kiss. There was half beat of shock then a purr erupted from your mate as he kissed you back. “no drug’ll change my love fer ya duchess, don’ worry.” He murmured to you before pulling away and teleporting out of the house.

Chapter End Notes

> No a hiatus, I'll be on intermittently but unfortunately until I get my feet firmly back under me, updates will occur when I have availability. I have a few chapters prepped so luckily my writing hasn't suffered.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Been On the Run So Long

Chapter Notes

> *Kicks down the door with a chapter I should have uploaded weeks ago.* I'm still here! Still doing stuff, I stress bought a bunch of house plants so... I guess I have that going for me now. Let's get back to this, had some fun here. I'm stoked for the next chapter already!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You paused for a second to fan yourself behind the bar. A heat wave had swept through Ebott last week and was bleeding into this week heralding the true end to winter with higher than normal temperatures for this time of year.

“need me ta leave?”

You snorted at Red who was sitting nearby. “Possibly. You do produce a weird amount of heat.”

The skeletons sitting around him laughed. Blue beckoned to you, a shimmer of magic at his fingertips. Leaning over the bar, he ghosted his fingers over your brow and down your cheek. The chilly tingling of his magic felt heavenly on your face. Humming in appreciation, you straightened up with a grin and a wink before having to move off to tend to a customer.

“the fuck 'as that?” Red shot Blue a weird look.

Blue shrugged and picked up his drink. “MAIDEN NEEDED A COOLING HAND.”

“so ya jus’…” Red mimicked Blue’s hand motions as if he were stroking your face.

“MMHM.” Blue set his drink down and seized Red’s wrist that was still pretending to touch you.

“fuck!” Red jerked his arm out of Blue’s grasp, rubbing where he had touched. “ya got ice fingers baby blue, ‘s a wonder she touches ya at all!”

“it’s not so bad.” Sans was sitting on Red’s other side and plopped his

own hand down on Red's skull as his own cold magic sparked around his fingers. It didn't rest there long as Red smacked his hand away with another curse.

"fuck both a ya." Red grumbled. "don' even… not what i meant an' ya know it." He pointed an accusing finger at Mutt on Blue's other side who only chuckled and lifted his drink to his teeth.

"'ey duchess." He grinned as you passed by again. You paused, eyes darting down the line of your mates along the bar. Blue and Sans looked rather pleased with themselves as they poked at a disgruntled Red, and Mutt was staring at you like he had asked you something.

"What's up?" You brought your full attention back to Mutt.

He smirked and leaned his elbows on the bar top. "wanna go somewhere after yer off? i gotta li'l place 'n the trees we c'n hide away 'n."

"Hmmm." You pretended to contemplate an answer. "You do like your late night dates."

Mutt chuckled but didn't say anything. You hummed again and worked on refilling Blue's drink. The collar that you had ordered for Mutt had come in last week. You hadn't wanted to give it to him while he worked with his therapist on his medication dosage and the whole other set of adjustments that came along with getting on meds and understanding how they were helping.

He seemed more settled now. Emotions less dull as he put it, but still keeping his LV under control. He was back to his usual sly teasing and casual touches.

"whad'ya say darlin? wanna night un'er the stars 'ith this monster?" He waggled his brow bones at you making you laugh.

"As if I could resist a star lit date." You laughed. "Can we stop at home first? I want to grab something."

Mutt nodded and you left to fill another order.

"WOW, LOOK AT YOU! DOING SOMETHING ROMANTIC WITH OUR MATE, PROUD OF YOU MUTT!" Blue slapped him on the shoulder with a grin.

Mutt raised a brow at the shorter skeleton. "'m romantic." He rumbled

then took a drink.

“heh, yer a smooth mother fucker an’ a tease, but romance ‘s not yer strong suit.” Red said from Blue’s other side. “

“says you.” Mutt fired back.

Red chuckled and gestured to himself then at you down the bar. “hell yea says me. private dinner, night a dancin’, all dressed up ‘n shit. peak romance.”

“yea, i think ya have us all beat on the romantic date part.” Sans cut in. “i mean, i’ve known her forever and i think the most we’ve done on a date is… star gazing?” He scratched the back of his skull. “i mean the beach setting bumped it up a notch, but we’ve never really done anything fancy.” Blue and Red made a few noises of understanding.

Mutt just rolled his eye lights, “i gotta differen’ brand a romance, so ya c’n shove it with yer dressin’ up ‘n starein’ at stars shit.”

The others laughed and the conversation turned to other things.

“Ready?” You finished locking up and turned to Mutt as he stamped out his cigarette. The others had gone home already.

He nodded and accepted your embrace for a trip through the void to your room. Pulling away, you disappeared into your closet. Mutt waited as you fumbled around in the dark space. You must have found what you were looking for because you reemerged and found your way back to his side.

“Okay, we can go now.” You said.

Mutt let his eye lights dart over you. You had said you needed to grab something, but you weren’t holding anything new. Ahh, maybe it’s whatever is now taking up space in your pocket. He internally shrugged to himself and once again, pulled you through the void with him to his hideaway on the mountain.

“So, what did you want to do tonight?” You asked as he stepped away to inspect his little fire ring. The heat from the day had died back but it wasn’t completely gone. It was dark and you could barely see your mate as he fiddled around with the fire pit. The sound of his lighter confirmed your suspicion.

A ring of light formed as Mutt fed his fire larger and larger pieces of wood until it was crackling merrily by itself.

The clearing looked different at night. The shadows in the claw scoured and arrow riddled trees were deeper as they danced in the flickering fire light. Movement would draw your night-blind eye only to reveal a swaying branch or only shadow. Mutt's outline wavered and faded into the darkness behind him as he moved through the shadows of the open space, the trailing end of his duster serving to further muddy his movements and shape.

"wha's that look for?" He called out from where he appeared to be rummaging around behind some bushes.

You shook your head and turned back to the fire. "Oh nothing much." You replied. "It's interesting to see you in your element, I can see how you were able to sneak about underground without being seen."

A whiff of floral magic tickled your senses then Mutt's laughter appeared right over your shoulder making you jump. "short cuts 'elp 'n that department too. hungry?"

You were a little hungry after your shift. There wasn't much time for a snack break while serving drinks so you nodded. Your mate hummed and pressed a bottle of water into your hands. "be righ' back then."

He vanished with a wink leaving you with the water and the fire. Looking around, you spotted a log that had all of its bark scraped away, leaving the smooth wood underneath exposed. The log had been dragged close to the fire and propped into place with rocks around the ends. Walking over to it, you took a seat and stared into the fire.

A small smile pulled at the edges of your lips at the memory of your camping trip. The evenings around the fire were relaxing. Just you, your mates, and the quiet symphony of the surrounding woods.

Your smile waned as the minutes ticked by with no reappearance of your mate. Looking up and around at the surrounding trees you had to wonder if he had teleported home for something to eat or if he was out in the woods stalking something to feed you. Rising to your feet you scanned the tree line for movement. No sound but the little noises of tiny animals moving about.

"Mutt?" You called out.

No answer came, not that you expected one. If he really was hunting something out there, you supposed he would stay silent. With a sigh, you sat back down and fed more wood to the fire. You would stay right here, you weren't as familiar with the area as he was and you weren't about to go get lost on the assumption that he was on the mountainside at all.

…

Okay, now you had to pee. You set the water bottle down and located the trail that led away from the clearing. If you stuck to it, you could find a spot to relieve yourself then come right back.

You took the trail out of Mutt's camp at a slow pace. The light from the fire didn't reach past the immediate area so you had to carefully pick your way down the path. You didn't let the light disappear behind you. Finding a spot to go didn't have to be that far from the clearing, just out of the way.

Checking to make sure that you could still see the fire, you veered off into the trees and picked a spot to pee. Stars, it was annoying to go in the woods. Luckily you had a napkin in your pocket from the bar so there was no need for the leaf debate.

Picking your way back to the trail you startled at the sound of a growl. Your eye sought out the light of the fire just up the way. The slender outline of your mate could be seen against the flickering light and you sighed in relief as you moved back that direction. Mutt's shape turned at the sound of your footsteps and you had to pause when he vanished.

"'s there a li'l doe hangin' 'round my camp?" Mutt's voice was once again behind you making you shiver. You turned only to find darkness and the lingering lilt of your mate's laugh.

"better run li'l doe, 'r i might eat ya."

You turned again, but there was no sign of your mate. "Run where?" You asked with a laugh. "You'll catch me if I go to the fire."

Another laugh echoed in the trees. "yer on a path arn't ya? jus' gotta tire me out."

"I don't think that's possible." You turned in a circle searching for any sign of Mutt.

“never know ‘till ya try.” Came the disembodied response.

You glanced back toward the fire through the trees. Did you want to play this game? It was dark. You had hidden from him in the dark before. You were in the woods. Though that hadn’t stopped you from playing in the past. Mutt always found you, he always won. So… did it really matter if you went crashing off into the unknown? You had no doubt in your mind that he would catch you before you stumbled into anything terrible.

Taking a deep breath, you made a decision and turned away from the campsite and its fire. You didn’t run, you only struck out along the path only dimly lit by the half-moon and stars through the trees. The lack of pursuing footsteps didn’t stop you from looking around in hopes of catching a glimpse of Mutt.

As your eyes adjusted to the lack of light, you found it easier to navigate the trail. It was time to make it a bit more interesting. You began to jog, though you stuck to the trail. The little light you did have didn’t reach through the trees away from the worn trail.

Snap!

You jumped and sped up at the sound of something breaking off to your right. Oh, Mutt was playing with you now. At least you hoped he was, not something else out in the trees. As if to confirm your racing thoughts. A quiet laugh echoed from behind you and the crunch of unbothered footsteps crossed from one side of the path to the other. He knew you weren’t going to abandon the path, so he was going to tease your every step until he decided it was time to end the game.

The night air grew cooler as you traveled. You had to slow back down to a walk much faster than you liked, but since you were still moving, you were still playing. The quiet rumble of loose dirt being dislodged to tumble down a slope caught your attention and you stopped. Your eyes strained to see into the darkness. If there was anything moving, you couldn’t see it.

“tired already?”

You whirled around at Mutt’s voice, but didn’t find him anywhere around you.

“What do you think?” You asked the night.

The tell tail scent of flowers announced the proximity of your mate

before his touch did. Before you could turn again to find him, a hand wrapped around the back of your neck, keeping you facing forward. Warm breath fanned over your ear as Mutt growled over your shoulder.

“i think yer goin’ easy on me duchess.”

You huffed. “I can’t see very well right now.”

“shame, ‘s a beautiful night.”

The set of claws that weren’t holding onto your neck trailed up and down your back, adding more goosebumps to your already chilled skin.

“Well, you’ve caught me so, let’s go back to the fire.” You tried to turn but was stopped.

“have i?” Mutt sounded amused. “dunno darlin’, i think ya c’n keep goin’ ‘f ya jus’ move.”

You frowned. He had his hands on you, that usually meant game over. His grip on you was relatively loose. The only pressure was from his first two distles where they pressed into your neck to feel at your pulse.

You took a tentative step away from him. He let you go without complaint and when you turned around, he wasn’t there.

Well…

If he wasn't going to take you back to the fire, you could do it yourself. Maybe you could continue this when it was lighter out, or if you had a flashlight. Nodding to yourself, you headed back the way you came.

Mutt’s distractions became more frequent. More sounds of pursuit, more things in the darkness being disturbed. You even were spurred to jogging for a minute again when he darted past you, trailing his claws across your shoulders as he passed.

The moon had shifted a little as you walked and the forest felt darker. A loud snap off to your left had you turning on automatic in search of the sound only to squeak in surprise when a hand clamped around your mouth from the right.

“shh duchess, there’s a bear down the hill, ‘m gonna take us back ta the fire.”

You nodded and turned in his hold to wrap your arms around him. He returned the embrace and the woods shifted. Heat bloomed against your back, telling you that you were back at Mutt’s campsite.

“i win.” Mutt muttered into the top of your head. “i wanna prize.”

You laughed and looked up at him. “You rescued me from a bear, you can have two prizes.”

“i feel i should tell ya that i’s movin’ away from us, didn’ even know ya ‘er there. but i’ll take the additional prize still.” He laughed and leaned down.

You didn’t argue and let him kiss you, magic tingling over your lips. “Congratulations.” You murmured as he pulled away only to dip back down for a second kiss. This time, his tongue prodded at your lips until you let him in. The light dewy taste of him had you holding him close, unwilling to break away first.

To your surprise, Mutt pulled back. You blinked up at him as he turned you by the shoulders and pushed. You followed the pressure down until you were sitting on the log by the fire. Mutt shed his duster and draped it around your own shoulders before moving to the other side of the fire.

You smiled and drew the fur lined duster closer, soaking up the warmth of it supplemented by the fire. He must have gone home before because there was a pot of water and a pan sitting next to the fire. Mutt picked up a stick and began dragging embers to the side of the fire ring.

A few stones were arranged in the embers and the pot of water was set on top of them to heat. Next he placed two slices of meat on to handheld a grate which he placed directly into the flames.

“I don’t think I have ever seen you cook.” You said.

Mutt shrugged and kept his eye lights on his work. The water began to simmer and he tipped a hand full of skinned potatoes into the pot. A pinch of salt followed it then he flipped the meat on the grate.

“‘ve said it before duchess.” He grinned up at you. “anythin’ ta do with my hands… i c’n do.”

You hummed and picked up the water bottle that you had left by your seat before. “Mutt, the skeleton of many talents.” You smirked at him and took a drink. “Also the lover of soft beds, blankets, and other things.”

He chuckled at that and shuffled around the fire pit so he was closer to you. Reaching out, he jostled your knee. “wha’s wrong with likin’ the softer thin’s in life?”

“Nothing, just making an observation.” You ran a hand through the fluff tickling your cheeks. Your mate snorted and went back to tending to the food on the fire. It didn’t take too long. The boiled potatoes were strained and mashed. Your mate produced spices from somewhere to add to both the potatoes and to the meat. He spooned a portion of potatoes into a bowl and topped it with one of the sections of meat. Handing it to you he served himself and settled onto the ground next to you, leaning against the log and your legs.

For a simply cooked meal, it was delicious. You weren’t sure what he had added, but it worked perfectly with the meat and potatoes in your bowl.

“You should cook more at home.” You said between bites.

“i’ll cook ‘f ya wan’ somethin’ or ‘f black ‘s hungry, but ‘ts too much ta cook fer everyone.” He replied.

You hummed and kept eating. Mutt finished before you so he packed away the cooled cooking pot and grate along with his bowl and utensil. Once you were done, he did the same with your dishes. You were content to sit by the fire in his duster and soak up the warmth.

Mutt took his spot by your legs and the two of you sat and enjoyed the night. You found yourself stroking his skull and he sagged against you, head in your lap, soaking up the attention. The weight of the collar you had bought for him sat against your hip. Was this a good time to give it to him? There was no ceremony or special way to do it as far as you knew. The collar around your own neck had been presented to you in a casual manner. And it had come from Black, one of the most formal skeletons in the house.

Mutt liked his games, he liked the teasing and having fun with whatever he was doing. You wanted the collar presentation to be special in some way.

“Mutt?”

“mm?” His half lidded sockets stayed focused on the fire, but he tilted his skull a little in your lap to show he was listening.

“You up for another game?”

He lifted his head to blink at you. “what kinda game?”

With a smile, you stood and looked around at the surrounding trees. “Oh, just a challenge. If you catch me within ten minutes, I have to give you something.” You grinned and stepped away from the fire and your mate. “But if I stay hidden for ten minutes, you have to give me something.”

Mutt had his head cocked to the side as he watched you move out of the circle of firelight.

“an’ what exactly d’ya think i ‘ave ta give ya duchess?” He smirked. In one fluid motion, he got to his feet and caught up with your slow retreat from the fire.

You giggled as he wrapped you up in his arms. His teeth nibbled lightly over the shell of your ear and down your jaw. “That’s for you to decide Mutt.”

“mm. so ‘s a contest ta see ‘f i getta see what yer hidin’ ‘n yer pants.” His hand slipped inside his duster to ghost over your pocket where his collar was stashed. “’r ‘f ya getta claim what’s ‘n mine.”

You couldn’t help but laugh. “So those are the terms? You sure you want to win this one?”

Mutt chuckled and pressed his face into your neck. “either way, i win, go on ‘n run little doe.”

You pulled away with another laugh and ran as fast as you dared into the dark woods. This was going to be fun.

Chapter End Notes

> Oh, oh, oh. Oh here we go. Time to 'play' in the dark woods with the hide and seek king!
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

When the Sun Goes Down, the Beast Comes Out*

Chapter Summary

> Hands that kiss hymns up your sides.
> He confesses how long he's looked for a place to worship and,
> Oh,
> You put him on his knees.
> When he sinks to the floor and moans like he can't help himself.
> You wonder if the other angels fell so sweet.

Chapter Notes

> I sure hope you're ready for the smut I have for you today. If not this is a good chapter to skip :)
>
> Smut themes:
> Predator/Prey dynamic
> Breath play (ish)
> Outdoor sex
> Begging
> Orgasm denial (if you squint)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The light of the fire faded much faster than you anticipated and you were forced to slow your steps. Glancing back toward the fire, you saw Mutt still standing by it, hands in pockets as he watched the flames. You were apparently getting a head start. Drawing up the ends of his duster that you were still wearing, you focused on not tangling your feet in the brush or tripping over tree trunks.

Off of the trail, the forest was darker. More trees blocked the feeble light from the moon and stars so you really had to concentrate on where you were putting your feet. Every little sound made you look around for any sign of your mate. The thunderous beating of your heart was doing you no favors in the stealth department.

You didn’t want to wander too far. After Mutt had mentioned a bear, you were leery of running into it, even if he said it was moving away.

Picking your way through the shadows, you found a dense thicket of brush. Crouching down, you did your best to weave your way through

the ensnaring branches while making as little noise as possible. You didn't go too far. If you needed to find a new spot, you wanted to not be in the center of the thicket.

Hunkering down, you drew Mutt's hood up around your head and tucked as much as you could into the duster. It was cool out sure, but you were hoping that having Mutt's duster on would mask any scent of you and make the hunt more interesting.

Listening to the mountainside at night was enough to keep your heart rate up. With your vision mostly obscured by the darkness, you had to rely on the sounds filtering through the night. Fortunately, there weren't that many noises to be weary of. Unfortunately, the harder you listened, the less you were certain if you were actually hearing real movement, or if your mind was supplying sounds.

Then came the sound of Mutt humming. It was quiet, you're sure you had only picked up on it because you were straining so hard to hear anything that wasn't natural night noise. You couldn't quite discern the tune, but it was calming to have evidence of someone other than you in the area. Logically, you knew your mate was out here, it was just the darkness and silence that had made it feel otherwise.

Suddenly, the humming stopped. With a frown, you unfolded from your curled position to peer carefully around. No obvious movement caught your eye in the darkness. He had either teleported somewhere or he was just being silent. Tucking yourself back into his duster you decided to wait a little while longer before changing hiding spots.

Snap

Your head turned on autopilot at the noise. But as much as you strained, there was nothing for your eyes to see. You counted ten tense seconds before you gave up. It was time to find a new spot anyway, you didn't want to be caught in the first place you found.

Uncurling, you crawled as quietly as you could towards the edge of the thicket. A rustle of leaves gave you pause then you jumped at the sound of Mutt's voice.

"found ya~."

The two simple words sounded much louder to your adrenaline fueled ears and you burst through the last of the brush to take off at a run. You thought you heard a chuckle but you were already gone, pelting through the trees way too quickly for your blind eyes to keep up.

Was that footsteps behind you? Did he actually give chase? Or was he going to let you tire yourself out before coming in for an easy catch?

The scent of his magic gave you just enough warning to tell you he was using the void to follow your flight. His duster was a silent tail that whipped after your pumping legs.

You squeaked, stumbled and tried not to roll an ankle as you spotted blood orange eye lights in front of you. Veering off to the left, you tried to get around him. Only for those eye lights to appear again. You turned again but quickly went back to fleeing in your original direction when his eye lights disappeared.

Your foot caught on a fallen branch and you yelped.

The momentum was too much to correct, and you felt yourself heading for the forest floor.

A weight hit you from the side, and you screwed your eyes closed.

The impact of landing jolted you less than it should have and you were rather confused at the lack of scrapes from the sticks and rocks on the ground until you registered the body beneath you.

Pushing yourself up you began to pat at Mutt's chest and arms. "Are you okay?" You gasped.

Mutt chuckled and sat up. He dragged you closer to him in his lap and buried his face into your neck. "i win duchess, what's 'n yer pocket?"

"So you're not hurt?" You pressed.

"mmmnaw, takes more 'n a fall ta do me in." He pulled away from you and his hands wandered up to flip the hood of his duster up over your head. You could barely see his face. The only easily discernible feature was his eye lights as they took you in. "whatcha hidin' duchess?" His tone was teasing and he dipped his head down to nibble at the hollow of your throat.

You hummed but relented, turning your head to the side as you fished his collar out of your pocket. Holding it up, you internally hoped that it hadn't gotten damaged during this excursion. "Here it is." You said.

Mutt stopped his assault on your neck when he spotted the collar. Reaching out he took it as he straightened up. His claws ran over the soft leather, not quite as thick or heavy as his old one, but still a

sturdy material. You had mimicked the green velvet that Black had on the inside of his collar with your name stitched into it. On the outside, you had a golden pattern sewn into the leather. The stitching swirled all the way around to meet at the simple buckle in the back.

"'s this my old tag?" Mutt asked.

You heard the metal clink against bone and you nodded.

"We're mates, but your brother is still a big part of your life… as well as mine, so… I thought that I would use something from his collar." You could really only watch his eyes as he appraised the collar. "If um, if you don't want that I can get you a new tag." You offered.

Mutt's eye lights moved to look at you again. Then they grew closer.

Oh.

His teeth found your lips and he wrapped you up in a tight embrace as he kissed you. Relief flooded your system and you weren't sure if it was yours or his. By the time he unwound himself from you, your lips were buzzing and swollen from his magic and sharp teeth.

Your hands were pulled up and he pressed the collar into them before guiding them to his cervical vertebrae. It was dark, but the buckle was easy enough to clasp. As soon as it was in place, he was kissing you again.

"i lied earlier." Mutt mumbled. "i didn' catch ya with'n ten minutes."

"Shut up, I don't care." You replied.

A deep rumble vibrated in his chest and he dragged you closer to him in his lap. There was an obvious bulge underneath you and you rocked experimentally over it. Mutt encouraged the movement with his hands, helping you grind against him.

It wasn't enough. As nice as the friction was, you craved more. Your stupid pants were in the way, not to mention his. You winced at the pinch of something on the ground as it dug into your knee. Yea, time to change this up. Mutt whined when you pulled away and clamored off of him. At least you tried to clamor off of him. Strong hands pulled you back down and teeth peppered your jaw with kisses.

"Mutt." You giggled.

He hummed in question as he burrowed his face into the crook of your neck.

“This isn’t all that comfortable.” You trailed your fingers over his skull and tried to shift away from the things poking at your legs on the ground.

Mutt hummed again but let you get up this time. You weren’t free of him for very long. He caught you up in another heated kiss the second both of you were on your feet. You pushed at his chest and he gave way to the pressure, back peddling blindly into a nearby tree.

In the next second he picked you up so he could spin and press you into the trunk. You automatically wrapped your legs around him for support.

“mm, now ain’ this a familiar sight?” Mutt rumbled, his bright eye lights roving over you.

“Almost.” You replied and hooked a finger under his collar. “I remember you having less clothes on.” You tugged him forward so you could kiss him again.

“could fix that.”

“You’d better.”

Mutt chuckled as he let go of you with one hand to fumble with his jeans. You held on to a nearby branch so not all of your weight was on him. The glow of his magic brightened as it was freed from his pants. You didn’t have any time to comment on it as Mutt was already pressing against you, pulling your weight back onto him and nibbling at your ear.

With one hand supporting you under your ass, the other slipped down to run over your clothed entrance making him grumble. “‘ow expensive were these?” He rubbed at your jeans.

“They’re work pants.” You replied. You gasped when a sharp distal dug into the fabric of your jeans just below your zipper.

“c’n i get rid ‘f 'em?” His voice was right in your ear.

“Yes.”

The sound of ripping fabric sounded like a shot in the dead silent

woods. Sharp fingers moved your underwear to the side as best they could in your position, danger in every movement over sensitive flesh.

Soft magic guarded the worst of his claws and you groaned as he sank a finger into you. His teeth returned to your mouth to swallow your sounds as he began to work you up. A second finger joined the first with a wet sound, prodding, scissoring, and reaching for that little spot that sent shocks of pleasure up your spine.

You attempted to move against him, but between the solid tree at your back and Mutt's iron hold on your front, all you managed was a feeble jerk. He pressed harder against you groaning as you came around his fingers.

"fuck, yer perfect." He growled. His fingers left you with a wet sound making you whine. "c'n i be 'nside ya duchess? please? i'll make it good." Mutt peppered your face and neck with little kisses and bites as he pleaded with you. His still damp fingers were stroking lightly over his length between the two of you lending a desperate lilt to his tone.

You squirmed in his arms, the cool air of the night chilling your exposed slit. "Mutt."

He stilled, but didn't raise his head. "please duchess." He murmured into your shoulder.

"You have permission." You hooked your fingers into the back of his collar. You had made sure that it wasn't as snug as yours or Black's was.

"yer not scared 'm gonna loose it?" Came his muffled voice. His fingers had returned to your pussy. Trailing them over your folds and grazing far too lightly around, but not over your clit.

You huffed and jerked his collar up his vertebrae almost to where it connected to his skull and yanked his skull away from you. Mutt let out a shocked choke and strained against your hold for a moment before relaxing, his eye lights going hazy.

"Mutt." You gave his collar a little tug making him groan. There was no air to deprive him of, but magic circulation could be cut off if you put enough pressure on him. "Mutt, can you hear me?"

"yes." He rasped.

"Good, because I'm only going to say this once." You loosened your

hold on his collar just a fraction to make sure he would concentrate on your words and not the pressure. "You're the one who is going to have to worry about me losing control if you don't nail me to this tree right now."

"oh please." He begged, his eye lights flickered between burning embers and hazy clouds. You gave his collar another tug eliciting a sound halfway between a gurgle and a moan.

His grip on you tightened as you put more pressure on his vertebrae. You leaned into him, pressing light kisses to his cheekbones as you watched his eyes carefully. The magic there hazed and slowly began to shrink as the magic circulation lessened.

"Are you going to do as you're told?" You asked.

Mutt nodded as best he could and you let go of his collar. He gasped and rocked forward, crushing you against the tree as magic rushed his skull. Still gasping, he frantically hoists you up higher.

The hard tip of his dick pressed against your entrance, it was a stretch, but he slid in easily enough. His duster did a great job at protecting your back from the rough bark of the tree behind you. Mutt groaned as he slowly worked his way deeper, his face buried in your neck. Stars he was big, you thought you had already run the gambit of lengths and widths with your other mates but there were apparently a few more surprises left.

He kissed you the second his pelvis settled against you. His tongue begged for entrance to which you eagerly granted. It didn't take long for you to start squirming. It seemed to be what your mate was waiting for because he immediately began to rock against you.

If your mind had any hidden reservations about having sex outside somewhere on the side of the mountain, they were forgotten right then and there. All that existed was the slide of him inside you and the feel of his teeth against your skin.

Somehow, you managed to tug his shirt up enough for you to get a hand under it. Your fingers found and closed around the broken floating rib at the base of his ribcage. Mutt groaned and you teetered in his arms as his legs almost gave out when you dug your thumb nail into the jagged tip of shattered bone.

Claws slammed into the tree trunk next to your head. The sound of bark splintering under his grip as he fought to stay upright and still

fuck you into the wood.

“more.” He gasped, thrusting hard. “’urt me, bite me, ‘it me duchess please!”

You let your head fall forward and you bit down on his collar bone. The combination of nails in his rib and teeth in his collar bone pushed him over the edge in pain laced ecstasy. His hips jerked, wanting to keep going but unable to control the shocks of overstimulation with each movement. His claws not supporting you ripped through the bark next to your head sending splinters of wood to the ground. You let go of him and he slumped against you and the tree.

You stroked his skull, letting him eat up the affection. “When you’re ready, take us back to the fire.” You whispered.

He responded immediately. “yes duchess.” The freezing air of the void nipped at you only to be chased back by a gentle heat of low flames. Mutt sank to the ground, squeezing you tightly in his arms and muttering nonsense against your skin.

You couldn’t stay like this forever. Even with the temptation of the still hard magic inside of you, this just wasn’t a comfortable position, not to mention both of you were mostly clothed still. Mutt with his sagging pants and you with a giant rip on the crotch of your jeans. Yup time to reposition.

“Let’s get comfortable yea?” You pat at your mate who grumbled but released his hold. You winced as he slid out of you and the damp wetness of his magic began to soak the legs of your pants. Mutt stowed his dick back in his jeans and went about stoking up the fire and dug out a bed roll.

“m’lady.” He smirked at you as he gestured to the pad and blankets with a wide sweep of his arm. You laughed and sat on the edge so you could kick your shoes and socks off before burrowing into the blankets. It wasn’t nearly as soft or comfortable as Mutt’s bed at home, but it was warm and the pad did its job protecting you from the uneven ground.

Mutt crawled in next to you, worming his hands under his duster that you had yet to shed to find your pants. You laughed as he peeled them off and tossed them somewhere followed closely by your underwear. Claws pushed up your shirt and he nuzzled into your stomach. And promptly blew a raspberry into it.

You shrieked and flailed with laughter. He rumbled happily against you, nuzzling and nibbling at your skin, trailing ever south. The tickles turned to heated touches and you arched into him with a moan as he lapped at your renewed arousal mixed with his release. His clever tongue wriggled into you, coaxing you to orgasm with shocking speed.

Sitting up he shed his clothes… fuck, he could strip like it was his job. The way he tugged his shirt up and over his head by the back of the collar so he could smirk down at you while the fabric slipped off of his arms should be illegal. Next went his pants with a shimmy of bones leaving your mate in nothing but his collar. Your collar. You hadn't expected the sight of the black band circling your mate's vertebrae to be so attractive. The simple but very public statement of your relationship to him being the one thing he wouldn't remove was a surprising turn on, but not an unwelcome one.

You sat up and pulled him to you the second he was bare. The duster dropped off of your shoulders as you kissed up his sternum, only pulling away long enough to help him pull off your shirt and toss aside your bra.

He buckled easily under your hands on his ribs and you followed him down to the bed roll. Your fingers wandered over chipped and cracked bones as you kissed him. In turn, he kneaded at the meat of your thighs and hips.

Every once in a while, you would drag a fingernail through an old scar or pinch them into the minute spaces between bones. Each time, Mutt would jerk upward. The hard and heated magic straining at his pelvis brushed against your slit and you would press harder into his old injuries.

You hummed when you heard a hissed 'yes' fall from his teeth. Drawing your fingernails down, you scratched between two ribs before dropping your hand to grasp at his spine just above his pelvis.

"You talk so big outside the bedsheets." You mused as you gave the thick bones an experimental squeeze. His magic twitched and you guided it up to press against your entrance, but held off on sinking down on him. "But here you are, on your back and taking what I give you."

Mutt sucked in a breath as you thrust downward, taking half of his length in one push. "'m yers." He managed to huff out.

“Yes you are.” Sliding your free hand up you tapped your fingers over his collar. “Tell me love, how much pressure does it take to cut off magic circulation?” You grinned down at your mate. You knew the answer already, plenty of research had gone into his particular brand of play and you had been extremely careful with how much pressure you had placed on his neck earlier this evening, but you couldn’t resist dragging out the tease now.

Mirth flickered in Mutt’s eye lights and he pulled down on your hips, until you were completely seated on him. A moan involuntarily left your lips and you shot him a dirty look which just made him laugh. “don’ ‘ave ta talk big ta fuck ya-ahh~!”

You cut him off by squeezing the vertebrae above his pelvis. “Wanna run that by me again?” You purred as you brought your other hand down to help the first slowly constrict the magic flowing through his spinal column.

Mutt’s mouth worked silently and his hands wavered between grinding you down on him and moving to grasp at your arms. That haze returned to his eye lights and you loosened your grip a little. Your hold was a convenient balancing spot and you began to ride him.

You kept your grip light, only a bare pressure to remind him that the danger was there but not currently a threat. He met each of your thrusts with one of his own, the odd tingle of his magic encouraging you on.

The crackling fire and the faint whisper of trees accompanied your cries of pleasure under the stars. You were chasing your end far too soon for your liking but it couldn’t be helped. Mutt only encouraged it by shoving his hand down between the two of you to press on your clit. Fuzzy warm pleasure rocked through you from toe to scalp. Your fingers flexed around his spine and you squeezed, choking off his magic and dragging him away from his own end as you basked in the aftershocks of yours.

“oh please duchess!” He moaned, “let me, please!”

“Make me.” You said with a shudder as you went back to riding him at a slower pace. “Come on fell monster, if you want it, take it, fight for it, hurt me for it.”

He let out a frustrated groan but his sharp claws stayed firmly on your hips. They didn’t dig in or try to control your movements, only held on. His eye lights grew hazy but remained bright.

“Not going to lose control?” You prodded, upping the pressure just a bit.

“n-no.” He choked out.

You leaned down over him, rising up off of him so only the tip of his dick remained inside of you. “Do you know what that makes you?” You whispered into the side of his skull. He shook his head, sweat dotting his skull. You grinned and pecked his teeth.

“Worthy.”

Rocking back, you impaled yourself on him and released your stranglehold on his spine. The reaction was immediate.

Mutt cried out at the rush of magic as it burned its way through his deprived bones. Pleasure took over a second later and all he could do was hold on as the end he had been straining for washed over him.

You smiled as you watched him come down. Let him settle and come to you. Which he did. He struggled up into a sitting position, all loose limbs and soft smile as he wrapped his arms around you in a tight embrace. You held him as long as he needed, stroking his back in the firelight.

"You okay?" You asked when he finally pulled away. You turned his head this way and that with gentle hands as you inspected his cervical vertebrae for bruising.

"'m perfect duchess, le's get some sleep." He grinned and gave your ass a squeeze which made you laugh.

"Not yet, give me a minute." You pushed him back down onto the bed roll and checked his lower spine for any damage from your hands. Finding none, you got up and dug around in his pack nearby.

'jus' grab a shirt 'r somethin' duchess I don' care whatcha use." He mumbled.

You shrugged and did as suggested. This was an interesting switch. It was usually one of your mates doing the clean up. Not that you were complaining. It was a treat to see your large mate melt under your fingers as you wiped away sweat and cum. The night air was starting to chill your skin by the time you tossed the shirt to the side and covered both you and your mate in the bed roll.

Mutt was already half asleep, but he curled around you on autopilot mumbling incoherently and sparking little jolts of magical kisses wherever his teeth touched.

You hummed, content and sleepy in his arms.

You awoke to a bright clearing and sore limbs. The bed roll's pad was nice, but sleeping on the ground was still not the most pleasant experience in the world.

Mutt was a heavy weight at your back, his arm slung around your waist to keep you against him. You couldn't stifle your giggle at the presence of his magic, awake and hard behind you.

Shuffling around in his grasp, you managed to turn around to face him. His sockets slid half open at your movements and he chuckled softly.

"Good morning." You smiled at him.

"'is now." He rumbled back, dipping his skull so he could nuzzle kisses into your temple.

You hummed appreciatively as you glanced over his vertebrae again for any sign of bruising from the night before.

"said ya couldn' 'urt me didn' i?" He noticed your scrutiny. "i'd be more concerned 'bout yer own self li'l duchess."

"Me?" You raised a brow at him. "You didn't do anything to me."

"not yet i 'aven't." He chuckled and bowed his head again to buzz you with kisses.

You laughed and tried to sit up only to be dragged back down and crushed beneath your mate.

"le's work up an appetite yea?" He rumbled. " i c'n drive 'f yer not awake enough."

You hummed and gave his chest an experimental shove. Mutt only quirked a brow at you but didn't budge.

"What, you wanna top now?" You teased.

Mutt laughed and rested his skull against your brow. "I always top.

Yer the only one allowed ta switch that up."

"Awww." You angled for a kiss that he readily indulged in. Tongues met and tangled as he drew it out, making you sigh.

"tell me duchess," He murmured, "'s this fear 'r excitement?"

Teeth prickled at the sensitive skin of your neck just above your thudding pulse. The razor edges raised reddened lines wherever they pressed but no blood was drawn.

"I'm not afraid of you." You whispered.

He rumbled in satisfaction and reached down to make sure you were ready for a little morning exercise.

Black stepped lightly out of the bathroom on his way to his room after his morning work out. Most of the house was up, off to school or work. He glanced at his brother's door that had yet to open. He hadn't been home last night, you had been absent as well so he assumed that the two of you were off causing trouble somewhere or another.

But Mutt had work, his lines of code weren't going to write and test themselves after all. With an inward sigh, Black rapped his knuckles on Mutt's door.

No answer.

"MUTT, IT'S TIME TO GET UP." He said and pushed open the door. The room was dark and empty. Not uncommon, but it left the question of where he was still unsolved.

Shutting his door he turned to his own room in search of his phone. His brother had a job, he needed to go to it.

Just as his hand closed on the handle of his door. A thump and the sound of laughter came from your room. If you were home, then Mutt should be as well. Black stepped up to your door on silent feet and turned his skull to listen.

He didn't eavesdrop for long. His brother was definitely in there, and he wasn't done doing whatever it was he was doing to you so Black quickly stepped away to grab what he needed out of his room and retreat downstairs. Mutt would have to deal with this boss on his own.

“Don’t you have work to get to?” You asked.

“mm?” Mutt cracked a socket open to grin up at you.

“Work. You know, that thing you do in the lab?” You poked at his sternum from where you sat astride his lap. He lay stretched out on his back amongst your blankets and pillows, one hand resting lightly on your hip, the other flung across his forehead.

He chuckled at your question. “aww, ya done ‘ith me already?” Sitting up he wrapped his arms around you. “an’ ‘ere i thought i’d getta play hookie.” His claws skittered up your sides making you laugh and he pulled you down onto the bed. The flowery scent of his magic wafted around you, marking you again as he nuzzled into your temple.

You hummed and hugged him back. "I don't get out of work tonight, so neither do you."

Mutt grumbled but accepted his defeat and pulled away to dump you off of his lap and crawled out of bed. "fine, but i getcha 'gain tanight."

"Don't be greedy now." You teased as you got comfortable in bed.

Mutt chuckled. "trus' me darlin' ain' nobody gonna try ta claim ya tanight." He shot you a wink then teleported away.

You laughed and laid down, you had been up later than normal for your little jaunt in the woods so a nap was in order.

"IT'S SAFE TO GO UPSTAIRS I PRESUME?" Black glanced up at his brother as he shoved a half microwaved breakfast burrito into his face.

"mnh," Mutt chewed quickly before answering, "sure, jus' don' go tryin' ta move in on 'er taday, i may be medicated but I ain' above tearin' heads off 'f someone tries ta cut in early."

"I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT BROTHER." Black smirked at his sibling. Before he could teleport off to work, Black reached out to grab his arm.

"YOUR NEW COLLAR LOOKS GOOD, YOU DESERVE THIS HAPPINESS."

Mutt blinked down at him then chuckled. "don' go gettin' sappy on me now."

"I MEAN IT PAPYRUS." Black let go and went back to looking at his phone.

Mutt gazed down at his brother and grinned. "ya deserve it too sans."

Black looked up again to find that his brother had bailed on this awkward family feelings session. Which was fine, he didn't have much sentimentality left to carry on a longer conversation anyway.

Going back to his phone, he flipped through a few tabs. Checking the time, he got up to head to his room to change. No time like the present, he wouldn't be the only one in the house left without a job.

The hunt was on.

Chapter End Notes

The big bad wolf is a puppy in disguise.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Take These Issues Step by Step

Chapter Notes

> Oh hello! I'm not done exploring a few small details of my boys. There was one last little thing I wanted to bring up with Black, so we're doing that now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Guitars and the drums sent vibrations pounding through your chest as you cheered for your mates as they played on stage. It was one of their older songs, but a crowd favorite.

Blue cheered by your side. Red stood behind you to make sure you wouldn't be knocked into by any of the excited people trying their best to mosh in the small dance space.

Soar above your audience

And try and take a second glance

Another view might show you what

Your problem is

I think it's arrogance

You missed being in their place. On stage, singing with friends who helped build the music that was woven for the crowd.

The twins were around, you had seen them at another table before the band had started playing. It might be time to give them a call for another jam session.

Stretch ended the song to the sound of cheering. Stepping to the side he gestured to Edge at the drums and he started up a beat. His solo was brief, only a handful of measures before Stretch added his voice.

Can I have your attention? Oh-oh-ooh Oh-oh-ooh Oh-ooh

I just open my mouth

Is it clear?

Is it loud for you?

You just need me to be stable

But I won't be able

To keep it together again

Now don't pretty please me

You're not making it easy to slow me down

Mutt added his voice and the bar danced to the more upbeat song. You alternated between dancing with Blue and Red, and sitting at the table with Sans. Black had not made it to the bar tonight. Which was not entirely alarming, but he had never missed his brother's show before.

You sat down, gratefully taking the water Sans offered and tapped at your phone to text Black

You - Doing okay? We miss you here!

He didn't respond, but he had been at home when you and the others left. The music continued and you forgot to check for a reply. It wasn't until you were in the front seat of Papyrus's car that you realized that he never texted back.

"Black?" You called out the second you stepped into the house. The others were chatting and shuffling around you so if there had been a reply, you didn't hear it.

Bidding everyone goodnight, you bounced up the stairs and headed for Black's room. There was a dim glow coming from under his door announcing his presence.

"Black?" You called again as you knocked. The sound of someone coming for the door made you relax. He was home, and probably okay.

The door cracked open to reveal your mate's annoyed face. The look softened when he saw you and he opened the door more.

"HELLO MY PET, IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?" He asked.

You nodded. "Yea, just checking in on you."

Black's brow bones rose in surprise. "I AM FINE, WHY? ARE WE LATE FOR THE SHOW?"

He turned and retreated back into his room to fetch his phone.

"Black, the show's over, we just got home."

That made him pause in his search. He squinted at his open laptop instead before sighing heavily. "IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT."

"Yea."

"DAMN IT! WHERE'S MUTT?"

You frowned, it wasn't like Black to let things slip like this. "He's at the bar still, helping put the instruments away."

Black made a noise of disgust and sat heavily in his desk chair. You slipped into the room, shutting the door behind you.

"Hey," you knelt in front of him so you could pry his hands from his face. "What's going on? Are you okay?"

He let you pull his hands down into his lap. His teeth were set in a grimace and his large eyelights burned in anger. You didn't push again, if Black didn't want to speak, no amount of sweet talk or torture would unseal his jaw.

The room was silent. You rubbed gentle circles over the back of his hand and waited for him to stop staring daggers into the floor.

You were just about to suggest moving to the bed so both of you could sit when he shut his sockets and took a deep breath. It hissed out between his teeth and his sockets opened.

"I LOST TRACK OF TIME, MY APOLOGIES, I AM NOT MAD AT YOU PET." He gave your hands a squeeze and pulled.

You followed the pressure, allowing him to situate you in his lap. He swiveled to face his laptop.

"I WAS JOB SEARCHING."

You blinked in surprise. In the past, Black had talked about going back into his Queen's guard like Edge had.

"What changed?" You asked.

Black shrugged and reached around you to continue scrolling through the job board he had open. "LIFE."

Your brows furrowed as you watched him scroll. The room was silent aside from the faint click, click, click coming from the mouse wheel as it was turned.

"It's late," you murmured and slipped off of his lap. Turning around, you extended a hand to your mate. "Now's not the time to go hunting for work."

Black grumbled and ignored your hand, continuing his search without even looking your way. You sighed and reached over to shut his laptop. He needed sleep, small colored bruises were just becoming visible under his sockets.

Before your hand could get at the computer, Black blocked it by grabbing you and once again dragging you back into his lap.

"Black." You pulled free again and crossed your arms. "Bed, you need to sleep."

Your mate growled but kept up his search. Time to get help. You pulled out your phone and texted Mutt.

Not five minutes later, you felt the buzz of magic at your back announcing the taller brother's arrival.

He didn't even ask to be brought up to speed. He slipped past you and plucked his brother out of his seat.

"I'M NOT FINISHED!" Black struggled in his brother's arms as the taller of the two flopped onto Black's bed.

"whatcha doin' up still?" Mutt rumbled. You moved to the side of the bed as Black stopped attempting to escape.

"I'M! RESEARCHING! GET *OFF* OF ME!"

"mmmnope. comfy."

Black seemed to swell up for a retort, only to deflate into a sullen ball. Mutt chuckled and motioned for you to join him and Black on the bed. You slipped your shoes and socks off and crawled onto the mattress to squish Black between yourself and Mutt.

"We're just worried about you." You murmured. "It's not like you to

miss things."

Black stiffened, his eyelights darting back to his brother who was feigning sleep. "I… AM SORRY ABOUT MISSING THE SHOW."

Mutt shrugged and shifted so he could maneuver a blanket up over the three of you. Black seemed resigned to the situation and didn't try to escape as everyone settled.

A whiff of magic shut Black's laptop, plunging the room into darkness. Mutt seemed to drop right off, his long arms draped across both of you and thoroughly pancaking his brother between you two.

Black ever so slowly relaxed. You fell asleep before he did, but you're sure he wasn't far behind.

Black snapped awake when his brother shifted at his back. A hand on his shoulder kept him in place as Mutt slipped off of the bed with a quiet groan. Turning to look into his brother's alert eye lights, Mutt gave him a tired smile and tapped his chest right over where his lab badge usually rested.

Right, he had to go to work. Something he couldn't do right now. Black nodded and waved his brother away. You were still in bed, asleep and oblivious to the two monsters around you.

With a sigh, Black indulged in your arms for a while longer. He wasn't going to stay in bed forever, you tended to sleep late on account of your night job. But Black was an early riser, always had been. Underground it was to make sure his brother hadn't gone and dusted himself in the night with his insatiable curiosity. Or to make sure a meal was out before he left for training.

There had always been a schedule, unlike here on the surface where the most pressing time commitment was his therapy sessions. Black sighed again and slipped silently out of bed.

You didn't stir as he changed out of his sleep rumpled clothes and headed to the kitchen to make the pair of you breakfast.

His mind mulled over the job boards he had searched the previous night. There weren't a lot of offers that appealed to him. Most entry jobs posted weekly or monthly schedules that could change. Black knew himself well enough to know that the uncertainty of a changing schedule at the whim of some manager would not work for him. A

moving schedule was fine, just not if he wasn't in control of it.

He didn't have the experience in most of the other fields that demanded past performance either. He could work and think on his feet as long as it took to get something done. He was detail oriented and meticulous in everything he did. He could follow and enforce orders by any means necessary. He worked well alone, and he could share out a task to others.

He…

He was nothing but a solider.

Just a piece to be moved on a higher power's chess board. Granted he had been a very important piece underground. Captain was not an easy rank to attain but… he was on the surface now. He wanted out of survival mode. He wanted to have a life with his family.

But what could he do? His skill set encompassed death and enforcement. Mutt had all of the brains, the intellect, buried as it was under the layers of carefully constructed nonchalance and snark.

"Whoa, what did those eggs do to you?"

Black forced himself to not flinch at the sound of your sleep-heavy voice, he had been so immersed in his thoughts that he hadn't noticed your entrance. He stirred the scrambled eggs with purpose then turned down the heat so he could greet you without risking a burnt breakfast.

"GOOD MORNING PET, DID YOU SLEEP WELL?" As tumultuous as his thoughts were, your messy bed head, rumpled clothes, and sleepy face brought a genuine smile to his teeth. Yes, he needed something to occupy his time but allowed him a life with you, with his brother.

You hummed in response and draped yourself over his shoulders to watch him finish up the meal. Only you and Mutt were allowed such moments around him. If any of the others ever attempted to lean on him like you were, they would end up on the floor.

"I APOLOGIZE IF I WOKE YOU." He filled the kitchen with the sound of his voice. "IT IS DIFFICULT FOR ME TO SLEEP SO LATE INTO THE MORNING."

"You're good." You mumbled against his skull.

"I THOUGHT BREAKFAST WOULD BE IN ORDER, WOULD YOU LIKE

TO TAKE IT HERE OR BACK UP IN BED?"

You giggled and shifted your weight against his back. "Here's fine."

Black nodded and removed the pan from the heat element, secretly relieved. He loved you, but crumbs on his bed was a hard no.

You let him pull away to get plates and forks. He split the meal and guided you to the island to eat.

"SO WHAT IS ON YOUR AGENDA FOR TODAY?" He asked.

You shrugged around your bite of eggs. "Was going to text the twins, Red wants to have a jam session soon."

Black nodded, it was good that you were staying in touch with your human friends.

"What about you?"

Black stared hard at his eggs. He could feel you watching him over your own plate. "I WAS GOING TO CONTINUE MY JOB SEARCH." He speared a bite onto his fork. "BUT I ALSO NEED TO RESCHEDULE MY MAGIC THERAPY APPOINTMENT, AND COORDINATE WITH MUTT ON A DAY WE CAN GET LUNCH, THEN THERE'S THE JOB FAIR FOR MONSTERS HAPPENING THIS WEEKEND SO I HAVE TO SLOT IN A TIME THERE AND - ."

He paused when he glanced up at you. There was a soft smile on your face as you watched him talk that he wasn't really sure what to do with.

"WHAT?"

You shrugged and went back to your food. "You're just so well organized. I don't think I've ever planned that much of my week out in advance ever."

"WELL! I SIMPLY PREFER TO KNOW WHERE MY TIME AND ENERGY ARE GOING!"

"It's not a bad thing Black, hell, people pay to have guys like you manage their schedules, make appointments and such."

That got his attention. "WHO?"

You only shrug and gesture vaguely with your fork. "I dunno, just

people. Virtual assistant is what it's called… I think."

When Black only stared at you, you went on. "I've only read a bit about it but you work from home, or wherever. Lots of people hire VAs to help set up appointments for calls, schedule emails and meetings, that sort of thing."

Black hummed and filed the information away for later. Working from home wouldn't be the worst. All of the other skeletons were gone at their own occupations, or classes so he would have a quiet place to focus. Schedules he could do. Calls and delegation wasn't hard for him either. What you suggested wasn't so far removed from what he did as captain… just less death and fewer threats.

"I WILL LOOK INTO IT." He said out loud.

You only nodded and finished your breakfast. He followed suit and had you help him with the dishes. The companionable silence was nice. You didn't talk about him missing the show which he appreciated. It wouldn't happen again.

You stretched as the last dish was dried and put away. "Thanks for breakfast."

"IT WAS MY PLEASURE PET." Black slipped the dish towel back onto its hook. "OFF TO GO ALERT THE TWINS OF THAT SESSION?"

You made a noncommittal noise. "Was gonna shower first, wanna join?"

Black raised a brow but couldn't stop the grin from growing on his face as he chased you up the stairs. "I SUPPOSE I COULD FIT YOU IN TODAY."

Chapter End Notes

Huzzah! Some more loose ends have been at least picked up for me to consider tying off.

Song references:
I Think It's Arrogance: Set it Off
Sing Sing: Marianas Trench

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Maybe I'm Tired

Chapter Notes

> I'm baaaack! And I have a new laptop. Which is strictly for work... and writing. Mostly writing. Anyway, here are some more loose ends getting looked at in this vague sort-of plot that I have going on.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mornings sucked. That was your mantra at this point. The early risers in the house generally left you alone. Sometimes. You would still be awoken by boney feet as they marched up and down the stairs and hall.

It would drag you out of bed most mornings. You were able to say goodbye to the boys heading to the lab, but by then, Papyrus was already on his way to campus, Edge was out on duty, and Blue was going to his EMT courses. Black was usually home, already up and doing something productive.

This morning, you not only slept through the mass exodus of skeletons, you were also alone in the house. So you rolled over and went right back to sleep.

Unfortunately, consciousness did return and you surrendered to the call of your stomach and bladder. With the house empty, you fixed yourself a bowl of cereal and hid away in your room. It was rare that you got this much time to yourself and you were going to take full advantage of it.

Flipping on your TV, you started up X Files, it was your comfort show at this point, something you didn't need to pay complete attention to to follow the story.

Watching it out of the corner of your eye, you stripped down and blindly grabbed some clean underwear. Pants were out until you had to go to work, so was anything resembling day clothes.

You paused the show and wandered out of your room in nothing but your underwear on a mission to steal a shirt from one of the boys.

It was almost impossible to discern clean clothes from dirty in half of the rooms, and Black and Blue weren't big enough in comparison to

you to get away with just taking a shirt. So it was down to either Edge or Papyrus.

Papyrus recently started to purposely keep a few overly long shirts in his collection for you just in case the urge to wear something from his closet arose so that was a safe bet. But you also knew that Edge really liked to see you in his clothes. There had been more than one occasion where one of his shirts 'accidentally' made it into your clean laundry bin.

Edge's room was closer so you entered and slipped into his closet to pilfer something. You weren't sure what Edge used to wash his clothes with, but everything he wore was soft to the touch no matter the material it was made from.

It was getting to be too warm for a sweater so you unhooked a deep maroon t-shirt and slipped it on over your head. The smell of detergent and a faint hint of your mate's magic was comforting. They were out of the house but you didn't have to feel alone.

You sauntered back to your room and plopped yourself on the bed to enjoy your show and cereal before it got too soggy.

"Damn it Scully, we get it, you're a skeptic. Just humor him for once." You muttered to yourself. Several hours of X-files had you commentating on all of the little things the cast did during the show. "I mean, would it hurt you even a little to entertain the idea of paranormal shenanigans here?"

Static answered you, it briefly fuzzed out the TV screen and popped in your ears. Frowning, you sat up and glared at your TV. "None of that now."

"y0u 23411y d0n4'7 k33p 4n 3y3 0n y0u2 5u220und1n95 d0 y0u?"

A jolt of fear shot through you as your head whipped around at the sound of Error's voice. He stood a little ways away, hands shoved in hoodie pockets and that permanent scowl on his face. He was far enough away that he couldn't grab you physically, but you knew that he didn't need hands to jerk you around like a puppet.

"Fuck!" You hissed out and shrunk into your pillows.

He noted the movement with a roll of his eye lights but didn't say anything. You found yourself just staring at him dumbly as he made a

show of being pissed off at everything in your room. With his displeasure shown, he sighed heavily and gestured at your phone.

Right, knowing what he was saying would help.

You kept an eye on him as you scooted over to grab up your phone off of the bedside table and opened the translation app. “Uh, hey?”

Error raised a brow.

“Um, no offense but, why are you here?”

Error shrugged and glowered at the show still running on the TV. “8023d.”

<**Translation.E20**> (bored)

It was your turn to raise a brow. “You’re bored… So you just creep in on people when you’ve got nothing to do?”

He shrugged again and continued to stare at the TV. You glanced at the screen where Scully was fending off a man being controlled by his tattoo. Not the most supernatural of episodes, but still an interesting one.

Your eyes went back to Error, he was standing by the wall, just barely leaning on it from what you could tell. His eye lights were fixed on the screen like him popping in to watch TV with you was a normal occurrence. Oh stars, what if it was a normal occurrence and you just so happened to notice this time?

This was weird, and awkward. On the one hand, he had attacked you and strung you up several times before. He was terrifying and standoffish and rude, and your neck ached at the memory of strings strangling you. But on the other hand, he had helped you in the long term, warned you and your mates. He had also left Blaire alone the last time he had popped in.

You watched him ignore you for a minute longer before tentatively bringing your attention back to the screen. The episode was almost over. Scully didn’t end up in a furnace and a drug had been discovered in the tattoo ink.

“7h3 4113n 9uy 15n4'7 3v3n 1n 7h15 0n3, why d1d 7h3y m4k3 17 1f 7h3 7w0 1d1075 423n4'7 901n9 70 429u3 0v32 7h3 d4mn 747700?” Error grumbled, though it sounded like it was mostly to himself.

<**Translation.E21**> (the alien guy isn't even in this one, why did they make it if the two idiots aren't going to argue over the damn tattoo?)

You glanced at the translation and snorted. "It's a stand-alone episode, it's not part of the larger plot."

"w311 7h474'5 dum8," he crossed his arms, "wh474'5 7h3 p01n7 1f 17 d035n4'7 c0nn3c7 70 7h3 2357 0f 7h3 5702y?"

<**Translation.E22**> (well that's dumb, what's the point if it doesn't connect to the rest of the story?)

Credits rolled while Netflix counted down to auto start the next episode. You looked at his words then over at him. Was he actually wanting to just hang out and argue about an old TV show? You chewed your lip. He didn't seem hostile, he was even staying away from you. Should you trust this? Take it at face value?

"wh47?"

You jerked at the sharp word, you didn't need a translation for it. Mismatched glitchy eye lights were boring into you and his teeth were set in an annoyed grimace.

"S-sorry." You mumbled. "I just… this is… I'm not sure how to act here, you know… our past history isn't the most pleasant-"

"1 d0n4'7 c423."

<**Translation.E23**> (i don't care.)

Your mouth clicked closed as you read over his response.

"7h3 v01d4'5 8021n9, 7h3 07h32 un1v32535 w17h m0n57325 57111 1n 7h3m 423 8021n9, 4nd 1'm n07 1n 7h3 m00d 70 11573n 70 1nk 24v3 0v32 50m3 n3w c234702 h34'5 h31p1n94... 50 y34h, 1'm 8023d."

Translation.E24> (the void's boring, the other universes with monsters still in them are boring, and i'm not in the mood to listen to ink rave over some new creator he's helping… so yeah, i'm bored.)

"...Okay." You glanced back at your desk chair. "Uh, you can sit… if you want."

Error followed your eyes to the chair. He grumbled something neither

you or your app could catch and remained stubbornly standing next to the wall.

Well, it was his choice. You settled back into your bed and tried to focus on the episode playing. Not the easiest thing to do with a flickering skeleton nearby.

He watched in relative silence. There was an occasional grumble that only sometimes got picked up by your app. The faint buzz of static grew when he was particularly agitated at something someone did on screen, but he stayed where he was.

The episode came to a close and he let out an exasperated huff. "why 7h3 fuck 15 5h3 57111 w02k1n9?"

<**Translation.E25**> (why the fuck is she still working?)

You frowned at the translation. "Uh, because she was cleared for it?"

"5h3'5 dy1n9." He gestured at the screen.

<**Translation.E26**> (she's dying.)

You made a noncommittal noise which earned you a flat glare.

"c4nc32 k1115 hum4n5 p1x31. 5h3 h45 c4nc32, 50 5h3'5 dy1n9."

<**Translation.E27**> (cancer kills humans pixel. she has cancer, so she's dying.)

"Yea, but she's opted to fight it, there are treatments out there."

Error growled and pushed away from the wall to pace. You couldn't help but find it funny. Here was a skeleton who could destroy your entire universe, but instead he bummed off of your Netflix account and got riled up at the decisions actors made in a fake world on screen.

"732m1n411y 51ck hum4n," He gestured at the screen. "7h3 93n371c5 423 820k3n4... 9117chy, 7h3y'23 w20n9. 17 d035n'7 74k3 50m30n3 11k3 m3 70 kn0w 7h47 5h3 5h0u1d 83 d34d."

<**Translation.E28**> (terminally sick human, the genetics are broken… glitchy, they're wrong. it doesn't take someone like me to know that she should be dead.)

You raised a brow. "Should? Why? There are treatments."

“175 w20n9! 3v3n 1f 5h3 5u2v1v35 4nd 23p20duc35, 7h3 n3x7 93n324710n c0u1d h4v3 7h3 54m3 d153453." He stopped his pacing and pointed at himself. "wh47 d0 y0u 7h1nk 1 d0? 17'5 my j08 70 c1342 0u7 57uff 11k3 7h15. c4nc325 4nd d3v14710n5 7h47 c4n m4k3 4 un1v3253 51ck."

<**Translation.E29**> (its wrong! even if she survives and reproduces, the next generation could have the same disease. what do you think i do? it's my job to clear out stuff like this. cancers and deviations that can make a universe sick.)

You chewed the inside of your lip as you stared at the translation. Describing human nature was not something you think you could do in a coherent fashion. And you weren't even positive he would see your point so you opted for silence.

Error paced for a minute longer before angrily grabbing your desk chair and dragging it around to sit by your bed. He gestured at the screen where you had paused the show.

"wh473v32, 1 d0n'7 937 17 8u7 y0u hum4n5 423 w312d 1n 7h3 f1257 p14c3."

He shot you a glare as you stifled a laugh at his words on the screen.

<**Translation.E30**> (whatever, I don't get it but you humans are weird in the first place.)

"4m 1 w20n9?" He challenged.

<**Translation.E31**> (am i wrong?)

You shrugged. "No, humans are definitely weird. I'm just floored that the cancer thing is what got you this episode." He stared at you, face an uncomprehending mask. You gestured at the TV. "Half-alien guy? Secret labs stealing people's eggs? No? None of that was strange?"

Error scoffed and slouched down into the chair. "y0u4'23 80nd3d 70 1173241 m0n57325 4nd y0u'23 w312d3d 0u7 8y h41f 8233d5? y0u2 k1d5 423 90nn4 83 h41f5 p1x31."

<**Translation.E32**> (you’re bonded to literal monsters and you're weirded out by half breeds? your kids are gonna be halfs pixel.)

You actually hadn't even thought of kids with the boys. Working on the bonds you shared with them was a huge chunk of your energy

already. Adding a kid sounded like too much right now. Plus a small part of you was terrified that you would do the same thing your parents did now that you had had a taste of freedom and the ability to travel whenever. No, kids were off of the table for a bit.

"7h323'23 w312d32 7h1n95 70 57341." Error had continued on. "y0u 5h0u1d 533 50m3 0f 7h3 5h17 h4pp3n1n9 1n 07h32 un1v32535, h311, 7h323'5 f234k132 7h1n95 831n9 57013n 1n 7h15 un1v3253."

You hummed and selected the next episode.

<**Translation.E33**> (there're weirder things to steal. you should see some of the shit happening in other universes, hell, there's freakier things being stolen in this universe.)

You would have to take his word for it.

Error stuck around for three more episodes. Black returned from wherever he had been that morning. You didn't hear him get home, but Error apparently did.

He grumbled and put your chair back by your desk before fizzling out of existence without so much as a goodbye. You hummed in question at the empty space just before you heard Black's bedroom door open then close again.

Checking the time, you crawled out of bed and wandered into your closet for some work clothes. The afternoon had been surprisingly pleasant.

Error liked to gripe about the episodes, but he seemed to enjoy them just as much. Showing up unannounced aside, you had found yourself relaxing and bantering with him. Perhaps not a friend yet, but he was proving to be just a guy in need of some decompression time. And as long as he didn't try to nab you again, you felt like providing casual hangouts was just fine.

Chapter End Notes

> Error isn't a bad guy. When he's not deleting people from existence that is.
>
> The one translation not caught by the phone:
> "you really don't keep an eye on your surroundings do you?"
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Let Your Heart Just Breathe

Chapter Notes

> I'm back! Apologies for the sudden disappearance. I literally screamed at the CEO of the company I gave 7 years of my life to and left, so I've been trying to settle into freelance work at home as a writer. I'm kind of at a place where I can start posting again? I have a handful of chapters prepped and ready to go but paid writing comes first, gotta pay the bills and all. Chapters will be coming more frequently though, no more two month breaks if I can help it.
>
> Song is this Chapter: Little Violence by Waterparks

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The doorbell sounded. You scrambled to your feet and raced for the front door. Blue intercepted you in the entrance hall, hip checking you out of the way as he reached for the door handle.

With a laugh, you shoved at him, making him stumble just enough to miss grabbing the door. You closed your fingers around the handle and yanked the door open with a victorious shout.

Jack and Hayden stood on the other side of the door. Wide smiles on their faces as Blue tackled you to the ground.

"WELCOME!" He called up to the twins. "COME ON IN, THE OTHERS SHOULD BE AROUND."

You grappled with your mate as the twins stepped around you with a laugh. Another voice cut through the din, greeting your friends.

"Hey Red, how's it going?" Hayden gave Red a high five before turning back to watch you struggle against your mate.

"Should we help her?" Jack asked.

"naw, she'll figure it out, c'm on, the ‘nilla bean jus' moved 'is car for our set up." Red jerked his head in invitation for the twins to follow.

"Traitor!" You huffed underneath Blue. Both skeletons laughed. Red sauntered away with your friends and Blue rolled to let you up.

"ARE YOU GUYS JUST JAMMING TODAY?" He asked as he helped you to your feet.

"Yea," You knocked into him with your hip. "Wanna sit in and listen?"

Blue shook his head. "NO, BUT THANK YOU ANYWAY MAIDEN. I HAVE SOMETHING TO DO."

You nodded and the two of you parted ways. He headed for the stairs, and you into the kitchen so you could get out to the garage.

Red was there with the twins and Stretch. All of them fiddling with instruments and settling down.

"No Edge or Mutt today?" You asked.

"nope." Stretch slung his guitar around his shoulders and took a seat on one of the set up camp chairs. "the edgelord isn't in the mood for a sesh today, and i think mutt is out with black."

"And Papaya?" You glanced at the keyboard.

"Here."

You turned to see your tall mate striding into the garage from where he had backed his car out into the driveway.

You smiled at him and chose a guitar. If Papyrus was here, he would be on keyboard. Hayden and Jack had already settled behind the drums and bass guitar respectively.

"kay, wanna do something new? ooooor?" Stretch picked idly at his guitar as he looked around at everyone.

You shrugged, the jam session had been Red's idea.

"Red, did you finish that 'little violence' song?" Hayden asked.

Red shrugged. Stretch picked a few chords that earned him a glare. The twins laughed and joined Stretch's playing. You hadn't been involved with whatever song they were talking about so you sat back and listened.

The group replayed the tune several times before Red gave in and joined with the lyrics. Everyone was rocking out to the fast beat as Red belted out his lyrics.

(Red) **I'm sick of handshakes with fake ass band guys**

My friends and I are mad

(All) **We're mad all the time!**

(Red) **I've still got my bark**

I've still got my bite

I ripped into you with my Black Light

You listened to the others playing and started up a harmony on your instrument. You kept your playing to a minimum, mostly listening for key or tempo changes. Stretch echoed Red through the chorus, his higher voice complimenting Red's growl.

(Red) **Maybe I'm, maybe I'm tired**

(Stretch) **Maybe I'm, maybe I'm tired**

Red stopped singing halfway through the second chorus. The others followed suit, their individual instruments petering out one after the other.

"Why'd you stop?" Jack asked.

Red muttered something that you didn't quite catch. The others must not have either because Stretch cocked his skull to the side in question.

"come again?"

"I don' 'ave a bridge… an tha's what she said." Red chuckled and pointed at Stretch. The taller skeleton snorted.

"nyeh heh, okay, power through it dude, just spit something out."

Red hummed and quietly sang under his breath. Papyrus and Jack offered wording choices while Stretch helped you pick through the tune on your own guitar.

"kay, le's try this." Red had scribbled his lyrics down. "start from the las' chorus."

This time you joined in as best you could until they got back to the bridge.

Sometimes when I'm with you I remember to slow down

To take a breath and let these people stay floor bound

'Cause I don't need anything the way that I need you

"instrumen'al!" Red shouted at the conclusion of the bridge, letting Papyrus and Stretch play around with short solos.

So get the fuck back

I said I'm stealing rock back

So take off with your snapback

Before you get knocked flat

I've still got the fangs

I've still got the spite

I ripped into you with my Black Light

You clapped as the song ended. The boys gathered closer together to put what they played to paper while it was still fresh in their minds.

You helped where you could but it was fun to watch and let them hash it out themselves. Eventually Papyrus left saying he was going to see what was happening for dinner. Stretch was pulled away by his brother for something. Jack and Hayden hung around with you and Red as the day wasn't quite over.

"So are you gonna do a big ceremony thing later? Like, I'm pretty sure you guys got friends and family and such that would like to see everyone together." Jack prodded at Red's shoulder.

"Dude, It hasn't even been that long since they proposed, chill." Hayden rolled his eyes at his brother.

You laughed as Jack ignored his brother and continued to prod at Red. Your mate took it for as long as he could before slapping Jack's hand away and scooting his chair around to your side.

"why the fuck 're we friends again?" He grumbled. The twins both shrugged, grins on their faces.

"Let's go inside, see what Papaya found for dinner." You took pity on

Red and ushered everyone back into the house. Dinner was well underway so your little group retreated to the lounge for some video games before food.

Mutt returned from wherever he had been with his brother and joined in on the short game of Mario Party that Hayden had started.

You ended up on the floor at some point because your two competitive mates had kept scooting closer and closer to you on the couch as the game went on. Which resulted in you being thoroughly squished until it became a gaming hindrance and you escaped to the floor. Mutt and Red ended up pressed shoulder to shoulder, muttering Mario puns at each other in oddly aggressive tones.

Jack ended up winning just before Papyrus called out that dinner was ready. Several servings of pulled pork later, you were outside on the driveway, waving the twins off in their car.

"so…" Red eyed you out of the corner of his socket. "did ya 'ave a preference?"

You turned to him with a raised brow. "You're gonna have to be more specific than that big man."

Red chuckled and sat down on the front step. You joined him, leaning into his side and humming happily as he wrapped an arm around you.

"was jus' thinkin' 'bout what jack said earlier." He leaned his skull against your head as the two of you gazed out into the evening air.

"Jack says a lot of things." You laughed.

"heh, yea. but uh, 's jus' what he said 'bout havin' a ceremony 'n such… did… 's that what ya wan'ed?"

You blinked in surprise. You had completely forgotten about Jack's comment. You looked up at Red who was staring hard at a spot on the pavement. "Uh, I didn't really think about it. I mean, Blaire and the twins were there for your proposal and vows so that's really all I wanted." You tried to read the little movements in Red's burning eye lights. "Did… *you* want to have a ceremon-?"

"no 'm good."

You're not sure you believe that quick dismissal but you let it slide for the moment. Red would just clam up more if you pressed.

For now, you let it go in favor of enjoying the evening with your mate. At least until his weight against your side got heavier and a snore buzzed into your hair.

You laughed to yourself and dug out your phone. You needed back up.

When Edge came out, Red had slumped further down. His weight pressing you to sit at an awkward angle.

Edge sighed but gathered his brother up, he whispered an apology that you waved away as you followed him inside. Red latched onto his brother like a koala and it reminded you of how Papyrus used to carry Sans around when they had first moved in with you.

He didn't do it as often now, but you would sometimes find him toting Sans around while he went about his business. The sight always brought a smile to your face. Now was no different as Edge easily carried his snoring brother up the stairs. You did pause when Edge entered his own room instead of Red's.

"Gonna have him sleep in your room tonight?"

Edge glanced at you and nodded as he unhooked Red from his front and tucked him into bed.

"WE USED TO SHARE A SLEEPING SPACE WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER, IT WAS SAFER THAT WAY." Straightening up, he went to his desk and sat down. "HE SLEEPS BETTER WITH SOMEONE AROUND."

Edge began to work on a stack of papers he must have brought home from the embassy. You watched him for a minute before kicking off your shoes and crawling into bed with Red.

You didn't quite get the chance to settle before Red blindly grabbed at you and did his best to engulf your frame with his own. You stifled a giggle as he nuzzled into your neck, mumbling incoherently against your skin. Edge continued to work through his stack of papers. Sleep claimed you before he shut off the desk lamp and slid under the covers.

Edge’s alarm jolted you awake. It was quickly shut off and the weight at your back disappeared. Red only grumbled but didn't wake.

"Morning?" You muttered into the dark room. Edge could be heard moving about, presumably changing into his uniform.

"YES, GOOD MORNING." He replied. A skeletal hand brushed over your shoulder and the mattress dipped as he leaned over you.

You blinked sleepily up at the tiny pinpricks of his eye lights. "Have a good day at work." You whispered.

He chuckled and ghosted a kiss on your temple before shaking his brother. "I AM HEADING OUT RED."

Red grumbled but released you long enough to sit up for a quick hug. "don' work too 'ard." He mumbled as he collapsed back on the mattress and wrapped you up in his arms again.

"I BELIEVE YOU DO THAT FOR THE BOTH OF US." Edge scraped his knuckles over Red's skull earning him a swat. He chuckled again before whispering a final goodbye and left the room.

Red grumbled a bit more but it seemed like he was awake now. The embers of light in his sockets studied your jaw from where he was lying next to you.

"'s it weird?" He asked. "sleepin' with two 'f us?"

You turned your head to look at him. "If it was weird, I would have gone to sleep in my own room."

Red hummed.

You narrowed your eyes at him. "Is it weird for you?"

He shook his head. "naw, we used ta share a bed all the time before we got the place 'n snowdin."

"Edge said the same thing." You shifted so you could face your mate. "You doing okay?"

Red grunted and drew the blanket up higher around both of you so only your heads were poking out.

"yea, 's jus' early." He shrugged. "head likes ta poke at the paranoia when 'm 'alf conscious."

"Paranoia?"

Wariness flared in Red's sockets but he wrestled that emotion away. He muttered something about his 'damn therapist' before finding your hands under the covers with his.

"i's nothin' too bad doll… uh… hmm." His eye lights remained fixed on your jaw as he settled his thoughts.

"'m not the only one 'ere that thinks ya let me off the hook too easily." His claws fiddled with your fingers. "don' mean i ain't grateful ya did, i jus' feel like i need ta work for it more… 'r somethin'..." He trailed off, magic glowing gently on his cheekbones.

Your mind flashed to Mutt, prone on the ground, begging you to take his dust. "What do you think you owe me?" Your words were slow and weary. You wouldn't make the same mistake twice.

But Red only shrugged. "dunno, a real mate who listens, 'n c'n bring real meanin' ta a relationship? all that nice fluffy shit ya see 'n the movies?"

You couldn't stop the giggle that bubbled up. Red glowered but you wiped the look away with a peck on his forehead.

"You're doing just fine with the hangouts and actually getting to know each other stuff... and you listening when I say no."

"some 'f the time."

"Every time it matters." You smiled at him. "We got a good foundation, so build from there."

"might take a while." Red muttered.

You flipped back the blankets and held up your hand. "Well, lucky you. We're engaged, and bonded, we have the rest of our lives to figure us out."

Red stared at the ring glittering on your finger. Then he laughed. "fuck, fine, i'll take it. now com'ere."

You laughed with him as he dragged you closer and made an attempt to nap until the next alarm.

Chapter End Notes

Train is leaving the station, all aboard the supporting Red express!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

I Just Wanna Lay in My Bed

Chapter Notes

> It's not always fun to be a woman. Your boys are pretty good about accommodating you though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a day. Well, it was about to be a week but you were going to focus on just today. The all too unwelcome ache radiating from your abdomen told you that the next few days were going to be hell.

The familiar clatter of your mates all getting ready for the day faded as the house emptied. Good. You wanted to be left alone with a hot cup of tea and a snack that wasn't good for you. Maybe hunt down a heat pad and watch TV.

X-files was out. You kind of felt obligated to only watch it with Error now and you really didn't want the prickly skeleton around today.

You sat and listened to the house until it was silent again before creeping downstairs for food then retreating to wallow in your cramps and sadness.

The morning passed quietly. You distracted yourself with video games until you heard Black come home from running errands.

He had taken your advice and advertised his skills online for organization and record keeping. Some small company across the state picked him up and he was doing a few hours a day on the computer entering data and setting meetings up. He seemed to enjoy it when you asked about it so that little worry at the back of your mind had been taken care of.

But today wasn't for thinking about jobs, today was for ignoring the world. So when a second set of footsteps shuffled down the hall towards the stairs, you frowned. Black was still in his room. You could just faintly hear the beat of his music through the wall.

Curious, you slipped out of bed and followed the noise. You wanted more snacks anyway. Creeping downstairs, you moved into the kitchen. You halted in the doorway at the sight of Red stirring his coffee.

It was well past the time he usually left but he didn't seem to be in any hurry to leave. In fact, he was still in his sleep clothes, a pair of boxers and a t-shirt, not his lab clothes.

He turned to look at you staring back at him. "mornin' doll." He rumbled and went back to his coffee.

You muttered a greeting and snuck past him to raid the pantry. You just knew Papyrus was hiding cookies somewhere in here. As you sifted through the meticulously organized chaos of the pantry, you felt Red come up behind you.

"whatcha lookin' for?" He asked.

"Cookies." You responded and shoved aside a box of rice to search behind it.

Red hummed and stepped closer. Reaching up to the shelf above your head, he pushed aside some oatmeal and brought down a large bag of dehydrated apple slices.

"gotcha covered doll face." He grinned as you turned to eye him. Popping open the bag he reached in and pulled out the coveted cookie. "'nilla ain' as sneaky as 'e likes ta think 'e is."

He tossed the cookie into his maw and pulled out another, offering it to you. With a relieved sigh, you reached for it. Only for your edgy mate to jerk it away from your fingers.

'ah-ah, doll, wha' do i get fer sharin' secrets?" His grin was playful, but your hormonal mind didn't appreciate the tease.

So you did the logical thing and burst into tears.

Red took a step back, dropping the cookie back into the bag and setting it aside to pat at your shoulders. "i was kiddin' doll, ya know that right?"

He pulled at you and you let yourself be drawn into his embrace. More to hide your embarrassment at losing it over a cookie than for comfort, but whatever. It felt nice. Red was warm.

Once you felt back under control, you pulled away. Red hummed and handed you the bag. "sorry," He muttered, "didn' know."

You shook your head and nibbled at a cookie. It wasn’t his fault, you

would have normally quipped back. It still threw you off that your mates could tell where you were at in your cycle just by getting a whiff of you. Kinda weird, but it saved you from having to explain if your mood took a turn based on the highs and lows of womanhood.

Red let you past him out of the pantry, but he followed close behind as you made your way back upstairs. "so ya hidin' out while ya ride out the crimson tide?" He asked.

You roll your eyes but nod.

"wan' some company? 'm good fer a lazy day."

You paused at your door, "Do you not have work today?"

Red shook his skull. "got the day off, an' 'm ready ta be unproductive."

You giggled at that, and motioned for him to follow you into your room. "As long as you don't mind my gross self, I guess we can hang out."

"yer not gross." Red watched you settle into bed. Before you could gather your blanket to curl up under, Red took it out of your hands and began arranging it around you. Next came your comforter, then he disappeared for a moment only to come back with an armful of blankets from his room.

"tv? games? whatcha wanna do?" He asked as he tucked the last blanket into place and clamored into the little nest.

You laughed and settled against his side. "TV sounds good, I'm not really feeling like putting effort into a game."

Red chuckled and a whiff of magic had your TV coming to life. "fair enough."

He turned on some show you weren't familiar with but looked interesting enough, so you didn't protest. You got about two episodes in before you found yourself dozing off. The carefully arranged blankets were comfortable and Red was a soothing warmth that you clung to as your eyelids drooped and you drifted off.

You weren't sure how long you were asleep for but Black and Red's voices brought you back into the land of the conscious.

"-CAN SEE WHY I WAS WORRIED THOUGH RIGHT?"

You lifted your head from Red's shoulder to see Black in your doorway. Red glanced over at your movement then sighed as he faced Black again. "yea yea, worry elsewhere. ya woke sleepin' beauty."

You blinked around your room. The TV was still on, you were still nestled into your bed with Red, only the sun seemed to have changed position outside. You shifted, then stiffened. You needed to get to the bathroom.

"ya good doll?" Red frowned at your uncomfortable expression.

You nodded and moved to get out of your blanket prison. Both of your mates inhaled sharply and moved at the same time.

"lemme 'elp." Red effortlessly pushed the tangle of blankets aside and swept you up into his arms and off of the mattress. You squeaked in surprise and clung to his t-shirt as he slid off of the bed.

Black slipped around and urged the pair of you out the door. "YES, OFF WITH YOU NOW."

You frowned, but let yourself be carried down the hall. Your surprise only increased when Red accompanied you into the bathroom instead of dropping you at the door. Before you could ask, Red set you on your feet and started the shower.

You gasped and grabbed his wrist, alarm rocketing through you at the sight of red wetness on his arm. "Are you okay?" You asked, leaning down to inspect further.

Red gently pried your fingers from him and rinsed away the blood in the shower water. "not mine doll face. now hop on in, i'll getcha a towel 'n such."

You felt your cheeks heat. It was your blood, you had dozed off before getting a fresh hygiene product in place and now you've probably stained your pajama pants, the sheets too. Stars you hoped that you didn't get any on his blankets.

"Red I'm sorry." You tried to apologize but your mate only waved it away and went to leave the bathroom.

"'s nothin' doll, jus' shower an' relax a bit yea?"

"But-"

"shower." He turned and pointed at you then the shower behind you before grinning and shutting the door.

You stared at the door for a beat then had a mini meltdown over your now stained underwear and pajama pants. Red didn't seem to mind but he also had a poker face that rivaled Mutt's.

It was nice of him to start a shower for you though. After composing yourself, you peeled off your clothes and stepped in. The hot water felt heavenly and you sighed, letting it ease your cramps and wash away the stress. You weren't able to stew long before a knock came from the door.

"Yea?" You called out.

"c'n i come in?" Red asked. "i got some clothes 'n stuff."

That was sweet of him. You smiled to yourself and told him he could come in. The door opened, a quiet shuffle of feet and a murmur that you didn't catch, and then it closed. You heard some rustling as he set the promised clothes on the counter.

"was gonna make some grilled cheese 'r somethin'," He called over the sound of water, "wan' one?"

Aww, double sweet of him. "Sure!" You chirped, earning a chuckle from your mate.

"kay, take yer time but 'f i havta come save ya from becomin' a prune, i'll eat yer sandwich."

You laughed as the door opened and closed again signaling the departure of your mate. The boys were always pretty good at being gentler with you or avoiding you entirely during your period so the treatment wasn't new. It's just that Red was usually one of the ones staying out of your way and getting the soft treatment from him this time around was incredibly endearing.

Taking his advice, you took your time cleaning up and soaking in the hot water. Though the promise of food that wasn't the junk you had been shoveling into your face all morning did hurry you along just a touch.

Shutting off the water, you dried and happily pulled on the fluffy pajama pants Red had brought you along with what appeared to be one of his many black t-shirts. The fabric swam on you, but you were

okay with the slacker look today.

Your clothes from earlier had been whisked away so you only needed to towel out your hair and make your way down stairs. True to his word, Red was at the stove, spatula in hand, flipping two grilled cheese over to toast. A stack of similarly toasted sandwiches sat on a nearby plate.

Black was nowhere to be seen but based on the sounds coming from the mud room, a load was being transferred from the washing machine to the dryer.

"sit. eat." Red gestured to the island as he slid a plate with a sandwich on it toward a stool.

You settled on the seat but didn't pick up your food until Red turned off the stove and filled two more plates. One with a single sandwich like yours and the other with three sandwiches. He set one on the end of the island and settled across from you with the stack of three.

"feel better?" He asked. You nodded and he grinned, then pointed at your plate before picking up one of his sandwiches. "eat that."

You did. Black came out of the mud room and settled next to you with the other plate. His face only twisted at the dripping fried sandwich for a second before smoothing over and digging in without complaint. The three of you ate in silence. The grilled cheese was delicious. Not too much or too little cheese and the bread was toasted to a buttery golden brown.

Black cleared away the dishes when all three were empty and Red scooped you up as he passed your seat, toting you out of the kitchen and into the lounge. His nest of blankets and pillows had been relocated onto one of the couches.

You laughed as your mate descended with you still in his arms into the fluffy pile. "Red! What are you doing?" You flailed as you were once again swaddled in comfort. Red chuckled and curled around you, hands moving to rub comforting circles over your belly, the heat of his magic soothing the persistent cramps.

Black joined soon after, a bar of chocolate in hand along with the remote. Some garbage movie was turned on and you sank deeper into the warmth of your mates and the blankets. You didn't doze off this time, but you didn't really want to. Black fed you little bits of chocolate that Red tried to steal while he continued to rub your

stomach.

The day passed, Black got up twice during that time, and you took several trips to the bathroom to avoid another leaking situation. Your other mates could be heard coming home and going about their business.

Sans found your pile and wriggled his way into the blankets. The snores that started up minutes later had you and Red laughing. Black disappeared with his brother after Mutt poked his head in. Stretch came in and flopped onto the other couch to finish the movie.

Later that night, after an easy dinner. You headed to bed. Entering your room, you found a fresh set of sheets on your bed along with clean blankets and comforter.

Your fish swam in circles in his bowl on your bedside table with a note from Stretch saying that the boy had been fed so you could ignore his eager wiggling.

You tapped the side of his bowl as you settled down. He should really be in a larger tank. Resolving to talk to Stretch about it another day, you turned off the bedside light and laid down. After the day of cuddles and pampering, you drifted off with a happy sigh.

Chapter End Notes

> Acts of service is a big love language for many of our boys! Aren't they great?
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

The Eighth Wonder

Chapter Notes

Happy Halloween! I have more fluff for ya'll, your welcome xoxo.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You took the stairs two at a time as you raced to your room for your leathers. It was a beautiful day out, and there was no way you were going to turn down an invitation to ride out with Blue.

Living with a group of magical skeletons, half of which could faze through the void at will to get around, had caused you to inadvertently neglect your bike. Thank the stars for Blue who also wanted to get on the road.

"whoa, where are ya off to in a hurry princess?"

You skidded to a halt after almost bowling over Sans in the hallway. He had flattened himself to the wall to avoid being trampled.

"Just out for a ride. Wanna come?" You made it to your mate's side and leaned in for a quick kiss.

Sans hummed then shook his head. "i'm good, a little *two tired* ." He held up two fingers with a grin.

"Aww, bit of a *sissy* ?"

"i'll *rev* up the courage one day.

You laughed. "I gotta get going, love you!"

"right, i'll quit being a *motor mouth* and let ya go. love ya too princess."

You skipped down the stairs and headed through the kitchen to the garage. Blue was already by his bike. At the sound of the door closing, he turned and lobbed your helmet at you.

Catching it, you clicked the button to open the roll up doors then went to your bike. "Ready?" You asked just as you slipped on the helmet.

Blue gave you a thumbs up and fired up his motorcycle. You followed suit and the two of you rolled out of the garage and down to the road.

Blue took the lead, gunning his engine and shooting off towards the highway. Your older bike kept good pace with his newer model and you fell into a comfortable formation once on the open highway.

Hot sun soaked into your jacket and gloves. It rose from the pavement and radiated from your engine. You were hot, but you weren't going to shed anything to alleviate it. Having crashed several times in your life, you would have sustained much worse injuries if you didn't have the thick riding leathers on.

The city came closer and Blue led you through the streets and into the monster district. There weren't many vehicles here on account of many monsters having the ability to fly. The aquatic monsters had their own little section of the district built to accommodate those who didn't go to the ocean.

The rest of the population tended to lean towards public transportation. Not to say that there were no car owners. There were just fewer owners than parking spaces. Parking was always easy on the monster side of town.

You were expecting Blue to pull over at some shop or café, but he passed through the town and kept going until you were riding past some monster neighborhoods and parks. At this point you had no idea if Blue had a destination in mind or if he was just out for a long afternoon of riding. You were good with either to be honest.

A large park was on your left, Blue followed the road around it until he found an entrance and pulled in. The sudden cut of the engines left your ears ringing as you took off your helmet and jacket.

"Where are we?" You asked as you stowed your gear.

"NORTH PARK." Blue replied.

You laughed. "And which set of royals named this one?"

Blue chuckled and reached for your hand. "THE FELLS NAMED THIS ONE, MY QUEEN NAMED RIVER PARK." He gestured vaguely in another direction indicating where said park was. You made a sound of understanding and took his hand to follow him.

Trees lined both sides of the winding path, shading your walk. A playground was off to one side and you could see a gaggle of monster children chasing each other around the play sets. Farther along was one of those outdoor resistance gyms that was currently empty. Even

farther along the path the two of you found a fenced off area labeled as a 'dog park.'

Next to the official looking dog park sign was a less official looking sign that had a list of scents scrawled across it. You raised a brow at that and looked into the park. A pair of dog monsters were snuggled up to each other on one of the benches.

With a jolt, you recognized the couple from Edge's reinstatement ceremony. You didn't know if they would even remember you so you stayed quiet and let Blue lead you away.

"NEXT TIME WE COME OUT, WE SHOULD GO TO RIVER PARK!" Blue was saying. "THERE ARE SEVERAL NICE BRIDGES THAT WE CAN SIT ON AND WATCH THE WATER."

"Can we not go today?" You asked.

Blue only shrugged. "NOT FEELING RIVERS TODAY."

You blinked at the short answer but accepted it. It didn't matter if you were walking here or at another park, you were getting to spend time with one of your mates.

The two of you meandered, looking at the trees and talking idly. You were tracking the flight of a butterfly with your eyes so you didn't notice when Blue stopped walking. Bumping into him, you squeaked and looked down at him in question.

He simply grinned back and held a finger to his teeth to indicate that you should be quiet. As confused as you were, you played along. He pulled you to the side of the path and pointed farther down the way.

Your eyebrows shot up at the sight of Red standing on a ladder. He appeared to be fiddling with some wires to one of the path lights.

Blue only had the patience for a few moments of observation because he cleared his nonexistent throat and scuffed his feet on the ground as he started towards the other skeleton.

"HI RED!" He called out.

Your edgier mate turned to look at you and Blue, his mouth starting to form a returned greeting or quip. It died when he saw that Blue wasn't alone. Instead of whatever he was going to say, he just said.

"hey."

You and Blue stopped by his ladder. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING ANYWAY?" Blue asked.

Red gestured with the wires in his hands. "new system goin' in. king wanned me ta check the wirin' on a few units."

"Sounds fun?" You added a questioning inflection at the end as you weren't sure if it really was fun in Red's book.

He only shrugged again and you watched him finish up whatever he was doing to the light pole.

Descending the ladder he muttered a 'be right back' and vanished with the ladder. He popped back up next to you, looping his arm through yours with a grin.

"gonna come blastin' with us doll?"

"Blasting?" Your head swung back and forth as you looked at your mates in confusion.

"WHISTLE PIGS." Blue said, as if that cleared everything up.

Red and Blue both started walking. With one arm hooked around Red's and your other hand in Blue's, you had no choice but to follow.

"Wait, what-"

"WHISTLE PIGS ARE AN INVASIVE SPECIES OF RODENT THAT ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE OUT HERE." Blue explained. "THE HUMAN GOVERNMENT HAS AN OPEN SEASON PASS ON THEM FOR BOTH HUMANS AND MONSTERS."

"Uh, okay. So we're here to… what hunt them?"

"we're 'ere ta blast 'em." Red chuckled. "i've seen humans out 'ere with rifles poppin' pigs so i gave it a shot m'self. 's a good time."

"Oh." You weren't sure how you felt about that.

Blue hummed and released your hand to pull his phone out of his pocket. With a heavy sigh, he tapped out something and stashed the device back in his pocket.

"SO!" He skipped a little ahead of you and Red so he could walk

backwards as he spoke. "I ACTUALLY HAVE TO GO."

"do ya?" Red eyed him.

"MMHMM, PAPY NEEDS… HELP."

"does 'e?" Red's sockets were narrow but he was grinning.

"YES! I APOLOGIZE THAT I CAN'T STAY. BUT YOU KNOW PAPY!"

You and Red slowed to a stop. Blue only smiled and waved, leaving a peck on your cheek as he headed back down the way. Red watched him go with a chuckle before turning to you.

"ya up fer some blastin'?.. i'll let ya 'ave the firs' shot." You made a face and Red laughed. "'m kiddin' doll, we c'n do somethin' else."

You relaxed, killing invasive rodents wasn't your cup of tea. "So do you and Blue do this often?" You asked when you started walking again.

Red's skull bobbed back and forth in a noncommittal motion. "of'en 's a generous term doll, but we come out every once in a while. baby blue's still a sans, jus' got that pap energy."

"Huh."

"ya guys ride out 'ere?" Red asked.

"Yea, it was about time I got the bike out. It's been way too long since she's been on the road."

The path was lined with enough trees to keep the sun from overheating you as you walked, but spaced enough for you to enjoy its warmth.

Red hummed at your words. "she workin' okay after yer crash?"

You nodded. The pair of you had almost come full circle around the park. You angled for the grass and led your mate to a halt.

"I never did thank you for getting me to the hospital."

Red shuffled his feet and stepped away to scratch at the back of his skull.

"i jus' got there firs' 's all. the others woulda done the same." Magic

speckled over his cheekbones and he seemed to really like looking at that spot on the ground.

You laughed and wrapped your arms around his. "But it was you who did…" you grinned at the deepening color on his face and decided to poke the bear. "It's almost as if you care about me~."

The effect was what you hoped for. Red's gaze jumped to your face as he sputtered out a disjointed stream of words making you laugh.

"we're!!! it's not… 'f course i..! you 'ere hurt!"

He tried to back away as he babbled in embarrassment, but you just hugged his arm tighter and leaned up.

"You must looooove me."

Red glared at you and glanced around before tugging you farther from the path and into the trees. His skull was bright red by now, proof you had succeeded in flustering him.

Before you could blink, he had you in a tight embrace, his teeth nuzzled down against your shoulder as he held you like he hadn't seen you in years.

"'course i love ya doll face, i'd be an idiot not ta." His voice rumbled pleasantly against your skin making you shiver. "an' if we're playin' this game, ya bes' be careful with yer words."

"Why's that?" You laughed.

"no one out smooth talks me." Red pulled away and grinned down at you. The glow on his skull had faded and a mischievous glint was threatening to make itself a problem in his eye.

You snorted and pulled away, you had a hunch that you wanted to test out. "You? A smooth talker?" Red followed as you paced back towards the path. "Don't believe I've ever met that side of Red."

The growl that erupted from Red's chest said that the bear had been thoroughly poked.

"ya c'n meet whatever side a me ya wan' doll." Red was right behind you, grin wide on his face as he purred over your shoulder. "'n fact the lower front side a me 's been wantin' ta meet ya fer months."

You laughed as you found a large tree to rest under. "Oh I'm sure it

has, but it seems the top half, " you flick the side of his skull, "and the bottom half," you poke his hip, "aren't in agreement."

Only a smallest amount of fear flashed in his eye lights before being covered by that sly grin of his. He opened his mouth to no doubt snark at you but you spoke first.

"Is the big bad Red waiting for me to make the first move?"

The bright red that bloomed across his cheeks confirmed your suspicion.

"Aww, you are!" You laughed and threw your arms around his neck. It was time to test one more thing.

Red grunted but returned your embrace.

"You've been waiting so patiently," You cooed, "you're such a good boy."

That did it. That just about turned your big tough mate into a soft pile of bone jello.

"i… no 'm not." He mumbled.

"Lies." You pulled away a bit to look at your nearly neon mate. "You're a big softy who has waited oh so patiently for me to come to you."

Red grumbled but did nothing to move away from you or even stop you from rubbing his skull. In fact he seemed to lean into your touches. It took most of your willpower not to laugh. That would only push him away, and you were quite enjoying soft Red thanks.

"Well I'm here now."

With a smile, you pressed a kiss to the side of his skull. There was a quiet rumbling sound coming from your mate that you could only describe as a purr.

"You can stop waiting."

If he wasn't jello before, he was now. You squeaked when his full weight sunk down onto you. Yup. Red was a sucker for kind words. This was something you could definitely have fun with.

"i wanna take ya out tanight." He said.

"Like, on a date or with a sniper riffle?" You joked.

Red snorted and shifted so his skull was in your lap. "which would ya prefer?"

You hummed, pretending to think over the choices as you trailed your fingertips over his skull. "A date does sound more fun." You reasoned. "And you haven't ever disappointed me in the date department."

The purring grew louder in Red's chest and you looked down to find him with closed sockets and a relaxed smile on his teeth.

"Shall we head home so we can get ready for that date or is how we are dressed now fine?" You scratched around the tiny cracks spidering across the top of his skull, barely visible if you weren't this close.

Red just kept purring so you stopped the light touches. He blinked his eyes open just to reach around and grab up your hand. Plopping it back on his skull, he shut his eyes again.

You laughed and indulged him for a while longer. The sun was starting to sink and the shade you had found was moving away.

"Hey." You tapped his nasal ridge.

Red grumbled and kept his sockets closed.

You tapped him again. "Let's go home big guy, I wanna shower if we're going out."

Your mate heaved a huge sigh, but sat up so you could stand. Once both of you were vertical, he draped an arm around your shoulders and let you lead him down the path to the parking lot.

Fortunately you had your spare helmet in one of the saddle bags so you didn't have to send Red back to the house through the void.

The ride home was long but refreshing. Red rode as if he had been on a motorcycle more than a few times, comfortable and warm at your back. The sun sent visible rays through the wispy clouds dotting the sky, and colors tinged the horizon in pinks and oranges.

You were a little disappointed when the bike ride was over, but your evening wasn't done yet. Red left you with instructions to meet him in his room when you got done showering and changing.

All through your shower you wondered what Red had planned. The

last formal date he took you on had been amazing. Dinner and dancing at Poisoned Ashes was one of your favorite memories of the previous year. If he was planning on taking you there again, you had no issues with it.

However, he had not specifically asked for formal wear like he had last time. Not wanting to over-dress, you chose a pair of black leggings, a cute top, and sensible shoes.

Choices you were relieved you had made because Red was also in dress-casual clothes. He grinned at you when he opened the door.. Clean dark jeans and an untucked button down. His usual parka over all of it.

"ready?" He offered his arm, which you took with a smile.

"Mystery date start!"

Red snorted and the darkness of the void surrounded the two of you.

The other end of the teleport was almost as dark as the void which made you blink in confusion. Red let go of your arm and stepped away with a quiet murmur to stay where you were.

You tracked his movement the best you could around the tiny blinking lights dotting one side of the room. The little lights made you think of a bank of computers. Lots and lots of computers.

Something started to hum and the distant sound of a chair being rolled your way caught your attention. Lights bloomed above your head and Red was suddenly by your side. His grin was wide and he swept an offering hand at the chair he had rolled over as if offering a spot on a throne.

"why don'cha take a seat doll?"

Chapter End Notes

Red is the best boy for romantic dates. I love him so much!

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

How the Mighty Fall In Love*

Chapter Notes

> I never understood what made your lips on my neck such an intimate affair
> Until your teeth grazed my pulse and I realized
> You could tear open my throat and make me bleed out in your arms
> but instead
> you chose to kiss
>
> Themes:
> Soul sex
> Praise
> Biting/scratching
> Public place sex? (if you think really hard about it? Just want to be safe here.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You glanced at the chair then at Red. He pat the back rest and stepped away.

"it'll be comfier than the floor." He said as he moved back across the now lit up room.

You shrugged and took a seat, spinning around in it to take in your surroundings. As you suspected. The lights along the wall belonged to a line of computers and various other little machines. Red was messing with one of them.

Continuing your rotation, you concluded that you were in some kind of… lab? Auditorium?

The floor was open except for some sort of large machine in the middle that pointed at the lofty domed ceiling. Another wall had rows of cabinets and a few tinted windows giving you a sound room vibe.

Other chairs dotted the open space around the machine and more were tucked under desks at their computers.

"Okay," You completed your circling and faced Red who was still at one of the computers. "Where are we? And why are we here?"

Red chuckled and turned away from the computer to move over to the large machine in the center of the room. "the bean pole's lab, an' we're 'ere cuz i've been 'elpin' with this thing right 'ere."

You frowned as he began fiddling with the various buttons and switches on the hunk of metal in front of him. "We're at the lab?"

Red hummed assent and seemed satisfied with his handiwork as he turned on his heel to make his way back over to you. Only, he passed you and headed over to the wall.

"kick back doll face, enjoy the show." He shot you a wink and with a flick of his fingers, the room was once again plunged into darkness.

Your confusion was quickly sidelined when the domed ceiling lit up with nebulous reds and greens dotted with tiny white lights. They swirled and morphed over your head in a dizzying display.

"ever wan'ed ta see the universe?" Red had come up behind you as you gaped up at the ceiling.

Constellations flew into view then shifted to focus on a single star, planet, or other celestial body. You let out a disbelieving laugh and leaned back in your chair to continue watching.

You sort of registered Red moving around to sit on the floor by your legs but your main focus was on the lights above your head.

"What is this?" You asked, eyes glued upward.

Red's deep chuckle made you glance down to where he was sitting on the floor in front of your feet. He was facing your chair and was watching you watch the display. "'s a digital map 'f this galaxy." He raised his eyelights to the ceiling. "the parts 'f it we've mapped that is."

"Really?" You followed his gaze back upward to watch a huge spiral galaxy come into view. "Damn."

Red laughed again and sat up, claws traced up your legs to your hands that were sitting in your lap. "anythin' special ya wanna look at?"

A small device was pressed into your hands which drew your attention away from the ceiling. Before you could ask, Red grinned and nodded upward.

"ya c'n kinda navigate wi' this."

"Kinda?" You laugh.

Red made a so-so motion with his hand. "'s still newer tec, gotta lotta testin' ta do."

You laughed and pressed a button on the remote. "You brought me here to test your machine?"

"I brought ya 'ere cuz i wan'ed ta show ya the universe."

You giggled as you made different stars and asteroids flit across the ceiling. "That's cheesy. You're cheesy, knock it off." You looked back down at your mate with a smile. "But it's gorgeous, thank you for showing me."

Red grinned again and let his claws track up and down your legs in idle little circles as you flicked past planets.

"Anything you want to see?" You asked as you settled on a sparkling nebula.

Red shifted and you squeaked as he pressed closer between your legs so he could lean up to you. "all i wanna see 's right 'ere."

You looked down in time for him to catch your chin and guide you into a soft kiss. Firewood smoke teased your senses as his warm magic buzzed around you.

Pulling away you grinned down at your kneeling mate. "I guess you are a smooth talker after all. " You teased.

"'m always smooth." Red murmured back before stealing another kiss.

You laughed and pulled away to look back up at the swirling clouds of color on the ceiling. "Spectacular view up there, would hate to miss any part of it bantering with you."

Red whined and plucked at the fabric at your sides. You only laughed and gave his skull a light pat. "I thought you brought me here to see this, big Red, don't try to steal the show."

Your mate grumbled and snatched the remote from your fingers and slid it across the floor away from both of you.

"Hey!" You laughed as the piece of tech skated over to the computers and came to a halt under a different chair.

"shame." Red shrugged and played his claws over your legs again. His sharp grin widened as you pouted.

"Go get it." You pointed at where the remote sat.

"wha' do i get 'f i do?" The lights of the nebula above softened the sharpness of his features as he smirked up at you.

"Don't know, why don't you go get it and find out?" You whispered. Red didn't budge, so you drew gentle fingers along his jaw to his vertebrae on their way down to his shoulders.

The shiver your touches elicited from him had you smiling. Red's eye lights were locked on your face as your hands trailed down the front of his parka, then past the lapels in order to push it off of him.

Red let it happen, not breaking eye contact the entire time. His hands came back to your legs, tickling them as the sharp tips ghosted over the fabric covering you.

"Not gonna get it?" You prodded, catching his wrists to stop the tickles.

The soft laugh that came out of Red made your insides twist in all the best ways. "why doncha make me?" He flexed his wrists in your grip but made no move to break free.

You hummed and gave an experimental push. Red moved with the pressure, only giving the smallest amount of resistance. Scooting forward in your seat, you pressed harder to force your mate back and down. The chair was pushed back as you slid out of it and down on top of him. Red let it all happen, eye lights locked on you, waiting to see what you would do.

"Red." You leaned down past his skull to murmur into where an ear would be if he had them. "The remote, please."

You felt another shiver roll through your mate. He pushed back this time, wrestling his hands free of yours but before he could push, you sat up.

"I mean, we can always go home if we can't play with your tech. Cool date man." You made to get off of him but Red sat up and wrapped his arms around you in a tight embrace. Teeth met the side of your neck as he mumbled against your skin.

"stay, an' i c'n make ya see more 'n jus' the stars up 'ere."

You laughed and gave him a push. He grumbled but let you stand and walk away to retrieve the remote yourself.

"Should have done this yourself Red," you bent and scooped up the little device. "I was seriously gon...na."

You had turned back around to find Red sitting where you had left him. Hands out to hold the little white upside-down heart that pulsed a deep red light.

His soul.

"Red-"

"thought ya'd wan' somethin' fer… uh, gettin' the thing."

You laughed in disbelief and set the remote on a nearby computer desk to avoid dropping it from your shaking fingers. "You sure you want to give that to me?" You hoped that you looked calm about this. Inside you were having a mini heart attack. Your mate was trying to hand you his soul after all.

"i uh," Red shuffled where he sat, trading looks with you and the soul in his hands. "i said tha' i couldn' promise tha' dark clouds wouldn' hang over us every once 'n a while, but uh, i figured these clouds would be okay." He nodded at the ceiling where the colorful nebula still swirled.

You couldn't help the stupid sound of affection that came out of you. Leaving the remote where you set it, you moved back towards Red. His smile twitched wider when you settled yourself back in his lap and contemplated the glowing heart between the two of you.

"Well now," you cupped your hands beneath his and leaned down to give his soul a gentle kiss. Red jolted at the feather touch, magic flooding his face.

"Is this a one way offering or would you like us to match?" You peered up at your mate from your curled state over his soul.

Red cleared his nonexistent throat several times, his hands flexing on your palms. "uh, 'f ya wanna, i… i ain' gonna say no. jus' tell me that ya actually wanna, an' not jus' cuz 'm 'andin' ya mine.

You sat up straight and smiled. "I want to. I trust you."

At first that seemed like the wrong thing to say, Red's smile dropped and his eye lights wobbled in his sockets. But he recovered and let out a long sigh before dropping his attention to your chest.

Reaching out with one hand, he made a gentle coaxing motion. A small tug followed and another heart popped into view. Right side up and a rich green color with veins of your mate’s magics flowing through it.

Your soul. Next to his.

You didn't even register the colors of the lights around you, losing their saturation. You were only seeing the two souls in front of you.

"holy shit." Red was staring with blown eyelights at your soul making you realize that he had only seen it once before for a brief minute when everyone had first come to the surface. Edge had started an encounter in the lounge the second he laid eyes on you. How long ago that felt.

"holy shit," He repeated, "c'n i..?" He held out a hand, palm up, asking for permission.

You nodded and he absently handed you his soul in order to take yours. Knowing a little about what would happen if you touched it, you went ahead and ran a gentle thumb down the side of the heart.

Red shivered under you, shooting you a look of pure lust. "oh 's that how you're gonna play?" He purred.

Emboldened, you repeated the stroke. This time you got a moan out of him. He huffed out a laugh and raised your soul up to his face. A ruby red tongue unfurled from his maw to slide over the surface of your soul and curl around the sides.

The effect was immediate. Hot pleasure curled around every nerve in your body, snaking through your being and tingling at every point. It vanished almost as quickly as it started leaving you gasping in the aftershocks of that one touch.

Red was staring at you in a mix of concern and arousal. He opened his mouth to probably check in but you raised his soul to your own mouth and gave it a taste. Your tongue wasn't nearly as long or dexterous as Red's, but the intent was pleasure, which was a success based on the

cry that escaped Red's teeth.

Pulling away you stared at each other breathing hard. Red reached out and slid his hand around the back of your head in order to pull you in for a desperate kiss. You returned it with fervor. Your free hand pawed at his button down, fumbling with the little buttons blindly as your senses were flooded with Red's rich smokey scent.

Clothes were hastily tossed aside, only Red’s parka remained nearby so your mate wasn't lying completely on the cold floor. Magic swirled heated and heavy in his pelvis but surprisingly hadn't taken shape yet. His tongue was too busy with yours and his hands alternated between worshipful touches against your skin and soul.

It was getting difficult to decipher when he was touching which. Tingles of magic dripped from his teeth wherever they pricked your skin and the sharp tips of his claws encouraged you to grind down against his unformed magic. Your fingers wrapped around a scarred rib and stroked his buzzing soul.

"mm, wait wait wait… doll 'old on." He pushed you up just enough for him to take in your face.

You could have sworn little hearts burned where his eyelights used to be before they flicked back into his ruby orbs. You gave him a smirk and brought his soul to your lips to tease light kisses over it. The violent shudder you got was lovely, the power you had to tease and pleasure him using his soul was intoxicating.

Whatever he was going to say flew out the window and instead, he wrapped his arms around you. Careful to keep your soul caged in one hand, he dropped the two of you through the void.

You landed sitting upright on one of the computer desks along the wall. Red was already moving down your torso, giving each breast a loving nibble on his way south. His free hand encouraged you to lean back before trailing down after his mouth.

Your hand flew to his skull as he nuzzled against your wet folds. The purr in his chest translating easily to his teeth. And then his tongue. Hot and wet and tingling with magic as it swiped up your slit over and over again. You made a clumsy attempt to reciprocate by bringing his soul to your lips and running your tongue along it.

The action only served to make Red moan and dive in like a man getting his first meal in weeks. Alternating between pressing his

tongue against your clit and wriggling as deep as it could go inside of you, playing and coaxing at that little spot that had your toes curling.

You vaguely felt bad for whoever's desk this was before all thought flew out the window to be replaced by fuzzy white pleasure.

Red hummed, lapping up your release then trailing little bites down your inner thighs. Hard enough to raise little red marks but not enough to break the skin.

Coming down, you shivered at the sharp nibbles that he mapped your body with.

A light bite on your hip, several on your sides. Gentle nips over your breasts and neck. Until finally, he was kissing you again.

The hazy smell of a bonfire curled through the air as his tongue slid against yours. Souls almost forgotten in the post orgasm glow.

Almost.

Red pulled away, bringing your soul between the two of you. "c'n we..?" He gestured to his own soul still cupped in one of your hands.

You quickly brought his soul in close to yours. Your knowledge of soul sex was limited to Mutt's brief description and his reactions to having you touch his. He had never asked for yours in return. "Oh! Yea, yes. Uh, I've never… done this though, so I'm not sure what-"

"'s okay, neither 'ave i…" Red chuckled and rested his free hand on your hip where you still sat on the desk. "from what i've 'eard though 's we kinda get ta see each other 'n a more complete sense. mem'ries 'n stuff."

"Really? That's… kinda cool actually." You look down at the little souls so close to each other. "Ready when you are, I guess."

Red searched your face for a moment longer before pulling you forward and into a kiss. Fingers brushed yours, coaxing your hand holding his soul forward to bridge the few inches left between the two of you.

Your fingers tangled with his, pressing the hearts together and you jolted as heat and the scent of smoke bloomed in your chest and spread like wildfire to every part of your being. The feeling of affection, elation, and curiosity followed closely behind on waves of

tingling pleasure.

Such a cute little human. But scrappy. Red had been impressed when you charged his brother with very little hesitation. Not something he could condone, but definitely admire. It had been worth the ire from both his brother and this universe's Sans to grab and pull you in before you could make it across the living room.

Red's grip on you was tight, but it didn't stop you from being able to rake your free hand down the side of his ribs and trail over the arch of his iliac crest.

The swirling magic jumped at your touch, forming a thick cock that pressed eagerly against your folds.

He fucked up, he let Stretch get in his head over the bonds and got pushy, and jealous. So incredibly jealous. You were just so perfect, he got scared… desperate.

It wasn't an excuse, he didn't get to have excuses. He was in the wrong. End of story.

Stars he hoped you would eventually forgive him.

You cried out as Red's teeth and dick sunk into you at the same time. The sensation of being filled coupled with the sharp pinch of razor teeth at your shoulder sent tremors up and down your spine.

Or was that his soul buzzing against yours doing that? You didn't know and at this point, you didn't care. You were moving with him as he made slow thrusts deeper into your body.

Wait, you were trying to come to him? This was… good?! Fuck, shit, everything he had talked about with the damn surface therapist flew out of his skull. All of those relationship books he had hidden under his bed were suddenly blank.

Retreat, get it together man!

Red loosened his jaw from your shoulder as he hilted. You shuddered at the sensation and brought his face up to yours for a quick kiss.

"I love you." You murmured into the side of his skull. "I really do."

Red sighed, holding you tighter but not moving inside of you yet. He chose to nibble along your neck instead, soaking up the little kisses and touches you peppered his bones with.

Relief. Nothing but the cool waters of relief washed over him at the clinging scent of this universe's Sans on you. He hadn't ruined you after all. He hadn't fucked up the possibility of sex or a deeper relationship for the others.

Sans was being a dick about it but that paled in comparison to the knowledge that you hadn't been scared away from everyone's love because of his actions. There was hope.

The first real thrust from your mate had you gasping. The echo of his own pleasure from the movement rippled through your being from your buzzing souls still pressed together. You struggled to get your legs up higher to give him better access. Your heels catching on his hips as he caught your intention and leaned you back onto the desk and started a slow pace making you keen.

Your hands are soft in his, everything about you is soft. He couldn't help but pull you closer as he idly talked about the surface. The ocean and the view of the sunset paled in comparison when you fearlessly settled in his lap, when you kissed him. If only he could freeze time and hold onto that moment forever.

Red refused to go any faster than he was currently going. His eye lights raked over you as he thrust, taking in every expression. Memorizing every second.

Unbridled terror.

You were broken and unresponsive beneath his hands. He wanted to kill G, he wanted to make sure you were alive. He didn't have green magic like his brother did. He could only hope that he could make the jump from here to the hospital in one go.

Please live.

You squeaked as Red leaned back and lifted one of your legs to his shoulder. The jolt of pleasure from the changed position could be seen mirrored back at you on his face. Magical sweat was beginning to build on his skull and you could feel him starting to lose control of the calculated thrusts.

He leaned down as far as your leg would allow and brought you joined hands to his teeth. The little shining lights that were your souls between your fingers pulsed with warmth at the affection.

The underground, he hated it. Even though it physically wasn't the same one, he hated every dusty, dark corner of it.

But it was a chance to make you safe. If he and Black could hide you here, then he could deal with all of the nasty memories of life before. For you, only for you.

Red groaned out your name and pressed his skull to the leg he had captured. The slow pace fading into frantic rutting. Teeth and claws prickled against your skin adding more reddened lines to your growing collection.

You wanted to marry him! Yes, you wanted to marry the others, but you had also said yes to him! The floaty, empty feeling of having no fear or negative thoughts to claw apart the elation currently making him high was strange, but very welcome.

He's never been so high, never so hopeful or happy. And the best part was he wasn't afraid of it. You wanted this bond, and he wanted it too.

You could feel the peak coming. And Red seemed to be adamant on getting you there as fast as he could. His magic crackled inside of you like a spitting fire against your sensitive walls.

"Red!" You cried out, your grip on him tightening with the rest of you.

So beautiful. You were so beautiful under the stars. Yes the sky was false but your shared emotions were not. Was it an eternity or only a few minutes where he got to listen to you sing his name? To feel you around him as you came undone?

You clung to Red as the wave of ecstasy took you both. Hot smokey magic clung to your skin and warmed you from toes to scalp. You twitched as Red pried his fingers loose from yours allowing your souls to separate and drift back into their respective bodies.

Your mate's large eye lights peered into yours, giddy and burning with desire. "i love you." He murmured.

"Love you too." You grinned back at him.

You took a moment to just breathe with him and stare at the shifting nebula still projected on the ceiling.

The hard surface of the desk under you brought you back into the present. "Um, maybe we should clean up?" You wriggled in his hold. "I don't think whoever works at this desk will appreciate ass prints on it when they come in next."

Red chuckled and tucked your legs over his hips. "'m sure the carrot stick'll be fine 'f it's yer ass." He dragged you closer and lifted so he could step back with you and dropped onto the nearest office chair.

You twisted in his arms to look back at the desk in alarm. "That's Stretch's desk?" You shot your mate a look. "Red, you know he wouldn't be comfortable with this!"

Red settled in the chair with a laugh. "'m kiddin' doll, 'is desk is over there." He pointed at another row of computers down the way.

You huffed but relaxed against his chest. "Good."

"i know i am."

You snorted and dotted a line of kisses along his clavicle. "Mmm, yes you are."

Red cleared his throat and shifted under you. It took all of your willpower to not laugh. This monster just shared his soul with yours and he was still flustered by any kind word you threw his way.

"Tell you what," you shifted in his lap, "let's clean up here and then I can show you my appreciation for this wonderful date back in my room."

Red blinked at you, then snorted out a bark of laughter. "'m still pelvis deep 'n ya doll, what 're ya thinkin' ya c'n do when we get 'ome?"

You raised a brow and leaned in to kiss his temple and whisper into the side of his skull. “I just wanna show my appreciation Red.” Your fingers pressed into his shoulders, rubbing as if to give him a massage. “It was really sweet of you to bring me here.” Red shifted in the computer chair as your hands traveled down his chest to give each rib on the way down a little squeeze. “Do you not want to hear how nice of a date this was?”

A small whine left your mate’s teeth and you were suddenly in your room with Red falling back into the pillows and blankets. You caught yourself and shot him a contemplative look. “The lab is still a mess, and I know that the space show is still on. Go. Clean. Up.”

You walked your fingers up his sternum to emphasize your last three words. He grumbled, and only glared at you as if in challenge.

“No?” You raised your brows then shrugged. “Okay, goodnight.” You did your best not to shudder as you lifted yourself off of Red and slipped across the room for your robe. Red whined but didn’t waste time vanishing again. You chuckled and made a quick run to the kitchen for a glass of water.

It took a bit longer than you anticipated for your mate to return. When he did reappear in your room, he dumped your combined discarded clothes onto the floor and crawled into bed with you. His mouth found yours and you hummed as you pushed him down so you could be on top.

“There now, that wasn’t so hard.” You cooed.

Red’s eye lights flashed but the color rising on his face said he wasn’t actually mad. With a grin, you took him in hand, giving him a few quick pumps as you lined yourself up over him. “Everything cleaned up in the lab? Are the machines properly shut down?”

“yea.”

“You really are a good guy aren’t you?”

“don’ tell anyone, ‘r they’ll expect it all the time.” Red huffed as you slowly lowered yourself back down onto him.

You sighed happily at the feeling of him inside of you once more. You leaned down and pressed a kiss to his teeth as you began to move.

“Your secret’s safe with me.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh Red, my selectively embarrassed boy. You did it!
If you haven't checked out the chapter count in a while, please do. We're closing in on the end, I don't know if I'm elated or depressed about it.

Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

The Courage to Grow

Chapter Notes

> We're not quite done yet. I promise I haven't forgotten about the sort of plot I've been loosely following lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You sat at the kitchen island, a fresh cup of coffee in your hands as you watched the odd dance of skeletons as they all attempted to get ready for their work day. Red was dressed and ready to leave in his lab coat. But he was taking up all of the space at the stove as he cooked eggs and bacon for the bread toasting in the toaster.

This caused Stretch to hover next to him, kettle in hand so he could heat water for his tea. Sans waited by the toaster with his own uncooked bread, and Mutt was simply attempting to snag a slice of bacon around both Stretch and Red.

“you’re holding up the process.” Stretch grumbled as he finally won the battle of both swatting away Mutt’s searching hands and Red’s spatula so he could get his kettle on an unoccupied element.

Red shrugged and slapped at Mutt again who only laughed and tried again. Stretch stepped out of that fight now that his water was heating to hunt down a tea bag.

The sound of the toaster popping distracted Red long enough for Mutt to successfully steal a slice of half-cooked bacon out of the pan and step away. Sans loaded his bread in and went back to his coffee to wait.

You had to smother a laugh at the silent glaring match between Mutt and Red. Though the former wasn’t so much glaring as gloating. Red huffed and looked away first as the taller monster slowly ate his pilfered breakfast with exaggerated pride.

Mutt licked his claws clean then gave you a cocky wave as he disappeared from the kitchen. The toaster popped and Sans buttered his toast then followed him out after a quiet ‘love ya’. Stretch let out a breath and found a spot to lean on the counter as he continued to wait for his water to boil.

“hungry?” He asked Red.

The shorter skeleton snorted and began pulling food off of the pans to assemble into a breakfast sandwich. Then dumped the dishes into the sink for someone else to wash. “bring ‘is ta doll face will ya?” He nudged the plate at Stretch who rolled his eye lights but did as he was asked.

You smiled at him as he placed the plate in front of you. “Morning.”

Stretch opened his mouth to respond but shut it after he inhaled. He blinked then turned to look at Red who was downing his coffee. Stretch cleared his nonexistent throat and gave you a quick pat on the shoulder before hurrying back to the stove to grab his kettle and to-go mug.

“not cool man, we were gonna go to the movies tonight.” Stretch hissed at Red.

Red only shrugged but responded just as quietly. “reschedule.”

Stretch sighed but nodded. “fine, i get your date night on wednesday then.”

Red frowned. “‘f anythin’, baby blue should take my night, ‘e’s the one that gave up ‘is time yesterday fer me ta take ‘er out.”

Stretch shot him a questioning look. “what did blue have to do instead?”

“said ‘e ‘ad ta ‘elp ya with somethin’ and bailed on our walk.” Red dropped his coffee mug in the sink with the other dishes.

It was Stretch’s turn to frown. “i didn’t hang out with blue at all yesterday.”

The two skeletons stared at each other in silence. Red broke the quiet first with a soft chuckle. “‘kay, blue’s definitely takin’ my spot on wednesday. the little sneak was settin’ me up.” He chuckled again and moved away from Stretch. “see ya at work.” He grinned and vanished.

Stretch sighed and whipped out his phone to text his brother. You had finished your breakfast and brought your dishes to the sink. “Done with your secret conversations?” You teased.

Amber dusted Stretch’s skull as he turned to you with a guilty smile. “sorry, uh, we’re gonna have to reschedule our movie night… house rules and such.” He scratched the back of his skull.

You nodded, it had been made clear that you would stay all day with the same skeleton you just had sex with for the first time. Red would have unobstructed dibs on your time tonight. You had free reign to overrule that decree, but you hadn't found it necessary with any of the others, so you weren't going to do it to Red.

"No worries, the showings go for a few weeks so we'll get out to the theater one way or another." You finished washing your dishes and blew your mate a kiss. "Have a good day at work!"

Stretch grinned and pretended to catch your kiss. "thanks honey, i will." He picked up his tea and teleported out, leaving you alone in the kitchen.

You set your mug and plate in the drainer to dry and headed back up stairs to tidy up the mess of blankets and pillows Red had drowned the pair of you in last night.

You could at least say you attempted to pick up the mess of blankets and pillows. A good number of them had been toted back to Red's room but the distraction of your guitar prevented you from finishing the job.

"What do you think of this?" You grinned over at your goldfish who was swimming in happy little circles in his bowl on your desk. He gave no indication that he was interested or capable of listening to your tunes but even the illusion of an audience was enough to urge you to keep fanning the little spark of inspiration that had washed over you.

Something inside of you had settled. You weren't sure if it was your soul or if your mind was checking something large off of your internal list. Either way, the warm feeling of contentment was present throughout the day.

In no time at all, your alarm jolted you out of a day-long song writing binge. Blinking at the device, you looked out the window to confirm that your phone hadn't just arbitrarily decided to say that it was time for work instead of waiting for the correct hour. The sun seemed to agree with the time flashing on your screen so you shut off the upbeat song playing and set aside your guitar. The pages of music you had been curled over were tucked away to work on later and you went to change into something you could work in.

Red met you at the bottom of the stairs. He must have left work early

in order to get you to the Crown. You raised a brow at him as you pulled on your shoes.

“You know I have a motorcycle right? I can ride into work.”

Red snorted and extended a hand for you to take. “yea, but then i wouldn’ getta take off early fer a quickie before yer shift.” He tugged you up against him, a playful growl in his voice.

You laughed and pulled him towards the coat closet. “You know what? Why not?”

That was the right thing to say apparently as Red eagerly followed you into the small space.

“You reek.”

You looked up at Pyre as he pulled down a bottle of rum from the shelf above your head.

“Sorry?” You shrugged off the comment knowing full well he wasn’t alluding to B.O. “It’ll go away in a day or so.”

Pyre snorted and mixed a drink in silence before shaking his head at you as he passed to hand off the beverage. You snorted at his ire and went back to your own orders. A rye squeeze, kentucky mule, and a margarita later, you circled back around to check in on your mate. Red had declined an alcoholic beverage in favor of his signature mustard. You stopped in front of him at the bar, eyes on the bottle in his claws.

“don’ gimme tha’ look doll face, ya agreed ta marry this mustard lovin’ sum’bitch.” He smirked at you and squeezed a large dollop of the stuff onto his magical tongue. You sighed and made a face at him.

“Just because I love you, doesn’t mean I love your taste in beverage… condiment… whatever.” You shook your head and let a smile play at the corners of your mouth to soften your words.

Red laughed outright and slapped the top of the bar, a mischievous look burning in his sockets. “oh ya like my taste plen’y doll, ‘r do i need ta reacquaint ya with the flavor ‘f my magic co-”

“Shhush!” You swiped at him to make him shut up. “I’m at work!”

Red chuckled but let himself be silenced, satisfied that he was able to

fluster you back after your nonstop praise the night previous. Revenge was sweet.

The rest of your shift went by with only a few more lewd comments sprinkled in as you passed his seat. You made a face every time, but you also fired back when you weren't in a rush to get a drink done so you considered the score pretty even.

At the end of your shift, Red stepped outside for a smoke while you and Pyre finished closing down the bar. Your coworker rolled his tiny burning eyes at you when you laughed at your mate making faces at you through the front windows. By the time you stepped out of the bar to lock the doors Sans had joined Red outside.

"hey princess, wanna go get something ta eat?" Sans asked when you joined them.

You checked your phone with a raised brow. "Where is open at this time?"

Both Red and Sans looked at you like you had started speaking in tongues. When you made a face back at them Sans chuckled but vanished into thin air. Red offered his arm and gave you a wink. "le's go."

Still confused, you took Red's arm and braced yourself for the dizzying rush of magic and nothingness that was a trip through the void. Soft lights greeted you on the other end making you blink as equilibrium returned. Red waited as you got your bearings, grin on his face as you discovered the answer to your question.

The nocturnal part of the monster district. There was a whole section of the area where the night-loving monsters congregated. It was also the border between the human side of town and the monster's. Little pockets of humans drifted through the nocturnal streets alongside the monster residents. The blending was comfortable, like it should be.

"classy's gettin' us a table." Red broke through your observation of the area. Looking up, you noticed the little restaurant that you were standing in front of.

"Colourway?" You read the name of the restaurant.

"yup, the monsters jus' got transitioned so 's pretty new." Red shrugged.

You nodded and waved as Sans came out. He sauntered over to join you and Red. “got about a ten minute wait, that okay?” He asked.

Both you and Red agreed and settled in to chat until a table opened up. There was a hotel across the street from where your trio was standing. Human owned, as it was just outside of the monster district. A taxi pulled up to the front doors, which wasn’t totally unusual except for the time of night. Sans and Red were joking about something or other but your attention was drawn to the vehicle as it waited for its fare.

A pair of humans hurried from the hotel, one on the phone, the other carrying luggage. A couple off to the airport for a late night flight it seemed. It wasn’t until the one with the luggage was loading the trunks into the back of the taxi that you recognized him as your father. Which stood to reason that the woman on the phone was your mother.

Sure enough, she stepped out onto the street to climb into the back seat of the cab. Your father closed the trunk and turned to open the door for her. His eyes briefly flit over your side of the street before landing on his task of the car door handle. Then they jumped back up to look right at you.

Shock covered his face and he pointed you out to your mother. She looked over as she hung up with whoever she was talking to at this time of night, probably their travel agent. You could almost feel the disappointment coming off of her as she glanced at your two mates, both of which were still talking away to each other.

For a hot second, you were terrified that they would cross the street and start some sort of scene. But they didn’t. Your mother turned away and slid into the back seat of the taxi and pulled the door shut, placing a barrier between you and her. Your father stared for a moment longer before twitching his hand in the barest of waves before circling back around the taxi to get in on the other side.

The cab drove away. The tail lights marking your parents' departure with nothing more than a blinker taking them off to the airport and their next trip without you.

And you were okay with it.

The dull ache that always accompanied them leaving you behind was still there. But it was tolerable. The presence of your mates was a balm to the sore that was your family and it was fading. You had

monsters who loved you to go on trips with. You didn't need your parents for that.

"ya ready ta eat?"

You tore your eyes away from the dark corner where the taxi had turned to see Red watching you. Sans was following a bird monster in a green suit into the restaurant. The ache faded further and you stepped towards the restaurant.

"Yea, let's go!"

Chapter End Notes

> Isn't it nice when a source of stress just hops on a plane to wherever? They didn't fight for their kid then, they sure as hell won't now.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Colors Fall Like Snow

Chapter Notes

> Fish is a growing boy. Time for a trip to the pet store and a chat with an old acquaintance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“what do you suppose he’s thinking about?”

You raised a brow and glanced over at Stretch who was sprawled out beside you on your bed, fishbowl balanced on his chest. The little golden occupant chased after the tip of Stretch's distal as he circled it around the bowl.

“Hmm, he probably wants to eat that moving treat that is your finger.” You teased.

Stretch removed said finger and flicked the little droplet of water that had clung to it at you. “did you feed him this morning?” He asked.

“Yes, but he’s a goldfish, so he’s a perpetually hungry gremlin who would totally eat your finger if he could fit it in his mouth.”

Stretch snorted, which made the bowl wobble on his chest. “kinky?” You laughed as he went on. “i thought he would be bigger by now with how often he’s fed.”

You hummed and rolled to rest your head on your mate’s shoulder and watch your scale baby graze at the gravel on his floor. “He’d need a bigger tank to get bigger. Goldfish tend to grow to their environment.”

“oh can we?” Stretch’s eye lights sparkled as he set the bowl on your bed stand to pull you against him. “we could get him a sunken ship to explore and maybe some plants. oh! and one of those little treasure chests that open and blow bubbles!”

You laughed and snuggled into his embrace. “Okay, okay. We’ll decorate but he’ll need a big enough tank for his growing self and all of his toys.”

Stretch let out a little ‘woohoo!’ and rolled away from you to get off of the bed. The suddenness of his departure had you laughing again and

attempting to follow in less coordinated movements.

The trip to the pet store was like taking an excited child in for their first pet. Stretch dragged you all over the store looking at various tank set ups, decorations, and even the possibility of a sibling or two.

“fish wouldn’t do that, he’s a gentlefish.” Stretch huffed as he eyed the little ricefish darting around their display tank.

You tried to hide your giggles behind an indignant sigh. Ricefish would do just fine in a larger tank with your goldfish, you just didn’t want one concession to turn into a whole aquarium. You weren’t ready for that kind of set up.

“Why don’t we settle on a tank and accessories first before deciding on getting him any roommates.”

“you said roommates, plural. that means we can get more than one!” Stretch cheered and sped off to look at the tank selection again.

You smiled after him but took your time looking at the other fish on display. As you strolled down the aisle, you weren’t looking where you were going. So enamored by the wide array of fish on the shelves that you walked right into someone else.

You stumbled back with a squeak. “I’m sorry!” Regaining your balance you looked over to see if the person you had run into needed help.

You froze.

“Ink?” You took a step back at the sight of the ink stained skull and long scarf in front of you.

Those mismatched eye lights stared at you, obvious confusion evident with that question mark floating in one of his sockets. “do we know each other?” He asked, skull tilting to the side.

“Uh,” you glanced around, hoping that Stretch stayed wherever he was. His presence might remind the colorful skeleton of his mission to bring them back to their universes. Would he still try even though Error said they were lost to the white void? Would your mates also be lost there? You didn’t want that.

“oh! chiaroscuro, i’m sorry i didn’t recognize you!” That question mark blinked into an exclamation point and you took another step back.

“No worries Ink, uh. It was good to see you!” You went to duck down the nearest aisle only to have Ink follow appearing oblivious to your fear.

“i was just stopping in to get some inspiration for a creator i have been working with recently.” Ink chattered on and you slowed to a halt and pretended to be interested in the bird seed in front of you. “they have an oh so interesting muse, i don’t entirely understand what they are working on, but one never fully understands the creative process anyway.”

“Mmhmm.” You looked around to make sure that Stretch wasn’t nearby. So good so far, maybe Ink will leave if you let him ramble for long enough. Your eyes drifted back to the painted skeleton’s and you froze. The question mark was back in that socket, a little triangle in the other. He either asked you a question or got curious as to what you were looking around for.

“Uh, so, what is your favorite thing to create?” You tried.

Ink blinked. Once, twice, three times. Then his eye lights settled on an orb and a star. “favorite? i don’t think i’ve ever thought about favorites. i protect all creations equally.”

“Really, there isn’t one creation you like more than another? Not even one you don’t care for that much?” Your attention was fully on him now.

Ink hummed. One of his hands drifted up to play at the colorful bandalere of vials strapped to his chest. “i just don’t think about it, having stronger emotions towards one creation over another sounds cumbersome.” He tilted his skull again in thought. “do you have a favorite creation?”

You blinked, art wasn’t your forte, at least the visual arts weren’t. “I play the guitar… and keyboard.” You offered.

Ink nodded and picked up the bag of seed you were standing next to. “the art of sound is wonderful.”

“Yea.” You stared at the bag of seed with him, chancing a glance at his face, you caught sight of Stretch’s familiar orange hoodie just past Ink. You stiffened and locked eyes with your mate. Well, eye. Stretch’s left socket was missing it’s usual friendly eye light, and the right one was larger. A burning ring of smokey orange magic darted from the skeleton at your side to you. Calculating odds and assessing the threat.

You slowly shook your head in an attempt to assure him that you weren't in any immediate danger. Ink had been friendly this whole time. Ink noticed your movement and turned to see what you were staring at.

You could feel the buzzing in the air from your mate as his magic whipped around him, not quite ready to create a weapon, but primed to defend if necessary. The humming invaded your ears and buzzed in your chest. The sweet scent of smoke and honey clogged your nose and you could taste it in the air. He seemed about ready to explode with magic at the sight of Ink standing there staring at him like he was a puzzle to be solved.

"swap papyrus? what are you doing here?" Ink tilted his head again, you could imagine the question mark in his eye demanding an answer.

Stretch's magic seemed to falter at the question. He glanced at you again and you hastily reached out to bring Ink's attention back to you. "His universe is gone… and so… uh, his underground came here instead."

Two truths smashed together in the wrong order to make what you hoped was a convincing lie. Ink stared at you, then back over at Stretch. "gone?"

You nodded which prompted Stretch to do the same. Ink hummed "i do recall something like that happening. a few universes being lost… yes, error was…" He paused. You took a tiny step back. If he remembered that he was going to take your mates before, you wanted some space between you and the odd skeleton.

"well it was nice catching up but it seems i must go speak with error about why swap's universe is… elsewhere." He smiled at you then whirled to address Stretch. "don't worry swap papyrus, if i can recover your universe, i will help you return to it!"

Stretch made a face but let the shorter skeleton sweep by him, bag of bird seed in hand, only to vanish in a wave of ink by the wall of fish you had been looking at earlier. Stretch's magic slowly calmed and the light returned to his left socket as he rushed over to you.

"are you okay?" He turned your head this way and that, then patted at your arms as if looking for injury. You let him get his nervous once over out of the way as you reassured him that Ink had only talked to you. Stretch sagged with relief and pulled you in for a tight hug. "kay… okay, good. let's get fish his tank and stuff and go. i don't

wanna be here anymore."

You hummed in agreement and let Stretch pull away. He took you by the hand and led you around the store to pick up the things the two of you had come to buy. You ended up letting him pick out a group of the ricefish to move in with your pet as well.

"soooo, what's all this then?"

You turned to face Sans as you, Stretch, and Blue were arranging the new tank in a corner of the lounge. Blue had been ecstatic to see his brother's enthusiasm for taking care of the tank.

"I HAD TO CARE FOR HIS PET ROCK UNDERGROUND SO I'M PLEASED TO SEE HIM TAKING INITIATIVE HERE!" He beamed up at his brother who only rolled his eye lights.

"it was a rock blue."

"THAT YOU NEVER FED!"

"yea, cuz it was a *rock* ."

You had laughed and invited Blue to come help get the tank set up. Sans wandered in not long after, a large glass mixing bowl in his hands. The contents of which were the little ricefish. You had realized that you didn't have a quarantine tank once you got home and neither you or Stretch wanted to go back to the pet store, so a clean bowl was acquired for the little school of fish. You had left them on the kitchen counter to hang out until Sans apparently discovered them.

"Oh! Uh, those are ours. We'll transfer them into the big tank once we get all set up and everyone is acclimated." You offered a smile to Sans who chuckled and found an empty side table to set the bowl on.

"i thought something was *fishy* when you weren't up in your room earlier."

Stretch grinned over at Sans from where he was fiddling with the tank lights. "it's o- *fish*- ial, we got some friends for my little boy."

"i see that, *tanks* for letting *minnow* about the additions to the family." Sans plopped down onto the couch to watch the set up, eye lights dancing at the opportunity to sit and pun with one of the others. Blue grumbled but kept helping you unpack the tank decorations.

Stretch shrugged and went back to securing the lights with a laugh. “*cod* have been worse, we only got a few little ones.”

“ehh, it’s a- *boat* time we put something along that wall.”

“ex- *squid* -sit right?”

“i *ink* ya mean it’s *fin* -tastic.”

“Uh, speaking of Ink.” You cut in. Stretch winced but let the next pun on his tongue die.

Sans blinked at you, the expression on his face was half concern and half hope that you were going to join in on the pun exchange. You felt a little bad about breaking up the good mood but it was important that the others knew about what happened at the pet store.

Blue and Sans sat quietly and listened to you explain what happened. “Then he left to go look for Stretch’s universe. At least I think that’s what he left to do.” You wrapped up your account, glancing at Stretch to see if he had anything to add.

Blue reached out and dragged you into his lap for a tight hug. “I’M GLAD IT WENT WELL AND THAT YOU’RE BOTH OKAY.” He nuzzled your cheek to emphasize his point.

Sans nodded and sank further into the couch. “error said that the other universes were lost, right? we don’t have to worry about ink actually finding them... right?”

“careful sans, it almost sounds like you like having us around.” Stretch chuckled and moved to sit beside Sans.

The shorter skeleton snorted and shoved him over, looking very much like a big brother who got caught being nice to a sibling. “shut up, ya’ll have grown on me.”

You giggled and Stretch laughed. “awww, sans, do you love me and blue now?”He went to poke at Sans only to have his hands slapped away.

“don’t push it stretch, i like having ya guys here but i ain’t mutt.”

“stars i hope not. it would be weird to have two of him around.”

“TECHNICALLY THERE ARE FOUR OF YOU AROU-” Blue started only to have a pillow launched at his skull. Blue ducked, dragging you with

him to avoid being hit.

Sans stood and gave each of you a grin. “thanks for filling me in guys, we can bring the others up to speed at dinner yea?”

Everyone agreed and Sans slouched out, shooting you a wink as he left. Stretch rolled off of the couch and crawled over to haul both you and his brother into his arms. “never thought we would get the classic seal of approval.” He chuckled.

You glanced up to see relief flash over his face. A smile pulled at your lips, but you didn’t say anything, you were simply happy to see not only your own bonds and relationships settled, but the friendships between your mates solidified as well.

“SHALL WE FINISH SETTING UP THE TANK?” Blue asked.

“yea, probably should.”

…

“SO ARE YOU GOING TO LET GO SO WE CAN DO THAT?”

You snorted as Stretch’s arms tightened around you and Blue. “maybe.”

“YOU’RE NOT ARE YOU?”

“don’t wanna.”

“STRETCH!”

“that’s what they call me.”

You laughed as the brothers argued. Content to sit here with them or work on the tank. It was going to be fun either way.

Chapter End Notes

> Ink is just a mess. That boy can't remember a single thing if he was paid to.
>
> come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Stumbled over Happiness and Found Love

Chapter Notes

> Moving forward still! The boys are all excited to really start focusing on the rest of their lives.
> Kinda just had fun with this one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You smiled up at Papyrus as he strode over to where you were standing behind the bar. No one else was around today so you were pleased to see at least one of your mates as you worked.

“Hey Papaya, what’s up?” You smiled.

Papyrus flashed you a wide grin and slapped a large book onto the bar top. You jumped at the sound giving your exuberant mate a quizzical look. “Whatcha got there Paps?”

Papyrus settled himself onto a stool and folded his hands in front of himself before nodding at the book. “It’s a journal my dear.”

You blinked and looked down at the book again. It looked rather big to be a simple journal. Papyrus nudged it towards you, his grin still in place as he did so.

Picking it up, you flipped it open. Your eyebrows shot up as far as they could go when you scanned over the table of contents that Papyrus had so meticulously penned in. The contents were color coded and split into sections by mate, each with precise little bullet points under each name.

Personal, home town, destinations, foods, goals, and other. These points were under every name. You blinked and flipped to the first page which had Sans’s name penned in as a silly bullet journal style heading. Right under his name was a written version of his vows to you in his messy handwriting and a printed picture of the two of you laughing about something. You recognized that it was from the camping trip you took a while back.

“Paps, what is this?” You flipped through the mostly blank pages in his section until you came to the next skeleton’s name which ended up being Papyrus’s. Titled in happy letters with his vows printed neatly underneath next to a photo of the two of you. Then more pages, all

with only the titles of the bullet points from the contents pages, Blue was next, then Stretch, Red, Edge, Black, Mutt, then your name near the end.

“It’s a journal.” He repeated. “For our lives together.” He pulled the book from your hands and flipped to the table of contents to point at the lists below each name. “These are just the general ideas but everyone has a list of things that they would like to do with you. Papyrus pulled out his phone and pulled up a text document that was chalk full of things to do. You think you caught a glimpse of the words ‘sky diving’ in there somewhere before he tucked the phone back into his pocket.

He pointed back at the journal. “When you accomplish something with one of us you can put in a picture, or write about it here so you’ll always remember!”

You let out a disbelieving laugh and stared at your mate. “Okay, but why? I thought you liked planning out all of our adventures.”

Papyrus closed the journal and grabbed your hands. “I do dearest, but in a house full of different opinions of fun, we thought it would be best to break it down. There are some things we would like to do as a group but there are others that we want to just have you for.”

You nodded. That made sense. You loved doing things with all of your boys but you also really enjoyed the times you got to just spend with them one on one.

“Plus we thought it better to put all of those good memories in one place.” Papyrus went on. “Not shut away in that box that held so many sad things for you, but in a book that is supposed to be opened and shared.”

“Oh, but you guys helped me get rid of all of those things.” You protested.

Papyrus nodded and gave your hands a squeeze. “Yes but the box itself holds negative memories too, right?” He tilted his skull to the side as he posed the question. “Do you think you can trade out one last thing?”

You blinked at your mate then down at the journal. It did make sense to completely leave behind everything that pulled you down. Your old memory box just stayed hidden away. Even with the good things now inside of it, you still kept it under your bed.

“My things,” you started.

Papyrus cuts you off by releasing your hands and flipping through the journal again to the back after Mutt’s section. Your name was written at the top of the page. “Put your personal accomplishments and memories here, or we can frame them, put them in something to display. I don’t care dearest, just let your happiness out of that box.”

Your eyes drifted from the journal to your mate and back. “Okay.” You said, unsure if he heard you over the other voices talking in the bar and by how small it sounded to your own ears. It seems that he did hear you because his smile returned and he stood to lean over the bar to give the top of your head a kiss.

“We’re all proud of you dearest.”

“Thanks.”

“Nyeh heh, now I should probably order something right?”

You laughed as he sat back down. “Yea probably.”

“Then I’ll have my usual.”

You nodded and turned to make him his drink. You weren’t sure if you were going to make it okay through the rest of your shift. Not after your mate just dropped the most thoughtful thing you have ever received into your lap.

Placing his drink in front of him you asked. “When’s our next date night? I want to show you how much I appreciate this.”

Your mate grinned. “Next Thursday I believe.”

“Okay, let's get coffee then so I can tire you out this time.”

Papyrus laughed and took a sip of his drink. “You can certainly try, points for enthusiasm I suppose.”

You made a face to hide your own laugh. “Dick.”

“Hmm, not until Thursday.”

Edge grinned as you dumped the pieces to a new puzzle out onto the large card table he had acquired specially for this. He had noticed a pronounced uptic in your mood since the memory journal had been

introduced. The others had started sharing their lists on their nights to be with you and now it was his turn. The library was quiet, he remembers Mutt shelving a couple of books when he walked in with you but he had quickly exited with only a few lewd jokes tossed over his shoulder.

“So do you want to start pulling out edge pieces and I’ll start gathering, uh, coral pieces?” You glanced at the front of the puzzle box with a picture of a coral reef teaming with fish.

He hummed and pulled a small pocket notebook out of his jeans to hand to you. “Why Don’t You Take A Look At What Our Lives Have In Store For Us And I’ll Start On The Edge Pieces?”

You laughed and took the booklet, apparently used to having them handed to you for approval by now. A point solidified by the various colored highlighters you slipped out of your pockets. He chuckled as you settled into a reading chair and he got to work separating puzzle pieces. It was a good ten minutes before you spoke up, he had already started piecing the sides together.

“You want to go rock hounding?” You asked.

“Yes.” he replied. “I May Have Been Trapped Under The Earth For Years, But That Doesn’t Mean That I’m Not Interested In It.”

“Not judging, just thinking.” You hummed. “Paps had spelunking in his list, maybe we can coordinate?”

“That Does Sound Efficient, I Will Speak With Him.”

You nodded and highlighted that bullet point with an orange highlighter. A few other comments were made but you quickly finished looking through his list and rejoined him at the card table to help with the puzzle.

“I don’t want to throw it away.” You whined as you fiddled with the now empty memory box. Papyrus had helped you add what you could to the memory journal then set out the other things to display around the house. Blue was currently sitting beside you on your bed.

“THEN DON’T THROW IT AWAY.” He rubbed a hand up and down your back.

“But-”

“THERE ARE OTHER OPTIONS MAIDEN, I’M SURE YOU COULD DONATE IT OR SOMETHING IF THROWING IT OUT IS NOT WHAT YOU WANT TO DO.”

Now why didn’t you think of that? You could take the box down to a donation center so someone else could get some use out of it. With a smile you leaned your head on Blue’s. “Good idea, it might actually be time for me to go through some of my other things too. Help me?”

Blue grinned and gave you a nudge towards your closet. “EXCELLENT IDEA! GO TRY SOME THINGS ON. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP THE CLOTHES YOU CAN TAKE THEM OFF AND PUT THEM BACK, BUT IF YOU ARE GOING TO DONATE THEM, *I* GET TO TAKE THEM OFF OF YOU.”

You laughed and hopped up to run to your closet, Blue chasing close behind.

Black’s claws grazed over your cheeks and up over your temples to draw little circles across your forehead before dipping back down to your cheeks. Your head was resting in his lap as he absently typed away on his laptop that was sitting off to the side with his other hand. The two of you were curled together on his bed as he worked on a few emails. It was the end of the week and you were getting your time in with him before heading into work for open mic night.

“I’m hungry.” You mumbled under his hand.

His eye lights flicked to you before going back to his screen. “THEN GO MAKE YOURSELF SOME LUNCH.”

You pouted and clamored up into a sitting position to give him your best sad eyes. “Come with me? I’ll make you something too.”

Black’s gaze lingered on your face for a moment longer before dragging back to his computer. “NO, I NEED TO FINISH THIS.”

“Pleeeeeease?” You leaned in and butted your head against his as you whined. Your mate rolled his eye lights and easily pushed you back.

“LET ME REMIND YOU THAT I’M WORKING RIGHT NOW.” A smile twitched at the corners of his teeth showing that he really didn’t mind your antics.

“I talk to you while *I’m* at work.” You smirked when he let out a long

suffering sigh and hastily finished the email he was drafting.

“FINE, BUT I GET TO PICK WHAT TO EAT.”

“Kay!” You went to jump off the bed only to be grabbed and shoved back down onto it.

“THIS LOOKS GOOD TO ME.” He grinned and held you down easily as he fished around in his bedside table for his list. Taking his time he pretended to search through the bullet points before flipping the page around for you to see. “HOW ABOUT WE KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE? WE GET TO CROSS SOMETHING OFF OF OUR LIST AND YOU LEARN TO LET ME FINISH MY WORK.”

Your face went red at the line. “Blue’s home!” You squeaked, “We should really wait until-”

“BLUE IS ADEPT AT PICKING UP CONTEXT CLUES, I’M SURE HE’LL STAY IN HIS ROOM.” Black chuckled and twisted to both lift you over his shoulder and get off the bed at the same time. “SHALL WE?” He paused at his door, giving you an out if you really weren’t comfortable.

Fuck it, you were getting what you wanted, which was Black’s attention before you had to go to work. “Yea, let’s go.”

“HMM, OUR FIRST OFFICIAL ENTRY,” Black chuckled as he toted you downstairs. “HOW FITTING.”

It was weeks later that any of your other mates began unfolding some of their plans. Sans, Red, Stretch, and Mutt were working overtime at the lab, there had been some big breakthrough that they weren’t allowed to talk about apparently. The other four were happy enough to fill your time but you missed your laid back crew.

“So it’s a scrapbook.” Jack said. The twins had come over to hang out since everyone seemed to have things to do today.

“Memory journal.” You replied. The three of you were hanging out in the lounge. Hayden was watching your goldfish and his roommates swim around their large tank and Jack had the aforementioned journal open in his lap. You had the song you had started on after your night with Red out to work on the wording while you had other musically inclined people around. The chorus was giving you some trouble.

“But you put pictures or ticket stubs and stuff in it right? You don’t just write about the stuff you guys do?” Your friend continued to prod.

“Well, yea,” you laugh, “ where else are we going to put the little mementos we pick up?”

“Then it’s a scrapbook.” Jack flipped through a few pages. It was still mostly blank, only a few entries had been made since Papyrus introduced it but the thing was only a few weeks old so you couldn’t expect it to be brimming with adventures.

“Call it whatever, I say it’s a memory journal.” You stuck your tongue out at your friend who laughed and set the book aside.

Hayden left the fish tank to plop down on the couch next to you and switch on the TV. “I’m glad everything’s settling. It was kind of crazy there for a while.”

You sighed at some of the earlier interactions between you and your mates. “Yea, it was… not always fun but it’s working out now so, knock on wood I guess.”

The twins laughed and rapped their knuckles on the nearest wooden surface. “Ehh, even if it doesn’t, we’ll fly the three of us out to hide with Blaire until the crazy skeletons settle down.”

You snorted and stole the remote from Hayden. “Good to know, thanks guys.”

“Anytime.”

Chapter End Notes

> Please return to your seats, the fasten your seat belt light is now on. We will begin descent soon.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Is It Bad Enough To Call It Off?

Chapter Notes

> Some things are settling, and some things are just starting to take off.
>
> I like to write our science boys doing science things. And I like them checking in on each other and being loving friends. I just love this chapter. I hope you do to.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

you want it hotter, can ya open the valve a bit more?

Red grumbled but complied and gave the valve in front of him a hearty twist to let more heat through the pipeline. He and the others had been at the lab almost every hour of every day for the past few weeks. Sleeping at desks and eating the crappy vending machine food in favor of taking the time to go home for something to eat.

He and the other skeletons had been pulled off of the space mapping team when new information regarding core research had come to light. This universe's Alphys had managed to piece together enough information written in her predecessor's notes to get the ball rolling. And once it started rolling, all they could do was run to keep up with it.

Sans had enlisted the help of G over the phone and he had been in contact daily. Sending notes of his own and helping direct where the others' knowledge fell short. He was currently in Red's ear, talking him through the thermal turbine build that would feed heat to the core model.

Red adjusted the camera strapped to his skull so G could see what he was doing. "jus' 'ow hot are we makin' this thing?" He kept a close eye on the thermometer as it ticked upward.

upwards of 700 fahrenheit. Came G's reply. **but that's just what we're using from geothermal sources. the magic in the core is gonna boost that heat about fifteen times over to make the mass amounts of electricity ya got underground.**

Red grunted in surprise. "ya know tha's more 'n enough ta melt tungsten yea? 'ow the fuck 're we gonna contain tha' much 'eat?"

dunno, but the core underground... kind of did. so i'm sure it's possible.

Red rolled his eye lights and tapped the thermometer. "yea, kinda 's not what i wanna 'ear… we're at about 700, 'm headin' back up."

G made a noise of assent and Red shuffled his way through the maze of pipes and dials of what he referred to as the underworks to a hatch that would take him to the mid-section of their core model. Sans and Mutt were at the nearby bank of computers watching the data stream. Red joined them so G could see what was reading out.

"did ya 'ear what cracks said 'bout the heat?" He asked

Sans nodded as he typed in a command. "alphys warned me about the temperature, it's why we had ice wolf constantly feeding the core."

Mutt hummed and started scribbling on an already chalk full notepad. "i don' think we need the temps that high ta make the core work, 's jus' how the magic reacts with geothermal energy." He glanced at the camera strapped to Red's skull. "'s why 'otland was the way it was. the 'eat from the core literally melted the landscape from one 'r two natural molten veins ta a fuckin' lake. ice wolf was jus' damage control at that point, didn' wan' that shit spreadin'."

the ice was more than a coolant, Came G's voice. **it was the cold end for a thermodynamic conductor. ya need a cool end for a temperature gradient ta work.**

"either way, the temps created underground are too high for a copy and paste model up here. we don't want ta make a giant lava pit on the surface." Sans sighed. "go shut off the heat flow, it looks like we're gonna have ta find another way ta manage the temperatures. where's stretch?"

Red turned to go clamor back through the hatch as the other two talked.

"stretch's upstairs," Mutt was saying. "think 'e's lookin' at the possible byproducts from our little test 'ere."

"is there something else that the core's magic won't react so violently to? do we even need ta use heat?" Sans muttered as he jotted down his own notes.

Mutt shrugged and turned to go upstairs. "'m gonna go check in wi' stretch. see 'f 'e saw anything different on 'is end."

Sans nodded and let him leave so he could watch as the temperature slowly dropped down to a manageable trickle. The core had been a volatile creation to begin with, science and magic mashed together to make heat and power for the underground. Were they coming at this the wrong way? Alphys's predecessor harnessed the magma flows underground because that was the energy source that they had access to. The surface had many different means to convert resources into energy, would the core's magic react differently to different sources?

There were too many unknowns at this point but he would bring up the possibility of using an alternate source that wasn't geothermal to the others. It couldn't hurt to look into it.

"ready?" Red had made it back out of the underworks.

"yup." Sans turned away from the screens in front of him to follow Mutt upstairs.

"I d-didn't think of, uh, of us-sing some-something other than geothermal." Alphys sat looking over the notes from their latest test. "There aren't any n-notes that I can s-see that show tests b-being done like that."

Sans hummed as he sipped his coffee. "what would it take ta test another rout? we don't want ta risk causing the land around us ta melt in the name of getting the core ta work up here."

"Hmm… th-the core transferred h-heat into m-magic energy using a uh, a thermoelectric d-device." She paused to shuffle around the mass of papers strewn about her work area. "I um… I don't know what m-m… material was used to do that though… s-sorry."

Sans shrugged, it wasn't Alphys's fault that they had so little information. The old royal scientist's notes had been scattered, difficult or impossible to translate, and even the parts they managed to figure out didn't make much sense.

"i'll give the team over in thermodynamics a ring, this is out of my expertise."

Alphys nodded as she clicked her claws together in frustration. The team she had pulled together originally had done so much with what little information she had been able to scrounge up. But now the sheer amount of unknowns were piling up to make a new barrier for her to struggle against. Only, this one was in the mind and not physical.

Sans stood and shot her a quick salute with his coffee mug. “i’ll go do that now, lemme know if anything else pops up yea?”

Alphys gave a small smile and nodded again as the skeleton left her office.

“verdict?” Stretch was waiting outside the door for Sans.

Sans sighed and led the way towards the labs. “we’re gonna need ta ask the guys in thermodynamics their opinion. if we’re sticking with heat ta run the core then they’ll need ta be more intimately involved.” He halted in the hallway to look up at Stretch. “the sun makes energy yea?”

Stretch raised a brow, “the sun burns at over a million degrees, that’s way more than what we’re looking at from using geothermal heat.”

“yea but solar energy is a thing, the heat that reaches us is bearable.”

“true, but how will the core’s magic react to that kind of energy?”

They stood in silence in the hallway for a moment, mulling over their thoughts. Sans shook his head and continued on down the hall with Stretch right behind him. “let’s hope there’s a monster on the thermodynamics team.”

There wasn’t a monster on the thermodynamics team, the human-monster ratio in the labs was about 10-1 so not every division had a monster. Though not all divisions were looking into ways that magic could further the science in a particular field. If a division needed a monster, one would generally be borrowed from another division. It was why Stretch and Red ended up moving to the astronomy labs even though it wasn’t Red’s area of expertise. Mutt bounced around so much because of his coding skills so no one knew where he was going to end up by the end of the week but he seemed to like the constant flux of new faces and coding challenges so he never complained about being the center of a tug of war match.

Sans refused most transfers to stick with core research. Leaving Alphys by herself wasn’t the best idea in the first place, she was getting better now that she had Undyne to balance her out but she could still get lost in her work if left to her own devices. Plus, Sans didn’t like leaving the machine downstairs unattended for very long. It was on low power, only residual energy kept pilot lights going, but it had proven useful in their work on the core. So he refrained from shutting it down completely.

The breakthroughs in core research had pulled almost every monster scientist onboard so Sans wasn't surprised to find a lab full of humans. Luckily they had plenty of valuable notes to share and a suggestion to talk to a hydro-power expert in order to collaborate on the subject. It took a few days, but after an urgent letter to the monster monarchs, funds came in and testing began.

Sans couldn't remember the last time he spent an evening hanging out at home. He stopped in every once in a while to see you and his brother, but there was always someone on the project asking questions or something needing to be seen to. The others weren't much better. He found Mutt sitting on the floor, leaning up against the wall with his arms crossed over this rumpled lab coat and skull drooping to the side as he napped in the corner of a lab one day. Red found places to snooze in the underworks where very few people dared to go, and Stretch didn't seem to sleep. The lanky skeleton ran on coffee and stubborn will at this point according to the others working around him.

"go home." Sans urged him.

Stretch shook his head and rubbed at the orange bruises that had formed under his sockets as he sifted through the latest batch of data. "we're so close sans." he mumbled. "we just…" he let out a frustrated noise and took a large gulp of coffee. "there's just one little link we're missing, i know it. james got a solar simulation to work with the core's magic for three hours yesterday before it started overheating."

"dude."

"we still don't know *why* the core's magic reacts so violently to thermo-electricity in the first place and we can't use magic to make the heat for *some* reason."

"stretch."

"it needs a catalyst of some sort to get started and so far only heat makes it work, and see… there! it did it again in this test!" Stretch jabbed the chewed end of a pen at his computer screen in annoyance before dissolving back into muttering. Sans sighed and turned to go search out Mutt.

Red was underground today with a team to analyze the materials used to keep the core building itself from melting like the landscape around it did. He had complained and protested loudly about going back under the mountain but went with all of his equipment when the time

came to go. Red was good at distracting Stretch for an hour or so with jokes or food but Mutt knew how to get the stubborn skeleton to actually take care of himself.

Mutt was in the office next to Alphys's today. The tall skeleton didn't like working directly with the lizard monster for reasons he wouldn't share but they made it work by dropping him in an adjacent room to string his codes together.

"'s that fer me?" He asked as Sans walked in with his bribe of a spider donut.

"only if ya get stretch to take a damn nap." Sans smirked and leaned against the desk Mutt was working at. "i know ya papyri don't sleep very well to begin with, and ya guys get obsessive about things. but he's gotta go down at some point and i'd like it ta be before his magic decides for him."

Mutt snorted but didn't look away from the screen with its stark lines of code waiting to be edited in the hopes of getting them to go the direction he wanted. "an' what makes ya think i c'n walk away from this?"

"because that code won't be tested until next week... and ya also need a rest mutt." Sans waved the donut in front of his face. "and cuz i got ya a donut."

Mutt's fingers flashed over the keyboard as he edited a sequence. "i took a nap an hour ago."

"i'll call your brother… and your mate."

Mutt's hands paused as he shot Sans a dirty look. "don'-"

"then go home for the night." Sans pressed, waving the donut in front to Mutt's face. " get a proper meal or something and drag stretch along too."

Mutt growled but turned off his monitor and snatched the donut from Sans's hands. "where is 'e?"

Stretch scraped his hands over his face and stared up at the ceiling so he was seeing something other than the glowing of his computer screen. They were close, they just had to figure out how to keep the temperatures under control. The energy output was stable when the

core was running, it just overheated far too fast to be a long term energy source.

“get up, we're goin’ fer a smoke.” Mutt came up beside him, closing down his computer and tugging at his arm.

“later, i only have a few more pages.” Stretch swatted at his hands but the other skeleton snorted and leaned down to grab him around the ribs and slung him over his shoulder.

“nope, i wanna smoke an’ yer comin’ with me.” Mutt turned and began the trek to the front of the building. Sans was right, he was running on fumes right now. He wasn’t sure he could shortcut himself let alone him and Stretch outside.

“sans put you up to this didn’t he?” Stretch huffed and twisted in Mutt’s hold.

“dunno, maybe.” Mutt chuckled at his friend’s attempts to escape. Stretch wasn’t weak by any, heh, *stretch* of the imagination, but Mutt could wreck his world if the need arose, the effort was cute though.

“he did, that asshole, i take back every nice thing i’ve said about him.” Stretch grumbled which made Mutt laugh as he made it to the front offices and the doors to the outside.

“harsh words honey bun, ya really do need a rest.”

“shut up.”

“make me.”

Stretch made a valiant effort to release himself from Mutt’s hold, but only succeeded in being moved from dangling over one shoulder to being dangled over the other. He didn’t see the car pulling up until the door was open and Mutt was shoving him into the backseat.

“DO *NOT* GET YOUR SHOES ON THE SEATS, I DON'T CARE HOW TIRED YOU BOTH ARE!”

“edge?!” Stretch left off his wrestling match with Mutt to see Edge twisted around in the driver’s seat glaring back at him. Papyrus was in the passenger seat, a huge smile on his face.

“I’m glad you will be joining us for dinner tonight!” He cheered. “Our dear mate has even called out of work so she can spend the evening

with you!”

“what the f-”

“buckle up buttercup, we’re goin’ home fer tanight. stop arguin’.” Mutt folded himself in next to Stretch with a grin. Edge glared at Stretch until he did indeed buckle up.

The drive home was filled with Papyrus catching them up on all of the things they missed while they had been at the lab. It had been about a full week since Stretch had actually stopped to go home. Blue called him often to scold him and you texted him all the time but he had gotten lost in the research and excitement of getting the core to actually function in some capacity. Now that he was separated from his computer and the labs, guilt began to gnaw at him right alongside the hunger for a real meal.

To his chagrin, Mutt kept a hand on him the whole way home, even going so far as to lead him into the house by the wrist to make sure he didn’t try to teleport somewhere. Not that he could if he wanted to. A week of little sleep, shitty food, and constant work was enough to put him on dangerously low magic. Papyrus chattered away as he went to help Black in the kitchen. Edge disappeared off to somewhere and Mutt dragged Stretch up the stairs to the bathroom.

“shower, i’ll go find duchess.” Mutt ordered before turning to go farther down the hall.

Stretch didn’t argue this time, only shut the door behind him and began peeling off his rumpled and smelly lab clothes.

Mutt slouched to his room where he changed out of his work clothes into a pair of sweats and a hoodie. Finally comfortable, he wandered back out and knocked on your door. A smile pulled at his teeth at the sound of your hurried steps. The smile grew wider when you flung open the door. You obviously hadn’t decided if you were mad that they had been gone for so long or excited that they were home because you huffed in annoyance before yanking him forward into a hug. The two of you sank to the floor in your doorway and simply held each other.

“Missed you.” You mumbled into the front of his hoodie.

“missed ya too.” Mutt replied as he let his skull fall back against the door jam. His sockets slid closed and he let the feeling of you in his arms wash over him. A tightness in his chest that he didn’t know he

was carrying eased. Stars if he wasn't so tired, he would take you right here in the doorway just to keep the feeling of closeness. But alas, his magic was only up for getting a meal and going to bed.

Sleep must have been more urgent than he anticipated because he was being nudged awake by Stretch who was dressed in comfy clothes similar to his and fresh from his shower. "your turn." He said before turning his attention to you. "hey honey."

Mutt groaned but forced his tired limbs to uncurl from around you and shuffle down the hall for a cleaning.

Stretch didn't wait for you to return his greeting, he simply sat against the wall and pulled you into his lap for a cuddle. "sorry i was gone so long." He whispered.

"What is even keeping you guys there all the time?" You whined.

Stretch could only hold you closer. "i can't talk about it until we're done… orders from the crown." It was true. Magic technology was still used only in the monster community. Fear of the unknown and lack of funding kept most mergers at bay. Plus many institutions didn't want to give up their current tech for something they didn't have full control over.

If they talked about the core and their tests, many would oppose it due to the volatile nature of it and the sheer amount of damage it did to a part of their underground. It gave them power and heat, but it also made Hotland the awful place that it was.

You sighed, clearly not happy with his lack of explanation, but you didn't push. Black came up just as Mutt was getting out of his shower to announce dinner. You helped Stretch to his feet and led both him and Mutt downstairs for a hearty meal cooked with the fact that the two of them had been living on snacks for so long in mind.

After dinner you helped both of them stumble upstairs and into your bed, both already half asleep after a soothing shower and good food. They had been working for so long you weren't going to let them out of your sight for a moment while they were home. Mutt dropped right off, his quiet breathing evening out almost instantly. Stretch took a bit longer. He got comfortable against you, sighing as you ran a hand over his skull.

"sorry again." He mumbled.

“Just don’t go for so long anymore okay?” You reply. “Sans comes in every few days to check on everyone and eat before heading back and I don’t think Red has been out for longer than three days before he comes home to crash.”

Stretch didn’t know that, he thought they had been hammering away the same as him these past few weeks. He had been home last weekend in the afternoon but he mostly slept before heading back to the lab. He assumed the others had stayed at work so he had stayed as well.

“i’ll come home more, promise.” He fully intended to keep that promise. The core was important but he was starting to come around to the fact that his tired and starved self was going to be no use on the project if he kept going the way he was.

“Good, now go to sleep.” You pressed a kiss to his skull and settled in. Stretch hummed, sleep already knocking on his consciousness, ready to sweep him away.

Chapter End Notes

> Friends don't let friends work themselves to death, even if the work is important.
>
> come talk to me on my Tumblr!

Pass the Love Around*

Chapter Summary

> I just have to be close to you, one way or another.
> Either physically, emotionally, or mentally.
> And sometimes I need all of it at once.
> ~JMStorm

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the delayed update, I was traveling last weekend. Early Christmas present for my husband and I.
>
> I couldn't resist with these two. Y'all should have known I'd stick this in somewhere before the end. If you're not a fan, please skip!
>
> Smut themes:
> Threesome
> M/M/F
> Double Penetration
> Breath play
> Orgasm Denial

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were used to being up late due to your work schedule, so you couldn't help but need to shift while your two exhausted bed companions slept. Neither Mutt or Stretch snored so your room was silent as you maneuvered over Stretch to grab up your phone. You texted Pyre to see how the shift was going and watched a few videos on YouTube before falling asleep yourself.

It was late morning by the time any of you regained consciousness. Well the skeletons regained consciousness, you were quite used to being able to sleep in after everyone left for the day.

Stretch twitched awake, panicked magic shooting through him as his thoughts supplied that he was late for work. If it wasn't for the arm that slapped down over his ribs, he would have bolted from bed. Instead his panic turned to confusion at finding himself curled against your side with Mutt's eye lights glaring up from your other side.

"calm down." Mutt grumbled and nuzzled back into the pillow that was your stomach.

“they’re running another test at eleven!” Stretch hissed. He glanced at you to make sure you were still asleep. You were... good.

Mutt just hummed and applied more pressure to where he had grabbed Stretch so he was forced to settle back into the blankets. “we’re data people at this poin’, let the guys get their shit done withou’ ya hoverin’ over ‘em.” Mutt hissed back. Stretch puffed up, ready to continue this whispered argument.

“i told them i’d be at the-”

“settle down ‘fore i make ya smoke stack.”

“oh you’d like that wouldn’t you?”

“try me, i dare ya”

“... dick.”

“if ya insist.”

Stretch opened his mouth for a rebuke but froze when you shifted. “You guys are awake already?” Your sleepy voice shut him up as you blinked open your eyes to glance between the two of them. “Sans said he had you guys covered until lunch, go back to sleep.”

“duchess~.” Mutt whined, his eye lights expanding to fill his sockets. “stretch ‘s tryin’ ta skip out early.”

Your head rolled to look at Stretch before he could properly curse out Mutt. “there’s uh, just a lot of stuff happening that i…”

Both you and Mutt were staring at him. You with sleepy sad eyes and Mutt with the biggest shit eating grin on his face.

“Stay.” You whined and rolled away from Mutt to wrap an arm around him. Damn it, he was too weak for you to argue again.

“okay.” He cuddled you close, only shooting Mutt a glare as he crowded up against your back and flicked the blankets back up around the three of you.

He must have fallen asleep again because time skipped and he was waking to you giggling quietly at something. “Shh, stop it! Stretch is sleeping still.” You whispered.

“good, let ‘im.” Mutt’s voice was close as well, making Stretch crack

open a socket to see what was happening.

You were still pressed against his side from where he had rolled onto his back, your head was on his shoulder. Mutt was happily occupying the big spoon position at your back. Stretch could just see movement from a hidden hand as he ran his claws up and down your side. He watched for a moment through slitted sockets, morbid curiosity over how you acted in private with another mate overriding his knee jerk reaction to smack Mutt.

You hissed and squirmed as Mutt nibbled up your shoulder and neck, teasing you with little kisses as he went. Your warm body moving against Stretch's side was nice, not amazing, as he was on his back but it was his shirt you were clinging to as Mutt tortured you.

"my room's jus' a door away," Mutt murmured into your ear, which was also very close to Stretch's skull. "we could slip away an' be back 'fore 'e wakes. wouldn' wanna bother 'im after such a long week."

His teeth were angled to whisper at you but his eye lights rose to meet Stretch's. A silent challenge burning in that look. If they weren't already, Stretch would have narrowed his eyes at him. Mutt's eyes returned to you, pleading and mischievous all at once. Stretch was screaming on the inside. He could either let the two of you leave to have your romp or he could stop everything right now.

"i'll be quick, i promise." Mutt continued to needle at you making you giggle again.

"Why don't I believe you?"

"mmm, dunno." Mutt's hand bumped against Stretch's arm making him twitch. You froze and Stretch made his decision.

Letting out a sleepy sigh, Stretch shuffled from his back to his side so he was facing you and weedled his arm between you and Mutt so he could drag you to his chest. You wound your arms around him as he did, a little laugh escaping you. With your head now secured under his chin. Stretch fully opened his eyes to give Mutt a triumphant glare.

Mutt raised a brow at him, a smirk playing across his teeth. He was enjoying this a little too much for Stretch's liking. Never one for personal space, Mutt wriggled forward to close the distance Stretch had created. As tempted as he was to roll over with you, Stretch really didn't want to become the middle spoon. So he stayed put, glaring down Mutt who chuckled and went back to nuzzling you which got

you squirming again as he nipped at your sensitive skin.

Oh, that was nice. Stretch stifled a noise when your fingers latched onto one of his ribs in an attempt to steady yourself against Mutt's nuzzling. Even through his shirt, the pressure was way too good for this time of morning and the noises you were making sent hot magic shooting down his spine to grow heavy in his pelvis. There was no way you didn't feel his magic take form. From the little gasp that slipped past your lips, he was right.

Not to be ignored, Mutt rocked forward, pressing his own magic against your backside and squishing you between himself and Stretch.

"Guys!" You squeaked.

Mutt hummed in question as he raised his skull to be level with Stretch's, another question posed on his face.

"Uh so…" You wriggled so you could look up from Stretch's chest to see both of them. "You're both uh… very attentive this morning…" You trailed off at the sight of the staring match happening above your head.

Mutt smirked at your wording but didn't look away from Stretch. "ya good with this?"

Your eyes darted from Stretch to Mutt and back again. Was he asking you? Or Stretch?

"Um…" You knew how Stretch was with the others being overly intimate with you in front of him. He was so much better than before, the fact that he hadn't yelled at Mutt or dragged you out of the room this morning was a testament to that. But you didn't want to push it, no matter how curious you were about how this could play out.

"yes… 'r no?" Mutt spoke slowly, his eyelights burning into Stretch in an earnest need for either answer. Stretch stared back. He knew exactly what Mutt was asking for. He had no doubt that if he said no that Mutt would back off, he would grumble about it, but he wouldn't force or try to persuade further.

Maybe it was because he felt rested for the first time in a week, or because your arms were already around him, or maybe it was because of the genuine question seeking consent. But when he looked down at you, messy hair, rumpled clothing, and smelling of arousal. Then up at Mutt, face blank as he waited for an answer. He decided there was a

fuck it bucket for a reason.

“uh yea, sure... fuck it, yes.” He stuttered out.

Mutt’s brow bones shot up in surprise but he only shifted his gaze to you. “duchess?”

You twitched at being addressed. “Yea?”

Stars, you were cute. “wanna double yer trouble? take on both ‘f us?” He stayed as frozen and indifferent with you as he had with Stretch. He knew that his wants were not the important ones here. He teased and joked about this but never actually expected to have the chance. It was fun to press Stretch’s buttons. He was content just having the cake, never did he think that he would have the chance to eat it too.

Your eyes flicked between your mates both curious as to which way you will go. You could stop this here or you could dive off the deep end and see where it takes you.

“Yes.”

A satisfied grin spread across Mutt’s face, eagerness flashing in his eyelights. Stretch let out a breath, his arms tightening around you.

“on yer back.” Mutt sat up and prodded at Stretch who immediately frowned up at him.

“just because i agreed to his doesn’t mean you can tell me what to do.”

“oh,” Mutt placed a hand on his chest in false offence. “‘m sorry, i was jus’ thinkin’ how this could be awesome fer all ‘f us… but ‘f y-”

Stretch rolled his eye lights but released his hold on you to shift onto his back. “fucking dick.” He muttered.

“we’ll get there promise.” Mutt smirked and helped you climb into Stretch’s lap. Curling a claw under your chin he drew your head to the side so he could kiss you.

You inhaled as Mutt’s magic hit you. The floral scent of him swamped your head making you sigh and giving his tongue entrance to your mouth. You could feel him hum in satisfaction as he deepened the kiss.

Not to be out done, Stretch let his hands run up over your thighs and

up under your shirt. You moaned into Mutt's mouth as Stretch rolled your nipples between his fingers. Mutt hummed and pulled away from you completely to tug off the hoodie he had slept in. Stretch sat up and urged your mouth to his, grinding his tented magic against you eliciting another delicious moan.

Mutt finished kicking away his clothes and kneeled behind you. He hooked his claws under the hem of your sleep shirt and began working it up. He gave Stretch a quick tap for assistance which broke your kiss. In a flash he had your shirt over your head and thrown somewhere across your room. Bowing his skull, he pressed his teeth to your neck in appreciation while Stretch recaptured your mouth.

The sweet and smokey magic from Stretch rushed into your senses chasing Mutt's lingering magic from your mouth. Claws slid around your stomach to dip below the waistline of your pajama pants. Blunted fingers palmed at your breasts and two sets of teeth assaulted your lips, jaw and neck.

Mutt let out a growl against your neck and pulled you out of Stretch's lap and back against him. Stretch snarled and tried to pull you back into his lap only for Mutt to snap his teeth and grab Stretch's wrists.

"'re ya gonna sit aroun' 'n yer clothes all mornin' ash tray or ya gonna join the party?"

Stretch yanked his wrists free and quickly pulled his hoodie over his head to chuck it at Mutt who let it hit him in the face.

"i was getting there." Stretch growled and slipped out of his pants as well.

Mutt tossed aside Stretch's hoodie and let his hands scratch around your breasts, the sharp points raising red lines across your skin. Stretch crawled over to you and promptly hooked his hands into the waistband of your pants and stripped them clean off of your legs.

"not bad." Mutt hummed.

"don't want your commentary." Stretch sniped as he maneuvered your underwear off as well.

"i better find somethin' ta shut me up then." Mutt chuckled and pushed you back towards Stretch's lap.

You fell face first into Stretch's lap. His magic glowed insistently next

to your cheek, the faint scent of his magic making your mouth water. Mutt tugged at your hips, encouraging you to shift to your knees. His mouth was instantly on you, lapping at your slit and prodding at your entrance. You sucked in a breath and gripped Stretch's hips.

The amber glow of his cock twitched and you reached for it. Stretch hummed as you took him into your mouth, trying to keep up with Mutt's pace behind you. Stretch gripped your shoulders and ran a hand through your hair as you bobbed on his cock.

"fuck, honey." He moaned which encouraged you to take more of him into your throat. You were already getting close, Mutt's skilled tongue had you moaning around Stretch who grunted and suddenly lifted your mouth off of him and dragged you away from Mutt.

Both you and Mutt whined but Stretch only kissed you before pulling away with a smirk. "not yet honey, you know how this works."

You pouted and tried to get some sort of friction by grinding against his erection but Stretch stopped the movement.

Claws curled over your shoulders and Mutt's voice was in your ear. "ohhh, we got rules? ya didn' mention rules duchess."

His neglected magic pressed at your back and you reached around in an attempt to grab it. Your attempt was sidelined as Stretch rolled his eye lights and urged you up so he could line up with your entrance. He pressed in making the both of you moan as he eased you all the way back down. A pitched whine rang in your ear as Mutt pawed at your back.

"me too duchess, please me too?"

You tried to reply but Stretch thrust upward halting your voice.

"dick." Mutt grumbled as Stretch encouraged you to ride him in deliciously slow thrusts.

"mm, looks like we did get there after all." Stretch smirked over your shoulder at the other skeleton.

"duchess." Mutt pleaded.

Stretch pulled you completely down on him holding you in place and trailing kisses up your jaw. "answer him honey." He murmured just before covering your mouth with his.

Claws tangled in your hair and pulled, forcing your head back and breaking your kiss with Stretch. "answer me." He growled.

Stretch attacked your exposed neck sending tingles of pleasure down your spine.

"Yes." You keened, surprising yourself at how much you wanted it.

Mutt released your hair and urged Stretch to lean back. You followed Stretch down, twitching as Mutt prodded at your back entrance.

"still good?" He asked as the hot tip of his cock pressed against you. Stretch stopped adjusting so you could answer properly.

"Yea, just go slow." You replied.

Mutt hummed and started to press inside. You gasped and latched onto Stretch at the pressure.

"easy honey, you're doing great." Stretch praised you, peppering your face and shoulders with kisses as he held your hips still for Mutt.

The skeleton behind you rubbed your hips and back helping you to relax as he inched into your ass. His cock seemed to produce plenty of lubrication but Mutt wasn't small. It took a long few minutes of small adjustments, whispered encouragement, and shallow thrusts before Mutt settled against the curve of your back.

Stars you felt full. The room was silent except for your breath mixing with theirs as you adjusted to the new intrusion.

“you okay?” Stretch murmured underneath you. He cupped your cheek with one hand, his eye lights searching your face for any sign that you didn’t want to continue. Mutt rubbed your back in a reassuring manner.

You moved your hips experimentally causing both of your mates to grunt. A small moan exited your lips at the slide of them inside you. It was a lot, but you wanted it. “Please,” You whined, “please fuck me.”

Mutt chuckled and rocked forward making you shudder and moan. “ya ‘eard the lady.”

“don’t address me when we’re like this.” Stretch grunted and thrust upward, setting a moderate pace to make sure you were really okay. Mutt matched him, trailing kisses across your shoulders as his claws

braced your hips.

The smell of them whirled around you, the earthy floral scent from Mutt was sweetened by Stretch's honey'd magic which gave you the vague impression of honeysuckle as it buzzed through your senses. Coupled with the rhythmic slide of them inside of you had you quickly losing your mind.

"F-faster." You moaned. Mutt immediately obeyed, picking up the pace with a muttered curse. Stretch didn't, he slowed instead. A smirk playing over his features as he pulled you further down on top of him. His mouth met yours and he swallowed your cries with a satisfied hum.

"not so fast honey." He murmured as he kissed his way down to the bite mark he had left on you the first time the two of you had coupled. He slotted his teeth against the sensitive marks and let his magic play over the scars. The heat of his magic washed through you, driving you further up the cliff. Before you could go jumping off of it though, Stretch's arm lashed out and grabbed Mutt. Your other mate startled and stopped rutting against you bringing everything to a halt, much to your frustration.

"Stretch!" You whined.

Mutt made a similar noise and went to start moving again only to growl at Stretch's tightening grip on his humerus.

"sit up honey, i want a new angle." Stretch murmured as he helped push you up and back into Mutt. Your taller mate happily pulled your back to his chest as Stretch wriggled out from under you and off of the bed.

The second Stretch was free, Mutt hoisted you higher up in his lap so he could start fucking your ass without the need to work with the other skeleton. You shrieked and your hand whipped back to grab onto him for support. Your fingers closed around his cervical vertebrae and he let out a strangled cry of his own.

Stretch almost crawled back onto the bed to stop you, only the groan from Mutt coupled with a flash of defiance in his eye that said 'stop her, and you die' halted him. Instead, Stretch's eye lights dropped to your body. Knees spread wide on either side of Mutt's, one hand around his throat and one braced against his femur as you bounced with every one of Mutt's thrusts.

“come here.” Stretch growled.

You released Mutt’s spine to reach out for Stretch. Mutt gasped and his claws dug into your hips as magic rushed his skull. He blinked away the stars in his vision and allowed you to rise off of him to stumble off of the bed to join Stretch.

He quickly followed the second he was capable. With a chuckle he helped Stretch lift you, understanding exactly what he was going for. One of his arms hooked under your right leg, Stretch held up your left.

“ladies firs’.” He teased, offering Stretch the chance to press back into you before him.

Stretch snorted and did just that, pulling a moan from you as he filled your cunt once more. “of course, pearls before swine and all that.” He shot back.

Mutt chuckled and pushed back into your ass, allowing you to settle between them before picking up the pace.

You hooked an arm around Mutt’s shoulders for support and clung to Stretch’s ribs with your other hand. You had no control over the pace here. Your weight was fully suspended between the two of them as they each fucked you into pure bliss.

“cum fer me duchess, please!” Mutt pleaded, his own movements becoming more erratic and breaking away from the calculated beat he and Stretch had going before.

“not yet honey, just a bit longer.” Stretch countered, his teeth tickling your cheek.

You could only moan, wanting to obey both of them even though they were asking two very different things.

“D-don’t make me choose.” You groaned.

Both of your mates stopped to stare at you then each other. You weren’t sure what kind of communication was happening right now but the silent argument seemed to be over as soon as it started. Mutt held up the hand that wasn’t helping to hold you up. Stretch did the same.

One. Two. Three.

Mutt threw scissors, Stretch threw paper. Stretch rolled his eye lights but didn't make any comment, only leaned in to kiss you as they both returned to fucking you senseless. It was surprisingly coordinated. Mutt bowed his skull to nibble along your neck as Stretch kissed your lips raw. The slide of their cocks inside of you didn't break rhythm this time. Both of their magics crackled and sparked, urging you to finish.

Both of them grunted as you clamped down around them and screamed your pleasure into Stretch's mouth. There was no time for recovery. Neither stopped their assault on your body as they chased their own ends. Overstimulation had stars dancing in your vision, pleasure tingling along every nerve.

Stretch came first. His knees buckled and he grabbed onto Mutt to help keep him upright as honeyed magic filled your cunt. Your other mate teetered in place as he temporarily supported both of you. Stretch recovered and buried his face into your shoulder while Mutt labored at your back for a moment longer. His whole body shuddered as more magic shot into you.

Your mates slowly sank to kneel on the floor with you still impaled between them. The room quieted as the three of you came down. The soft scent of candied flowers hung in the air and two sets of teeth nuzzled into each side of your neck. The moment lasted longer than you anticipated but it was pleasant all the same.

Mutt shifted first, lifting you off of him to deposit you entirely into Stretch's lap. The latter welcomed you wholeheartedly and settled more comfortably on the floor. Mutt found the shirt you had been sleeping in and brought it over.

"le's get 'er cleaned up." He murmured.

Stretch nodded and you squeaked as his magic suddenly dismissed. With gentle hands, he turned you so your back was to his chest and he supported you while Mutt began to wipe away the fluids and sweat from your morning escapades.

"all good duchess?" He asked, his eye lights flicking up to your face before returning to what his hands were doing.

"yea." You sighed and leaned your head back against Stretch. "Could go back to sleep actually."

Both mates chuckled. Mutt pulled away and you found yourself being

lifted by Stretch and cradled to his chest as he brought you back over to the bed.

“go ahead and sleep honey.” He whispered and left a kiss on your forehead. You hummed and snuggled into the blankets.

Mutt tossed Stretch’s clothes at him, already half-dressed as he jumped onto the bed to buzz kisses over your face making you giggle and shriek. “i’d say le’s kick the honey bun out fer a roun’ two but it looks like the only roun’ yer up fer ‘s a roun’ a sleep.” He teased. You opened your mouth to retort only for Mutt to be yanked off of you by Stretch hauling him back by the collar.

“leave her alone dude.” He hissed. “come on, we should go get her and us food.” He shrugged on his hoodie giving you an apologetic look.

Mutt shot you a wink and tossed his own hoodie over his shoulder to follow Stretch out. You dragged another blanket up and over yourself, sore but thoroughly satisfied.

Stretch marched into the kitchen and dropped a plate onto the counter next to the toaster before breezing over to the pantry for some bagels. Mutt followed only far enough to toss his hoodie over a stool and lean against the island to wait. Stretch returned with the bagels and fed two halves to the toaster.

“wanna talk ‘bout it?” Mutt smirked as Stretch moved to the fridge for your favorite cream cheese.

“not particularly.” He bumped the fridge closed with his hip and returned to the toaster.

Mutt snickered and sidled up behind Stretch so he could talk right into the side of his skull. “‘ad a good time didn’ ya?”

The toaster popped and Stretch pulled out the halves before feeding in two more. Mutt missed his mumble as he did, and leaned in further.

“wha’ was that?”

Stretch sighed but didn’t shove him away as he slathered cream cheese over the cooked slices. “i did… but!” He turned around brandishing the butter knife at Mutt who smirked but backed off. “it’s not happening again.”

“aww.”

“no. no aww.” Stretch turned back to the bagels. “you got what you wanted. we…” he paused for a deep breath before continuing. “we all got off and, i think i want to keep the rest of my intimate life just between her and i.”

Mutt watched Stretch place the bagel halves on a plate and turned back around to face him. “kay.” He couldn’t help but chuckle at the shocked expression on Stretch’s face.

“just… okay?” He raised a brow, waiting for the other shoe to drop. When nothing happened he set the plate back down behind him on the counter and crossed his arms over his chest. “that’s it?”

“tha’s it.” Mutt raised his hand as if he was taking a vow. “hones’ly ‘m surprised ya let it ‘appen ‘n the firs’ place.” He stepped closer, letting his hand drop to Stretch’s shoulder. “trus’ me, ‘m not after ya romantic’ly, never been after ya romantic’ly, an’ ‘m not ‘ere ta take yer time with ‘er.”

“so why’d you push so much for it in the past with just me?”

Mutt shrugged and pulled his hand back to scratch at the back of his skull. “fer fun… an’ cuz i trust ya not ta try an’ dust me fer my shit... which’ ya didn’, still haven’, so.”

“i’m not sure i could dust you if i tried.” Stretch said with a snort.

Mutt chuckled, relieved to see some of the tension in Stretch’s face and posture melting away. “fair.” He paused and slouched to make himself eye level with his friend. “look, i didn’ *ever* think my jokin’ aroun’ was gonna lead ta anythin’. ‘f yer done, yer done. i don’ expect it again. fuck, i don’ even wan’ it again ‘f yer this uncomfortable after anyway. kay? no expectations fer us. promise.”

Mutt desperately needed Stretch to understand. He was the only one in the house that he considered a close friend. The others were great, they were fun to tease and hang out with, but Stretch just seemed to understand him. He couldn’t lose his best friend over something like sex. Not when he was the only best friend he had ever had.

Stretch searched his face but he found no lie. A tension he had been holding onto loosened and began to melt away. “okay.” He resolved. “okay, great. the uh, other bagel is yours.” He plucked up the plate again and slipped past Mutt to bring you your food.

“aww, ya fixed me food too? ya do care.” Mutt chuckled and pulled the hot bagels out of the toaster. He paused when he heard laughter from the other end of the kitchen where Stretch had stopped in the doorway.

“of course i do, i just don’t want to see your bare coccyx again.”

Mutt snorted, then burst out laughing as well. Crisis averted. “fair enough, see ya at work honey bun.”

Stretch’s laughter died and he stared at the bagels on the plate in his hand. “fuck, i forgot about work.”

“seriously?”

“yea, sorry i was a bit preoccupied.”

Mutt snorted and chewed on his breakfast. “i know, i ‘as there.”

Stretch rolled his eye lights and headed for the stairs. Mutt followed, still munching on his bagel.

“you’re going to be twice as insufferable now aren’t you?” Stretch asked, the grin pulling at the corner of his teeth softened the sarcasm dripping from his tone.

Mutt snorted. “‘f course, ya don’ getta be pelvis deep ‘n yer mate with jus’ anyone. it ‘as ta be yer bestie.”

“weird prerequisite for best friend but i guess i’ll take it.” Stretch laughed as he pushed open your door to deliver breakfast.

Mutt veered off to his own room, shooting Stretch a finger gun as he reached his own door. “damn right ya will.”

Chapter End Notes

> I love these two idiots who are learning to communicate when they need to. I hope that was okay!
>
> come talk to me on my Tumblr!

I Got the Final Judgement

Chapter Notes

> Those pesky outcodes are back, is it bad that their visits are becoming normal?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You stood over the large card table in the library, staring down the partially finished puzzle that you and Edge had started. Ocean puzzles were hard. Most of the choral was done and the patterned fish had been completed. But the blueish grayish dolphins and the open water parts were giving you trouble. It was all just shades of blue!

With a sigh you shuffled some pieces around and made an attempt at filling in one of the smaller blank spaces. It wasn't going so well. Everyone was gone again. Either at work or school. Black was in the house, but he was working as well so you were left to entertain yourself until it was time to go to the bar.

A fizzling sound drew your attention to the bookshelves to your immediate right. You stood up straight at the sight of both Ink and Error popping into existence with Error muttering something that sounded rather venomous at the other skeleton. Ink ignored him and turned your way.

Your hand automatically reached for your phone. One, because you wanted to alert Black that they were here. And two, you wanted to be able to understand Error when he spoke.

"Hey guys." You looked between the two odd skeletons as you fired off a text, Error had popped in to watch more TV with you every once in a while so you were pretty sure he wasn't here to hurt you. Ink on the other hand was still a wild card.

"hello!" Ink nodded to you but was distracted by the puzzle. "how fun! a buildable art piece." He strode forward to investigate further.

Error rolled his eyes and circled around to fall into one of the nearby reading chairs. "n07 wh47 w3 c4m3 h323 f02." He grumbled.

you glanced at your phone while Ink looked over the half-finished puzzle

<**Translation.E34**> (not what we came here for.)

Ink waved a flippant hand at his companion and picked up a loose piece. He inspected it for a moment before slotting it in the correct space. You blinked as he picked up another piece. He was putting together a solid blue mass of water where all of the puzzle pieces looked to be the exact same shade of blue.

“Impressive.” You couldn’t help but say.

Ink glanced up at you. His mismatched eyes were a sphere and a square. “how so? there is an obvious connection here.” He pointed at the piece he just placed. “here, a ribbon of cobalt that intersects with this lapis and yale blue.” He waved his hand over the pieces but all you saw was blue.

“Huh.” You took a step back from the card table and glanced between Error and Ink. “So uh, to what do I owe this pleasure?”

Error just glared at his companion and was no help so you looked back at Ink who had placed a few more pieces. “it seems that you are in quite a predicament.” He said, his eye lights flicked up from the puzzle to stare at your chest. When they didn’t look away again, you crossed your arms and turned so you weren’t facing him directly.

“What predicament?” You asked.

Ink tsked and abandoned the puzzle to approach you. You glanced at Error but he seemed bored with the entire thing so you let the shorter skeleton approach. Raising a hand he poked your sternum. His skull was tilted to the side like a curious puppy.

“Stop, what are you doing?” You stepped away from him again which caused Ink to blink up at you in confusion.

“you have multiple universes attached to you.” He said.

“And?”

“and… well that’s… they shouldn’t be there.” Ink’s eye lights dropped back to your chest. “they should go home.”

“7h3y d0n'7 h4v3 4 h0m3, y0u 1057 7h312 un1v32535 1n 7h3 wh173 v01d.” Error finally spoke up.

Ink’s eye lights flickered but settled once again on the sphere and

square. “I’ll make them a new universe!”

“They’re already here though.” You argued, glancing at your phone then Error for support.

<**Translation.E35**> (they don’t have a home, you lost their universes in the white void.)

Ink lifted his gaze to look you in the eyes. “but why? this is a lot of outside magic in your soul, i can’t imagine it being comfortable.”

You raised a brow at his word choice. Error stood and shuffled around to join Ink in front of you. “7h47'5 n07 h0w 80nd5 w02k, 1nk, 5h3'5 f1n3.”

“i just thought-”

“w311 y0u'23 w20n9.”

<**Translation.E36**> (that’s not how bonds work, ink, she’s fine.)

<**Translation.E37**> (well you’re wrong.)

Your eyes darted from your phone to Ink, then Error. “Why would their magic be uncomfortable?” You asked.

Before Ink could speak up, Error answered your question. “1nk d035n'7 h4v3 4 50u1, h3 d035n'7 und32574nd 50u1 80nd5. ju57 11k3 h3 d035n'7 und32574nd 8451c 3m0710n5.”

<**Translation.E38**> (ink doesn’t have a soul, he doesn’t understand soul bonds. just like he doesn’t understand basic emotions.)

The translation made your head hurt. “You don’t have a soul? Or emotions?”

Ink shook his skull, apparently unperturbed by the information. “nope, no soul, but i have emotions… sometimes.”

“Sometimes?”

“mmhmm, i have these.” He tapped the bandolier of paint vials strapped to his chest. “if i drink one, i can have that emotion.”

That… made you really sad. To only experience emotion through consuming magic paint. You don’t think you could do it.

“but that’s not why we’re here.” Ink went on. “we are here because… um.” He frowned and reached for the tail end of his scarf. You took another step away from him as he searched over the fabric. “oh yea! the other universes. they aren’t in the scripts for this universe so they need to go back to their own.”

“c4n'7 d0 7h47. y0u 1057 7h312 un1v32535 y0u 1d107.” Error interjected.

<**Translation.E39**> (can’t do that. you lost their universes you idiot.)

“where did they go?” Ink rounded on Error, his hand on his hips as he argued with the dark skeleton. “there was nothing wrong with them, i don’t want to hear that you destroyed them error!”

Error threw his hands up in exasperation. “1 d1dn'7 d0 5h17, y0u d20pp3d 7h3m 50m3wh323 1n 7h3 wh173 v01d 4nd n0w y0u c4n'7 f1nd 7h3m!” More and more of Error’s body fizzled and glitched as he yelled at Ink.

You took a couple of steps back, not wanting to be caught up in a fight with these two. Error’s words flashed up on your phone screen including you in the argument whether you liked it or not.

<**Translation.E40**> (i didn’t do shit, you dropped them somewhere in the white void and now you can’t find them!)

“oh! then we should go look for them.” Ink resolved.

“w3 41234dy4... y4 kn0w wh47, f1n3, 90 100k f02 7h3 07h32 un1v32535, 1 d0n'7 fuck1n9 c423.” Error shoved his hands into his hoodie and glowered at your puzzle.

Ink turned to you and smiled. “i’ll sort this out!” He unholstered the large paint brush at his back and shot you a smile before disappearing in a wave of ink coming off the tip of the brush leaving you with an extremely irritated Error.

“Well uh, that was an interesting visit.” You tried as you read what was last translated.

<**Translation.E41**> (we already… ya know what, fine, go look for the other universes, i don’t fucking care.)

You glanced up at Error and shuffled your feet. He was unpredictable

with his moods in the first place and you weren't the best at reading his various shades of grumpy yet to be able to diffuse a situation reliably.

"w3 d1dn'7 n33d 70 c0m3 h323, h3 ju57 pu113d m3 h323 83f023 w3 c0u1d f1n15h 0u2 f19h7!" Error fumed and started to pace. The static buzz of his magic lashing around him to match his anger.

You could only watch his rant as it came across your phone screen.

<**Translation.E42**> (we didn't need to come here, he just pulled me here before we could finish our fight!)

"17 w0n'7 3v3n m47732, h3'11 83 d15724c73d 1n 4n h0u2 02 50 4nd f02937 un711 h3 d3c1d35 70 74k3 4 572011 7h20u9h 7h15 un1v3253 4941n."

<**Translation.E43**> (it won't even matter, he'll be distracted in an hour or so and forget until he decides to take a stroll through this universe again.)

"Hey." You tried to stem the flow of word vomit.

"7h3n w3'11 83 219h7 84ck h323, 429u1n9 480u7 7h15 54m3 fuck1n9 7h1n9!" Error shoved his hands back into his pockets in frustration and falling silent as he brooded, allowing your phone to catch up.

<**Translation.E44**> (then we'll be right back here, arguing about this same fucking thing!)

"Well he's not trying to take them anymore so I would much rather keep sending him off after missing universes than having to fight to keep my mates with me." You soothed.

Error let out the grumpiest harumph you had ever heard. Somehow, you managed to keep down the giggle that threatened to burst through your chest. You felt like you were going to pop a rib, but you kept it down. You shifted to another topic in an effort to clear the thundercloud over Error's head.

"Um, so how does not having a soul work?"

Error deflated, he glared at you but he wasn't yelling or flickering out as much. "1 d0n'7 kn0w 7h3 wh013 5702y 8u7 h3 d35720y3d h15 0wn 50u1 4nd 3nd3d up 1n 7h3 v01d wh323 h3 907 h15 f1x4710n

0n 427 4nd c23471n9 7h1n95.”

<**Translation.E45**> (i don’t know the whole story but he destroyed his own soul and ended up in the void where he got his fixation on art and creating things.)

“Wouldn’t he be dead if he destroyed his own soul?” You asked as you stared at his words, the thought of breaking your own soul was terrifying.

“w311 h3'5 08v10u51y 411v3.” Error grumbled. “d0n'7 45k m3 h0w, cu2 1 d0n'7 fuck1n9 kn0w.”

<**Translation.E46**> (well he’s obviously alive. don’t ask me how, cuz i don’t fucking know.)

You frowned at his words on your phone but didn’t press. “Do you want to help me with the puzzle for a while?”

Error gave you a withering look and stepped farther away from the card table. “n0.”

You didn’t need a translation for that. “Okay, well. X-files this weekend?”

Error rolled his eye lights but grunted agreement. “... y34 f1n3.”

<**Translation.E47**> (... yea fine.)

You brightened at his words. “Great! I’ll save some snacks for you.”

Error huffed again then promptly vanished.

“WELL THAT WAS INTERESTING.”

You jumped at Black’s voice coming from the book shelves. You had forgotten that you had texted him in the first place. He must have slipped in at some point.

“Black! Hey.” You met him halfway across the library where he pulled you into a tight hug. “Don’t worry, I’m fine, Ink seems to forget about you guys all the time.”

“THAT’S GOOD,” He pulled back from you, allowing his hands to grasp yours. “I WOULD FEEL BETTER IF YOU WEREN’T ALONE FOR THE AFTERNOON THOUGH, COME SIT WITH ME?” His eyes darted around the room as if expecting the dimension traveling skeletons to

reappear at any second.

You gave his hands a squeeze bringing his attention back to you. “How about you bring your laptop down here? Change up the scenery and work while I look at the puzzle?”

Black looked like he wanted to argue, but he nodded in agreement. “YES, I’LL DO THAT, CARE TO ACCOMPANY ME UPSTAIRS AND BACK?”

You could live with that compromise. “Sure thing.”

Ink and Error showing up and disappearing again so suddenly had been odd, but you were okay with it. All of your mates were still here. No one was attacked and you learned something new. Plus if all it took was redirecting Ink to go look for the missing universes to keep the peace. You would happily be a broken record until the day you died.

Chapter End Notes

> Ink: i have short term memory problems!
> Error: i think the problem is you in general.
> Ink: but i'm willing to share my problems.
> Error: i hate everything about what you just said.
>
> come talk to me on my Tumblr!

I Feel Like Someone Else

Chapter Notes

It's a beautiful day! SANSational in fact.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This shouldn't be a hard decision. It really shouldn't. You sighed as you stood in front of the open fridge. There was leftover meatloaf that you could heat up. There was also so much deli meat constantly in stock that you could make whatever style sandwich you wanted. Plus, against Papyrus's wishes, there was a large stockpile of boxed mac and cheese in the pantry if that tickled your fancy.

It was food, you were hungry. You should just pick a damn meal!

"what are ya thinking so hard about?" Sans's voice by your ear made you jump.

"I don't know what to have for lunch." You replied as you willed your heart rate to calm down.

Sans hummed and rested his chin on your shoulder as he hugged you from behind to stare into the depths of the fridge with you. "we could just go get a burger or something. i know a place."

You made a face and shook your head. "Not feeling burgers right now."

Red's voice appeared on your other side making you jump again. "should be a crime, not feelin' burgs, who are ya an' what 'ave ya done with my mate?" He opened the fridge door wider to join you and Sans in observing the cold food.

You really should have expected the loud voice behind the three of you. There was a finite amount of skeletons in the house at the moment, and fewer that lacked the fucks to not stand in front of an open fridge door.

"DON'T STAND IN FRONT OF THE FRIDGE WITH IT OPEN PLEASE! YOU'RE LETTING ALL OF THE COLD AIR OUT!" Blue scolded. But to no one's surprise, very little happened.

Red at least turned to look at Blue when he spoke. "we're hungry

though.”

Blue rolled his eye lights and nudged your trio back so he could pull out everything to make sandwiches. “THEN GRAB SOMETHING AND EAT IT RED, I KNOW YOU’RE NOT THAT PICKY.” With everything he needed out, he closed the fridge with exaggerated movements, as if to show an infant how it was done before moving to the counters and starting on a sandwich.

You extracted yourself from Sans and moved up behind your other mate to drape your arms around his shoulders as he worked. You noticed he still had his uniform on from the training he had been doing with the EMTs. “What kind of sandwich are you making?”

“TURKEY WITH CHEESE AND LETTUCE.”

“Can I have one too?”

Blue snorted and shook his skull in exasperation. “ONLY IF YOU TAKE LUNCH WITH ME.”

“Deal!” You gave the side of his skull a kiss and went back to the fridge for a drink. Sans and Red had swooped in on Blue after your retreat.

“c’n i have one too? jus’ with ham an’ mustard ‘nstead?” Red prodded, a shit eating grin on his face.

“just ham and cheese for me.” Sans said, not a hint of him asking if Blue would even do it or not.

Blue set the knife that he was spreading mayonnaise on his bread slices with down to turn to the others. You had acquired a soda at this point and retreated to the island to watch the show.

“AND WHY SHOULD I MAKE YOU LUNCHES AS WELL?” He inquired.

Sans shrugged but Red seemed to have an answer. “cuz we’ll jus’ go get somethin’ greasy an’ not good fer us ‘f ya don’.”

Blue narrowed his sockets at Red who smirked, knowing he had won. “FINE, BUT IF THE FOUR OF US ARE HAVING LUNCH TOGETHER, THEN WE’RE HAVING IT AS A PICNIC.”

You perked up at that, it was a beautiful day out and a picnic actually sounded great. Red looked like he was about to argue while Sans

shrugged and turned to join you at the island. He was getting food made for him, he didn't care on the where the eating of the food was going to happen.

"we don' 'ave time fer a picnic, we gotta get back ta the lab." Red argued.

Blue shrugged and turned back to making food. "MY PAPY SAYS THAT YOU TWO ARE FREE FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS. SO YOU CAN COME OUT ON A PICNIC OR YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF YOUR OWN LUNCH."

"damn it bean pole." Red muttered before responding to Blue. "fine, we'll go out an' picnic."

Blue beamed and finished making food for everyone. You helped him gather drinks and hunted down a blanket to sit on. Sans offered to teleport you to the nearest park but you and Blue both vetoed that decision. You could take Sans and Blue could take Red on your motorcycles. There was plenty of room in your saddle bags for everything and they couldn't turn down your puppy eyes and the fact that you were already grabbing your leathers for a ride. Blue followed suit and the four of you were on the road to find a park.

You had suggested the River park Blue had talked to you about the last time the two of you had come out riding. He agreed and led the way there. Sans didn't ride with you often. He preferred to go in the car with his brother or just teleport where he needed to go. But he did okay on the ride over to the park. His grip wasn't as iron as Stretch's was when you had coaxed him onto your bike last but he still squeezed your middle hard enough to warrant reminding him to relax once or twice on the road.

"HERE WE ARE!" Blue cheered as he stowed his gear after coming to a halt at a friendly little park out past the monster district.

The four of you grabbed the picnic stuff and trooped out onto the grass in order to find a spot to set up and eat.

"Is there anywhere flat over by the river?" You asked.

"YES! THERE IS A NICE SHADY SPOT OVER HERE" Blue led the way. Sans and Red trailed behind, resigned to their afternoon. "THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT!" Blue handed the food to you so he could spread out the large blanket you had brought along.

Once flat, you handed out the sandwiches and chips that had been packed along with various drinks. Digging right in, you took a look around at the scenery. The river that the park was named for was in reality a man-made stream about four feet in width and didn't look like it got deeper than your knees. The trees dotted on either bank shaded most of the water's winding trek through the grass but there were a number of places where it sparkled in the sun.

There was a decent sized playground with a splash pad further along and a wide path that circled the park for anyone who wanted to stroll through. It was a pretty park and you noticed that there were quite a few other groups of humans and monsters out enjoying the day.

"Busy today." You commented around your food.

Blue looked around as well with a smile. "YES, MY QUEEN HAS DONE HER BEST TO MAKE THIS PARK A WELCOMING PLACE."

"Well I think she's succeeded."

Your starry eyed mate beamed at you, pleased with your comment.

"so whatcha doin' home from yer classes baby blue?" Red asked. You and Sans also turned to him, waiting for an answer. Your smaller mate had been working hard studying in an EMT program in the city. It took up most of his days and you often found him in his room going over information and having either Edge or Papyrus quiz him. It was strange to see him in class uniform but not in class.

"OH!" Blue dropped his trash in a bag he brought along for that purpose before he continued. "WE ARE COMING TO A CLOSE ON THE COURSE AND ARE MOSTLY JUST PREPPING FOR THE NREMT EXAM."

"NREMT?" You asked.

"IT'S THE NATIONAL REGISTRY EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN COGNITIVE EXAM." Blue explained. "IT'S A WRITTEN TEST THAT WILL COVER THINGS LIKE RESUSCITATION, EMS OPERATIONS, AND TRAUMA. IF I PASS THAT THEN I GET TO TAKE THE PSYCHOMOTOR EXAM, WHICH IS MORE EMERGENCY SKILLS LIKE MANAGING CARDIAC ARREST AND CONTROLLING BLEEDING."

"Wow, are you ready for them?" You asked.

“I AM CONFIDENT THAT I CAN PASS.” Blue puffed up with pride.

“sounds like ya know what you’re doing.” Sans spoke up from where he had sprawled out on the blanket. “i’m sure you’ll do fine.”

Red nodded along and joined Sans in lounging on the blanket. You scooted closer to Blue.

“So after the tests you’ll be an official EMT?”

Blue nodded and finished his drink. “YES I WILL!”

“Congrats! That’s so exciting!” You leaned in and gave him a hug, happy that your mate was doing what he wanted on the surface.

“THANK YOU MAIDEN, IT IS EXCITING! BUT ENOUGH ABOUT WORK STUFF, LET’S ENJOY OUR AFTERNOON OUT!” He gave you a squeeze then climbed to his feet. “COME WADE AROUND IN THE RIVER WITH ME!”

You agreed and took off your shoes and socks so you could roll up your pants enough to head down to the little stream. The water was much colder than you expected and all three of your mates proceeded to tease you on how long it took you to acclimate your feet and calves to the frigid waters.

“it can’t be that bad princess, just stick your feet in!” Sans called out.

“Says the guy still laying on a blanket!” You squeaked back as you inched your feet further into the water. You were sitting on the bank attempting to get used to the temperature.

Red and Sans laughed as they were both still lounging in the shade. Blue was already wading around in the water, apparently unaffected by the cold.

“Do they pump in snow melt from the mountain for this? Geez.” You hissed and plunged your feet the rest of the way in. Wincing at the cold, you stood up and proceeded to tiptoe through the water towards Blue.

“ *water* ya movin’ so slow fer doll?” Red called out.

“blue’s going ta get bored at your *current* pace.” Sans joined in.

“It’s cold!” You shouted back. Though you still made slow progress away from them. There weren’t too many sharp rocks lining the

bottom of the stream, but there were a number of smaller rocks that had some pokey edges.

“i see blue having a good time out there, the temperature can’t be that ex- *stream* .” Sans chuckled as you flipped him off over your shoulder.

“COME OVER HERE MAIDEN, IT’S NICE AND SUNNY!” Blue waved you over to the sunny patch where he was rooting around in the water.

“What are you doing?” You asked, finally making it to his side.

“CATCHING SNAILS.”

You blinked at him, bent over and elbow deep in the water. “Why?”

He shrugged and straightened up to show you a handful of freshwater snails. “THE QUEEN LIKES THEM SO THE RIVER IS REGULARLY STOCKED.”

“What do you do with the ones you catch?” You ask.

“YOU EAT THEM!”

It took more willpower than you anticipated to not immediately retch at the thought. “Uh, what… what would you make to eat with snails?”

If Blue noticed your disgust, he didn’t draw attention to it. He only smiled and tilted his hand so the little snails could fall back into the water. “OH LOTS OF THINGS, THOUGH THE QUEEN’S FAVORITE IS PIE.”

“Pie?! No offense Blue but your queen has some weird tastes.” You took a step back, ready to flee if Blue suggested making said snail pie.

Your mate only laughed and leaned over again to search out the little critters. “NO OFFENSE TAKEN, BESIDES, I JUST LIKE TO FIND THEM.” You sighed with relief. A little game of catch and release for the local snails wasn’t a terrible pass time, so you leaned over and prepared to plunge your hands into the icy water as well.

The sun scrolled across the sky and you got the bright idea to bring a handful of snails back to the blanket to possibly put on the other two. Sans and Red had been suspiciously quiet since you got out into the stream and you suspected that they were napping.

Your feet and lower legs were thoroughly numb by the time you and

Blue staggered back over to the blanket. Your picnic spot was also now partially in the sun, you were thankful for the heat so you could thaw out your legs.

Red and Sans were indeed asleep which prompted Blue to choose the largest two snails from your catch and place them on the snoozing duo's skulls. You released the remainder back into the water and settled down to watch the snails explore their new perches.

"Bet you a dollar that one tries to get into one of their mouths." You whispered as Blue gathered up the rest of the trash from their meal. He snorted and glanced at the little shells inching along his friend's faces.

"YOU'D WIN THAT BET."

Taking out your phone, you snuck over to get close up shots of their faces with a growing trail of slime on them. Red unfortunately awoke as you leaned in to get a good picture. He sat up, narrowly missing you as he did so.

"wha's goin' on?" He muttered, sleep still heavy in his voice as he looked between you and Blue. The snail clung to his forehead making you burst out in laughter and quickly snapped a photo.

"RED, HOLD STILL." Blue cautioned, already reaching for the snail.

"wha'? no, get the fuck away from me!" Red swatted Blue's hand away spurring you forward to attempt to help get the little guy back into the water safely.

"Red, you have a snail on you, hold still!" You giggled at the incredulous look you received. His confusion did allow you to carefully detach the snail from his face to show it to him. Red made a face and rolled away from you to tackle Blue.

"why 're ya stickin' snails on me?" He growled.

Blue only laughed and the two tumbled over in a wrestling match. You walked Red's snail back down to the water and let it go to be with its friends. You wanted to wait until Sans also woke up to tease him about his snail, but the little guy was getting way too close to his open mouth for your comfort. So you took one more picture and released it back into the stream before Sans had an unintentional snack.

He did wake up when Blue and Red's wrestling match ran into him. He jolted up long enough to flail away from the laughing duo before rolling over and falling back to sleep, conveniently in your lap. You laughed and watched the chaos. Red's annoyance seemed to have melted to mirth as he and Blue tumbled around the blanket sniping and laughing at each other.

You rubbed Sans's skull watching all of them with a soft smile. Stars, you loved them. With a grin, you hummed a tune that you had been working on for a while now, you may just have come up with the chorus to your song.

Chapter End Notes

> Who knew that just hanging out with the ones you love was all you needed to get that last little bit of inspiration.
>
> Come talk to me on my Tumblr!

That’s Why I Love You

Chapter Summary

> You are the end of my road. After a lifetime of missed exits and wrong turns, you feel like I'm finally home.
> One journey ends,
> and another begins
> with you.
>
> ~RH~

Chapter Notes

> Here we are! Last chapter of this beast. If you made it here, kudos to you, this went way longer than I originally anticipated. I'll keep it short up here, final notes are at the bottom.
>
> Music in this chapter! (Because I had to squeeze in just a few more.)
> Dream Catcher by Set It Off
> I Love You by Avril Lavigne

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I need a mai tai, a black sunset, and a classic mojito for table two.”

You nod and turn to pull down the rum and triple sec for the first drink.

“how about a ketchup?”

“an’ a mustard.”

You giggle and pause dumping ingredients into your shaker to stare at the skeletons sitting at the bar. “Don’t you guys have to go back to work tomorrow?”

Sans shook his head.

Red propped his skull on his hand and grinned. “nope, we’re celebratin’ tanight. got our little project ta work finally.”

“Project?” You went back to mixing drinks but kept an ear towards your mates. “Not that universe sucking machine I hope?”

“heh, naw, we got ourselves a little functioning core now.” Red chuckled.

You raised a brow and started on the second drink. You thought that their project was confidential, they had been mum about what they were working on for months.

“the royals will be announcing the successful prototype tomorrow, princess.” Sans filled you in. “for now it’ll be powering the labs and the embassy until we can safely scale it up for the rest of the city.”

You set the second drink down and beamed at your mates. “That’s awesome news! I’m glad your tech is starting to be used.”

Both of them nodded and watched while you finished table two’s order and handed the tray off to a server.

“I’m happy to have you guys home again. The house is way too big without everyone to fill it and it’s been weird having intermittent concerts here.” You dug out a bottle of ketchup and mustard to hand off to your boys. “Do Blue or Black want anything?” You glanced toward the table where the other Sanses were sitting and waiting for their brothers to come out on stage.

“dunno, come over an’ ask yerself.” Red shot you a wink and the two of them retreated with their condiments. You only shook your head and responded to the customer that took their place at the bar.

The place was buzzing now that the band had announced that they would be back to playing regularly. According to Papyrus, Stretch and Mutt had written a new song over their lunch and work breaks at the lab. There hadn’t been lots of time to practice, but the notes had been left with Edge and Papyrus and they hashed out their parts separately. You were excited to hear what they had written.

You weren’t left waiting long as your boys walked out on stage, waving to the audience and settling behind their instruments. Stretch gave a quick apology for being randomly in and out for so long but assured everyone that they were excited to be back. As the cheers and applause faded, Stretch looked out over the crowd, soft honeyed eye lights searching you out at the bar as he began playing. You gave a little wave as you handed off some shots. He grinned and turned his attention to his mic as he began to sing.

Oh, I've been sitting here for hours

As I wish for this to start

I set my standards high

In hopes they will not fall apart

It's almost like I fell asleep

My doubts have seemed to fade

Because I've opened up my eyes to see

I'm right where I planned to be

Today!

You smiled as you worked on orders. The band belted out the chorus, the sound was alive and joyful in the bar bringing a smile to the listeners on the floor.

Anyone can dream through the night

But only some can dream with eyes wide

There lies the fight inside, it resides in everyone

They will proclaim you a fool and it reminds you to do

Anything and everything to prove them a liar

It's almost like I fell asleep

My doubts have seemed to fade

Because I've opened up my eyes to see

I'm right where I planned to be

Today, today!

Stars you wanted to go dance up at the stage like you usually did the nights they played. You would have your chance later in the evening, but that didn't stop you from wanting to go now. Instead, you slipped out from behind the bar to check to see if Blue and Black needed

something to drink.

Cast your nets, cast it out

And I hope to god you'll scream and shout

It's everything you wanted, maybe more

Does it seem out of reach?

Hit the ground and run with both your feet

Here's a lesson that I hope to teach

Believe you'll be a dream catcher

The Twisted Crown was full tonight. It was a pleasant evening outside so the flocks of bar goers were out in force. The return of the band was also bringing in a larger volume of people. You smiled at people as you made your way through the crowd, noting the twins were here as well.

Cry out loud and take the stage

And don't let skeptics slow your pace

With every forward step you'll take

Their breath away, their breath away

Believe, believe they'll spit their words

And some will say it seems absurd

But devour the cynics, dismiss the critics

And mark my words they'll regret it when you

Cast your nets, cast it out

You couldn't help but watch your mates on stage when you stopped at Sans's table. Mutt winked at you as he played his bass making you wink back. Papyrus looked as joyful as ever while Edge's resting scowl was softened to a pleased smirk behind the drums.

Please believe you'll be a dream catcher

The song ended and you remembered why you were at your mate's

table. “Do you guys want anything to drink?” You leaned over Blue and Black who both smiled up at you.

“JUST A WATER PLEASE.” Black replied.

“I WOULD LIKE THAT LAGOON DRINK YOU MAKE!” Blue said.

“I gotcha covered.” You gave them both a pat on the back before heading back to the bar. The band was playing a song you recognized so it was easier to concentrate on your job instead of taking in new lyrics.

After delivering Blue and Black’s orders, you slipped into the back room to restock a few bottles. The now familiar static announcing Error made you look up and around for the dark skeleton.

He was alone this time. He still had his perma-frown on but his shoulders were relaxed as he glared around the back room.

“Hey Error, what’s up?” You already had your phone out and open to his app as you hunted around for the bottles you needed.

“1nk'5 f0290773n 4941n. 7h3 1d107 907 d15724c73d 8y 50m3 07h32 un1v3253. d0n'7 kn0w wh47'5 50 f45c1n471n9 480u7 0853551v3 d4nc325 8u7 h3'5 833n 7h323 f02 4 f3w d4y5 n0w.”

<**Translation.E48**> (ink’s forgotten again. the idiot got distracted by some other universe. don’t know what’s so fascinating about obsessive dancers but he’s been there for a few days now.)

“I don’t see that as a bad thing.” You replied.

Error snorted and watched you pull out a bottle from one of the shelves. “1'11... k33p 134d1n9 h1m 4w4y f20m y0u 9uy5. 1 9u355.”

You paused as his words appeared across your phone screen.

<**Translation.E48**> **(** i’ll… keep leading him away from you guys. i guess.)

“Really?” You moved to give him a hug but the prickly skeleton took a few panicked steps back sputtering over your thanks.

“d0n'7 fuck1n9 70uch m3!”

<**Translation.E49**> (don’t fucking touch me!)

You paused at the translation and raised your hands in surrender. “No touching, got it… Um, will you be by this weekend for X-files? We’re almost at the end of this season.”

Error glared at you, tense and waiting to make sure you weren’t going to attempt to hug him again before he nodded. “y34, wh47 71m3?”

<**Translation.E50**> (yea, what time?)

You laughed and went back to pick up your bottles. “Let’s shoot for two? I’ll have some snacks ready.”

“f1n3, 533 y0u 14732 p1x31.” He grumbled and backed a few steps away.

<**Translation.E51**> (fine, see you later pixel.)

“See you Error. And thank you.” You watched his eye lights roll in their sockets as his form flickered then disappeared from the back room. What an odd guy. Oh well, he was fun to watch TV with.

With your bottles in hand you headed back out to the bar just in time to wrap up your shift so you could go hang out with your boys for the remainder of the concert.

Blue pulled you into his lap the second you got to the table to give you a tight squeeze. “HOW WAS YOUR SHIFT?” He called out above the music.

You gave a thumbs up and shouted back. “Good! Error says hi.”

“IS HE HERE?” Black looked around, still weary of the dark skeleton.

You shook your head. “No, he doesn’t seem like he would be good in crowds. He just stopped in to say Ink is distracted again.”

“good, the weirdo should ‘ave somethin’ else ta fixate on.” Red leaned in from Blue’s other side to give you a kiss. “wanna go dance doll?” He asked.

You nodded and Blue let you up off of him so he and Red could follow you out to dance in front of the stage. The evening flowed with music and dancing. When the band was done, your boys all hung out laughing and joking around making your heart glow with joy.

Sans was poking at an annoyed Edge’s face while Stretch and Mutt egged him on. Blue and Red were whispering furtively across the table

and Black was talking to Papyrus about school.

The general buzz of the rest of the bar faded as the evening went on and patrons filed out. Pyre and your boss Oliver were cleaning up the bar and your taller mates were gathering back on the stage to clean up their instruments. Sans and Red had wandered up on stage to keep chatting. You and Papyrus were helping flip chairs onto the tables when the twins strolled over to chat.

“What’s up? Wanna hang for a bit after this?” Hayden asked.

You shrugged. It was a warm night so you wouldn’t mind sitting around with your friends. “Sure, I think I have some energy left in me. My place in twenty?”

The twins nodded and went to go pick up their things. It took a minute. But you managed to wrangle your mates into cars for the short ride home. The twins were already there by the time Papyrus pulled into the garage. They hopped out of their car and followed you in through the mud room.

“Out back or the lounge?” You asked.

“Did you get a fire pit?” Jack asked.

You raised a brow and the three of you wandered through the main hallway. “Uh no? Why is that relevant?”

Jack rolled his eyes and veered off to the lounge. “I’d hang out outside if you guys had a fire pit but since you don’t. Lounge it is.”

Hayden chuckled and followed his brother with you trailing behind. The rest of the household was still filing in from the garage. You greeted your fish and his roommates in his tank before getting comfortable on one of the couches.

Jack found a spot on the floor nearby with Hayden who was leaning against your couch. “So whatcha guys wanna do?” You asked.

Hayden shrugged. Jack grinned up at you as a few of the others found your trio and also settled on the floor or furniture.

“It’s been a while since we’ve just chilled.” Jack said.

“Yea, I think the last time we had a proper floor time was just before Blaire left for college.” Hayden chipped in.

You laughed and hugged a pillow. “Damn, you’re right. We haven’t gotten wine drunk and cried out our feelings for each other in a long time.”

“‘s that a normal thing?” Red had joined you on your couch, a brow raised at the conversation.

You just rolled your eyes. “Yes Red, feelings are great, the wine just facilitates the sharing.”

“Yea Red, you can’t truly tell someone you love them until you’re all weepy and drunk on the floor.” Jack teased.

“I’M NOT SURE THAT’S THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT.” Blue chuckled.

The others had all settled by now, Stretch had his acoustic and was strumming softly, humming to himself as you chatted with your mates and friends. The song you had been working on for the past month came to mind and you hopped out of your seat.

“Let me play something!” You began wading through everyone to try to take Stretch’s guitar from him. He ignored you, instead leaning away with a smirk as he kept singing.

Mutt and Papyrus joined Stretch’s singing, the former helping to shield Stretch from your reaching hands. You laughed and shot the twins a pleading look. They rolled their eyes but got up to help you get around Mutt. The tall skeleton proved hard to move, but the three of you succeeded right around the time Stretch finished his song.

“My turn!” You lunged for Stretch with a laugh.

Your mate snorted but gave up the instrument. You retreated with it back to your place on one of the couches and settled the instrument across your lap.

“Can we do Trouble?” Jack asked, also returning to his seat on the floor. “We haven’t done that one in a long time.”

“I’d be down for Trouble.” Hayden pitched in.

You smiled and plucked out a few chords. “I uh, actually wrote a new song a while ago.” You said.

“do i know this one?” Red asked.

You shook your head and strummed another chord.

“WHAT’S THE TITLE?” Blue asked.

With a grin you shrugged and began to play your intro. “I think you’ll figure it out.” Your eyes swept around the room at all of the faces you loved, and started singing.

I like your smile, I like your vibe, I like your style

But that's not why I love you

And I, I like the way you're such a star

But that's not why I love you

Sans and Papyrus had been with you for so long. They were family before the others had appeared. You were so thankful that you made the decision to place an ad for a roommate. You had been shocked at the monsters that ended up on your doorstep, but the best decision of your life was letting them into your home, letting them into your heart and soul.

Hey, do you feel, do you feel me?

Do you feel what I feel, too?

Do you need, do you need me?

Do you need me?

Stretch was your first introduction to the other universes. By accident you had turned those inviting eyes and charming smile to you before you even knew of your bond. He worked through his jealousy, he worked with you and the others to become the loving cuddle bug that he is now.

And Blue, your bright eyed, enthusiastic Blue. The man of boundless energy who wasn’t afraid of adventure. Wasn’t afraid of anything really. He took your hand one day and never let go, opened you up and encouraged you to get out and just be. To face your fears, face your parents, and step into a life you could be proud of.

You're so beautiful

But that's not why I love you

I'm not sure you know

That the reason I love you

Is you, being you, just you

Yeah, the reason I love you

Is all that we've been through

And that's why I love you

Edge had been a ball of fury when you met him. You fought, both physically and verbally for so long. You wore each other down while simultaneously building off of each other's strengths and protecting each other's weaknesses. He cared so deeply it hurt sometimes, but it is something you will cherish forever.

La-la, la-la-la-la

La-la, la-la-la

Red was no longer the skeleton who stopped you from rushing his brother. You had been unaware of his development for so long. But the way he had thrown himself into getting better had dragged out this sarcastic and funny mate who loved soft and comfortable things. Who loved to spoil you with dates and experiences, your sharp toothed firecracker who spent everyday proving just how much he loved you.

I like the way you misbehave when we get wasted

But that's not why I love you

And how you keep your cool when I am complicated

But that's not why I love you

Hey, do you feel, do you feel me?

Do you feel what I feel, too?

Do you need, do you need me?

Do you need me?

Black, your protector and guardian. The man who plans out your

safety for every occasion. He had come into your life demanding to own you, but ended up sharing a collar instead. The sharp tongued skeleton who still only allowed himself to be soft when secluded with you or his brother. But he guarded the others as fiercely as he did you.

You're so beautiful

But that's not why I love you

And I'm not sure you know

That the reason I love you

Is you being you, just you

Yeah, the reason I love you

Is all that we've been through

And that's why I love you

Yeah, oh, oh

Mutt, strong, intelligent Mutt, all full of wit and whimsy. Your precious mate who secretly struggled with his past until he accepted the help that he so desperately needed from both the professionals assigned to him and his housemates who worried. Your secret puppeteer who pushed and prodded at the others until they were forced to grow and change as well. Your loyal mate.

Even though we didn't make it through

I am always here for you, you

You're so beautiful

But that's not why I love you

I'm not sure you know

That the reason I love you

Is you being you, just you

Yeah, the reason I love you

Is all that we've been through

And that's why I love you

Your mates, your fiances, your lovers. Your family of monsters who were messy and didn't always get along but came together when it mattered. Who built friendships and grew with you to become the weird family that you now have. And even though you didn't escape the growing pains unscathed. You loved them. You loved them with every fiber of your soul.

That's why I love you

Chapter End Notes

And there you have it!

Thanks for sticking with me as I muddled my way through a string of tropes and ramblings loosely strung together with just enough semblance of a plot to make it sound like a story.
You can't convince me otherwise, this story would need so much re-work to make me happy with it. However this was my first ever attempt at a fan fiction so it gets a pass.

I have constructed a playlist of every song that went into the making of this story. So if that tickles your fancy, have at it! If you didn't catch on already, every chapter title is a song title or lyric. Spotify didn't have a few songs available but the vast majority is on there. Listen to it here!

Also check out my other fics that are here on AO3 if you haven't already!
Marrow Deep - A horrortale fic (mind the chapter warnings!)
Souls Burning Bright - The elusive Grillby reverse harem fic!

And finally, as always. Come talk to me on my Tumblr!
Love you guys!

xoxo ~ Lady Ly

Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by silentSelenophile

pretty savage by legatosservant

You Woke Up as the Antagonist of Victorian Fanfiction by Good_villain_Reader

Give HOPE and LOVE (BEING REWRITTTEN) by Wandering_Daughter (orphan_account)

Gather HOPE and LOVE (Rewrite) by Wandering_Daughter (orphan_account)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!